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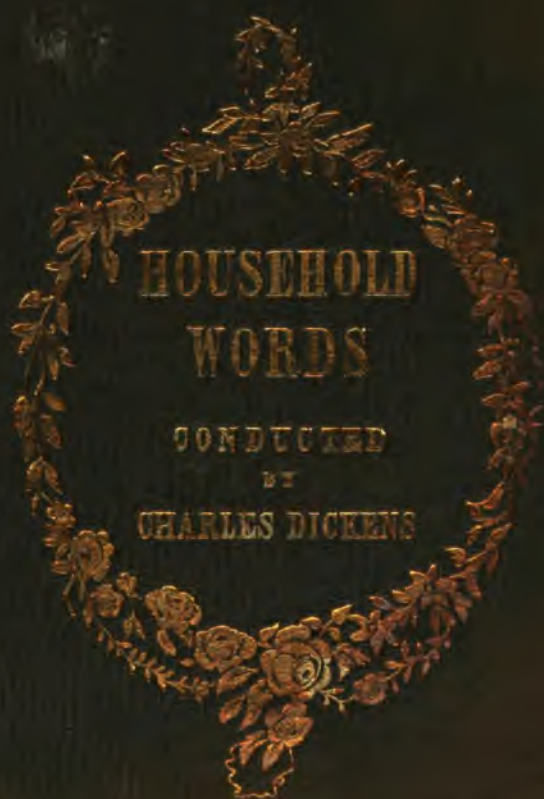
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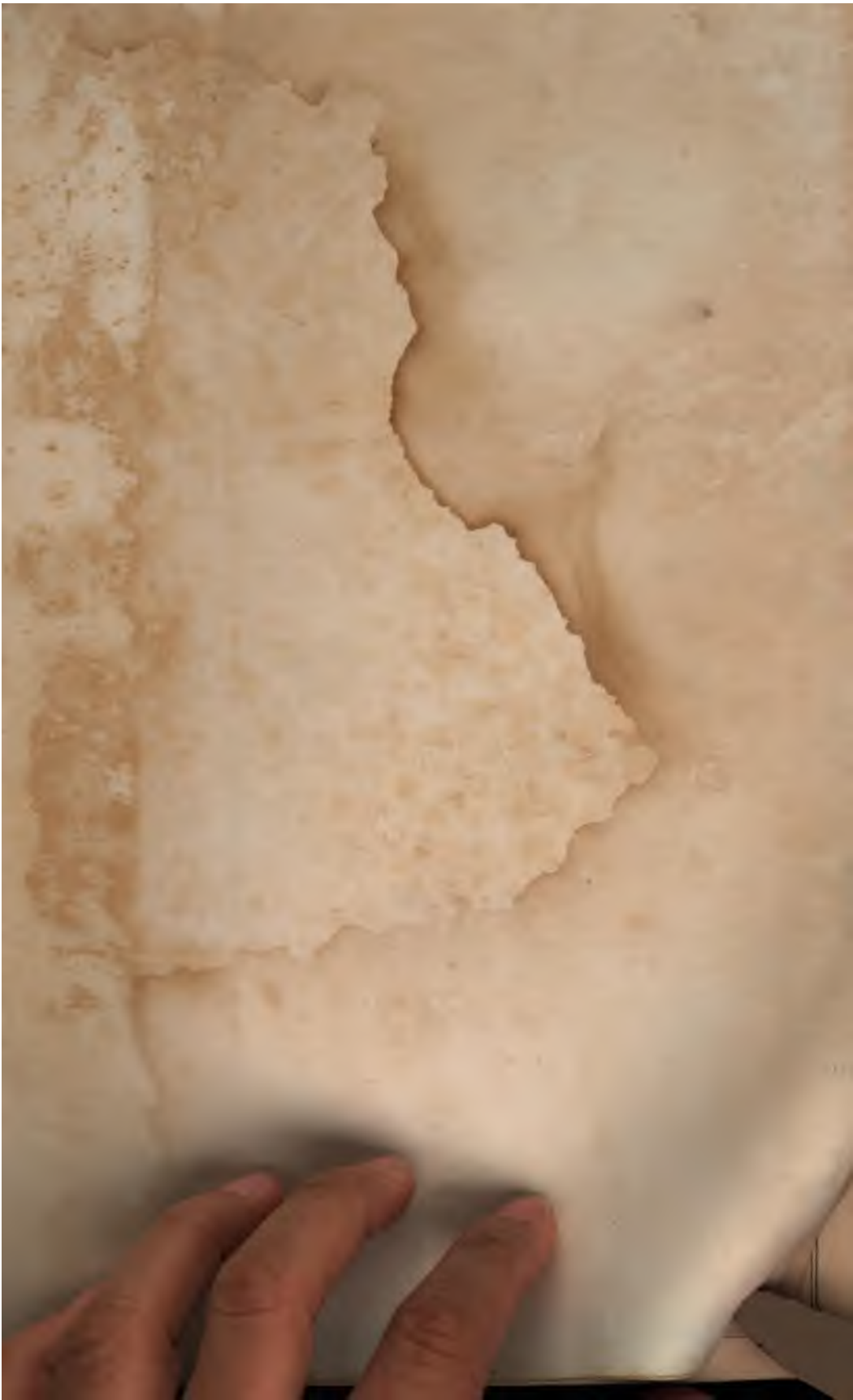
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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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THAT OTHER PUBLIC.

IN our ninth volume,* it fell naturally in our way to make a few inquiries as to the abiding place of that vague noun of multitude signifying many, The Public. We reminded our readers that it is never forthcoming when it is the subject of a joke at the theatre: which is always perceived to be a hit at some other Public richly deserving it, but not present. The circumstances of this time considered, we cannot better commence our eleventh volume, than by gently jogging the memory of that other Public: which is often culpably oblivious of its own duties, rights, and interests: and to which it is perfectly clear that neither we nor our readers are in the least degree related. We are the sensible, reflecting, prompt Public, always up to the mark—whereas that other Public persists in supinely lagging behind, and behaving in an inconsiderate manner.

To begin with a small example lately revived by our friend, THE EXAMINER newspaper. What can that other Public mean, by allowing itself to be fleeced every night of its life, by responsible persons whom it accepts for its servants? The case stands thus. Bribes and fees to small officials, had become quite insupportable at the time when the great Railway Companies sprang into existence. All such abuses they immediately and very much to their credit, struck out of their system of management; the keepers of hotels were soon generally obliged to follow in this rational direction: the Public (meaning always, that other one, of course) were relieved from a most annoying and exasperating addition to the hurry and worry of travel; and the reform, as is in the nature of every reform that is necessary and sensible, extended in many smaller directions, and was beneficially felt in many smaller ways. The one persistent and unabashed defyer of it, at this moment, is the Theatre—which pursues its old obsolete course of refusing to fulfil its contract with that other Public, unless that other Public, after paying for its box-seats or stalls, will also pay the wages of theatre servants who buy their places that they may prey upon that other Public.

As if we should sell our publisher's post to the highest bidder, leaving him to charge an additional penny or twopence, or as much as he could get, on every number of Household Words with which he should graciously favour that other Public! Within a week or two of this present writing, we paid five shillings, at nine o'clock in the evening, for our one seat at a pantomime; after our cheerful compliance with which demand, a hungry footpad clapped a rolled-up playbill to our breast, like the muzzle of a pistol, and positively stood before the door of which he was the keeper, to prevent our access (without forfeiture of another shilling for his benefit) to the seat we had purchased. Now, that other Public still submits to the gross imposition, notwithstanding that its most popular entertainer has abandoned all the profit derivable from it, and has plainly pointed out its manifest absurdity and extortion. And although to be sure it is universally known that the Theatre, as an Institution, is in a highly thriving and promising state, and although we have only to see a play, hap-hazard, to perceive that the great body of ladies and gentlemen representing it, have educated themselves with infinite labour and expense in a variety of accomplishments, and have really qualified for their calling in the true spirit of students of the Fine Arts; yet, we take leave to suggest to that other Public with which our readers and we are wholly unconnected, that these are no reasons for its being so egregiously gulled.

We just now mentioned Railway Companies. That other Public is very jealous of Railway Companies. It is not unreasonable in being so, for, it is quite at their mercy; we merely observe that it is not usually slow to complain of them when it has any cause. It has remonstrated, in its time, about rates of Fares, and has adduced instances of their being undoubtedly too high. But, has that other Public ever heard of a preliminary system from which the Railway Companies have no escape, and which runs riot in squandering treasure to an incredible amount, before they have excavated one foot of earth or laid a bar of iron on the ground? Why does that other Public never begin at the beginning, and raise its voice against the monstrous charges of soliciting private bills in Parliament,

* Household Words, volume IX. page 156.

and conducting inquiries before Committees of the House of Commons—allowed on all hands to be the very worst tribunals conceivable by the mind of man? Has that other Public any adequate idea of the corruption, profusion, and waste, occasioned by this process of misgovernment? Supposing it were informed that, ten years ago, the average Parliamentary and Law expenses of all the then existing Railway Companies amounted to a charge of seven hundred pounds a mile on every mile of railway made in the United Kingdom, would it be startled? But, supposing it were told in the next breath, that this charge was really—not seven, but SEVENTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS A MILE, what would that other Public (on whom, of course, every farthing of it falls), say then? Yet this is the statement, in so many words and figures, of a document issued by the Board of Trade, and which is now rather scarce—as well it may be, being a perilous curiosity. That other Public may learn from the same pages, that on the Law and Parliamentary expenses of a certain Stone and Rugby Line, the Bill for which was lost (and the Line consequently not made after all), there was expended the modest little preliminary total of one hundred and forty-six thousand pounds! That was in the joyful days when counsel learned in Parliamentary Law, refused briefs marked with one hundred guinea fees, and accepted the same briefs marked with one thousand guinea fees; the attorney making the neat addition of a third cipher, on the spot, with a presence of mind suggestive of his own little bill against that other Public (quite dissociated from us as aforesaid), at whom our readers and we are now bitterly smiling. That was also in the blessed times when, there being no Public Health Act, Whitechapel paid to the tutelary deities, Law and Parliament, six thousand five hundred pounds, to be graciously allowed to pull down, for the public good, a dozen odious streets inhabited by Vice and Fever.

Our Public know all about these things, and our Public are not blind to their enormity. It is that other Public, somewhere or other—where can it be?—which is always getting itself humbugged and talked over. It has been in a maze of doubt and confusion, for the last three or four years, on that vexed question, the Liberty of the Press. It has been told by Noble Lords that the said Liberty is vastly inconvenient. No doubt it is. No doubt all Liberty is—to some people. Light is highly inconvenient to such as have their sufficient reasons for preferring darkness; and soap and water is observed to be a particular inconvenience to those who would rather be dirty than clean. But, that other Public finding the Noble Lords much given to harping betweenwhiles, in a sly dull way, on this string, became uneasy about it, and wanted to know what the harpers would have—wanted

to know, for instance, how they would direct and guide this dangerous Press. Well, now they *may* know. If that other Public will ever learn, their instruction-book, very lately published, is open before them. Chapter one is a High Court of Justice; chapter two is a history of personal adventure, whereof they may hear more, perhaps, one of these days. The Queen's Representative in a most important part of the United Kingdom—a thorough gentleman, and a man of unimpeachable honour beyond all kind of doubt—knows so little of this Press, that he is seen in secret personal communication with tainted and vile instruments which it rejects, buying their praise with the public money, overlooking their dirty work, and setting them their disgraceful tasks. One of the great national departments in Downing Street is exhibited under strong suspicion of like ignorant and disreputable dealing, to purchase remote puffery among the most puff-ridden people ever propagated on the face of this earth. Our Public know this very well, and have, of course, taken it thoroughly to heart, in its many suggestive aspects; but, when will that other Public—always lagging behindhand in some out of the way place—become informed about it, and consider it, and act upon it?

It is impossible to over-state the completeness with which our Public have got to the marrow of the true question arising out of the condition of the British Army before Sebastopol. Our Public know perfectly, that, making every deduction for haste, obstruction, and natural strength of feeling in the midst of goading experiences, the correspondence of THE TIMES has revealed a confused heap of mismanagement, imbecility, and disorder, under which the nation's bravery lies crushed and withered. Our Public is profoundly acquainted with the fact that this is not a new kind of disclosure, but, that similar defection and incapacity have before prevailed at similar periods until the labouring age has heaved up a man strong enough to wrestle with the Misgovernment of England and throw it on its back. WELLINGTON and NELSON both did this, and the next great General and Admiral—for whom we now impatiently wait, but may wait some time, content (if we can be) to know that it is not the tendency of our service, by sea or land, to help the greatest Merit to rise—must do the same, and will assuredly do it, and by that sign ye shall know them. Our Public reflecting deeply on these materials for cogitation, will henceforth hold fast by the truth, that the system of administering their affairs is innately bad; that classes and families and interests, have brought them to a very low pass; that the intelligence, steadfastness, foresight, and wonderful power of resource, which in private undertakings distinguish England from all other countries, have no vitality in its public business; that while every merchant and trader has en-

larged his grasp and quickened his faculties, the Public Departments have been drearily lying in state, a mere stupid pageant of gorgeous coffins and feebly-burning lights; and that the windows must now be opened wide, and the candles put out, and the coffins buried, and the daylight freely admitted, and the furniture made firewood, and the dirt clean swept away. This is the lesson from which *our* Public is nevermore to be distracted by any artifice, we all know. But, that other Public. What will *they* do? They are a humane, generous, ardent Public; but, will they hold like grim Death to the flower Warning, we have plucked from this nettle War? Will they steadily reply to all cajolers, that though every flannel waistcoat in the civilized, and every bearskin and buffalo-skin in the uncivilized, world, had been sent out in these days to our ill-clad countrymen (and never reached them), they would not in the least affect the lasting question, or dispense with a single item of the amendment proved to be needful, and, until made, to be severely demanded, in the whole household and system of Britannia? When the war is over, and that other Public, always ready for a demonstration, shall be busy throwing up caps, lighting up houses, beating drums, blowing trumpets, and making hundreds of miles of printed columns of speeches, will they be flattered and wordily-pumped dry of the one plain issue left, or will they remember it? O that other Public! If we—you, and I, and all the rest of us—could only make sure of that other Public!

Would it not be a most extraordinary remissness on the part of that other Public, if it were content, in a crisis of uncommon difficulty, to laugh at a Ministry without a Head, and leave it alone? Would it not be a wonderful instance of the shortcomings of that other Public, if it were never seen to stand aghast at the supernatural imbecility of that authority to which, in a dangerous hour, it confided the body and soul of the nation? We know what a sight it would be to behold that miserable patient, Mr. Cabinet, specially calling his relations and friends together before Christmas, tottering on his emaciated legs in the last stage of paralysis, and feebly piping that if such and such powers were not entrusted to him for instant use, he would certainly go raving mad of defeated patriotism, and pluck his poor old wretched eyes out in despair; we know with what disdainful emotions we should see him gratified and then shuffle away and go to sleep: to make no use of what he had got, and be heard of no more until one of his nurses, more irritable than the rest, should pull his weazen nose and make him whine—we know what these experiences would be to us, and Bless us! we should act upon them in round earnest—but, where is that other Public, whose indifference is the life of such scarecrows, and whom it would seem that not even plague

pestilence and famine, battle murder and sudden death, can rouse?

There is one comfort in all this. We English are not the only victims of that other Public. It is to be heard of, elsewhere. It got across the Atlantic, in the train of the Pilgrim Fathers, and has frequently been achieving wonders in America. Ten or eleven years ago, one Chuzzlewit was heard to say, that he had found it on that side of the water, doing the strangest things. The assertion made all sorts of Publics angry, and there was quite a cordial combination of Publics to resent it and disprove it. But there is a little book of Memoirs to be heard of at the present time, which looks as if young Chuzzlewit had reason in him too. Does the "smart" Showman, who makes such a Mermaid, and makes such a Washington's Nurse, and makes such a Dwarf, and makes such a Singing Angel upon earth, and makes such a fortune, and, above all, makes such a book—does *he* address the free and enlightened Public of the great United States: the Public of State Schools, Liberal Tickets, First-chop Intelligence, and Universal Education? No, no. That other Public is the sharks'-prey. It is that other Public, down somewhere or other, whose bright particular star and stripe are not yet ascertained, which is so transparently cheated and so hardly out-faced. For that other Public, the latter of New York outbid Creation at the auction of the first Lind seat. For that other Public, the Lind speeches were made, the tears shed, the serenades given. It is that other Public, always on the boil and ferment about anything or nothing, whom the travelling companion shone down upon from the high Hotel-Balconies. It is that other Public who will read, and even buy, the smart book in which they have so proud a share, and who will fly into raptures about its being circulated from the old Ocean Cliffs of the Old Granite State to the Rocky Mountains. It is indubitably in reference to that other Public that we find the following passage in a book called AMERICAN NOTES. "Another prominent feature is the love of 'smart' dealing, which gilds over many a swindle and gross breach of trust, many a defalcation, public and private; and enables many a knave to hold his head up with the best, who well deserves a halter—though it has not been without its retributive operation; for, this smartness has done more in a few years to impair the public credit and to cripple the public resources, than dull honesty, however rash, could have effected in a century. The merits of a broken speculation, or a bankruptcy, or of a successful scoundrel, are not gauged by its or his observance of the golden rule, 'Do as you would be done by,' but are considered with reference to their smartness. The following dialogue I have held a hundred times:—'Is

it not a very disgraceful circumstance that such a man as So and So should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means; and, notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your Citizens? He is a public nuisance, is he not?'—'Yes, sir.'—'A convicted liar?'—'Yes, sir.'—'He has been kicked and cuffed and caned?'—'Yes, sir.'—'And he is utterly dishonourable, debased, and profligate?'—'Yes, sir.'—'In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?'—'Well, sir, he is a smart man.'

That other Public of our own bore their full share, and more, of bowing down before the Dwarf aforesaid, in despite of his obviously being too young a child to speak plainly: and *we*, the Public who are never taken in, will not excuse their folly. So, if John on this shore, and Jonathan over there, could each only get at that troublesome other Public of his, and brighten them up a little, it would be very much the better for both brothers.

THE SECRET OF THE WELL.

OUTSIDE the gate of Sitt Zeyneb, leading from New Cairo to the old city was a cluster of buildings that became celebrated in their day. They wore the aspect rather of a fortress than of the habitations of quiet peaceable people; and were principally occupied by sly Copts and very poor Muslims. The backs of the houses were turned towards the fields, and exhibited nothing but great bare walls with a few windows pierced high up: The fronts looked upon an irregular court and a few blind alleys, some of which were vaulted over. A low gateway, closed at night and in times of disturbance, admitted those who had business there from the dirty road. Other mode of ingress there was none; so that when, what you may call the little garrison was united, even collectors of taxes sometimes in vain demanded admittance. By agreement based on mutual interest, importunate creditors were either locked out by common consent; or, so ill-received, that they never cared to return again. The children and the dogs that lay together all day long on the only spot where the sun shone upon the court, were sufficient to worry an ordinary man to death.

From time immemorial there had been a large house to let in this out-of-the-way place. The family to whom it belonged must have had some other good source of revenue; for generation after generation passed and no tenant appeared. Once every twenty years or so—probably when son succeeded to father—some one came from the city with the keys, went in, remained a little while, made inquiries about the salubrity of the place as if debating whether to live there or not, and went away with vague talk, never fulfilled, of returning. The neighbours, not very inquisi-

tive people, had learned that the owners were Copts, but nothing more. As to the fact that the house remained empty, no one wondered at it. The cluster of habitations contained many deserted dwelling-places besides, and several single old men occupied premises capable of containing five families. What slightly astonished the gossips was, that any one should ever recur to the idea of letting that great tottering house.

It was situated in the extensive depths of the Cassar, as the place was called; and the lane leading to its great arched doorway, being half choked with rubbish, was seldom visited, save by some sulky boy—truant from the morning school of Dando the Copt barber—or by some young couple who had contrived, Heaven knows how, to give one another rendezvous there. On all sides it rose high and vast above the other dwellings, with not a window by which light could penetrate into the interior. Those who took the trouble to reflect on this circumstance guessed that its great circuit contained a court-yard, or, if not, that the chambers were dark. But in general the good folks of the Cassar lived as indifferently by the side of that vast mysterious edifice as the fox between the stones that have tumbled from the great Pyramid. It was part of the natural order of things.

As the court of the Cassar contained three shops, it was called the bazaar. By the side of Dando, barber and schoolmaster, was Sohmed, the Muslem tobacco merchant, who also dealt in ready-made clothes; and over the way Ibn Daood kept a sort of general warehouse, in which most necessary things, from pumpkins to pistols, from water-melons to coffee-pots, could be obtained. It seemed to be the refuge of all rejected furniture and unsold provisions. Strangers who wandered into the place positively avowed that they never saw a single customer at any one of these shops; and it is certain that Sohmed and Daood spent the chief part of their time on the bench in front of Dando's shop, on what conversing it is difficult to say, for one of the party being a Christian, controversial topics and sacred legends were necessarily excluded. In the East no propagandism is allowed in private life; and theological fisticuffs are not exchanged over a cup of coffee.

From the little I have said it may be imagined, that life in the Cassar was a steady hum-drum sort of thing. The people got up with the sun and went forth to the city or field to work, and came back with the sun to go to bed. They ate as they were able, and dressed with perfect indifference to the world's opinion. Their sons and daughters grew, and loved, and married, much like other folk. Now and then there was a wedding; and now and then a funeral. But it seemed never likely that the whole of that sober population could suddenly be roused into painful anxiety, disturbed with horrid fears perpetually increasing, and hurried day after day,

week after week, more rapidly down a stream of tragic excitement, such as sometimes seizes and bears along resistless the population of whole cities.

On a bright, scorching, dusty day in August, the triumvirate in the bazaar, moved by the exclamation of an old woman who passed with a tray of bread upon her head, left the bench where they were lazily smoking, and advanced to a point whence they could look out beneath the broad arched gateway down a dark lane, as through a telescope, into the sunny country. There was no doubt about the matter. A small caravan of camels, attended by some gaudily decked-out servants, had certainly halted there. Presently a tall, handsome young man, dressed in a garb that seemed Persian, stooped to enter, and came rapidly towards the courtyard accompanied by a little, shrivelled, old man with a black turban. The three gossips made way, but stared with all their eyes.

"Is that the shed?" enquired the young man, looking with half-closed eyes and a contemptuous curl of the lip at the walls of the uninhabited house.

"A large shed," suggested Dando, across whose mind vague visions of a customer began to float.

The stranger acknowledged this interruption by a slash with a little whip which he twirled in his hand. Dando dispersed in the direction of his shop, Sohmed and Ibn Daoud followed. The old man, who carried a vast wooden key like a club, went down the impregnated lane, and, after some fumbling contrived to open the door of the house. The barber, rubbing his shoulder with one hand, stretched out his neck and opened his eyes, but saw nothing but a gulf of darkness for a moment and then the solid planks of wood again.

Soon afterwards a procession of servants, all black, and too terrible-looking to encourage familiarity, passed by like shadows, bearing heavy burdens. They went backward and forward for some time. Then the old man with the black turban made his appearance once more, hastened across the courtyard, mounted a mule held by a slave near the gate, and rode away. The camels had already disappeared; so that within an hour after the Cassar had been thus disturbed there was no sign whatever of the new arrival, except that the three tradesmen, a few old men too weak to go forth to work, and all the women of the place—usually so silent and sad—were eagerly discussing this remarkable occurrence. The eastern narrators will have it that, by a kind of instinctive revelation, all knew that they were soon to become the neighbours of strange actions, perhaps the victims of terrible disaster.

Early rising was the rule in the Cassar, but next day everybody was astir an hour before the usual time. Great was the rumour and greater the conversation; but there is so

much news, and, above all, so much wisdom current in the world, that it would be fastidious to repeat anything that was said. We all know the rich variety of surmise that can be based on a fact comprehended by nobody. In this case, even Dando who, within an hour, was equally positive that the new tenant of the great house was a Persian physician, an Indian juggler, a Chinese shawl-merchant, and a Muscovite emissary, never approached within a parasang of the truth.

A provoking circumstance was that the day passed by, and the great time-stained door of the old house never opened. No loquacious black, no garrulous servant-girl appeared. "And, by the by," observed the barber, "we saw no woman enter. This is against the rule. There are no harims in the Cassar. We live here in no Wakalah. It is not the custom for bachelors to lodge in the midst of families. Some bold man should go and make this representation. It would be a good opportunity to see what is passing behind that door."

The Muslem crowd, for—unusual circumstance—a crowd had collected, thanked Dando for his solicitude; and suggested that he was the identical bold man wanted at this critical conjuncture. But his shoulder still felt the smack of the whip; and he very humbly admitted that he was not a lion. In Egypt no man loses his own esteem or that of others by pleading guilty to cowardice. It is considered a mark of taste and piety to be chary of that inestimable possession—life.

Next day a very old black man with fierce rolling eyes came out of the house and went rapidly across the little square. A number of women who were laying in wait addressed him as "My Lord Steward," and proposed dealings in eggs, butter, milk, and other provisions. They had stopped up the way, not at all frightened by his fiery eyes and bright teeth, nor discouraged by his obstinate reply, that he wanted nothing. "But your master cannot live without eating," exclaimed the barber's wife. "Perhaps he doesn't eat bread," replied the black man with a horrid leer. The crowd fell back and allowed him to pass. In an incredibly short space of time it was known that a cannibal had come to inhabit the Cassar; and mothers began to call their children within doors, and to count them anxiously.

In a couple of hours the black old man returned followed by a porter, who grunted under a huge basket of provisions, as Egyptian porters usually grunt when they are near the end of their journey, and are calculating the amount of the present they are about to receive. He was not allowed to enter the house, but emptied his basket and received his money at the door. It appears that he was well paid; for whilst the women, who determined not to abandon the charge of cannibalism, were crying out against the wretch who despised to buy of his neighbours, the

porter, wiping his brow with his sleeve, went away murmuring: "O prince, O generous man!"

For a long time matters continued in this position, so that, although the population of the Cassar continued uneasy, and mothers no longer fearful but spiteful, still maliciously affected to count their children morning and evening, they sank back perforce into their old jog-trot style of life. The three tradesmen alone persisted in making the old house and its servants the object of their conversation, because they had nothing else to talk about; and their eyes were often raised towards the vast silent walls that overlooked like a precipice the whole of the Cassar. At length new food was supplied to their curiosity.

Strangers began to make their appearance, sometimes guided by the old black man; sometimes alone. The latter would ask for the House of Gamadel, by which outlandish name it appeared the new tenant, whom nobody had ever seen after the first day, was known. All seemed eager to arrive, and not by any means eager to go away. At whatever time they came, it was never until long after dark that they departed; and one of the earliest observations made in the Cassar was, that the more remarkable the visitor, the later the hour of departure. Sometimes the porter who slept on a bench behind the door, always closed at nightfall, tried to keep awake until some very noble stranger issued forth; but it always happened that the bars were taken down before he could well open his eyes. He never, therefore, saw more than a robe or the back of a turban, disappearing through the door; and the old black man, with the rolling eyes and bright teeth, preparing to shut it. On these occasions, however, the steward was particularly soft-spoken and even humble in his politeness. He seemed afraid to excite the anger or the curiosity of Bawab Ali; and now and then dropped a piece of money into his hand, saying: "This is from my master's guest."

Now, it happened that near the very ancient and sacred mosque of Sitt Zeyneb, within the gate of the city, dwelt an old man who had an only son named Cathalla, celebrated in the quarter for his singular disposition. In Cairo, as elsewhere, reputations are oftener based on reprehensible than on admirable qualities. Cathalla became talked of among the neighbours, because, his father being moderately rich, he took it into his head that he was not bound to enter into the contest for wealth. Some foolish old book had told him that the sole object of life was not to add piastre upon piastre, and heap dollar upon dollar. Man, according to him, was created for other objects than to gather stores which he could never consume. The pursuit of knowledge and the acquisition of wisdom, the search after the nature and the reasons of things, were not to be abandoned only to men

of feeble body and wandering intellects, incapable of overreaching a customer or grappling with the intricacies of a bargain. Study was not quite unworthy of a noble spirit; and the sentences garnered up by the wise, of times gone by, were sometimes of more value than gold and silver.

These odd notions led Cathalla to adopt a singular kind of life. His father, whose approval he had won as much by obstinacy as by reason, allowed him to purchase all the old manuscripts he could find, and to fit up a room in a retired part of the house they inhabited, where he spent the greater portion of his time, growing paler as he grew wiser. What he learned it would be too long to relate. The general result was that he acquired a very different mode of viewing thoughts and actions from all around him, and came to consider things unlawful, which everybody else regarded as perfectly proper. But he did not crave happiness. It is a terrible thing to make a code of morals for oneself, and to quit the path of custom. Meditation easily finds truth; but the will is not always strong enough to obey it. Cathalla became soon dissatisfied with himself as he was with the world. He lost the health of his mind as well as that of his body.

Suddenly, he threw his books aside and took to wandering forth through the city, especially by night, when the narrow streets were deserted, save by some unhappy man in search of rest or booty, or by an occasional party of worthy citizens protected by lanterns and the loudness of their voices, or by the watch moving along with heavy tramp. At such times, when the tranquil moon threw down patches of silver between the near houses, and the starry sky could be seen in strips over head; when the sound softly shook the leaves of the palm trees that drooped over the lofty walls, and the owl hooted from the pinnacle of some ruined building; Cathalla thought that he felt his mind enlarge and rise in stature, so that high-placed truth was nearer to his grasp. But, he did not quite understand all the emotions that troubled him. There were times when he yearned after something different from the old aphorisms of philosophy—when "to know" appeared no longer all in all, and he aspired likewise "to be." "Is this existence?" he would say. "What purpose do I fulfil in this world? The men whom I disdain, belong to the great machine of humanity. They buy, they sell, they cultivate, they go forth in ships, they tread the desert, they govern and give judgment in causes. When they disappear, there is joy or sorrow. But, if I go to sleep under this dark archway, who will miss me but the old man living in a lonely house, too far on the way to Paradise for bitter regret?" In truth, Cathalla yearned to love and to be loved; and in such moods of mind, from every lattice overhead, he thought he heard passionate whispers, and soft salutations, and tender sighs,

and half audible kisses crossing to and fro, interlacing, as it were, in an exquisite roof, beneath which he lingered for a while with ineffable delight that soon turned to despair.

One day, the young man wandered forth into the country, and strolled on the banks of the Nile, until its waters grew dark and became dotted with the reflections of stars. Then, he thought of returning homeward; but the city gates were closed when he reached them, and the guards refused to admit him. He was not at all disturbed by the idea of passing a night in the open air; but, being tired, wished to find a place where he could lie down and rest undisturbed. Chance directed him to a ruined tomb near the back of the Cassar under the walls of the house of Gamadel. He entered, and lying down, slept. Towards midnight he was awakened by the sound of voices. He listened at first without moving, thinking he was in the neighbourhood of robbers.

"Show thy face, O Suliman Ebn Suliman," said a voice from some high position in a jeering tone. "If it be not now black, thou art not to be admitted."

"It is black as blackness," was the reply. "Great is the power that can effect this change."

Cathalla looked cautiously through a break in the ruined tomb, and beheld by the light of the moon, which shone brilliantly, a tall negro standing at the foot of the wall, looking up. He was dressed in the garments of a distinguished person, and seemed to wait impatiently to seize the first round of a rope-ladder that was being let down from above. Presently he began to ascend, and soon disappeared through a small window near the summit of the lofty wall.

"This is a strange occurrence," thought Cathalla, trying to account for it by reasoning, but in vain.

Next day, just as the Damascus caravan was about to start, great search was made after a wealthy merchant named Suliman Ebn Suliman, a Turk. A crier perambulated the streets, announcing that his friends were distressed at his disappearance; but Cathalla was again wandering forth; and even if he had heard the inquiry, having impiously learned to disbelieve in magical transformations, would never have thought of connecting the white merchant, whose face he well knew, with the black man he had seen entering in a mysterious manner the house of Gamadel.

By this time, however, the Cassar was in a state of terrible excitement. No one can tell how the report got abroad, or on what it was founded. It seemed to be one of those revelations which Providence sometimes mysteriously puts into the mouths of common people, who shout the truths they do not understand through the streets and fields. Certain it is, however, that from the barber to the porter, every one began to say that the strangers who entered the house of Gamadel

nearly every day never came forth again. Some people personating them, wearing their garments or mysteriously assuming their shape, did pass through the gate frequently whilst the bawab was in his heavy sleep, and never returned. But Dando maintained, with great appearance of truth, that the real personages would be less careful to conceal their faces, and was perhaps the first to cry out that the house of Gamadel was a house of slaughter—an idea readily accepted, for the popular mind willingly infers that a man who disappears is dead.

If the people of the Cassar had been quite persuaded of what seemed to be likely under this supposition—that the strangers whose fate interested them were murdered for the purpose of robbery—they would probably have been less disquieted. Being all poor, they could have nothing to fear for themselves. But their imaginations were fertile. Gamadel, the strong-armed, as they now thought they remembered the ferocious-looking young man, might be a terrible magician who had need of human blood for his incantations. Their turn might come next. At any rate, this supposed neighbourhood of crime disquieted them, even while they had reason to think that they themselves were safe.

At length even this consolation was taken from them. A half-witted youth one morning went chuckling about the Cassar, intimating that he could say strange things if he chose, that he had passed the night outside the gates, and had seen—he would not say what. They pestered him to speak, but with a cunning stupidity he refused. "Let him alone," said Dando. "This evening, if we turn our backs on him, he will tell all of his own accord." The half-witted lad went forth; but was found about midday in a field of sugar-canes, killed by a single stroke of a sword.

When this fact became known, the people of the Cassar assembled tumultuously; and although there seemed no positive reason to say that death had been dealt by any of the people of the house of Gamadel, no one doubted that such was the case. The murdered lad had boasted of having noticed some suspicious circumstance, and had died without saying what it was. Who could be interested in slaying him, save some servant of the house? Less conclusive reasoning has often urged a crowd to the most terrible excesses. An old woman—the mother of the victim—pointing with her lean fingers to the corpse, which lay on some straw in a corner of the court, croaked for vengeance. The men of the Cassar were not usually brave, but they were goaded on by despair. One after the other, they might all fall beneath the assassin's knife, if they dared to reveal any frightful secret that might come to them without their will. Some old guns, several rusty swords, and many spears, began to make their appearance. The butcher wielded a prodigious

cleaver. They advanced with furious shouts towards the great door of the house—no sound emanating from within, no sign revealing that it was inhabited.

An unexpected circumstance put a stop to the meditated assault. A lady followed by a slave, and at a little distance by a young man, appeared in the court of the Cassar, advancing towards the house of Gamadel. She was carelessly veiled; and what could be seen of her countenance was so beautiful, that the most furious of the crowd stopped; presently all ranged themselves on either hand, to let her pass. She advanced at first boldly and then seemed to hesitate, as if uncertain whither she was going.

"Is this the house of Gamadel?" she inquired.

They answered that it was; but, their anger and their terror reviving at that word, all implored her not to enter, repeating the terrible suspicions that had troubled them for so many months past. She smiled incredulously, and announced her intention to enter, with so much confidence, that the people began to doubt what they had previously seemed so certain about. This lady spoke of Gamadel so tenderly, and as if from so complete a knowledge, that all marvelled.

Suddenly the young man whom we have mentioned came forward. It was no other than Cathalla. He had seen the lady riding slowly along the street, and having been smitten with love for her had followed, not knowing what he desired or what he hoped. With passionate entreaties he also besought her not to enter; and his words and manner showed clearly what was the reason of his interference. The lady looked benevolently at him and smiled sadly; but without answering advanced towards the great doorway. Cathalla would have followed; but the crowd surrounded him; and when he succeeded in passing through, thrusting back their hands on either side, the grim vast door had closed upon the form, the image of which remained like a burning coal in his breast.

He listened gloomily to the horrible stories, or rather the horrible surmises related to him, and then went away. But he could not leave the neighbourhood of the place where the object of his sudden love had disappeared beneath a roof of terror, like a bright stream leaping into a yawning chasm of the earth. Going round the Cassar by the fields, he recognised the tomb where he had once passed a night, and the great wall of the house which the black man had entered in so strange a manner. What he had just heard seemed a comment on what he had seen formerly.

"I will return," he said, "when darkness comes, and watch."

So, he wandered away to the river side, and remaining there until an hour after sunset, came back by moonlight to the tomb. Here he lay down and waited patiently. Time

passed by. He heard the muezzins from the mosques calling to prayer long after the hum of the great city near at hand had died away. Occasionally in the suburbs and in the villages scattered over the fields, packs of dogs barked at some wayfarer. The wind that blew sometimes seemed to sing amongst the sugar-canes. The monotony of watchfulness overcame him, and he slept. But, as before, he was awakened by the sound of voices:

"Look around," said some one overhead "I saw that young dreamer prowling in this direction. What if he play the spy?"

"Does he wish to go with the other?" growled the black man, looking to the right and to the left, and then advancing towards the tomb. Cathalla beheld the gleam of a sword, and knew that he must kill or be killed. He drew a dagger and stood inside the ruined doorway, breathless as one watching by a sick bedside. The black man, who strange to say wore the mantle of a woman, entered without much caution, and fell on his face dead; for, the dagger of Cathalla at the first blow pierced him to the heart. The young man, made reckless by the excess of his passion for the unknown lady, instantly tore off the mantle, threw it over his own head, and taking the dead man's sword, went forth towards the house to the place where the ladder was let down as before. He mounted eagerly, no one speaking to him, and reaching the window entered and stood firmly on the floor before the other black took notice of him. A cry of terror and warning was interrupted by death; and Cathalla stepped over this second corpse and proceeded to explore the interior of the house.

A long passage, at the extremity of which burned a light, presented itself to him. It led to a chamber with a lamp in a niche opening upon a kind of terrace. Advancing cautiously, Cathalla leaned over the parapet, and looking down beheld a sight that convinced him how unfounded had been the suspicions of the people of the Cassar—at any rate in one instance. A veil seemed to drop from before his eyes. Had he been a murderer without just cause? Were the two lives he had taken, innocent? He might have retired with fear and trembling, but a stronger passion than remorse restrained him.

He beheld the lady who, according to the villagers, had gone to certain death, sitting dressed in splendid garments on a kind of raised throne in the centre of a little garden, beautifully shaded by trees and cooled by a fountain that gushed amidst flowers. Near her feet, reclining on a low divan, was the young man known as Gamadel. He seemed to gaze at her with passionate adoration, and now and then uttered a few words the sense of which did not come to the ears of Cathalla. Probably, however, he was pressing her to sing; for, presently she took a lute, and

having tuned it, in a voice of marvellous sweetness chanted the following verses :

"In absence I longed for thee as the thirsty flowers long for the dews of night ;

"As the Arab longs to see the white sides of his tent gleaming in the deserts afar off ; as the mother for the first kiss of her first-born ; as the soul of the faithful for paradise.

"Food was not pleasant to me, for the sweetest viands seemed bitter.

"Rest was not pleasant to me, for I feared that thy feet were weary.

"Sleep stayed no longer on my eyelids than does the nestward-bound bird on the branch where it alights to rest its wings.

"I rose to escape from my dreams, and I lay down to escape from my waking thoughts.

"Without thee I cannot live, and with thee I am content to die."

As she concluded she stooped towards Gamadel and touched his brow fondly with her hand. Cathalla dared not advance and could not retire.

Then the master of the house took the lute, and having tuned it, sang in a voice that resounded like the clang of cymbals :

"For the love of thee I have steeped my hands in blood ; and the wealth which I lay at thy feet is gathered by the strength of my arm.

"I have not measured yards of cloth nor weighed the teeth of dead beasts in scales.

"I have not lied to foolish men nor deceived silly women.

"They come with their hands full of gold ; some to buy more gold, and others to buy more life.

"Not one has returned except in semblance.

"What matters it that the people murmur ? Now thou art come we will away to the land of Ajem, and the secret of the well will never be known."

Cathalla learned from these words that he had really penetrated into a house of crime, and regretted not that he had put the two blacks to death. Ordinary prudence would have counselled him to retire whilst it was yet time ; but although the lady was evidently associated with Gamadel in crime, her fascination remained powerful. Curiosity, also, to learn more of this strange history, urged Cathalla onwards. No other person save the two lovers seemed astir in the house. On all sides the doors of chambers well-lighted were open, but no one moved. The young man, casting aside his mantle and firmly grasping his sword, descended a narrow staircase, and soon found himself on a level with the garden in a dark corner where he was concealed by trees. From what they said, it seemed that they were cousins ; that they had lived formerly at Stamboul, from which city they had been forced suddenly to fly, by different ways ; that the young man had continued in various places his terrible mode of life—decoying rich men by secret emissaries to his house by the promise of unlimited wealth procured magically—and that the lady had long searched for him in vain.

"Whisper into their ears," said Gamadel, with terrible knowledge of human nature ;

"though they be rich as Suliman ben Daood, with not a month of life before them ; tell them that there is a way to get more money without work, and that the grave may be spurned back as I spurn this cushion. Not one will disbelieve ! All come here with pearls and jewels ; all come and die and go to their paradise, which they would exchange for one hour of basking at thy feet."

Gamadel was about to say further impious things ; but the sword of Cathalla gleamed over his head, and he fell and spoke no more. The lady became white with terror, and looked to the right and to the left for help ; but seeing none, tried to smile—the smile of one upon the rack, who will not allow his torturer to know that he has power over him. Then she spoke the sweetest words she could remember, so that Cathalla, who had meditated doing vengeance on her likewise, dropped the point of his sword and listened. She feigned to be glad of her deliverance from a monster like Gamadel, and offered to follow Cathalla. But he now loathed her even because she was so submissive, and imperiously commanded her to say how many more slaves were in the house. Two, she said, the steward and the porter ; and offered to lead him where he might slay them. She kept her promise ; for she had formed a plan to kill Cathalla afterwards, and take to flight alone with a casket containing all the wealth of Gamadel in jewels of prodigious value. "With this," said she, exhibiting it, "we will fly to the world's end." She beckoned to the young man to follow her into a room ; so fascinating was her smile, that in spite of his good resolutions he was about to follow ; when, as if by a miracle, a line of Gamadel's song flashed across his mind : "The secret of the well will never be known."

"Lady," said he, "wherefore didst thou avoid that great stone in the doorway ? Is the well beneath ? Come towards me across it ; else I will slay thee with this sword."

Upon this, seeing that she was discovered, the face of the woman changed to that of a fury, and she began to utter horrible maledictions. The choice of death was before her. She endeavoured bravely to meet the sharp edge of the sword, but could not ; and leaping with a fearful cry upon the stone, that gave way at once, she fell to join the numerous victims on whose spoils the wealth of her lover was based. Cathalla stood a moment horror-stricken ; but the wicked woman, thinking to get rid of her enemy and escape at once, had thrown fire into a room full of rich stuffs, the spoils of the murdered. Smoke and flames began to rise on every side ; the crackling of burning wood showed how rapidly the conflagration spread. The young man snatched up the casket and made his escape in time ; but, the house of Gamadel, with the whole of the Cassar, was destroyed that night. The poor people, suddenly

awakened, rushed forth into the fields and stood helpless, beholding the flames devour all they possessed. According to their belief, fire had descended from heaven to punish the wicked.

Not long afterwards, a new village had risen on the same spot by the munificence of a stranger whose name was never known; and all the inhabitants had reason to rejoice over what had seemed at first an irreparable disaster. As for Cathalla, strongly impressed with the wickedness and avarice of the world, he retired with his father to a lonely spot with his strangely acquired wealth, and built a house and devoted himself entirely to acts of charity. When he told this story he pretended that the conduct of the cousin of Gamadel had so disgusted him with women, that he had resolved never to marry; but some believing, what may be true, that love is a kind of madness, said that no other woman could make him forget that one. And after all, how many great passions would be born in this world if only good women were their object?

VAILS TO SERVANTS.

HAVING been from year to year an unmoved spectator of the indignant face of, and an amused listener to the lamentations over the decay of vails to servants, made by the head messenger of my office (I sit in the shadow of Inigo's banqueting house), I have been looking of late into a box I possess, of anecdotes relating to English manners and customs, to see what I can find on a subject, the decay and almost entire abolition of which elicits every Christmas sour looks and sour words from the well-fed, well-lodged, and not at all ill-salaried Ephraim Easeinsleep, head messenger and officekeeper of one of her Majesty's offices of state.

Amused with what I have found, I will group together briefly, but accurately, all that I know upon the subject. I will only premise that vails to servants were of a like nature with fees to officials—looked upon as perquisites appertaining to wages and salaries; and that it is only within the last few years that Christmas boxes to servants, and fees to officers of state, have been, as far as the public accounts are concerned, publicly abolished and forbidden by the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury. A few perhaps remain, such as fees on venison warrants, but their number must be very few. Hence Ephraim's ill-humour.

I read (to use one of old Stow's expressions), that the servants of our portrait painters were the greatest exacters of vails. Few sitters escaped. When Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (the Buckingham who was assassinated), sat to Mr. afterwards Sir Balthazar Gerbier, the bearer of the Duke's privy purse, Sir Sackville Crowe, was indignant at the exactions made upon his master. Sir Sackville's

entry of the payments made on this occasion will excite a smile:

Given to Mr. Gerbier's servants when his Lordship sat there for his picture,—viz., to the two maids, £2; to the two men that pretended to take pains about his picture, £5. In all, £7.

The first painter in this country to forbid the custom of giving vails to servants, was that great pourtrayer of manners, William Hogarth. "When I sat to Hogarth," said painstaking William Cole, "the custom of giving vails to servants was not discontinued. On taking leave of the painter at the door, I offered his servant a small gratuity, but the man very politely refused it, telling me it would be as much as the loss of his place if his master knew it. This," adds Cole, "was so uncommon and so liberal in a man of Hogarth's profession at that time of day, that it much struck me, as nothing of the kind had happened to me before." It is told of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he gave his servant six pounds annually of wages, and offered him one hundred pounds a year for the door! But Ralph knew better than to go halves with his master in such a matter.

My next memorandum leads us to a characteristic story of Sir Richard Steele, who was always liberal and always poor. Steele was at Blenheim at the performance of a tragedy by Dryden. It was got up to amuse the great Duke of Marlborough in his dotage, and Steele sat next to the famous Hoadly, then only Bishop of Bangor. The liveried army alarmed Sir Richard. "Does your lordship give money to all these fellows in laced coats and ruffles?" asked the disconcerted essayist and theatrical patentee. "No doubt," replied the bishop. "I have not enough," whispered the knight, and walked on. Hoadly watched him, and heard him accost the bevy of menials in the hall, telling them that he had found them men of taste, and as such invited them all to Drury Lane Theatre—to any play they should bespeak. My theatrical reading has not enabled me to discover if Sir Richard was called upon to make good the promise of his witty escape from vails on this occasion.

The people who have been most indignant against vails to servants have been the mean and the necessitous. Of the latter class was Richard Savage. His wants made him seek access to the titled, and his poverty prohibited him from acting up to the liveried notion of the complete gentleman. He complained in print. Queen Caroline allowed Merlin's Cave and other tom-fooleries of the kind, at Richmond, to be shown for money. This was too much for Savage, who in a poem "On Public Spirit with regard to Public Works," inserted these lines:—

But what the flowering pride of gardens rare,
However royal, or however fair,
If gates, which to access should still give way,
Ope but, like Peter's Paradise, for pay?
If perquisited varlets frequent stand,
And each new walk must a new tax demand,

What foreign eye but with contempt surveys?

What muse shall from oblivion snatch their praise?

These, however, for fear of offending the Queen, he was prudent enough to cancel; and thus his vigorous verse was of no use in removing an absurd custom then prevalent in England.

The next memorandum in my box refers to Henry Fielding, and leads us to an anecdote not unlike that I have just told of Sir Richard Steele. It is this. At one of Garrick's many dinners, Fielding was present, and vails to servants being still in fashion; each of the guests at parting made a present to the man servant of the great actor, David, a Welshman, and a wit in his way. When the company had gone, the lesser David being in high glee, was asked by his master how much he had got. "I can't tell you yet, sir," was the man's reply. "Here is half-a-crown from Mrs. Cibber, Got pless hur!—here is a shilling from Mr. Macklin; here are two from Mr. Havard; here is—and here is something more from Mr. Fielding, Got pless his merry heart!" By this time, the expectant Welshman wearing the great actor's livery had unfolded the paper, when, to his great astonishment, he saw that it contained a vulgar and unmistakable penny and no more. Garrick, it is said, was nettled at this, and spoke next day to Fielding about the impropriety of *jesting* with a servant. "Jesting!" said the author of *Tom Jones*, with seeming surprise. "So far from it, that I meant to do the fellow a real service,—for had I given him a shilling, or half-a-crown, I knew you would have taken it from him; but by giving him only a penny, he had a chance of calling it his own." Garrick's alleged parsimony was long the subject of sarcastic observation among his contemporaries. That the two Davids—the master and the man—divided vails it is impossible to believe.

If Sir Richard Steele was witty in his escape from this black-mail levied by men in livery, Sir Timothy Waldo, Baronet, of whom I know nothing more, was at least manly on a similar occasion. He had been dining with the minister Duke of Newcastle,—I suppose in that large red house in the north-west corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields still known to antiquaries as Newcastle House. On leaving, Sir Timothy was pressed by the domestics of the Duke, who lined the hall with eager faces and extended hands. He had made his way as far as the cook, and apparently had satisfied the servants of his host, when a crown put into the hand of the cook was returned with "Sir, I do not take silver."—"Don't you indeed!" said the baronet, putting it into his pocket, "then I do not give gold."

From these exactions poor peers suffered still more than poor commoners. Here is a case in point, told of a Roman Catholic peer and the attainted Duke of Ormond. "I remember," says Dr. King, "a Lord Poor, a Roman Catholic peer of Ireland, who lived

upon a small pension which Queen Anne had granted him. He was a man of honour and well esteemed, and had formerly been an officer of some distinction in the service of France. The Duke of Ormond had often invited him to dinner, and he had as often excused himself. At last the Duke kindly expostulated with him, and would know the reason why he so constantly refused to be one of his guests. My Lord Poor then honestly confessed that he could not afford it. "But," says he, "if your Grace will put a guinea into my hands as often as you are pleased to invite me to dine, I will not decline the honour of waiting on you." This was done, says Dr. King, and my Lord was afterwards a frequent guest in St. James's Square.

This levy of vails had grown to such a nuisance early in the reign of King George the Third, that serious attempts were made to resist the tax. In this resistance, no one seems to have behaved better than a gentleman whose name has unluckily not reached us. He was paying the servants of a friend for a dinner which their master had invited him to. One by one they appeared with "Sir, your great coat," and a shilling was given; "Sir, your hat,"—another shilling; "Sir, your stick,"—a third shilling; "Sir, your umbrella,"—a fourth shilling; "Sir, your gloves."—"Why, friend, you may keep the gloves; they are not worth a shilling!"

A still more active opponent of the scandalous custom of vails was the benevolent Jonas Hanway, whose name still lingers pleasantly round many of our London charities. He not only wrote against it, but answered a friend in high station, who reproached him for not coming oftener to dine with him, by saying, "Indeed I cannot afford it."

Hanway moved in good society; and his letters, and, above all, his example, did much to remove this indecent tax upon good nature and good sense. The Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Spencer, Sir Francis Dashwood, and others, increased their servants' wages in proportion to the alleged value of their vails. The famous farce of *High Life Below Stairs* caused servants to be looked upon in a light unfavourable to the custom, and by degrees the tax was no longer demanded as a right. The discontinuance first, it is said, commenced seriously in Scotland. "I boasted," says Boswell, "that the Scotch had the honour of being the first to abolish the inhospitable, troublesome, and ungracious custom of giving vails to servants." "Sir," said Johnson, in reply, "you abolished vails because you were too poor to be able to give them."

The first attempt made to discontinue so scandalous a custom, led to a serious disturbance. The scene was Ranelagh, and the time the eleventh of August, seventeen hundred and sixty-four. Such of the nobility and gentry as would not suffer their servants to take vails, were hooted and hissed on that

occasion by their own coachmen and footmen. From hissing they proceeded to break the lamps and outside windows. They then extinguished their flambeaux and pelted the company with brickbats. Swords were drawn; in the scuffle one servant was run through the thigh, another through the arm, and many others were wounded. Four were seized and being carried before the justices, one was committed to Newgate, one discharged by his master and bound to good behaviour, one set at liberty on his asking pardon and promising to discover his accomplices, and one discharged,—no person appearing against him.

I long to see Ephraim's face when he reads this paper.

THE LESSON OF THE WAR.

THE feast is spread through England
For rich and poor to-day;
Greetings and laughter may be there,
But thoughts are far away,
Over the stormy ocean,
Over the dreary track,
Where some are gone whom England
Will never welcome back.
Breathless she waits, and listens
For every eastern breeze
That bears upon its bloody wings
News from beyond the seas.
The leafless branches stirring
Make many a watcher start,
The distant tramp of steed may send
A throb from heart to heart.
The rulers of the nation,
The poor ones at their gate,
With the same eager wonder
The same great news await!
The poor man's stay and comfort,
The rich man's joy and pride,
Upon the bleak Crimean shore
Are fighting side by side.
The bullet comes—and either
A desolate hearth may see;
And God alone to-night knows where
The vacant place may be!
The dread that stirs the peasant
Thrills nobles' hearts with fear,—
Yet above selfish sorrow
Both hold their country dear.
The rich man who reposes
In his ancestral shade,
The peasant at his ploughshare,
The worker at his trade,
Each one his all has perilled,
Each has the same great stake,
Each soul can but have patience,
Each heart can only break!
Hushed is all party clamour;
One thought in every heart,
One dread in every household,
Has bid such strife depart.
England has called her children,
Long silent—the word came
That lit the smouldering ashes
Through all the land to flame.
O you who toil and suffer,
You gladly heard the call;

But those you sometimes envy
Have they not given their all?

O you who rule the nation,
Take now the toil-worn hand,—
Brothers you are in sorrow
In duty to your land.
Learn but this noble lesson
Ere Peace returns again,
And the lifeblood of Old England
Will not be shed in vain!

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND HIS CREWS.

IN order that our readers, at a future time, when the Esquimaux stories shall have been further tested, may be in possession of them as originally brought home, we have procured from DR. RAE a faithful copy of his Report for publication. We do not feel justified in omitting or condensing any part of it; believing, as we do, that it is a very unsatisfactory document on which to found such strong conclusions as it takes for granted. The preoccupation of the public mind has dismissed this subject easily for the present; but, we assume its great interest, and the serious doubts we hold of its having been convincingly set at rest, to be absolutely certain to revive.

York Factory, Hudson's Bay, 1st Sept., 1854.

I have the honour to report, for the information of the Governor, Deputy Governor, and Committee, that I arrived here yesterday with my party, all in good health; but, from causes which will be explained hereafter, without having effected the object of the expedition. At the same time information has been obtained, and articles purchased from the natives, which prove beyond a doubt that a portion, if not all, of the survivors of the long lost and unfortunate party under Sir John Franklin had met with a fate as melancholy and dreadful as it is possible to imagine.

By a letter dated Chesterfield Inlet, ninth of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, you are in possession of my proceedings up to that time. Late on the evening of that day we parted company with our small consort, she steering down to the southward, whilst we took the opposite direction to Repulse Bay.

Light and variable winds sadly retarded our advance northward; but by anchoring during the flood, and sailing or rowing with the tide, we gained some ground daily. On the eleventh we met with upwards of three hundred walrus, lying on a rock a few miles off shore. They were not at all shy, and several were mortally wounded, but one only (an immensely large fellow) was shot dead by myself. The greater part of the fat was cut off and taken on board, which supplied us abundantly with oil for our lamps all winter.

On the forenoon of the fourteenth, having a fair wind, we rounded Cape Horn, and ran up Repulse Bay; but as the weather was

very foggy, completely hiding every object at the distance of a quarter-of-a-mile, we made the land about seven miles east of my old winter quarters; next day, midst heavy rain, we ran down to North Pole River, moored the boat, and pitched the tents.

The weather being still dark and gloomy, the surrounding country presented a most dreary aspect. Thick masses of ice clung to the shore, whilst immense drifts of snow filled each ravine, and lined every steep bank that had a southerly exposure. No Esquimaux were to be seen, nor any recent traces of them. Appearances could not be less promising for wintering safely; yet I determined to remain until the first of September; by which date some opinion could be formed as to the practicability of procuring sufficient food and fuel for our support during the winter: all the provisions on hand at that time being equal to only three months' consumption.

The weather fortunately improved, and not a moment was lost. Nets were set; hunters were sent out to procure venison; and the majority of the party was constantly employed collecting fuel. By the end of August a supply of the latter essential article (*Andromeda Tetragona*) for fourteen weeks was laid up, thirteen deer and one musk-bull had been shot, and one hundred and thirty-six salmon caught. Some of the favourite haunts of the Esquimaux had been visited, but no indications were seen to lead us to suppose that they had been lately in the neighbourhood.

The absence of the natives caused me some anxiety; not that I expected any aid from them, but because I could attribute their having abandoned so favourable a locality to no other cause than a scarcity of food, arising from the deer having taken another route in their migrations to and from the north.

On the first of September I explained our position to the men; the quantity of provisions we had, and the prospects, which were far from flattering, of getting more. They all most readily volunteered to remain, and our preparations for a nine months' winter were continued with unabated energy. The weather, generally speaking, was favourable, and our exertions were so successful, that by the end of the month we had a quantity of provisions and fuel collected adequate to our wants up to the period of the spring migrations of the deer.

One hundred and nine deer, one musk-ox (including those killed in August) fifty-three brace of ptarmigan, and one seal, had been shot; and the nets produced fifty-four salmon. Of the larger animals above enumerated, forty-nine deer and the musk-ox were shot by myself; twenty-one deer by Mistegan, the deer-hunter; fourteen by another of the men; nine by William Ouligback; and sixteen by the remaining four men.

The cold weather set in very early, and with great severity. On the twentieth, all the smaller, and some of the larger lakes, were covered with ice four to six inches thick. This was far from advantageous for deer shooting, as these animals were enabled to cross the country in all directions, instead of following their accustomed passes.

October was very stormy and cold. About the fifteenth, the migrations of the deer terminated, and twenty-five more were added to our stock. Forty-two salmon, and twenty trout, were caught with nets and hooks set in lakes under the ice. On the twenty-eighth, the snow was packed hard enough for building; and we were glad to exchange the cold and dismal tents (in which the temperature had latterly been thirty-six or thirty-seven degrees below the freezing point) for the more comfortable shelter of snow-houses, which were built on the south south-east side of Beacon Hill, by which they were well protected from the prevailing north-west gales. The houses were nearly half a mile south of my winter quarters of eighteen hundred and forty-six and eighteen hundred and forty-seven.

The weather in November was comparatively fine, but cold, the highest, lowest, and mean temperature being, respectively, thirty-eight degrees, eighteen degrees, and three degrees below zero. Some deer were occasionally seen, but only four were shot; some wolves, several foxes, and one wolverine were killed; and from the nets fifty-nine salmon and twenty-two trout were obtained.

Our most productive fishery was in a lake about three miles distant, bearing east (magnetic) from Beacon Hill, or the mouth of the North Pole River.

The whole of December, a very few days excepted, was one continued gale with snow and drift. When practicable, the men were occupied scraping under snow for fuel, by which means our stock of that very essential article was kept up. The mean temperature of the month was twenty-three degrees below zero. The produce of our nets and guns was extremely small, amounting to one partridge, one wolf, and twenty-seven fish.

On the first of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, the temperature rose to the very unusual height of eighteen degrees above zero, the wind at the time being south-east, with snow. Our nets, after being set in different lakes without success, were finally taken up on the twelfth, only five small fish having been caught. The thermometer was tested by freezing mercury, and found to be in error, the temperature indicated by it being four degrees five minutes too high.

The cold during February was steady and severe, but there were fewer storms than usual. Deer were more numerous, and generally were travelling northward. One or two

were wounded, but none killed. On two occasions (the first and twenty-seventh), that beautiful but rare appearance of the clouds near the sun, with three fringes of pink and green, following the outline of the cloud, was seen, and I may add that the same splendid phenomenon was frequently observed during the spring, and was generally followed by a day or two of fine weather.

During the latter part of the month, preparations were being made for our spring journeys. A carpenter's workshop was built of snow, and our sledges were taken to pieces, reduced to as light a weight as possible, and then reunited more securely than before. The mean temperature of February, corrected for error of thermometer, was thirty-nine degrees below zero. The highest and lowest being twenty degrees and fifty-three degrees.

On the first of March a female deer in fine condition was shot, and on the ninth and tenth two more were killed. Three men were absent some days during this month, in search of Esquimaux, from whom we wished to obtain dogs. They went as far as the head of Ross Bay, but found no traces of these people.

On the fourteenth I started with three men hauling sledges with provisions, to be placed in "cache" for the long spring journey. Owing to the stormy state of the weather we got no farther than Cape Lady Pelly, on the most northerly point of which our stores were placed, under a heap of large stones, secure from any animal except man or the bear. We returned on the twenty-fourth, the distance walked together being a hundred and seventy miles.

On the thirty-first of March, leaving three men in charge of the boat and stores, I set out with the other four, including the interpreter, with the view of tracing the west coast of Boothia, from the Castor and Pollux River to Bellot Strait. The weight of our provisions, &c., with those deposited on the way, amounted to eight hundred and sixty-five pounds, an ample supply for sixty-five days.

The route followed for part of the journey being exactly the same as that of spring, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, it is unnecessary to describe it. During the two first days, although we did not travel more than fifteen miles per day, the men found the work extremely hard, and as I perceived that one of them (a fine, active young fellow, but a light weight) would be unable to keep pace with the others, he was sent back, and replaced by Mistegan, a very able man, and an experienced sledge-hauler. More than a day was lost in making this exchange, but there was still abundance of time to complete our work, if not opposed by more than common obstacles.

On the sixth of April we arrived at our provision cache, and found it all safe. Hav-

ing placed the additional stores on the sledges, which made those of the men weigh more than a hundred and sixty pounds each, and my own about a hundred and ten pounds, we travelled seven miles further, then built a snow house on the ice two miles from shore. We had passed among much rough ice, but hitherto the drift banks of snow, by lying in the same direction in which we were travelling, made the walking tolerably good. As we advanced to the northward, however, these crossed our track (showing that the prevailing winter gales had been from the westward), and together with stormy weather, impeded us so much that we did not reach Colville Bay until the tenth. The position of our snow house was in latitude sixty-eight degrees thirteen minutes five seconds north, longitude by chronometer eighty-eight degrees fourteen minutes fifty-one seconds west, the variation of the compass being eighty-six degrees twenty minutes west. From this place it was my intention to strike across land as straight as possible for the Castor and Pollux River.

The eleventh was so stormy that we could not move, and the next day, after placing en cache two days provisions, we had walked only six miles in a westerly direction, when a gale of wind compelled us to get under shelter. The weather improved in the evening, and having the benefit of the full moon, we started again at a few minutes to eight p.m. Our course at first was the same as it had been in the morning, but the snow soon became so soft and so deep that I turned more to the northward in search of firmer footing. The walking was excessively fatiguing, and would have been so even to persons travelling unencumbered, as we sank at every step, nearly ankle deep in snow. Eight and a half miles were accomplished in six and a half hours, at the end of which as we required some rest, a small snow house was built, and we had some tea and frozen pemican.

After resting three hours we resumed our march, and by making long detours, found the snow occasionally hard enough to support our weight. At thirty minutes to noon on the thirteenth, our day's journey terminated in latitude sixty-eight degrees twenty-three minutes thirty seconds north, longitude eighty-nine degrees three minutes fifty-three seconds west, variation of compass eighty-three degrees thirty minutes west. At a mile and a half from our bivouac, we had crossed the arm of a lake of considerable extent, but the country around was so flat, and so completely covered with snow, that its limits could not be easily defined, and our snow hut was on the borders of another lake apparently somewhat smaller.

A snow storm of great violence raged during the whole of the fourteenth, which did not prevent us from making an attempt to get forward. After persevering two and a

half hours, and gaining a mile and a half distance, we were again forced to take shelter.

The fifteenth was very beautiful, with a temperature of only eight degrees below zero. The heavy fall of snow had made the walking and sledge-hauling worse than before. It was impossible to keep a straight course, and we had to turn much out of our way, so as to select the hardest drift banks. After advancing several miles, we fortunately reached a large lake containing a number of islands, on one of which I noticed an old Esquimaux tent site. The fresh footmarks of a partridge (*Tetrao rupestris*) were also seen, being the only signs of living thing (a few tracks of foxes excepted) that we had observed since commencing the traverse of this dreary waste of snow-clad country. To the lake above mentioned, and to those seen previously, the name of Barrow was given, as a mark of respect to John Barrow, Esquire, of the Admiralty; whose zeal in promoting, and liberality in supporting, many of the expeditions to the Arctic Sea are so well known to require any comment, further than that he presented a very valuable Halkett's boat for the service of my party, which unfortunately by some irregularity in the railway baggage trains between London and Liverpool did not reach the latter place in time for the steamer, although sent from London some days before. Our snow hut was built on the edge of a small lake in latitude sixty-eight degrees thirty-one minutes thirty-eight seconds north, longitude eighty-nine degrees eleven minutes fifty-five seconds west, variation of compass eighty-three degrees thirty minutes west.

The difficulties of walking were somewhat diminished on the sixteenth by a fresh breeze of wind, which drifted the snow off the higher ground, and we were enabled to make a fair day's journey. Early on the seventeenth we reached the shore of Pelly Bay, but had barely got a view of its rugged ice covering before a dense fog came on. We had to steer by compass for a large rocky island, some miles to the westward; and we stopped on an islet near its east shore until the fog cleared away. This luckily happened some time before noon, and afforded an opportunity of obtaining observations, the results of which were latitude sixty-eight degrees forty-four minutes fifty-three seconds north, longitude by chronometer eighty-nine degrees thirty-four minutes forty-seven seconds west, and variation eighty-four degrees twenty minutes west.

Even on the ice we found the snow soft and deep, a most unusual circumstance. The many detentions I had met with caused me now, instead of making for the *Castor* and *Pollux* River, to attempt a direct course towards the magnetic pole, should the land west of the bay be smooth enough for travelling over. The large island west of us was so rugged and steep that there was no crossing

it with sledges; we therefore travelled along its shores to the northward, and stopped for the night within a few miles of the northern extremity. The track of an Esquimaux sledge drawn by dogs was observed to-day, but it was of old date.

The morning of the eighteenth was very foggy; but after rounding the north point of the island it became clear, and we travelled due west, or very nearly so, until within three miles of the west shore of the bay, which presented an appearance so rocky and mountainous, that it was evident we could not traverse it without loss of time. As the country towards the head of the bay looked more level, I turned to the southward, and, after a circuitous walk of more than sixteen miles, we built our snow house on the ice, five miles from shore. Many old traces of Esquimaux were seen on the ice to-day.

On the nineteenth we continued travelling southward, and our day's journey (about equal to that of yesterday) terminated near the head of the bay.

Twentieth of April. The fresh footmarks of Esquimaux, with a sledge, having been seen yesterday on the ice within a short distance of our resting-place, the interpreter and one man were sent to look for them, the other two being employed in hunting and collecting fuel, whilst I obtained excellent observations, the results of which were latitude sixty-eight degrees twenty-eight minutes twenty-nine seconds north, longitude by chronometer ninety degrees eighteen minutes thirty-two seconds west, variation of compass ninety-eight degrees thirty minutes west. The latter is apparently erroneous, probably caused by much local attraction.

After an absence of eleven hours the men sent in search of Esquimaux returned in company with seventeen natives (five of whom were women), and several of them had been at Repulse Bay when I was there in eighteen hundred and forty-seven. Most of the others had never before seen "whites," and were extremely forward and troublesome. They would give us no information on which any reliance could be placed, and none of them would consent to accompany us for a day or two, although I promised to reward them liberally.

Apparently, there was a great objection to our travelling across the country in a westerly direction. Finding that it was their object to puzzle the interpreter and mislead us, I declined purchasing more than a small piece of seal from them, and sent them away—not, however, without some difficulty, as they lingered about with the hope of stealing something; and, notwithstanding our vigilance, succeeded in abstracting from one of the sledges a few pounds of biscuit and grease.

The morning of the twenty-first was extremely fine; and at three A.M. we started

across land towards a very conspicuous hill, bearing west of us. On a rocky eminence, some miles inland, we made a cache of the seal's flesh we had purchased. Whilst doing this, our interpreter made an attempt to join his countrymen. Fortunately, his absence was observed before he had gone far; and he was overtaken after a sharp race of four or five miles. He was in a great fright when we came up to him, and was crying like a child, but expressed his readiness to return, and pleaded sickness as an excuse for his conduct. I believe he was really unwell—probably from having eaten too much boiled seal's flesh, with which he had been regaled at the snow huts of the natives.

Having taken some of the lading off Ouligback's sledge, we had barely resumed our journey when we were met by a very intelligent Esquimaux, driving a dog-sledge laden with musk-ox beef. This man at once consented to accompany us two days' journey, and in a few minutes had deposited his load on the snow, and was ready to join us. Having explained my object to him, he said that the road by which he had come was the best for us; and, having lightened the men's sledges, we travelled with more facility.

We were now joined by another of the natives, who had been absent seal-hunting yesterday; but being anxious to see us had visited our snow-house early this morning, and then followed our track. This man was very communicative, and on putting to him the usual questions as to his having seen white men before, or any ships or boats, he replied in the negative; but said that a party of kabloonians had died of starvation a long distance to the west of where we then were, and beyond a large river. He stated that he did not know the exact place—that he had never been there, and that he could not accompany us so far.

The substance of the information then and subsequently obtained from various sources was to the following effect.

In the spring, four winters past (eighteen hundred and fifty), whilst some Esquimaux families were killing seals near the northern shore of a large island, named in Arrowsmith's charts King William's Land, about forty white men were seen travelling in company southward over the ice, and dragging a boat and sledges with them. They were passing along the west shore of the above-named island. None of the party could speak the Esquimaux language so well as to be understood; but by signs the natives were led to believe that the ship or ships had been crushed by ice, and that they were then going to where they expected to find deer to shoot. From the appearance of the men—all of whom, with the exception of an officer, were hauling on the drag-ropes of the sledge, and were looking thin—they were then supposed to be getting short of provisions; and they purchased a small seal, or piece of seal, from the natives.

The officer was described as being a tall, stout, middle-aged man. When their day's journey terminated, they pitched tents to rest in.

At a later date, the same season, but previous to the disruption of the ice, the corpses of some thirty persons and some graves were discovered on the continent, and five dead bodies on an island near it, about a long day's journey to the north-west of the mouth of a large stream, which can be no other than Back's Great Fish River (named by the Esquimaux Oot-koo-hi-ca-lik), as its description, and that of the low shore in the neighbourhood of Point Ogle and Montreal Island, agree exactly with that of Sir George Back. Some of the bodies were in a tent or tents; others were under the boat, which had been turned over to form a shelter; and some lay scattered about in different directions. Of those seen on the island, it was supposed that one was that of an officer (chief), as he had a telescope strapped over his shoulders, and his double-barrelled gun lay underneath him.

From the mutilated state of many of the bodies, and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the last dread alternative as a means of sustaining life.

A few of the unfortunate men must have survived until the arrival of the wild fowl (say, until the end of May), as shots were heard, and fish-bones and feathers of geese were noticed near the scene of the sad event.

There appears to have been an abundant store of ammunition, as the gunpowder was emptied by the natives in a heap on the ground out of the kegs or cases containing it; and a quantity of shot and ball was found below high-water mark, having probably been left on the ice close to the beach before the spring thaw commenced. There must have been a number of telescopes, guns (several of them double-barrelled), watches, compasses, &c.; all of which seem to have been broken up, as I saw pieces of these different articles with the natives,—and I purchased as many as possible, together with some silver spoons and forks, an order of merit in the form of a star, and a small silver plate engraved "Sir John Franklin, K.C.H."

Enclosed is a list of the principal articles bought, with a note of the initials, and a rough pen-and-ink sketch of the crests on the forks and spoons. The articles themselves I shall have the honour of handing over to you on my arrival in London.

None of the Esquimaux with whom I had communication saw the white men, either when living or after death, nor had they ever been at the place where the corpses were found, but had their information from natives who had been there, and who had seen the party when travelling over the ice. From what I could learn, there is no reason to

suspect that any violence had been offered to the sufferers by the natives.

As the dogs in the sledge were fatigued before they joined us, our day's journey was a short one. Our snow-house was built in latitude sixty-eight degrees twenty-nine seconds north, and longitude ninety degrees forty-two minutes forty-two seconds west, on the bed of a river having high mud banks, and which falls into the west side of Pelly Bay, about latitude sixty-eight degrees forty-seven minutes north, and longitude ninety degrees twenty-five minutes west.

On the twenty-second, we travelled along the north bank of the river (which I named after Captain Beecher, of the Admiralty), in a westerly direction, for seven or eight miles, until abreast of the lofty and peculiarly shaped hill already alluded to, and which I named Ellice Mountain, when we turned more to the northward.

We soon arrived at a long narrow lake, on which we encamped a few miles from its east end,—our day's march being little more than thirteen miles. Our Esquimaux auxiliaries were now anxious to return, being in dread, or professing to be so, that the wolves or wolverines would find their "cache" of meat, and destroy it. Having paid them liberally for their aid and information, and having bade them a most friendly farewell, they set out for home as we were preparing to go to bed.

Next morning provisions for six days were secured under a heap of ponderous stones, and we resumed our march along the lake.

Thick weather, snow-storms, and heavy walking, sadly retarded our advance. The Esquimaux had recommended me, after reaching the end of the chain of lakes (which ran in north-westerly direction for nearly twenty miles, and then turned sharply to the southward) to follow the windings of a brook that flowed from them. This I attempted to do, until finding that we should be led thereby far to the south, we struck across land to the west among a series of hills and valleys.

Tracks of deer now became numerous, and a few traces of musk cattle were observed.

At two A.M., on the twenty-sixth, we fell upon a river with banks of mud and gravel twenty to forty feet high, and about a quarter of a mile in width. After a most laborious walk of more than eighteen miles, we found an old snow-hut, which after a few repairs was made habitable, and we were snugly housed at forty minutes past six A.M. Our position was in latitude sixty-eight degrees twenty-five minutes twenty-seven seconds north, longitude ninety-two degrees fifty-three minutes fourteen seconds west.

One of our men who, from carelessness some weeks before, had severely frozen two of his toes, was now scarcely able to walk; and as, by Esquimaux report, we could not be very far from the sea, I prepared to start in the evening with two men and four days'

provisions for the Castor and Pollux River, leaving the lame man and another to follow, at their leisure a few miles on our track, to some rocks that lay on our route where they were more likely to find both fuel and game, than on the bare flat ground where we then were.

The morning of the twenty-sixth was very fine as we commenced tracing the course of the river seaward; sometimes following its course, at other times travelling on its left or right bank to cut off points.

At four A.M., on the twenty-seventh, we reached the mouth of the river, which, by subsequent observation, I found to be situated in latitude sixty-eight degrees thirty-two minutes north, and longitude ninety-three degrees twenty minutes west. It was rather difficult to discover when we had reached the sea, until a mass of rough ice settled the question beyond a doubt. After leaving the river we walked rapidly due west for six miles, then built our usual snug habitation on the ice, three miles from shore, and had some partridges (*Tetrao mutus*) for supper, at the unseasonable hour of eight A.M. We had seen great numbers of these birds during the night.

Our latitude was sixty-eight degrees thirty-two minutes one second north, and about forty minutes east of Simpson's position of the mouth of the Castor and Pollux River.

The weather was overcast with snow when we resumed our journey, at thirty minutes past eight P.M., on the twenty-seventh; we directed our course directly for the shore, which we reached after a sharp walk of one and a half hours, in doing which we crossed a long stony island of some miles in extent. As by this time it was snowing heavily, I made my men travel on the ice, the walking being better there, whilst I followed the winding of the shore, closely examining every object along the beach.

After passing several heaps of stones, which had evidently formed Esquimaux caches, I came to a collection larger than any I had yet seen, and clearly not intended for the protection of property of any kind. The stones, generally speaking, were small, and had been built in the form of a pillar, but the top had fallen down, as the Esquimaux had previously given me to understand was the case.

Calling my men to land, I sent one to trace what looked like the bed of a small river immediately west of us, whilst I and the other man cleared away the pile of stones in search of a document. Although no document was found, there could be no doubt in my own mind, and in that of my companion, that its construction was not that of the natives. My belief that we had arrived at the Castor and Pollux River was confirmed when the person who had been sent to trace the apparent stream-bed returned with the information that it was a river.

My latitude of the Castor and Pollux is sixty-eight degrees twenty-eight minutes thirty-seven seconds, west; agreeing within a quarter of a mile with that of Simpson; but our longitudes differ considerably, his being ninety-four degrees fourteen minutes west, whilst mine was ninety-three degrees forty-two minutes west. My longitude is nearly intermediate between that of Simpson and Sir George Back, supposing the latter to have carried on his survey eastward from Montreal Island. A number of rocky elevations to the north of the river were mistaken by Simpson for islands, and named by him the Committee.

Having spent upwards of an hour in fruitless search for a memorandum of some kind, we began to retrace our steps; and after a most fatiguing march of fifteen hours, during which we walked at least thirty miles, we arrived at the snow-hut of the men left behind. They had shot nothing, and had not collected sufficient andromeda for cooking, but had been compelled to use some grease. The frost-bitten man could scarcely move.

Early on the morning of the twenty-ninth, during a heavy fall of snow, we set out for the mouth of the river, which was named in honour of Sir Frederick Murchison, the late President of the Royal Geographical Society; and after losing our way occasionally in attempting to make short cuts, we arrived at Cache Island, so named from an Esquimaux cache that was on it, within two miles of the sea, at eight A.M., and stopped there, as it blew a gale with drift.

As soon as we got shelter, and had supped, preparations were made for starting in the evening for Bellot Strait. An ample stock of provisions and fuel for twenty-two days were placed on two of our best sledges, and I hauled on my own small sledge my instruments, books, bedding, &c., as usual.

On the evening of the twenty-ninth, the weather was so stormy, that although we were prepared to start at eight o'clock, we could not get away until past two on the following morning, when after travelling little more than five miles, a heavy fall of snow and strong wind caused us again to take shelter.

Our advance was so much impeded by thick weather and soft snow, that we did not arrive within a few miles of Cape Porter of Sir John Ross, until the sixth of May. In doing this we had traversed a bay, the head of which was afterwards found to extend as far north as latitude sixty-eight degrees four minutes north. Point Sir H. Dryden, its western boundary, is in latitude sixty-eight degrees forty-four minutes north, longitude ninety-four degrees west. To this bay, the name of Shepherd was given, in honour of the Deputy Governor of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, and an island near its head, was called Bence Jones, after the distinguished medical man and analytical chemist of that name to whose kindness I and my party were much

indebted, for having proposed the use and prepared some extract of tea, for the expedition.

This article we found extremely portable, and as the tea could be made without boiling water, we often enjoyed a cup of that refreshing beverage, when otherwise from want of fuel, we must have been satisfied with cold water.

From Point Dryden, the coast which is low and stony, runs in a succession of small points and bays about ten miles nearly due west, then turns sharply up to the north in latitude sixty-eight degrees forty-five minutes north, longitude ninety-four degrees twenty-seven minutes fifty seconds west, which was ascertained by observations obtained on an island near the shore. The point was called Cape Colville, after the Governor of the Company, and the island, Stanley. To the west, at the distance of seven or eight miles, land was seen, which received the appellation of Matheson Island, as a mark of respect to one of the Directors of the Company.

Our snow-hut on the sixth of May, situate on Pointe de la Guiche was by good observations found to be in latitude sixty-eight degrees fifty-seven minutes fifty-two seconds north, longitude ninety-four degrees twenty-two minutes fifty-eight seconds west. One of my men, Mistegan, an Indian of great intelligence and activity, was sent six miles farther along the coast northwards; by ascending some rough ice at its extreme point, he could see about five miles farther, the land was still trending northward, whilst to the north-west, at a considerable distance, perhaps twelve or fourteen miles, there was an appearance of land, the channel between which and the point where he stood, being full of rough ice. This land, if it was such, is probably part of Matty Island, or King William's Land, which latter is also clearly an island.

I am happy to say that on this present, as on a former occasion, where my survey met that of Sir James C. Ross, a very singular agreement exists, considering the circumstances under which our surveys have been taken.

The foggy and snowy weather, which continued upwards of four days, had occasioned the loss of so much time, that, although I could easily have completed a part (perhaps the half) of the survey of the coast, between the Magnetic Pole and Bellot Strait, or Brentford Bay, I could not do the whole without great risk to my party, and I therefore decided upon returning.

Having taken possession of our discoveries in the usual form, and built a cairn, we commenced our return on the night of the sixth. Having fine, clear weather, we made long marches, and at Shepherd Bay, having got rid of the sledge, which I had hitherto hauled, I detached myself from the party, and examined the bay within a mile or two of the shore, whilst my men took a straighter route.

Thick weather again came on as we entered the bay (named in honour of Sir Robert H. Inglis) into which the Murchison River falls, and we had much trouble in finding the mouth of the river. Here the services of my Cree hunter were of much value, as custom had caused him to notice indications and marks, which would have escaped the observation of a person less acute and experienced.

On the eleventh of May, at three A.M., we reached the place where our two men had been left. Both were as well as I could hope for, the one whose great toe had been frozen, and which was about to slough off at the first joint, thereby rendering the foot very tender and painful when walking in deep snow, had too much spirit to allow himself to be hauled. One deer, and eighteen partridges had been shot; but, notwithstanding, I found a greater reduction in our stock of provisions than I had anticipated, and I felt confirmed in the course I had taken.

The day became very fine, and observations were taken, which gave the position of Cache Island, where our snow-hut was—latitude sixty-eight degrees thirty-two minutes two seconds north, longitude ninety-three degrees thirteen minutes eighteen seconds west.

Having completed my observations, and filled in rough tracings of the coast line, which I generally did from day to day, we started for home at eight thirty, P.M. The weather being now fine, and the snow harder than when outward bound, we advanced more rapidly and in a straighter direction, until we came to the lakes, about midway in the Isthmus, after which, as far as Pelly Bay, our outward and homeward route were exactly alike. We reached Pelly Bay at one A.M., on the seventeenth, and built a snow-house about two and a half miles south, and the same distance west, of my observations of the twentieth of April.

Observing traces of Esquimaux, two men were sent, after supper, to look for them. After eight hours absence they returned with ten or twelve native men, women, and children. From these people I bought a silver spoon and fork. The initials F. R. M. C., not engraved, but scratched with a sharp instrument, on the spoon, puzzled me much, as I knew not at the time the Christian names of the officers of Sir John Franklin's expedition; and thought that the letters above-named might possibly be the initials of Captain McClure, the small c between M C being omitted.

Two of the Esquimaux (one of them I had seen in eighteen hundred and forty-seven) offered for a consideration to accompany us a day or two's march with a sledge and dogs. We were detained some time by the slow preparations of our new allies; but we soon made up for lost time, and, after a journey of sixteen geographical or about eighteen and a

half statute miles, we arrived at the east side of the bay, in latitude by reduction to the meridian sixty-eight degrees twenty-three minutes ten seconds north, longitude eighty-nine degrees fifty-eight minutes thirty-nine seconds west.

It may be remembered that in the spring of eighteen forty-seven I did not trace the shore of Pelly Bay, but saw it from the summit of one of the lofty islands in the bay. Desirous of being always within, rather than of exceeding the limits of truth, I that year placed the head of the bay about ten miles north of what it ought to have been,—a mistake which will be easily accounted for by those who know the difficulties of estimating distances in a snow-clad country, where the height of the land is unknown.

The width of the isthmus separating Pelly and Shepherd's Bays is fully sixty geographical miles.

In the evening before parting with our Esquimaux assistants, we bought a dog from them, and after a most friendly farewell, resumed our journey eastward, and found, on a long lake, some old snow-houses, in which we took up our lodgings. Here a set of good observations placed us in latitude sixty-eight degrees twelve minutes eighteen seconds north, longitude eighty-nine degrees twenty-four minutes fifty-one degrees west; variation eighteen-one degrees west.

On the morning of the twenty-first, we arrived at Committee Bay. From thence our route to Repulse Bay was almost the same as before; and I shall not, therefore, advert to it further than to mention that we arrived at our winter home at five, A.M., on the twenty-sixth of May,—having, from the better walking, travelled in twenty days the distance (less forty or fifty miles) which had taken us thirty-six days to accomplish on our outward journey.

I found the three men who had been left in charge of the property quite well, living in abundance, and on the most friendly terms with a number of Esquimaux families, who had pitched their tents near them.

The natives had behaved in the most exemplary manner; and many of them who were short of food, in compliance with my orders to that effect, had been supplied with venison from our stores.

It was from this time until August that I had opportunities of questioning the Esquimaux regarding the information which I had already obtained, of the party of whites who had perished of starvation, and of eliciting the particulars connected with that sad event, the substance of which I have already stated.

In the early part of July, the salmon came from the sea to the mouths of the rivers and brooks which were at that date open; and we caught numbers of them. So that occasionally we could afford to supply our native friends with fifty or one hundred in a night.

As is the usual custom at the Hudson's Bay Company's inland trading posts, all provisions were given gratis; and they were much more gratefully received by the Esquimaux than by the more southerly and more favoured red man.

We had still on hand half of our three months' stock of pemican, and a sufficiency of ammunition to provide for the wants of another winter. We were all in excellent health, and could get as many dogs as we required: so that (D.V.) there was little doubt that a second attempt to complete the survey would be successful; but I now thought that I had a higher duty to attend to, that duty being to communicate, with as little loss of time as possible, the melancholy tidings which I had heard, and thereby save the risk of more valuable lives being jeopardised in a fruitless search, in a direction where there was not the slightest prospect of obtaining any information. I trust this will be deemed a sufficiently good reason for my return.

The summer was extremely cold and backward; we could not leave Repulse Bay until the fourth of August, and on the sixth had much difficulty in rounding Cape Hope. From thence, as far as Cape Fullerton, the strait between Southampton Island and the main shore was fully packed with ice, which gave us great trouble. South of Cape Fullerton we got into open water. On the evening of the nineteenth instant, calms and head winds much retarded us, so that we did not enter Churchill River until the morning of the twenty-eighth of August. There we were detained all day by a storm of wind. My good interpreter, William Ouligback, was landed, and before bidding him farewell, I presented him with a very handsomely mounted hunting knife, intrusted to me by Captain Sir George Back for his former travelling companion, Ouligback; but as the old man was dead, I took the liberty of giving it to his son, as an inducement to future good conduct should his services be again required.

A three days' run brought us to York Factory, at which place we landed all well on the forenoon of the 31st of August. I am happy to say that the conduct of my men, under circumstances often very trying, was generally speaking extremely good and praiseworthy; and although their wages were higher than those of any party who have hitherto been employed on boat expeditions, I thought it advisable, after consulting with Chief Factor William Mactavish, to give each a small gratuity, varying the amount according to merit.

In conclusion, I have to express my regret that I was unable, on this occasion, to bring to a successful termination an expedition which I had myself planned and projected; but in extenuation of my failure, I may mention that I was met by an accumulation of obstacles, beyond the usual ones of storms

and rough ice, which my former experience in Arctic travelling had not led me to anticipate.

CHIP.

PULP.

THE possibility of making paper from anything but rags has only been mooted since the rag-famine set in. It was amongst the good old manufacturing prejudices, that pulp for paper-making could only be formed from flax or cotton which had been spun, woven, made into garments or napery, worn out, cast off, had the best price given for it at the Black Doll; picked, sorted, washed, torn to tatters, and smashed into pulp at the mill. The manufacturing mind has only recently become awake to the probability that pulp might be made out of fibre that has never passed through the rag-shop.

The idea of making paper from raw flax is neither new nor startling. At present the flax plant is only used for two purposes—its straw is reduced to fibre, and then spun and woven into textile fabrics; and its seed, besides propagating it, yields painter's oil. Yet the same plant can never be used for both purposes. To produce good flax, it must be cut down before the seed is ripe; and, when fully matured to yield oil, the straw fibre cannot be spun. But it can be converted into the best possible pulp. Unlimited supplies of this straw is wasted in India, whence it might be imported into this country; and, mixed with inferior cotton and linen rags to soften and economise it, be converted into a tougher, whiter, and cheaper paper than we can at present afford for common use. On such paper the second edition of the "Times" newspaper of Monday the seventeenth of July last was printed.

There are besides, coarser varieties of the flax-plant that might be cultivated to yield paper-pulp of the first quality. The experiment has been tried with a success which proves that vast expanses of marshy lands in this country, and a large proportion of the Irish soil, not now productive, might be made to grow inferior species of flax convertible into unlimited supplies of pulp. There is only one barrier to the immediate solution of the great paper difficulty. A few gentlemen with capital and enterprise have associated themselves for the supply of flax pulp to paper makers, and some of the principal paper-makers have agreed to become their customers. Their object being, however, one of those which can only be carried out on a large and expansive scale, it is beyond the means of "a few" gentlemen. With broad acres to purchase or to rent, with mills and machinery to provide; or, with vast purchases to make of the coarser flax from the Indian, Australian, or New Zealand markets, the capital required could only be commanded by an extensive company; and, whoever enters upon the

scheme must be prepared to incur enormous liabilities. This no man in his senses will do, in the present absurd and crippling state of the law of partnership even to confer the greatest blessing on his fellow men; for he would place everything he possessed in jeopardy, from his bank-stock to his boots.

Here then, is an instance of a most useful and beneficial project being paralysed from an irrational and unjust law—a law which exists in no other country than England: a law which discourages habits of prudence and saving among the humbler orders (for it shuts out every profitable investment from the small capitalist) and which nips every comprehensive and beneficent enterprise in the bud. Mr. Cardwell has promised an alteration of this anomalous statute; let us hope that he will keep his word early in the present Session.

OBSOLETE COOKERY.

THE cookery of mummings and morris-dancers, of abbots of unreason and licensed jesters—what can it be but grotesque, like the rest; full of quaint humour without elegance, and of gross lavishness without real luxury! So, in fact, we find it in Robert May's queer book; "The Accomplish'd Cook; printed for Nath. Brooke, at the Sign of the Angel, Cornhill, 1660." Robert May seems to have been great in his time, in his attempt to popularise the art and mystery of cookery; and in his address to the master cooks and young practitioners—which is as much a defence as an address—he deprecates the wrath of the protectionists of that art in consequence. He takes high ground, though. He says that though "he may be envied by some that only value their private Interests above Posterity and the publick good; yet God and his own Conscience would not permit him to bury these his Experiences with his Silver Hairs in the Grave." An expression that gives one an affectionate kind of reverence for the brave old cook—the "artist," as he calls himself and his confrères. He is intensely English, among other things. He abuses the French for their "Epigram dishes, smoak't rather than dress't—their Mushroom'd Experiences for Sauce rather than Diet," and ungraciously says, that though "whatever he found good in their Manuscripts and printed Authours he inserted in this volume," yet their books were but "empty and unprofitable treatises, of as little use as some Niggards' Kitchens:" wherein we see the shadow of that fatal spirit of expenditure, the ill effects of which we feel to this day.

We have directions for carving, and the terms of carving; an account of sundry "triumphs and trophies in cookery, to be used at festival times, as Twelfth Day, etc.;" the service (or order of meats); a list of sauce for all manner of fowls; showing "how with all meats sauce shall have the operation;"

bills of fare for every season in the year; also "how to set forth the meat in order for that service, as it was used before hospitality left this nation." And finally a mass of recipes—and such recipes! Shade of Lucullus! what clumsy messes, and what strange material!

The directions for carving are very quaint. You are to break a deer and to leach brawn (lèche, a thin slice?) You are to spoil a hen, unbrance a mallard, display a crane, disfigure a peacock, border a pasty, tire an egg, tame a crab, tusk a barbel, culpon a trout, fin a chevin (chub), trançon an eel, tranch a sturgeon, undertranch a porpoise, and barb a lobster. Also, which is not exactly carving, you are to timber the fire. In the service or order of serving you are to have first mustard and brawn, then pottage, then meat, fowl or game, fish, sweets; you are to have stork and crane and heron and peacock with his tail on, and larks and dowcets (custard), and pampuff (pancakes?) and white leach—which we leave to our readers to interpret into modern English—amber-jelly, and then curlews and snites, alias snipes, and sparrows and martins, and pearch in jelly, and pettypervis—which is also to be interpreted according to pleasure and a good dictionary—and dewgard or dewberries, and fruter-sage, and blandrells, and pippins, with carraways in comfits, and wafers and hippocras. Then you are to have as sauce verjuice for chickens, and chaldrons—or giblets very likely—with swan: mustard and sugar with lamb and pig; sauce gamelin—whatever that may be—with bustard and bitter and spoonbill; with cranes and herons, salt and sugar; with sparrows and thrushes, salt and cinaon (cinnamon). Sprats is good in stew, says Robert May; pears and quinces in syrrup with parsley roots, and a mortus of houndfish is to be raised standing. Which last seems to mean pounded or perhaps potted fish, turned out of a deep dish.

You are to carve cleanly and handsomely, and not break the meat; you are to lay the slices in a fair charger generally, and lace the breasts of poultry with your knife; you are to gobbin a salt lamprey and other things, and dight the brain of a woodcock (gobbin seems to mean, cut up into small pieces, and to dight is to dress); you are to roast a porpos and cut him about; when you unbrance a mallard you are to lace it down on each side with your knife, bending it to and fro like waves; and you are to array forth a capon on your platter as though he should fly.

But listen to Robert May's description of "a triumph and trophy in cookery," such as was "formerly the delight of the nobility before good housekeeping had left England, and the sword really acted that which was only counterfeited in such honest and laudable exercises as these." You are to make the likeness of a ship in pasteboard, with flags and streamers, with guns of kickses

(kickshaws?) charged with trains of gun-powder. This ship you are to place in a great charger with salt round about, and stick therein egg-shells full of sweet water. Then in another charger you are to have a stag made in coarse paste, with a broad arrow in the side of him, and his body filled up with claret wine. In another charger, after the stag, you are to have a castle with battlements, percullices, gates, and draw-bridges of pasteboard, the guns of kickses as in the former instance. The castle is also surrounded with salt, stuck with egg-shells full of rose-water. On each side of the stag have a pie—one filled with live frogs, the other with live birds. Ship, stag, castle, and pies are to be gilded and adorned with gilt bay leaves. Being all placed in order upon the table, the ladies are to be persuaded to pluck the arrow out of the stag; then will the claret wine follow as blood running out of a wound. This being done with admiration of the beholders, after a short pause fire the train of the castle, answering with that of the ship, as in a battle. Then the ladies, "to sweeten the stinck of the powder," are to take the egg-shells full of sweet waters and throw them at each other. All danger being now over, by this time it is supposed that you will desire to see what is in the pies; "when, lifting off the lid of one, out skip the frogs, which makes the ladies to skip and shriek; next after the other pie, whence comes out the birds." The birds by natural instinct will fly high and put out the candles; so that what with the flying birds and skipping frogs, the one above, the other beneath, and total darkness for the romp, we are told this trophy and triumph will cause much delight and pleasure to the whole company.

They ate such queer things in those days. Most likely they knew how to make good dishes out of their grotesque concomitants; but a "jigott" of mutton with anchovy sauce does seem a rather odd compound; so does a turkey roste and stuck with cloves, and eight turtle doves and an olive pie and larded gulls. Snails, too, do not suit the degenerate palates of the nineteenth century. But, Robert May gives nine receipts for the various dressing of snails. First as boiled, then broiled, then fried, then hashed, then in a soup, and lastly baked. We are told how to bake frogs as well. Take the recipe as it stands:

"Being fleyed, take the hind legs, cut off the feet and season them with nutmeg, pepper, and salt; put them in a pie with some sweet herbs chopped small, large mace, slic't lemon, gooseberries, grapes, or barberries, pieces of skirret, artichocks, potatoes or parsnips, and marrow. Close it up and bake it; being baked, liquor it with butter and juyce of orange, or grape of verjuyce."—Which looks rather as if the frogs were to be disguised out of all recognition than appreciated and enjoyed. But what would a

"muskle pie" be like? Would they bake the beards as well? Has any one eaten a broiled lobster?—or one hashed, stewed, baked, or fried? Would hashed oyster be good eating? There is an oyster pottage which reads well, and oysters in stoffado, whatever that may be; which last receipt includes wine, vinegar, spices, eggs, cream, butter and batter, "slic't" oranges, barberries, and "sarsed manchet"—which we should call bread crumbs—among its ingredients. There are minced-herring pies and all sorts of fish pies generally—not bad things, by the way—and there is a stewed lump, and a baked lump, and chewits, otherwise minced patties of salmon, and a lumber pie of salmon, and pike jelly, and peti poets (petits patés?) of carp minced up with eel; and marinated fish of every kind, which seems to be fish pickled and salted in a peculiar way. Porpoise and whale were familiar things to Robert May. We believe he would not have declined hippopotamus or alligator, or lions and tigers. He would have made decent stews and hashes out of snakes and condors, no doubt, true omniverous old cook that he was. We protest, though, against his taking a handsome carp—a special one of eighteen inches—and splitting it down the back alive. Our crimped cod, and the eels which don't get used to being skinned, are just as bad, and perhaps worse; but the originators of these wicked practices were the Robert Mays of our ancestors.

We wish we could give the engravings of this book. There are pictures of fish "splat," or in pies—the oddest-looking things imaginable, with queer, grave countenances, that seem to express a stolid objection to their position. They would be better as portraits if they were not all alike. A salmon, a sturgeon, and a carp, have some points of difference, but Robert May's wood-engraver makes the same block do for them all, which rather spoils the likeness. The king of them all is a lobster. What words can describe that unhappy crustacean? It looks like a spread eagle; like a goblin born of dyspepsia and laudanum; like a fanciful flower-bed; like a mythic tortoise with gout in his fins, for it is splat in halves, as is the wont with this accomplished cook's fish; it is sprawling and floundering across the page in a wonderful fashion, not at all after the manner of modern lobsters. The cut we refer to heads a recipe for "baked lobsters to be eaten hot." It sounds appetising enough.

"Being boild and cold, take the meat out of the shells and season it lightly with nutmeg, pepper, salt, cinamon, and ginger; then lay it in a pie made according to this form" (our spread eagle or goblin), "and lay on it some dates in halves, large mace, slic't lemons, barberries, yolks of hard eggs, and butter. Close it up, and bake it; and

being baked, liquor it with white wine, butter and sugar, and ice it. On flesh days put marrow to it."

If the fish are odd, the pastry is more so. That section on pastry demands a volume to itself. To begin with, do our present cooks make paste for a pie in this manner: "Take to a gallon of flour a pound of butter; boil it in fair water; and make the paste up quick?" Or have we eatable custard paste like this: "Let it be onely boiling water and flour without butter; or put sugar to it, which will add to the stiffness of it, and thus likewise all paste for crusts and orangado tarts and such like?" If this was intended to be eaten and digested, they had good stomachs in those days. The garnish of dishes, which we make now of paste stamped out by a cutter, was then made in moulds. They were called stock fritters or fritters of arms, and were made of "fine flower" into a batter no thicker than thin cream. The brass moulds were heated in clarified butter; then dipped half-way in the batter and fried, to garnish any boiled fish, meats, or stewed oysters. "View their form," ends Robert May, garnishing this recipe with three woodcuts—the first is the likeness of a pike in all the agonies of acute indigestion; the second a cross-bar, like the heraldic sign of a masle; and the third like a grotesque pink or carnation. Then paste was fried out of a seringe, or butter-squirt, like little worms lying about the dish. Well, that was only a coarser kind of vermicelli or macaroni, so we have no right to laugh at it. "Blamanger" is apparently always made of capon "boild all to mash," or of pike boiled in fair water, very tender, and chopped small; boiled on a soft fire, remember, in a broad, clean-scoured skillet to the thickness of an apple moise. And when made, this blamanger, and creams, and jellies too of all kinds, are served up in forms and shapes like the most hideous of those geometrical ravings which artistically-minded children draw on their slates for ornament. A pippin pie is to be made of thirty good large pippins, thirty cloves, a quarter of an ounce of whole cinamon, and as much pared and slic't, a quarter of a pound of orangado, as much of lemon in sucket (sweet-meat), and a pound and a half of refined sugar; close it up and bake it—it will ask four hours baking—then ice it with butter, sugar and rose-water. There is a quince pie that looks like an unintelligible astronomical figure, with the signs of the zodiac all round; and there are pippin tarts of half-moons, and rounds, and ninepins with spots all over them; and other fruit pies like cathedral windows; and a tart of pips; and a tart of spinage; and a taffety tart (apple, lemon-peel, and fennel-seed); and cream tarts made of cream thickened with muskified bisket-bread, and preserved citreron, and in the middle a preserved orange with biskets, the garnish of the dish being of

puff-paste; and receipts for all manner of tart stuff, that "carries his colour black, or yellow, or green, or red." There are recipes for triffels, for sack possets, for wassel, Norfolk fools, white-pot, pyramidis cream, metheglin, ippocras, jamballs, jemelloes, ambergreece cakes, marchpanes, paste of violets, burrage, bugloss, rosemary, cowslips, &c., portingall tarts, and many more that we cannot even allude to. There is a recipe for a dish of marchpane to look like collops of bacon; for making muskedines, called rising comfits, or kissing comfits, made of "half-a-pound of refined sugar beaten and searced; put into it two grains of musk, a grain of civet, two grains of amber-juyce, and a thimble-full of white orris powder; beat all these with gum-dragon steeped in rose-water; then roul it as thin as you can, and cut it into little lozenges with your iging-iron, and stow them in some warm oven or stove, then box them and keep them all the year." There is an "Extraordinary Pie, or a Bride Pie of severall Compounds, being severall distinct pies on one bottom." One of the ingredients is a snake or some live birds, "which will seem strange to the beholders who cut up the pie at the table." This is "onely for a wedding, to pass away time."

Then there are "maremaid pyes," made of pork and eels; and "minced pyes of calves' chaldrons, or muggets," made of grapes, gooseberries, barberries, and bacon; and there are "heads" made into pyes, with a woodcut underneath that looks literally like half a carpet rug with a scroll at the two ends; and there are recipes for "baking all manner of sea-fowl, as swan, whopper, dap-chicks, &c.;" and there are marinated pallets, and lips, and noses; and Italian chips of different coloured pastes in layers; and then there are sallets.

Here is a grand sallet. A cold roast capon, or other roast white meat, cut small, mingled with a little minced tarragon, and an onion, lettuce, olives, samphire, broom-buds, pickled mushrooms, pickled oysters, lemon, orange, raisins, almonds, blew figs, Virginia potato, caperons, crucifex pease, and the like. Garnish this medley with quarters of oranges and lemons, and pour on oyl and vinegar beaten together. Another sallet has the following mixture: "Take all manner of knots of buds of sallet herbs, buds of potherbs, or any green herbs, as sage, mint, balm, burnet, violet-leaves, red coleworts streaked of different colours, lettuce, any flowers, blanched almonds, blew figs, raisins of the sun, currans, capers, olives; then dish the sallet in a heap or pile, being mixt with some of the fruits, and all finely washed and swung in a napkin; then about the center lay first slic't figs, next capers and currans, then almonds and raisins, next olives, and lastly either jagged beets, jagged lemons, jagged cucumbers, cabbage-lettice in quarters, good oyl, and wine vinegar sugar or none."

Now is not this a recipe worth studying? If variety has any claim to one's attention, this mixture ought to stand high in our consideration. Every kind of herb or plant seemed fit for "sallet," according to our accomplished cook. If he had recommended hay-seeds or thistle-buds we should not have felt surprised. Purslane, cloves, jilly-flowers, rampons, ellick-sander buds, samphire, charvel, cucumber, boild collyflower, burnet, burrage, endive, lettice, fruits of all kinds, everything that grows, in short, mingled together, and mixed up with salt, sugar, oil and vinegar. A most catholic taste, to say the least of it; but really more sensible than our silly daintiness which permits a wide wealth of food to rot at our feet because of some absurd prejudice or most unworthy ignorance. Yet, at first sight—and at first taste too, one would imagine—much of the material of that day would be unpalatable. For who would dream of shell-bread?—positively muscle-shells!—muscle-shells "toasted in butter melted, when they be baked, then boiled in melted sugar, as you boil a sinnell (the present name for a certain Shrewsbury cake); then lay them on the bottom of a wooden sieve, and they will eat as crisp as a wafer." The rest of this shell-bread is made of a quarter of a pound of rice flower, a quarter of a pound of fine flower, the yolks of four new laid eggs, a little rose-water, and a grain of musk; make these into a paste, then roul it very thin, and bake it in great muscle-shells (we have already had the receipt for the management of these). There is a receipt, too, for bean-bread, which is made of aniseeds, musk, and blanched almonds; why called bean-bread is difficult to say.

These cinnamon toasts are not bad. "Cut fine thin toasts, then toast them on a grid-iron, and lay them in ranks in a dish, put to them some fine beaten cinamon, mixed with sugar and some claret, warm them over the fire, and serve them hot." Here are French toasts, too, tolerable in their way: "Cut French bread, and toast it in pretty thick toasts on a clean gridiron, and serve them steeped in claret, sack, or any wine, with sugar and juyce of orange." Do you want a sauce—or souce, as our accomplisht hath it—for a hare?

"Beaten cinamon, nutmegs, ginger, pepper, boiled prunes, and corrans strained, muskified bisket; bread beaten into powder, sugar and cloves, all boild up as thick as water-grewel."

Another sauce much like this is to be "boild up to an indifferency;" and another is to "have a walm or two over the fire." Mustard is to be ground in a "mustard quern, or a boul with a cannon-bullet," and made into little loaves or cakes to carry in one's pocket. Then, there are odd ways of making vinegar. You are to take bramble bryers when they are half ripe, dry them, and make them into powder; with a little

strong vinegar, make little balls, and dry them in the sun, and when you will use them, take wine and heat it, put in some of the ball, or a whole one, and it will be turned very speedily into strong vinegar. This is a good pendant to the mustard cakes. At this rate a man might carry his whole store-closet in his pocket. In making vinegar you are to put your firkin full of good white wine in the sun, "on the leads of a house or gutter." Or you are to put into this firkin, a beet-root, medlars, cervices, mulberries, un-ripe flowers, a slice of barley bread hot out of the oven, or the blossoms of cervices in their season: dry them in the sun in a glass vessel, in the manner of rose vinegar; fill up the glass with clear wine vinegar, white or claret wine, or set it in the sun or in a chimney by the fire. There are sugar or honey sops to be met with in Cumberland to this day. Very delicious, and uncommonly bilious eating. Then, there is "broth for a sick body;" and to "stew a cock against a consumption;" and "to distill a pig good against a consumption;" and another "excellent broth or drink for a sick body," and immediately following, another "strong broth for a sick party," and an excellent restorative for a weak back, of, "the leaves of clary and nepe, fried with the yolks of eggs, and eat to breakfast."

We might multiply Robert May's oddities in his *Art and Mystery of Cooking*, until we had given every recipe in his book. They are all in the same style as those we have copied. Cumbersome, quaint, profuse, coarse, they are fit for the time which countenanced the gross practical jokes and rough pleasures of the Trophy and Triumph we have spoken of; but, there is also a lordly lavishness about them that brings up pleasant pictures of the baronial magnificence of olden times, and somewhat shames the smaller, if more elegant hospitality of to-day. Live frogs, live birds, and live snakes, are not the most pleasant guests at a dinner-table; but, the open-handed desire to show honour to their friends, and to give happiness and pleasure, was some counterbalance to the coarseness of our ancestors. Passing by the bad taste which took delight in such vandalisms, we might perhaps find some useful hints in our old cookery-book. Certainly we might learn one good lesson—how to make use of every available article of food; how to multiply our present resources, and turn into nourishment and use, material now left wasting by the side of men dying of hunger.

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GASLIGHT FAIRIES.

FANCY an order for five-and-thirty Fairies! Imagine a mortal in a loose-sleeved great coat, with the mud of London streets upon his legs, commercially ordering, in the common-place, raw, foggy forenoon, "five-and-thirty more Fairies!" Yet I, the writer, heard the order given. "Mr. Vernon, let me have five-and-thirty more Fairies to-morrow morning—and take care they are good ones."

Where was it that, towards the close of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, on a dark December morning, I overheard this astonishing commission given to Mr. Vernon, and by Mr. Vernon accepted without a word of remonstrance and entered in a note-book? It was in a dark, deep gulf of a place, hazy with fog—at the bottom of a sort of immense well without any water in it; remote crevices and chinks of daylight faintly visible on the upper rim; dusty palls enveloping the sides; gas flaring at my feet; hammers going, in invisible workshops; groups of people hanging about, trying to keep their toes and fingers warm, what time their names were dimly seen through the smoke of their own breath. It was in the strange conventional world where the visible people only, never advance; where the unseen painter learns and changes; where the unseen tailor learns and changes; where the unseen mechanist adapts to his purpose the striding ingenuity of the age; where the electric light comes, in a box that is carried under a man's arm; but, where the visible flesh and blood is so persistent in one routine that, from the waiting-woman's apron-pockets (with her hands in them), upward to the smallest retail article in the "business" of mad Lear with straws in his wig, and downward to the last scene but one of the pantomime, where, for about one hundred years last past, all the characters have entered groping, in exactly the same way, in identically the same places, under precisely the same circumstances, and without the smallest reason—I say, it was in that strange world where the visible population have so completely settled their so-potent art, that when I pay my money at the door I know beforehand everything that can possibly happen to me, inside. It was in the Theatre, that I

heard this order given for five-and-thirty Fairies.

And hereby hangs a recollection, not out of place, though not of a Fairy. Once, on just such another December morning, I stood on the same dusty boards, in the same raw atmosphere, intent upon a pantomime-rehearsal. A massive giant's castle arose before me, and the giant's body-guard marched in to comic music; twenty grotesque creatures, with little arms and legs, and enormous faces moulded into twenty varieties of ridiculous leer. One of these faces in particular—an absurdly radiant face, with a wink upon it, and its tongue in its cheek—elicited much approving notice from the authorities, and a ready laugh from the orchestra, and was, for a full half minute, a special success. But, it happened that the wearer of the beaming visage carried a banner; and, not to turn a banner as a procession moves, so as always to keep its decorated side towards the audience, is one of the deadliest sins a banner-bearer can commit. This radiant goblin, being half-blinded by his mask, and further disconcerted by partial suffocation, three distinct times omitted the first duty of man, and petrified us by displaying, with the greatest ostentation, mere sackcloth and timber, instead of the giant's armorial bearings. To crown which offence he couldn't hear when he was called to, but trotted about in his richest manner, unconscious of threats and imprecations. Suddenly, a terrible voice was heard above the music, crying, "Stop!" Dead silence, and we became aware of Jove in the boxes. "Hatchway," cried Jove to the director, "who is that man? Show me that man." Hereupon, Hatchway (who had a wooden leg), vigorously apostrophising the defaulter as an "old beast," stumped straight up to the body-guard now in line before the castle, and taking the radiant countenance by the nose, lifted it up as if it were a saucepan-lid and disclosed below, the features of a bald, superannuated, aged person, very much in want of shaving, who looked in the forlornest way at the spectators, while the large face aslant on the top of his head mocked him. "What! It's *you*, is it?" said Hatchway, with dire contempt. "I thought it was *you*," "I knew it was that man!" cried Jove. "I

told you yesterday, Hatchway, he was not fit for it. Take him away, and bring another!" He was ejected with every mark of ignominy, and the inconstant mask was just as funny on another man's shoulders immediately afterwards. To the present day, I never see a very comic pantomime-mask but I wonder whether this wretched old man can possibly have got behind it; and I never think of him as dead and buried (which is far more likely), but I make that absurd countenance a part of his mortality, and picture it to myself as gone the way of all the winks in the world.

Five-and-thirty more Fairies, and let them be good ones. I saw them next day. They ranged from an anxious woman of ten, learned in the prices of victual and fuel, up to a conceited young lady of five times that age, who always persisted in standing on one leg longer than was necessary, with the determination (as I was informed), "to make a Part of it." This Fairy was of long theatrical descent—centuries, I believe—and had never had an ancestor who was entrusted to communicate one word to a British audience. Yet, the whole race had lived and died with the fixed idea of "making a Part of it"; and she, the last of the line, was still unchangeably resolved to go down on one leg to posterity. Her father had fallen a victim to the family ambition; having become in course of time so extremely difficult to "get off," as a villager, seaman, smuggler, or what not, that it was at length considered unsafe to allow him to "go on." Consequently, those neat confidences with the public in which he had displayed the very acmé of his art—usually consisting of an explanatory tear, or an arch hint in dumb show of his own personal determination to perish in the attempt then on foot—were regarded as superfluous, and came to be dispensed with, exactly at the crisis when he himself foresaw that he would "be put into Parts" shortly. I had the pleasure of recognising in the character of an Evil Spirit of the Marsh, overcome by this lady with one (as I should else have considered purposeless) poke of a javelin, an actor whom I had formerly encountered in the provinces under circumstances that had fixed him agreeably in my remembrance. The play, represented to a nautical audience, was Hamlet; and this gentleman having been killed with much credit as Polonius, reappeared in the part of Osric: provided against recognition by the removal of his white wig, and the adjustment round his waist of an extremely broad belt and buckle. He was instantly recognized, notwithstanding these artful precautions, and a solemn impression was made upon the spectators for which I could not account, until a sailor in the Pit drew a long breath, said to himself in a deep voice, "Blowed if here a'n't another Ghost!" and composed himself to listen to a second communication from the tomb. Another personage whom I recognized as taking refuge under the wings of Pantomime

(she was not a Fairy, to be sure, but she kept the cottage to which the Fairies came, and lived in a neat upper bedroom, with her legs obviously behind the street door), was a country manager's wife—a most estimable woman of about fifteen stone, with a larger family than I had ever been able to count: whom I had last seen in Lincolnshire, playing Juliet, while her four youngest children (and nobody else) were in the boxes—hanging out of window, as it were, to trace with their forefingers the pattern on the front, and making all Verona uneasy by their imminent peril of falling into the Pit. Indeed, I had seen this excellent woman in the whole round of Shakesperian beauties, and had much admired her way of getting through the text. If anybody made any remark to her, in reference to which any sort of answer occurred to her mind, she made that answer; otherwise, as a character in the drama, she preserved an impressive silence, and, as an individual, was heard to murmur to the unseen person next in order of appearance, "Come on!" I found her, now, on good motherly terms with the Fairies, and kindly disposed to chafe and warm the fingers of the younger of that race. Out of Fairy-land, I suppose that so many shawls and bonnets of a peculiar limpness were never assembled together. And, as to shoes and boots, I heartily wished that "the good people" were better shod, or were as little liable to take cold as in the sunny days when they were received at Court as God-mothers to Princesses.

Twice a-year, upon an average, these gas-light Fairies appear to us; but, who knows what becomes of them at other times? You are sure to see them at Christmas, and they may be looked for hopefully at Easter; but, where are they through the eight or nine long intervening months? They cannot find shelter under mushrooms, they cannot live upon dew; unable to array themselves in supernatural green, they must even look to Manchester for cotton stuffs to wear. When they become visible, you find them a traditional people, with a certain conventional monotony in their proceedings which prevents their surprising you very much, save now and then when they appear in company with Mr. Beverley. In a general way, they have been sliding out of the clouds, for some years, like barrels of beer delivering at a public-house. They sit in the same little rattling stars, with glorious cork-screws twirling about them and never drawing anything, through a good many successive seasons. They come up in the same shells out of the same three rows of gauze water (the little ones lying down in front, with their heads diverse ways); and you resign yourself to what must infallibly take place when you see them armed with garlands. You know all you have to expect of them by moonlight. In the glowing day, you are morally certain that the gentleman with the muscular legs and the short

tunic (like the Bust at the Hairdresser's, completely carried out), is coming, when you see them "getting over" to one side, while the surprising phenomenon is presented on the landscape of a vast mortal shadow in a hat of the present period, violently directing them so to do. You are acquainted with all these peculiarities of the gaslight Fairies, and you know by heart everything that they will do with their arms and legs, and when they will do it. But, as to the same good people in their invisible condition, it is a hundred to one that you know nothing, and never think of them.

I began this paper with, perhaps, the most curious trait, after all, in the history of the race. They are certain to be found when wanted. Order Mr. Vernon to lay on a hundred and fifty gaslight Fairies next Monday morning, and they will flow into the establishment like so many feet of gas. Every Fairy can bring other Fairies; her sister Jane, her friend Matilda, her friend Matilda's friend, her brother's young family, her mother—if Mr. Vernon will allow that respectable person to pass muster. Summon the Fairies, and Drury Lane, Soho, Somers' Town, and the neighbourhood of the obelisk in St. George's Fields, will become alike prolific in them. Poor, good-humoured, patient, fond of a little self-display, perhaps, (sometimes, but far from always), they will come trudging through the mud, leading brother and sister lesser Fairies by the hand, and will hover about in the dark stage-entrances, shivering and chattering in their shrill way, and earning their little money hard, idlers and vagabonds though we may be pleased to think them. I wish, myself, that we were not so often pleased to think ill of those who minister to our amusement. I am far from having satisfied my heart that either we or they are a bit the better for it.

Nothing is easier than for any one of us to get into a pulpit, or upon a tub, or a stump, or a platform, and blight (so far as with our bilious and complacent breath we can), any class of small people we may choose to select. But, it by no means follows that because it is easy and safe, it is right. Even these very gaslight Fairies, now. Why should I be bitter on them because they are shabby personages, tawdrily dressed for the passing hour, and then to be shabby again? I have known very shabby personages indeed—the shabbiest I ever heard of—tawdrily dressed for public performances of other kinds, and performing marvellously ill too, though transcendently rewarded: yet whom none disparaged! In even-handed justice, let me render these little people their due.

Ladies and Gentlemen. Whatever you may hear to the contrary (and may sometimes have a strange satisfaction in believing), there is no lack of virtue and modesty among the Fairies. All things considered, I doubt if they be much below our own high level. In respect of constant acknowledgment of the

claims of kindred, I assert for the Fairies, that they yield to no grade of humanity. Sad as it is to say, I have known Fairies even to fall, through this fidelity of theirs. As to young children, sick mothers, dissipated brothers, fathers unfortunate and fathers undeserving, Heaven and Earth, how many of these have I seen clinging to the spangled skirts, and contesting for the nightly shilling or two, of one little lop-sided, weak-legged Fairy!

Let me, before I ring the curtain down on this short piece, take a single Fairy, as Sterne took his Captive, and sketch the Family-Picture. I select Miss Fairy, aged three-and-twenty, lodging within cannon-range of Waterloo Bridge, London—not alone, but with her mother, Mrs. Fairy, disabled by chronic rheumatism in the knees; and with her father, Mr. Fairy, principally employed in lurking about a public-house, and waylaying the theatrical profession for twopence wherewith to purchase a glass of old ale, that he may have something warming on his stomach (which has been cold for fifteen years); and with Miss Rosina Fairy, Miss Angelica Fairy, and Master Edmund Fairy, aged respectively, fourteen, ten, and eight. Miss Fairy has an engagement of twelve shillings a week—sole means of preventing the Fairy family from coming to a dead lock. To be sure, at this time of year the three young Fairies have a nightly engagement to come out of a Pumpkin as French soldiers; but, its advantage to the housekeeping is rendered nominal, by that dreadful old Mr. Fairy's making it a legal formality to draw the money himself every Saturday—and never coming home until his stomach is warmed, and the money gone. Miss Fairy is pretty too, makes up very pretty. This is a trying life at the best, but very trying at the worst. And the worst is, that that always beery old Fairy, the father, hovers about the stage-door four or five nights a week, and gets his cronies among the carpenters and footmen to carry in messages to his daughter (he is not admitted himself), representing the urgent coldness of his stomach and his parental demand for twopence; falling compliance with which, he creates disturbances; and getting which, he becomes maudlin and waits for the manager, to whom he represents with tears that his darling child and pupil, the pride of his soul, is "kept down in the Theatre." A hard life this for Miss Fairy, I say, and a dangerous! And it is good to see her, in the midst of it, so watchful of Rosina Fairy, who otherwise might come to harm one day. A hard life this, I say again, even if John Kemble Fairy, the brother, who sings a good song, and when he gets an engagement always disappears about the second week or so and is seen no more, had not a miraculous property of turning up on a Saturday without any heels to his boots, firmly purposing to commit suicide, unless bought off with half-a-crown. And yet—so

curious is the gaslighted atmosphere in which these Fairies dwell!—through all the narrow ways of such an existence, Miss Fairy never relinquishes the belief that that incorrigible old Fairy, the father, is a wonderful man! She is immovably convinced that nobody ever can, or ever could, approach him in Rolla. She has grown up in this conviction, will never correct it, will die in it. If, through any wonderful turn of fortune, she were to arrive at the emolument and dignity of a Free Benefit to-morrow, she would "put up" old Fairy, red nosed, stammering and imbecile—with delirium tremens shaking his very buttons off—as the noble Peruvian, and would play Cora herself, with a profound belief in his taking the town by storm at last.

THE HILL OF GOLD.

THE alchemists tried hard to discover some form of aurum potable, or drinkable gold, which, when at last brewed in correct and perfect style, should endow the happy and learned drinker with unfading youth and interminable length of days. They failed, we may suppose; because, although rarely, from time to time, one or two reputed evergreen immortals have strutted on the stage whereon all men and women are the players, they, like the rest, have made their exit. Themselves, as well as the scenes, have been shifted. We see them not amongst us, to testify to the potency of their golden potion, in spite of the daily miracles wrought by hair dyes, supplemental teeth, and Tyrian bloom.

It has been reserved for myself to make the grand discovery which past ages have been unable to achieve. I—not by myself—I, have penetrated to the source whence issue inexhaustible fountains of potable gold. I have drunk my fill without stint or limit, and I feel the invigorating beverage tingling in every fibre, imparting strength to every muscle, and even adding energy to every thought. Not to be selfish and miserly, by concealing the whereabouts of this liquid treasure, the true golden beverage is to be had at springs whose names are Vollenay, Vougeot, Beaune, Nuits, and many others, all situated in the eastern region of France, midway between the Mediterranean and the English Channel. But, to cut matters short and to end all mystery, I will precede any further explanation by a short lecture on Gallic geography.

France, then, is historically associated in our minds with the old division into provinces. We can never forget such memorable words as Champagne, Burgundy, Langue-doc. These names have disappeared from modern maps, and are replaced by others. It is exactly as if all our counties were swept clean away, and Great Britain were redistributed into more equal portions, with quite new denominations attached to them. France actually and at present is, by decree of the

National Assembly, partitioned into five regions, very easy to remember in respect to their relative positions—namely, north, south, east, west, and central—which again are unequally divided into eighty-six departments, including Corsica, ceded to France by the republic of Genoa so lately as seventeen hundred and sixty-eight, in consideration of a money payment. This insular department of course belongs to the south region. As to the order in which the departments usually range, some geographers begin at the bottom of the map, making Corsica number one; others at the top, placing the Department du Nord (in which are the towns of Dunkerque, Lille, and Valenciennes) at the head of the list.

The names by which the different departments are distinguished, have been conferred upon them for different reasons. Many are known by the name of the principal river or rivers which run through them; as the Departments de la Sarthe, de l'Allier, de Loir-et-Cher, and de la Seine-Inférieure. Others derive their titles from the mountains to which they are contiguous; as the Departments du Jura, des Vosges, des Basses-Alpes, and des Hautes-Pyrénées. Some maritime departments bring with them an allusion to the seas which wash their shores; as those of de la Manche, du Pas-de-Calais, and des Côtes-du-Nord; while remarkable natural peculiarities of position or constitution, unusual and celebrated points of topography, claim their right to be commemorated in the household words of the locality. Hence we have the Departments du Puy-de-Dôme, from the conical colossus who rears his head above the other Puys, or volcanic hills, which have been upraised by subterranean fires in the neighbourhood of Clermont; des Landes, from the vast sandy plains which tire the eye with little relief, except from ponds and marshes, and over which the wild inhabitants stride rapidly on stilts; du Finistère, from the Land's End of France; and du Calvados, from a dangerous chain of rocks along the coast, six leagues in length, extending from the mouth of the Vire to that of the Orne, and which owe their own denomination to the shipwreck of a vessel of that name belonging to the squadron which Philip the Second dispatched for England in fifteen hundred and eighty-eight. And lastly, as a crowning example, there is a bit cut out of Burgundy, the Department de la Côte-d'Or, or the Hill of Gold.

Gold is really found, then, in that precious hill? It is another Australia?—a Californian mountain? Oh no! Something far better than that. Its gold, I repeat, is drinkable; producing, when used with due discretion, if not exactly eternal youth, the nearest approach to it which human wit has as yet discovered,—the most perennial restorative allowed to man according to the laws imposed on nature by the Almighty Controller and Provider of all things.

The Côte-d'Or is a chain of hills extending about five-and-thirty English miles in length from the city of Dijon at its northern end to Santenay, the last village at its southern extremity. Along this range are produced the wines which have conferred on Burgundy a cosmopolitan reputation as the out-and-out prince of jollity and good cheer. The line of this chain runs from north-east to south-west, in such a way that the first rays of the rising and the last of the setting sun gild and warm the outspread vineyards. Once, the summits of the hills were all crowned with wood, which now only remains as a rare exception. The forests were all cut down, because it was believed they attracted hail-storms (that might be merely an excuse for raising the wind); but since their removal the evil has proved as destructive as ever, while their shelter and mist-attracting powers are lost. For the most part, the top of the Hill of Gold is a lump of cold, grey, barren limestone, with hardly sufficient moisture and mould upon it to keep alive a few half-starved tufts of grass and stunted bushes. Mosses and lichens, those outcasts of vegetation, shift for themselves as well as they can. The vineyards, all along the Côte, run up to the very verge of this stony desert; and within a few feet, sometimes within a few inches of each other, you see blushing the grape which produces the most luscious wine, and the astringent aloe and the vapid blackberry. Sometimes a low cliff, a few feet in height, serves as a wall to separate the vineyard from the wilderness, and so causes the transition to appear less abrupt.

As a general rule, the wine-producing portions of Burgundy and Champagne are what we should call dry, even short of water. There are neither marshes, lakes, nor considerable rivers, to send up mists which pollute the atmosphere and screen the vivifying action of the sun; and the ocean is too far distant to overspread the sky with a mantle of sea-fog night and morning. You can fancy, therefore, that the grapes (like the cucumbers from which the Laputa chemist proposed to extract the sunbeams), imbibe the heat of the solar rays, and treasure it up, for the purpose of yielding it back by and by, as they do when they cause the old man's heart to glow within him. The Côte-d'Or, in spite of its gray, barren, bald forehead, looks everywhere warm, dry, and comfortable. Its slope is thickly studded with snug villages, whose names, when you ask them, are familiar words,—Vougeot, Gevrey-Chambertin, and Vollenay,—each with its square, solid steeple, and dwarf, stubby, would-be spire. Many present a deceitfully-dilapidated aspect, from being roofed with shingle of self-splitting rock; they nevertheless are weatherproof habitations of men, wherein dwell wealth, ease, and good living, besides contented because constant labour. The Côte, so smiling upon the whole, every now and then yawns

wide, opening into rocky and precipitous ravines, tufted and overhung with clumps of trees, and tempting to penetrate their shady recesses. But the foot of the Côte is a continuous carpet of vineyards stretching further north and south than the eye can follow it either way. We should wonder what the inhabitants can do with all the wine produced (and epochs, as we shall see, have occurred when they have been sorely puzzled how to dispose of it), did we not know that the whole world, just now, like a thousand-armed Briareus, is constantly holding out innumerable cups for generous Jean Raisin to fill with good liquor. In the Department de la Côte-d'Or alone there are, in round numbers, sixty-nine thousand English acres entirely occupied by vineyards. This immense field of viniferous verdure is dotted with, not broken up by, standard fruit-trees of various kinds. The vine-forest is overtopped at distant intervals by vegetable monsters of colossal growth, the humblest in rank, though not in stature, being the walnut, with its valuable wood. There are a few apple-trees, more pears, still more cherries, with apricot and peach-trees in unaccountable abundance. The fruit from these is in great part sent off to less favoured regions, and to the all-consuming metropolis. There are vigneron who have sold this year six hundred francs' worth of apricots alone, thus slightly stopping the gap caused by the failure of the grape-blossoms in spring. And as to the fruit from the standard peach-trees, à plein vent, in the full wind, though inferior in size, they are in flavour what can only be expressed by smacking the lips with the accompaniment of a look of ecstasy. Less pretending intruders are numerous; asparagus stools dispersed throughout the vineyards to render an acceptable tribute in their season. Then come undulating tracts, sinking into valleys of a very Welsh character; hills breaking out into cliffs, with shrubs sprouting on their perpendicular face; with vineyards running merrily to the tops of the respective portions of Côte, till the bare rock, cropping out, effectually stops all further progress. The whole scene fills the mind with that indescribable complacency which arises from the contemplation of a lovely landscape. The best and choicest wine, be it ever remembered, is grown neither at the very top of the cultivated part, nor yet upon the flat fertile part which sends forth such abundant streams of rosy juice. It is found just upon the final slope by which the hill dissolves and descends into the plain.

The very fields amidst the vineyards on the plain are but temporary gaps. Burgundy does not grow enough wheat for its own consumption, even on the alluvial bottoms that skirt the Saone, the Ouche, and the Yonne. When vines show symptoms of wearing out, they are stubbed up, and the ground is cultivated with other crops for a few years to

give it rest; that is, to allow the bits of rock in which the vine delights, to decompose and furnish fresh soil. But such stubbings-up seldom occur on well-managed ground. On the Côte is a vineyard called Charlemagne, because, according to an old tradition, it was planted by that prince's order. Some vines at Chablis have lasted from sixty to eighty years, with care; others, neglected, fall off at thirty. As the Burgundians are short of grain crops, they consequently are short of manure; and, in the absence of farm-yard muck, they sow the land destined for wheat, with peas, vetches, and other leguminous plants, sometimes also with raves, or coarse turnips, to be ploughed in as fertilizers. All these are allowable make-shifts; but, apart from vine-growing, farming is not at high-water mark. In Basse Bourgogne are to be seen instructive examples of the evil effects of stripping beet of its leaves. The root resulting is something resembling a crooked red walking-stick, instead of the fat honest corpulence which a well-to-do beet is expected to protrude. A hundred symptoms, as you travel along, show that the vine is lord paramount of the soil. Thus, all the moist hollows are planted with willows and osiers, to serve as ligatures to the drooping shoots.

Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the best Burgundian vineyards, is their soil; for the rich alluvial loam of the valley only produces second-rate wine. It is composed of bits of broken grey or yellow rock, mixed with a portion of what cannot be called earth or vegetable mould, but merely rotten stone in the shape of powder, and hardly that. You would say that it was only fit to mend the roads with. I have seen many a good cartload of the like lying ready prepared by the wayside, in the midland counties. Mr. Blueapron—who keeps his vinery so moist that his vines put forth roots, in mid air, the whole length of their new-wood branches—who manures his vine-borders with quarters of dead horse, and will not allow even a mignonnette plant to exhaust their richness—would look aghast if he were told to cultivate such compost as that. It is perfectly true that the two Messieurs B., Blueapron videlicet, and Bourignon, grow grapes with a different object; table and tub are their opposite destiny. "My grapes," the former will boast, "are different to these." To which B. the second will answer with a shrug—"They are indeed! The only drink your dropsical berries would make, is the crû which the Champagne beasts call Tord-boyau, or Twistbowel wine. More opposite conditions of culture can hardly exist. In one case, the plant has its branches, fruit, and foliage in the driest almost of European air, and its roots in a stratum of warm well-ventilated pebbles; in the other, the vine is smothered with steam above and choked with carrion below. The horticultural vine is glutted with animal manure; the vine of

the vineyards has little other stimulant (save sunshine) than slowly decomposing mineral food. The Academy of Salerno have wisely decided that wine, to be really good, must possess united the four meritorious qualities of perfume, savour, brilliancy, and colour. All these, and more, good burgundy can boast; and yet it is produced from a mere heap of stony rubbish.

In short, it is the rock that makes the wine. Not that any and every rock will produce good burgundy; but, on the quality of the rock depends the permanent character of the vintage. Everybody knows that good champagne ought to have a decided taste of gun-flint. Sir Humphry Davy has shown that the nature of the soils depends on the substratum of rock on which they lie, and by the decomposition whereof they are mainly produced. And thus, the wines of the Côte-d'Or may be classed into groups; those growing on the same bed of rock are similar in flavour and character. As the substratum varies along the course of the Côte, so do the wines. Generally, the rock which forms the base of the Golden Hills, is a coarse sub-carbonate of lime, which furnishes very tolerable stone for building purposes, and presents, especially near Santenay, an enormous mass of gryphites united by a calcareous paste of a grayish tint. But the prevailing hue is an ochrey yellow; and it is uncertain whether the Côte derives its name from the colour of its soil or the money value of its produce. Examine any one given hill, and the truth of the above principle will be evident. For instance, the hill of Puligny and Mursault is all of a piece; the crystallisation is the same, and it is a heap of the same kind of shells. Whether you take it at Mursault or at Montrachet, namely, at the two extremities, it is the same carbonate of lime, differing only in slight external properties, but identical in its internal composition.

Nevertheless, the wine of Montrachet is superior to that of the rest of the hill; but that is the consequence of its aspect, which slopes to the south-east. Moreover, the soil of this canton is fine, light, extremely permeable to the action of the air, and is composed of an admirable mixture of clay, sub-carbonate of lime, tritoxide of iron, and vegetable remains. The superiority of the produce is owing to the fortunate combination of a favourable aspect and a good soil.

At the valley of Nuits commences the portion of the Côte, which is perhaps the most celebrated amongst foreigners for its wines, which have the reputation of being strong, of keeping well, and of bearing long journeys. Fashion may have had something to do with it. Until the beginning of the eighteenth century they were in less esteem. Their reputation seems to date from the illness which Louis the Fourteenth suffered in sixteen hundred and eighty, when his physician Fagon recommended Nuits wine to restore his

strength. Of course, every sick courtier drank the same beverage; those that were not sick fell ill on purpose to follow their dread sovereign's example. We may add, by the way, that the failing powers of the same monarch gave rise to the invention of liqueurs by the same medical attendant, as a cordial wherewith to stimulate the blunt senses of decrepitude. The rock which forms the base of this little chain is a very pure subcarbonate of lime, with but little admixture of foreign substances; in fact, it is true and real marble streaked with a few delicate pinkish veins. It is possible that, hereafter, the marble of Nuits will stand in almost as high repute as its wine.

One October morning I was awakened at Nuits by the din of coopers hammering the tubs of preparation, and making them fit to receive the grapes. I dressed myself to the sound of music, whose rhythm corresponded to Dr. Arne's old tune of, "When the hollow drum doth beat to bed." The streets were full of quiet but earnest business; it was the first day of the vintage. There were carts going out of town, on each of which was mounted a large oval tub called a *balonge*, to receive and partially squeeze the grapes in; there were the same or similar carts and tubs brimful of black grapes returning from the field; there were men passing from the vineyards into the town, laden with hods, or back-baskets, and also with baskets shaped like Yarmouth swills, only shallower, all full of the black, not-at-all-good-looking pineau grape; women also with empty baskets containing a supply of unshutting pruning-knives to sever poor Jean Raisin from his parent stem; gentlemen with choice little baskets of grapes on their arm, culled before the vintagers have begun, for their wives to treasure in moss and paper to produce them for the Christmas dessert; or a woman bearing the same on her head, by way of transporting them more steadily; and vine-owners, accompanied by their bailiffs or factotums, seriously walking to the scene of action; for, they say here, when the cat's away the rats will dance. Of course there are parties of young ladies and gentlemen who must go and see the vintaging, and neighbours who like to peep at other neighbours' crops. And then contrast with their neat and spruce attire those three rough fellows riding inside one *balonge*, like veritable children of St. Nicholas in their pickled-pork tub; pity, too, the horse who is forced to drag the cart, laden with the *balonge*, filled with as many as eight-and-twenty large baskets of grapes—eight baskets make a *piece*, or hogshead of wine—a tolerable load on a hot autumnal day. I should like to give that horse a few bunches of grapes, to moisten his poor dry dusty mouth with. By the way, dogs are prohibited from entering the vineyards when the fruit is ripe, for they are as fond of a good dessert as the fox in

the fable; sportsmen also can be kept at bay to the distance of three hundred metres, for, gunshot wounds are fatal to Jean Raisin, both in stem and fruit. If the owner's longing for game, and not his judgment, consents to or commits the trespass, it is he who bears the penalty. Another by the way: a miller's donkey stepped into a vineyard and drank a full draught out of a tub of new grape-juice. The owner summoned the miller before the justice to make him pay damages. The sentence was, that the donkey having only swallowed a passing glass of wine, without sitting down to enjoy himself in a regular way, the miller was not compelled to pay anything. That justice had all the wisdom of Solomon. Thou shalt not muzzle the ox while he treads out the corn. It is odious to see French horses, at harvest time, with baskets on their mouths like weanling calves. But grapes—grapes—nothing but grapes! All the grapes grown around Nuits are brought into the town to be made into wine, excepting always those numerous basketfuls that are sold to be made into wine elsewhere; a passable quantity, altogether, although, they say, the grape-harvest is a failure. You can smell the vintage as you walk along the street—exactly the fruity, cloying kind of smell which delighted the old woman when she put her nose, with the *Æsopian* exclamation, to the bung-hole of the empty tub. Grapes, grape-refuse, grape-produce, grape-odours, grape-tools, and grape-people!

Nuits is a straggling, loose-built little town (never having been confined within a corset of fortifications), situated on one of the gorges into which the Côte-d'Or is split, and traversed by the bed of what is sometimes a torrent, and sometimes a dry strip of shingle and sand, over which then unnecessary bridges stride. Nuits, with only five thousand inhabitants, still possesses two public walks; but the vineyards were the most tempting promenade to me. Everybody at Nuits is either a vine-grower, a wine-merchant, a vintager, or a wine-cooper. The universal population are drinkers of wine, from old sealed bottles to new piquette, and the shop-windows display a varied assortment of brass and other taps and syphons. As you walk in the outskirts, little symptoms tell eloquent tales about the climate. You have maize cultivated with a successful result, sometimes in patches, sometimes in single plants stuck in to fill the place of a missing vine; you have magnificent heads of drooping millet; you have melons ripening on the bare open ground; you have cornichons or gherkins, growing in a row and running up sticks like ranks of green peas. A gardener will tell you what all that means, if the flavour of your glass of wine does not give rise to strong suspicions that the summer here differs a little from the English one. Quite out of town, you are in a sea of vines. In general there is no boundary or fence.

Jean Raisin stands exposed to every enemy. Land is too valuable to be wasted in hedges, which, besides, would exhaust the soil, shade the crop, and harbour weeds and vermin. Jean, therefore, throws himself entirely on your honesty and generosity. Paths from the high road conduct you whithersoever you choose to roam, whether to the naked brow of the Côte, or far and wide amidst the vineyards. The Burgundian is a bold, bluff, generous fellow; his beard comes before his discretion. If you are a well-known brigand and thief, he will give you unmistakable warning to keep out of his vines; but if you have the garb and look of an honest man, you are welcome to peep in, aye, and to taste with moderation. "Eat, monsieur, eat!" was the only warning or prohibition I received during my strolls in the environs of Nuits. To be sure, it is easy for vintagers to be liberal with what is not exactly their own. "That's tolerably heavy!" I said to a broad-shouldered fellow, as he set down a basket of grapes that would have made many a watering-place donkey sprawl flat on the ground. "At your service!" was his reply, with a gesture of invitation, stalking away to fetch another. And he was a garde-champêtre, too, whose duty is to watch and keep marauders away from all sorts of country produce. There is also another noble custom here; when once the first grape-gathering is over, the half-ripe, unripe, and quite inferior bunches are left to hang for a while, as vine-gleanings for the poor to make piquette with. This year, however, in consequence of the general failure, Vollenay, and several other communes where there is a considerable number of late-produced grapes, have decided to make a second vintage of them, as a matter of necessity rather than of custom.

A few of the choicest and most valuable spots are circumscribed by a wall of stone. A walled-in vineyard is called a clos. One of the most famous of these is the Clos Vougeot, which suns itself on the gentlest of slopes, half-way between Nuits and Dijon. Like almost everything else that is good, it was once in the grasp of the touch-and-take-all monks, who made three separate brewings of the grapes. The produce of the upper portion of the Clos was never sold, but was reserved for the abbot (barring what he treated himself to), as presents to the crowned heads, princes, and ministers of Catholic Europe. The wine from the middle part, almost equal to the first, was sold at exceedingly high prices. The lowest part produced a sample which, though inferior to the others, was still very good, and always found ready purchasers. The Clos Vougeot, with its league or two of cellarage, has passed into the hands of lay proprietors; otherwise, things are much as they were. Old epicures say that the flavour of the wine is not so good as when the monks prepared it; perhaps it is their palates that have undergone the change.

In Lower Burgundy, the vines are planted on even ground (leaving the general slope of the whole out of the question), in rows which run up-hill and down-hill—not across,—a yard wide, and two feet apart from stool to stool, or thereabouts; though this varies according to locality, like most other details of vine culture. At Chablis, the plants are four and a half feet from each other, whilst the ranks are two and a half feet wide. Some attempts are made to plant in quincunx, which, principally in consequence of the operation of provignement, or layering the vines, in a few years become patterns of irregularity, and at no time are so convenient either for gathering or tillage. The vines are supported by stakes about five feet long, called echalas, sometimes paiseaux, which are nothing more than laths of split oak-branches, prepared by workmen known as fendeurs de merrain, and pointed at each end, that when one end is rotted off in the ground, the other may be used and the stake still remain useful. "As thin as an echalas," is a local saying. During winter, the laths are collected and sheltered somewhere from the weather, like hop-poles, to save them from rotting. These vine-props are not stuck perpendicularly into the ground, but are made to slope uniformly, all leaning a little at the same angle, according to the aspect of the hill and the whim of the vine-dresser, who is apt to be fanciful in this respect. The arrangement gives great regularity to the appearance of the vineyards about Tonnerre and Chablis. When the stake slightly overtops the vine, the effect, seen from below, is like that of a field of green corn with an enormous beard. If a vine-stem is so long that its shoots would rise above its own stake, it is made to trail about a couple of inches above the surface of the ground, and then mount that of one of its neighbours. This plan is useful in case any of its said near neighbours should die, as it can then be inlaid, and so form a new plant. But to keep home, as the gardeners say,—to cut close back,—is the favourite practice. To shorten the vine, they believe, improves its health.

The planting of a vineyard is an expensive affair. It gives no return till the fourth year, and has to be carefully cultivated all the while. The small profit from cabbages, and other crops, grown in the intervals of the rows is but an inconsiderable help to cover the outlay. The fifth year it begins to produce in good earnest; but the wine from young vines is inferior to that from old ones. The eighth year, it is in its full strength and vigour. New vineyards here are mostly planted from rooted cuttings (chevelées), in trenches like our celery trenches, at the proper intervals. When the plants are established, the earth is levelled, and they shoot forth new roots at the new surface of the ground. On the Côte-d'Or, in little out-of-the-way nooks, may be seen vine-cutting nurseries, filled with little

vines thickly planted together, which are intended to be transferred to other ground next year, or the year after, to supply our sons and grandsons with a cheerful glass to drink to the memory of the present generation. Many Lower Burgundians prefer planting a new vineyard with unrooted cuttings, the technical word for which is *chapons*. A few of these are sure to fail. Those that succeed, thrive all the better for having escaped transplantation, and the vacancies are filled up the following season with *chevelées*. The *chapons*, cut from healthy young vines of the required sort, are about eighteen inches long. They are cut off about Christmas, and the sooner they are got into the ground afterwards, the better. The plant, too, succeeds better if buried in the fresh-dug earth as soon as the trench is opened. On this account circumstances are less favourable when the cuttings to be planted have to be brought from any considerable distance, or when frost sets in suddenly and prevents all tillage. In such cases, the *chapons* are tied in bundles, and their larger ends are put into buckets of water to the depth of six inches. But when kept too long in this way, many of the cuttings rot, and if the planter does not examine them carefully the proprietor sustains a heavy loss. Some better mode might be employed. Hot water near the boiling point is a well-known means of reviving languished vegetative powers. A curious fact, related by Klobe, is that when the early colonists of the Cape of Good Hope failed in their attempts to propagate the vine, a German conceived the idea of slightly burning the extremity of the cuttings which he planted. Observe, those were cuttings from Vollenay on this very Côte-d'Or. The pineau of Burgundy produces the Constantia wine of the Cape. When the ground is ready, the vintager, working in a single row, straight from the top to the bottom of the hill, makes a long trench, and lays the baby vine reposing sixteen inches underground, with the remaining two peeping above. If there are more than two eyes, he prunes them back to that.

The first operation of vine culture—the pulling up of the stakes, begins immediately after the vintage. They are laid in heaps at regular distances, after having any broken or rotten point sharpened by the women, and are then taken care of to be replanted in March, April, or the beginning of May, at the latest. The winter's work consists in separating the rooted layers from the parent plant, in pruning the *chevelée* or super-abundant roots, and covering them again with earth. The plant is thus prepared to resist the rigours of winter, sometimes with the aid of a little warm manure. Then, there is the stubbing-up of bad stools, and the half-digging of holes to supply their places by layers. When the cold is so intense that nothing can be done to the vines themselves,

the vigneron has not the more leisure for that. The soil on a sloping vineyard is washed down by every shower of rain to the lowest part of the declivity, where it is stopped by little walls that are raised for the purpose. The upper portion of the vineyard, thus denuded of earth, would at last become so poor that the vines would perish. To replace the loss, the vigneron carries on his back hodsful of earth from the deposit at the bottom, to the impoverished summit of the hill. He does his best to oppose the law of nature, which decrees that every hill shall be levelled with the plain. This earth-carrying task is of the greatest utility, and is performed about once in three years. The new soil is most precious manure, whose effect is immediately seen in the produce.

About St. Valentine, pruning commences on the Côte. It takes place later on the plain, where frosts are more to be apprehended. All the top branches are cut away; nothing is left but one or more stems (according to the strength of the cep) nearest to the old wood. Two or three eyes are usually left to each stem; greedy vine-growers leave as many as five, but they pay for it afterwards by the speedy exhaustion of the stool. At pruning-time, choice is made of branches to make layers with. The best way is to make the selection just before the vintage, marking the plants which produce the greatest abundance of first-rate fruit. The best tool to prune with is a *serpette*, or an English pruning-knife, when it can be had, just such a one as the good old servant which sometimes cuts my wayside bread and cheese or thumb-piece, and sometimes helps me to put rose-trees in order. There is an instrument called a *sécateur*, a combination of pincers and scissors, and a great favourite with ignorant vine-dressers and lazy gardeners, because it helps them to get over the ground quickly. I mention it, in order to advise its utter rejection for any but the roughest purposes.

Full-grown and established vines, which are entirely cultivated by hand labour, should receive a tillage four times during every summer; in mid-March or April, in May, in June or July, and the fourth in August. If one of these is more essential than the other, it is the second. The first, called *bécher* though no digging is employed, is performed with a peculiar hoe, named a *meille*, whose iron is perfectly triangular, except that the point is elongated. The handle of the *meille* is slightly curved to help the labourer, and the iron is bent towards the handle at a very sharp angle. It thus forms a sort of hand-plough as the vigneron draws it towards himself. This work is performed by men who toil with naked feet among the rocky vineyards, where the heat during the summer tillage sometimes makes it an ordeal, as we should think, equivalent to walking over red-hot ploughshares. After the *bécher*, the stakes are planted, which enter more readily

the fresh-stirred earth. This task mostly falls to the lot of the women. It is their office also to tie up the vines with rye-straw or osier two or three times in the course of the season, as well as to disbud and remove all troublesome and unnecessary shoots. If the vine-shoot is long and weak, and if it is not carefully tied to its stake, at the first storm after the appearance of the blossom-bud and the development of the earliest leaves, the twigs beat one against the other, and the ground is covered with their premature ruins. During summer, the vigneron are obliged, time after time, mercilessly to cull back the rampant branches. At last, by admitting sunshine and air, and by preventing the vigour of the vine from exhausting itself unnecessarily, the berries swell and the bunches ripen.

On the Côte-d'Or, the vineyards are often full of little hollows, which are left to nurse a favourite currant-bush or millet plant in, or sometimes, I think, for the mere pleasure of walking up and down hill. The grand final cause of these numerous hollows is the necessity of making a preparation for the layering of vines. That operation renders the vine immortal, if the soil on which it is planted is good. There are renowned vineyards at Vollenay, Pommard, Beaune, and elsewhere, whose plantation dates from time immemorial. But to insure this happy result, the vines must not be neglected for a single season. Every year, layers must be made in proportion to the number of ceps that have perished, whether from age, inclement seasons, or the still worse evil of injudicious management. Note, that when a layer is well made, it gives a few grapes the first year; in the second, it has attained its full strength.

To make good wine, you must catch Jean Raisin at the exact point of ripeness. For red wines, a little too soon is better than a little too late. When the day is fixed by the wise men of the village, troops of vintagers of all ages and sexes throng in, from ten, twelve, and fifteen leagues distance, to enjoy the pleasure of eating their fill of grapes under the pretence of earning wages. The vintage, in different localities, commences on a different appointed day. This is partly a matter of necessity, as the vintagers go in bands from one place to another. And to make good wine, it must be concocted with a certain degree of celerity and decision. Good grapes, as in quite the south of France, often produce bad wine for no other reason than that the makers are sluggish about the business; exactly as, in the beet-sugar manufacture, the slightest halt in the march of the establishment brings about a serious check.

When these errant ladies and gentlemen and children are introduced into a vineyard, they are ranged in line, and each individual walks straight before him, her, or it, cutting

every bunch he, she, or it, finds under his, her, or its noses, and putting them into little flat baskets. One hand ought to support the bunch, while the other adroitly severs the stem. When the fruit is over ripe, the basket should be set at the foot of the vine, to catch the loose grapes that would otherwise fall on the ground and be lost. The little baskets, when full, are carried off by a man, styled from his office vide-panier, or basket-emptier, and their contents are transferred into the grands paniers or baskets proper, which are previously set down at proper intervals within the area of the vineyard. The whole scene is often overlooked by a stern gaunt woman, perhaps the proprietor's wife, who sees that nothing is lost, and who wastes her energies on the thankless task of persuading the gluttons to eat as few grapes as they can.

The baskets proper are then emptied into balonges, or large oval tubs, each standing ready upon its own cart. The balonge, when brimful, is wheeled away to the pressoir, a word which the dictionary interprets wine-press, but which on the Côte-d'Or means the apartment, large or small, wherein wine-press, tubs, and other wine-making tools are congregated. The first grapes thrown into the first balonges, are trampled on by wooden-shod men upon the spot. The balonges themselves, arriving at the pressoir, are emptied into vast round tubs, called cuves. When the contents of the first balonge are thrown into the cuve, a vigneron jumps in, and tramples them as cruelly as he can, to make what is called the levain, or leaven. Upon this leaven are cast all the rest of the slightly crushed or uncrushed grapes as they are brought from the vineyard. And that is all that is done to commence or accelerate the fermentation, the progress of which is ascertained, amongst other means, by listening.

Sometimes the grapes are entirely or partially égrappés, or stripped from the stalks before being put in the cuve. There are occasionally years in which although the bunches are abundant, each bunch only bears some five or six berries. Little else is to be seen but a crop of stalks. Stripping then is necessary, because the stalks would absorb so much juice as to occasion great loss. Some proprietors, in less disastrous years, remove a certain proportion of stalks. The grapes are put into a large concave wicker sieve, called an égrappoir, the osiers composing which cross each other at sufficient distances to allow something larger than the largest sized grape to pass between them. The bunches are thrown into this égrappoir and the vintager's hand roughly rolls them about. The berries roll off without being too much crushed, and the stalks remaining are tossed aside as useless. But most wine-masters do not égrapper their grapes at all.

In warm weather, fermentation is soon

established, and the cuve can be emptied of its contents in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours; but, in cold seasons, fermentation does not begin till the third or fourth day, and the emptying of the cuve on the sixth. When the mass of bunches of fruit has sufficiently fermented, it is foulded, or trodden by a man without clothes (sometimes there are several), who enters the tub, and squeezes out the juice as well as he can for about an hour, by stamping, kicking, and hugging the fruit, pressing it against his chest, and embracing it in his arms till he becomes himself a perfect red-skin. This vinous bath is sometimes so overpowering that the treader is obliged to give up the task through absolute tipsiness, and allow another and a soberer man to take his place in the bacchanalian fountain. The operation lets loose into the cuve a large quantity of saccharine matter, which has not yet fermented, and the sweetness of the cuve is much increased. The fermentation re-commences violently; and if it is found that the grapes are still insufficiently crushed, the red-skin Indians renew their onslaught.

As soon as the treading-out is finished, the whole contents of the cuve—grapes, stones, stalks, and all—are transferred into the actual pressoir, or wine-press. Pressoirs vary considerably in construction.

From the pressing-place, the pièces are carried at once into the cellar, and there left to fine, perfect, and finish themselves, with no other interference than what is produced by the eye of the master,—in all cases a most potent agent.

Simple as the making of burgundy wine thus appears to be, it requires great nicety, careful watching, experience, forethought, and skilful application of the rule of thumb, to insure success both with the cuve and the insensible fermentation afterwards in the cask. Many little precautions and guiding symptoms are traditionally transmitted from father to son, from one generation of cellar-men to that which succeeds it. Bad methods are also adhered to with equal obstinacy, which accounts for the permanent unpalatableness of the wine produced in several favourable localities in France. Large establishments are able to avail themselves of mechanical aid. Thus, at Clos Vougeot, the new wine runs from the pressoir to the cellars through closely fitted pipes. All the pure Côte-d'Or burgundies are the wines for great and wealthy people to drink. For second-class folk there are second-class wines, known on the spot as *passee-tout-grain*, which are made from vineyards planted with a mixture, mostly half *noirien* and half *gamay*. In good years, *passee-tout-grain* is excellent, brilliant in colour and high in flavour. It is less liable to change, and bears longer keeping than many of the finer wines; nay, aristocratic liquors are often obliged to call in the aid and intreat the alliance of the

plebeian fluid, in order to preserve their own body and reputation. And the hard-working vigneron, when he is thirsty, what has he to drink at home? After the grapes are squeezed in the press, he fills some tubs with marc or refuse, carefully excluding the air during winter. In spring, he fills up the tubs with water, lets them stand a week or ten days, taps one, and draws a drink which if it does him no great good, at the same time does him no great harm.

The management of wine in the cask is infinitely intricate. One wrinkle may be useful to housekeepers. M. Pomier, an apothecary of Salins, has discovered a simple mode of removing the odious smell and taste from wine which has been put into a mouldy hogshead. It consists in mixing a certain dose of olive oil with the injured wine, and agitating the mixture violently. In four-and-twenty hours the oil is all at the top, charged with the ill savours which it has absorbed from the wine. The experiment has been repeatedly tested. It has also been recommended to oil the inside of old mouldy casks, because the tubs thus lose their disagreeable smell, and the wine put into them acquires no unpleasant taste. It appears that the substance which injures the wine in such cases is of a nature similar to that of essential oils. If fixed oils are violently shaken together with distilled aromatic waters, the latter entirely lose their aroma, which combines with the fixed oil. One more wrinkle to amateurs of burgundy. Import your wine as soon as you can get it out of the grower's cellar, and let it perfect itself in your own. At its culminating point of ripeness it is too delicate to stand a journey, even from one end of a town to the other.

Though the Burgundy wines are the most delicious in France, their consumption is more local and sparse than that of any others of the first class. You get good ordinary burgundies in Paris, but not generally elsewhere. The grand requisite for a more extended enjoyment of the golden draught, is a European peace, enabling the French to make more cross-country railroads, and allowing the English (though we might do that at once) to reduce the duties on French wines to what they ought to be: namely, to the merest trifle. We shall attain these happy results by and by. It ought to be known that, by opening our cellars, we may do as much good to our allies and neighbours as to ourselves. The grand wine-fountain, though perennial, has its spring-tide and its neap. At the present moment, it is at lowest ebb, and wine is dearer and dearer every day. Thousands in France will have to go without it this year. But there occur successive years of over-abundance, when the owner really does not know what to do with the produce; and these epochs return from time to time after an indefinite lapse of years. A tub has been filled with wine, in exchange for an empty

tub; crops of grapes have been abandoned to whosoever chose to help himself, or have been suffered to fall and rot on the ground, because wine was (locally) so cheap that it would not pay to gather them. The revolution of eighteen hundred and forty-eight was preceded and followed by five successive very abundant and consequently very expensive vintages, which crushed all but large capitalists, and filled the cellars to overflowing. The same state of things is sure to occur again. The quantity of good second-class wines (as good as any reasonable man wants), is capable of incalculable increase in France. London might drink claret (not burgundy), at a cheaper rate than Paris does.

I now wish to post two great facts side by side: Here, is a people who like wine, who want wine, who will pay for wine, and who have not wine: There, is another people, just over the way, a friendly people, a convenient people, who have often much more wine than they want, who would be glad to sell it, who cannot sell it. Such a state of things is an unstable equilibrium, which must set itself right, sooner or later, by the force of gravity alone.

FIFTY-TWO, WRIOTHESLEY PLACE.

SOME years ago, more than I care to tell, Mrs. Ruleit was at the head of a very select ladies' school in Wriothesley Place, Russell Square. I don't know what she termed it; but she would neither have it called a school, nor an establishment, nor a seminary, nor a house. Such names she rejected, as low; or, to use her favourite expression "twopenny." It was simply Mrs. Ruleit's, Wriothesley Place. On the same principle the girls were not called young ladies, whatever their rank or station; they were only "the girls." The school had fallen off considerably before I went. From twelve pupils, which was the limit, it was reduced to five: there must have been some prejudice at work somewhere; for, before my going was quite decided, our old friend, Mr. France, the clergyman took pains to inquire from the family of one of the pupils what they thought of the school, and received for reply, "Oh, we like the school very well, and the masters are very efficient; but we don't think sincerity is taught there." I suppose my father trusted I had learnt sincerity before, though I never had a sincerity master. At all events I went; but, with a caution not to repeat what I had heard on any account, and this secret lay like a load of lead upon my mind, all the time I was there.

Mrs. Ruleit and her daughter, with the teacher Miss Radley, and we five girls, composed the household; Miss Radley slept in our room, walked out with us, and never left us. She was about thirty years of age, with coarse red hair, white eyebrows, and a turn-up nose. What a life she had with us! for we were more frequently impertinent than

polite; and how lonely too! for she belonged neither to us nor to Madame. At half-past six in summer it was her duty to call us, and about seven we came down stairs. One of us was then sent off to the piano in the front drawing-room, another to the piano in the back, and a third to the piano in the parlour below, to practise till breakfast. It was a long time for growing girls to wait; but we often stayed our appetites with a hard biscuit. At nine, Madame came down, and prayers were read by one of the girls; after that, breakfast of tea and solid squares of bread and butter, which was very good every morning except Mondays, when it was a day old. We lived entirely in the study—a good room with a view of the back walls of the mews. There was a long deal-table with a form down each side in the centre of the room, and forms all round close to the wall. These forms contained lockers for our books—no carpet, only a hearth-rug before the fire which was a forfeit to cross. We were quite satisfied with our accommodation; for the terms of the school were called high—two hundred a-year—so we felt very genteel and select, and never missed the carpet. Breakfast over, Mrs. Ruleit placed herself at the head of the table and heard one of us read French, which was all the teaching she understood herself; except assiduous attention to our deportment and carriage, to which last task she was gradually falling a sacrifice, according to her own account. She was very short and very stout; but we were constantly assured she was worn to a thread with entreating us to hold up—nay, to a raveling.

Monday morning brought Mr. Gresley the English master, whose lessons were held in the deepest reverence; for Mrs. Ruleit wisely considered that, to speak and write English in purity, was far better than middling French, or imperfect Italian. The idea of German was never entertained. We should as soon have learnt Runic. A tradition existed that Mr. Gresley had sold his head to the surgeons, and there was something imposing in being taught by a head that was worth buying; so we were all very attentive, and a little awe-struck. We read poetry with him, besides the grammar and parsing lessons, and sorely tried he must have been at times. I recollect a tall girl, nearly twenty, who had been at various schools all her life, repeating Young's lines:—

"But their hearts, wounded like the wounded air,
Soon close,—where past the shaft, no trace is found."

He interrupted her with, "Miss G., what do you mean by the shaft?"—"Something belonging to a cart, sir." How he grinned, clapped his hands, and shuddered!

Our instructor in French was a little, shrivelled, old emigrant without teeth, who mumbled his language all to mash. He had a perpetual cold, too, and was for ever using his

handkerchief, and interrupting the reading with "Mon nez me demand." He corrected the exercises, heard us read in Epochs d'Angleterre, and got as far in the beauties of La Fontaine, as "Une grenouille vit un bœuf."

Two mornings in the week, we came down to breakfast in full evening-dress, for Monsieur Roverre the dancing-master, a dapper little gentleman (ballet-master at the opera, who came in his own carriage), preceded by Mr. Chip with his fiddle in a green-bag, who sat near the door playing it during the lesson. Oh! his earnest endeavours to make us graceful; his despair in our elbows; his hopelessness in our backs, and his glare of indignation at our mistakes! But what could we do? English girls are not French girls, who are born dancers. We did our best and he ought to have known it; but he didn't: so we hated him as school-girls only can hate, and revenged ourselves by calling him—when nobody heard—Old Roverre.

Music was the great end of education at Mrs. Ruleit's, and an evening of excitement was that when Mr. Dragon gave his lesson. Then Mrs. R. and her daughter sat with coffee in the front parlour, and each of us in turn with her music in her hand had to enter the room, curtsey, and take her seat at the piano, with three sets of the most formidable eyes in the world fixed upon her. I am agitated now to think of those Tuesday evenings. After all those odious practisings in the front drawing-room, without fire, to find your fingering erroneous, your time defective, taste and feeling wanting, and diligence questioned; and, finally, as you left the room to hear, with a contemptuous sigh, "*She* will never make anything of it," was more than a girl's nature could bear. How thankful I was to get to bed after it, and be soothed to sleep by the boy in the mews calling, "Beer! beer!" Happy boy, to have no music-master!

On Wednesday mornings we were generally indulged at breakfast with a running commentary on the shortcomings of the preceding evening, accompanied by plaintive lamentations on the inferiority of the present set of girls as compared with those of former years, in everything worth knowing generally—and music in particular. Then we heard, for the twentieth time, of Miss Timmins, who so appreciated the advantage of learning from such a master as our Dragon, that she could scarcely be induced to leave the piano. *She* never complained of the cold in the back drawing-room, or that the instrument in the front parlour had several dumb notes. Miss Timmins knew her duty, and did it, and may be doing it yet, and I hope is. I never saw her; but I hated Miss Timmins.

I did better in drawing than music, and had one master, in hessian boots, all to myself; for I drew chalk heads, which no other girl did. I felt very grand standing at my easel with my port-crayon, rubbing in a large head of Calypso, or a great ugly Syrian woman

from the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, which I talked of as "after Raphael." But the crowning triumph was copying Canova's Hebe from the east, or, as we technically called it, the round. Then I felt indeed an artist. Our studies were suspended at one o'clock by the entrance of a plate of dry bread for luncheon. Mrs. Ruleit shut up her desk and sailed out of the room, while we proceeded upstairs to dress for our walk. Two whole hours we spent every fine day in the nursery gardens in Euston Square. But we were not compelled to keep together; so I often took a book, and, in the cold weather, was much in the greenhouse, and in warm by the side of the pond under shade of a large white thorn that hung over it. I wonder where the pond and the large white thorn are now? We returned home, in time to dress for dinner, at four. This was a plain, substantial meal, soon over; and, after it, we were left to our own devices and Miss Radley, until tea at seven. The interval was filled up with reading, talking, or learning lessons. Our stock of entertaining books was not very extensive. Countess and Gertrude, Rosanne, The Poetical Keepsake, The Swiss Family Robinson, and Paul et Virginie, were all I remember. Then was the time for revelations to each other of our previous lives and experiences. Only one of us, (it was not myself) had ever had a lover—that grand object of attainment to a school-girl: and that secret was not spoken loud out, but only to me in the retirement of the nursery-gardens. It was an officer in the East India Company's service, never likely to come to England again, and who had never made a direct offer; so he was but a shadowy kind of lover after all: only it did to talk about, as we had nothing better. But one of the girls had spent the last holidays with a beautiful cousin, who was engaged to an officer in an English regiment, whose name was Mannerling; and this engagement served as an illustration of all the sentiment and love-making that could be at any time broached. Meantime, Miss Radley read, or worked, or walked backward and forward in the study, holding a backboard; and, when it grew dusk, and she thought we could not see, mounted a hairpin across her nose, in the vain hope of curbing its aspiring tendencies. If by chance she heard the word gentleman, we were instantly interrupted by some question as to what age we were, or how many brothers and sisters we had at home. She did not like so well to tell her own age; for once, when we got on the subject of ages, she asked us how old we thought her? We all believed her thirty, but thought it would be very ill-bred (and we piqued ourselves on our good-breeding) to tell her that she had arrived at that age when hope is outlived, and despair even survived: so we unanimously said twenty-seven; and she would not

tell us the truth after all. She rebuked me once viciously for saying, "an old lady of fifty." I understand it now, alas! but then I thought it very unjust: fifty is not so old as it once was.

When candles came, Miss Radley gathered us round her, and heard us read the Bible, or questioned us in ancient and modern history, or heathen mythology, and sometimes we read poetry. She was of a tender, sentimental turn, in spite of red hair and a turn-up nose; and, in moments of confidence, would show us a little box of treasures to be gazed at lovingly when we were asleep. The gem of the collection was what I took to be a paper of tobacco, the contents being about that colour and texture, with this inscription outside,—*"The sweet remembrance of my beloved brother."* She soon set my error at rest, by explaining that it was her brother's whiskers, which he had cut off on returning from the wars; and she had treasured them up ever since. This was a remarkable brother too; for he was very deaf when he went into battle, and the roar of the cannon did something to his ears, for he heard quite well when he came out.

At this time of the evening we were allowed, now and then, to subscribe, and send the housemaid out for hardbake, parliament, apples, or biscuit, or a cocoanut, which we peeled, sliced, and boiled in brown sugar, then turned out on a dish, and called ambrosia. Seven o'clock brought tea, and Madame took her place again at the head of the table; each girl had a large breakfast cup full,—we might have more if we liked, but we never had. After tea, one read aloud in that cheerful specimen of polite literature, Rollin's *Ancient History* (I have never looked into it since), while the rest worked. I hate *Cyrus* to this day. We had a very little joke upon Darius, who was nicknamed *Dosen*, because he made promises that he did not keep, like our next door neighbour Mr. Moses, who promised to send Mrs. Ruleit a bag of coffee, and didn't; so we called him "*dosen*," and held him in contempt. At nine o'clock we put up our work, the prayer-book was brought out, and we knelt in a circle before Madame. Prayers were read by the girls in turn; and, after "*bon soir*," we were dismissed for the night; not without suspicion that Mrs. Ruleit and her daughter had something good to eat after we were gone,—but this was never confirmed, and cook would not tell.

Our Italian master, Signor Gagliardini, only taught the girls who could sing; for, to pronounce the words of Italian songs properly, was the chief object of the instruction; occasionally he brought his little boy who informed us in a thin, shrill voice, that his name was, "*Titus Telemàque Terence Themistocle*;" the weight of his name seemed to have crushed his growth. The Signor gave a concert on a *blau* common enough at the time. A lady in

Upper Brook Street lent her house for the evening, on condition of having a certain number of tickets for herself and friends. Mrs. R. took two or three of us herself, accompanied by Cadney, a neighbouring green-grocer, dressed in black, and whom we were told to call "*James*" (his name was Isaac), when he went out with us, that he might look like our own footman. The concert was in the dining-room, and the suite of drawing-rooms was open to the company; who examined the ornaments, lolled on the sofas, read the cards, and counted the candles, under the very eyes of the owner herself, for anything they knew. The notes and cards of the greatest and most fashionable acquaintances were uppermost, as usual. The unfortunate giver of the concert must have passed a wretched evening. Signor Ronzi de Begnis was late, Sapio never came at all, the lady singers were capricious; so, between hoping and fearing, and filling up gaps himself, and apologising, and a wonderful air with variations on the harp, and Adelaide by a gentleman sorely afflicted within, the concert terminated.

One of the girls was to be left at home for the night in Hanover Square; and, as we watched the footman give her a bed candle and saw her glide up the painted staircase, we drew ourselves up and affected to think it very grand but very comfortless, as all people do who are not grand themselves. I don't know that we had any such very particular comforts in Wriothesley Place; but we thought the Hanover Square carriage might have taken us, but it didn't. So it was pleasant to despise carriages and luxuries in general.

But, all this time, my secret about sincerity lay heavy on my mind; and, one unlucky morning (the first of September, I remember it well), for want of a secret to tell about a lover—for I had not one—I confided this to one of my companions in return for the excitement I experienced about the shadowy captain in the East Indies. I repented it from that moment; for if she should reveal it I was a lost character. I pictured to myself the disgrace I should fall into at home with good Mr. France, with the family who told us in confidence, and, above all, the disturbance it would cause in Wriothesley Place. Oh, what I suffered! I had no pleasure in the thought of going home—the sunshine was taken out of my life—I had committed a breach of trust society could not overlook. My distress reached its climax, when, one morning, Madame received a letter from a friend in the country saying she considered it her duty to tell her that Mrs. Horseman, our neighbour over the way, had been visiting in the country, and there said, in company, that there was one school in London where she would not send a girl, and that was Madame Ruleit's; and this opinion was calculated to do great injury, as Mrs. Horseman was called intellectual, and

looked up to by a certain set who would like to be intellectual too. The excitement amongst us was intense; we freely used the words calumny, malice, falsehood—and one girl, a soldier's daughter, said "lying." But it was all right in such a cause; for the more vehement our indignation the more complimentary to Madame. I was in a fright, to be sure, lest my confidante should, in the excitement, forget her solemn promise not to tell, and let out my secret. The subject was discussed, day by day by us, to please Madame—by Madame in sad earnestness. At length she requested her friend Miss Montague, a great lady in Grosvenor Square, to ascertain the truth of the matter; for she knew a little of Mrs. Horseman's sister, and could ask her, which I suppose she did, for in a few days she came to Mrs. Ruleit with the result of the interview. Miss Chickworth, the sister, wishing to be well with Grosvenor Square, denied it in toto, "felt convinced her sister had never said a word in disparagement of Madame, but trusted Miss Montague would excuse her being told of the occurrence," as "it would infinitely distress her, and might be prejudicial, as she was a nurse;" we knew nothing about being a nurse, how should we? so we decided it was only a ruse; and when we went out to walk, relieved our feelings by looking daggers at the houses opposite.

When the holidays came, we went home, and the school dwindled, and dwindled, and poor dear Madame drooped, and drooped, until she was compelled at last to let her house and accept the kind offer of some relatives to make her home with them. I never saw her more, but I retain a grateful recollection of her painstaking anxiety for my improvement; and I learned from the anguish I witnessed there, never to say one word lightly, or unadvisedly, in disparagement of a ladies' school.

VAMPYRES.

Of all the creations of superstition, a Vampire is, perhaps, the most horrible. You are lying in your bed at night, thinking of nothing but sleep, when you see, by the faint light that is in your bed-chamber, a shape entering at the door, and gliding towards you with a long sigh, as of the wind across the open fields when darkness has fallen upon them. The thing moves along the air as if by the mere act of volition; and it has a human visage and figure. The eyes stare wildly from the head; the hair is bristling; the flesh is livid; the mouth is bloody.

You lie still—like one under the influence of the night-mare—and the thing floats slowly over you. Presently you fall into a dead sleep or swoon, returning, up to the latest moment of consciousness, the fixed and glassy stare of the phantom. When you awake in the morning, you think it is all a dream, until you perceive a small, blue, dead-looking spot on

your chest near the heart; and the truth flashes on you. You say nothing of the matter to your friends; but you know you are a doomed man—and you know rightly. For every night comes the terrible Shape to your bed-side, with a face that seems horrified at itself, and sucks your life-blood in your sleep. You feel it is useless to endeavour to avoid the visitation, by changing your room or your locality: you are under a sort of cloud of fate.

Day after day you grow paler and more languid: your face becomes livid, your eyes leaden, your cheeks hollow. Your friends advise you to seek medical aid—to take change of air—to amuse your mind; but you are too well aware that it is all in vain. You therefore keep your fearful secret to yourself; and pine, and droop, and languish, till you die. When you are dead (if you will be so kind as to suppose yourself in that predicament), the most horrible part of the business commences. You are then yourself forced to become a Vampire, and to create fresh victims; who, as they die, add to the phantom stock.

The belief in Vampyres appears to have been most prevalent in the south-east of Europe, and to have had its origin there. Modern Greece was its cradle; and among the Hungarians, Poles, Wallachians, and other Slavonic races bordering on Greece, have been its chief manifestations. The early Christians of the Greek Church believed that the bodies of all the Latin Christians buried in Greece were unable to decay, because of their excommunication from that fold of which the Emperor of Russia now claims to be the sovereign Pope and supreme Shepherd. The Latins, of course, in their turn, regarded these peculiar mummies as nothing less than saints; but the orthodox Greeks conceived that the dead body was animated by a demon who caused it to rise from its grave every night, and conduct itself after the fashion of a huge mosquito. These dreadful beings were called *Brucolacs*; and, according to some accounts, were not merely manufactured from the dead bodies of heretics, but from those of all wicked people who have died impenitent. They would appear in divers places in their natural forms; would run a muck indiscriminately at whomsoever they met, like a wild Malay; would injure some, and kill others outright; would occasionally, for a change, do some one a good service; but would, for the most part, so conduct themselves that nothing could possibly be more aggravating or unpleasant. Father Richard, a French Jesuit of the seventeenth century, who went as a missionary to the Archipelago, and who has left us an account of the Island of Santerini, or Saint Irene, the Thera of the ancients, discourses largely on the subject of *Brucolacs*. He says, that when the persecutions of the Vampyres become intolerable, the graves of the offending parties are

opened, when the bodies are found entire and uncorrupted; that they are then cut up into little bits, particularly the heart; and that, after this, the apparitions are seen no more, and the body decays.

The word *Brucolac*, we are told, is derived from two modern Greek words, signifying, respectively, "mud," and "a ditch," because the graves of the Vampyres were generally found full of mud. Voltaire, in the article on Vampyres in his *Philosophical Dictionary*, gives a similar account of these spectres. He observes, in his exquisite, bantering style: "These dead Greeks enter houses, and suck the blood of little children; eating the suppers of the fathers and mothers, drinking their wine, and breaking all the furniture. They can be brought to reason only by being burnt—when they are caught; but the precaution must be taken not to resort to this measure until the heart has been torn out, as that must be consumed apart from the body." What a weight of meaning and implied satire is there in that phrase, "They can be brought to reason only by being burnt!" It is a comment upon universal history.

Pierre Daniel Huet, a French writer of *Ana*, who died in seventeen hundred and twenty-one, says, that it is certain that the idea of Vampyres, whether true or false, is very ancient, and that the classical authors are full of it. He remarks, that when the ancients had murdered any one in a treacherous manner, they cut off his feet, hands, nose, and ears, and hung them round his neck or under his arm-pits; conceiving that by these means they deprived their victim of the power of taking vengeance. Huet adds, that proof of this may be found in the Greek *Scholia* of Sophocles; and that it was after this fashion that Menelaus treated Deiphobus, the husband of Helen—the victim having been discovered by *Aeneas* in the infernal regions in the above state. He also mentions the story of *Hermotimus* of *Clazomene*, whose soul had a power of detaching itself from its body, for the sake of wandering through distant countries, and looking into the secrets of futurity. During one of these spiritual journeys, his enemies persuaded his wife to have the body burned; and his soul, upon the next return, finding its habitation not forthcoming, withdrew for ever after. According to *Suetonius*, the body of *Caligula*, who had been violently murdered, was but partially burned and superficially buried. In consequence of this, the house in which he had been slain, and the garden in which the imperfect cremation had taken place, were every night haunted with ghosts, which continued to appear until the house was burned down, and the funeral rites properly performed by the sisters of the deceased emperor. It is asserted by ancient writers that the souls of the dead are unable to repose until after the body has been entirely consumed; and Huet

informs us that the corpses of those excommunicated by the modern Greek Church are called *Toupi*, a word signifying "a drum," because the said bodies are popularly supposed to swell like a drum, and to sound like the same, if struck or rolled on the ground. Some writers have supposed that the ancient idea of *Harpies* gave rise to the modern idea of Vampyres.

Traces of the Vampyre belief may be found in the extreme north—even in remote Iceland. In that curious piece of old Icelandic history, called *The Eyrbyggja-Saga*, of which Sir Walter Scott has given an abstract, we find two narrations which, though not identical with the modern Greek conception of *Brucolacs*, have certainly considerable affinity with it. The first of these stories is to the following effect:—*Thorolf Bægifot*, or the Crookfooted, was an old Icelandic chieftain of the tenth century, unenviably notorious for his savage and treacherous disposition, which involved him in continual broils, not only with his neighbours, but even with his own son, who was noted for justice and generosity. Having been frustrated in one of his knavish designs, and seeing no farther chance open to him, *Thorolf* returned home one evening, mad with rage and vexation, and, refusing to partake of any supper, sat down at the head of the table like a stone statue, and so remained without stirring or speaking a word. The servants retired to rest; but yet *Thorolf* did not move. In the morning, every one was horrified to find him still sitting in the same place and attitude; and it was whispered that the old man had died after a manner peculiarly dreadful to the Icelanders—though what may be the precise nature of this death is very doubtful. It was feared that the spirit of *Thorolf* would not rest in its grave unless some extraordinary precautions were taken; and accordingly his son *Arnkil*, upon being sent for, approached the body in such a manner as to avoid looking upon the face, and at the same time enjoined the domestics to observe the like caution. The corpse was then removed from the chair (in doing which, great force was found necessary); the face was concealed by a veil, and the usual religious rites were performed. A breach was next made in the wall behind the chair in which the corpse had been found; and the body, being carried through it with immense labour, was laid in a strongly-built tomb. All in vain. The spirit of the malignant old chief haunted the neighbourhood both night and day; killing men and cattle, and keeping every one in continual terror. The pest at length became unendurable; and *Arnkil* resolved to remove his father's body to some other place.

On opening the tomb, the corpse of *Thorolf* was found with so ghastly an aspect, that he seemed more like a devil than a man; and other astounding and fearful circumstances soon manifested themselves. Two strong oxen were yoked to the bier on which the

body was placed ; but they were very shortly exhausted by the weight of their burden. Fresh beasts were then attached ; but, upon reaching the top of a steep hill, they were seized with a sudden and uncontrollable terror, and, dashing frantically away, rolled headlong into the valley, and were killed. At every mile, moreover, the body became of a still greater weight ; and it was now found impossible to carry it any farther, though the contemplated place of burial was still distant. The attendants therefore consigned it to the earth on the ridge of the hill—an immense mound was piled over it—and the spirit of the old man remained for a time at rest. But “after the death of Arnkill,” says Sir Walter Scott, “Bægifot became again troublesome, and walked forth from his tomb, to the great terror and damage of the neighbourhood, slaying both herds and domestics, and driving the inhabitants from the canton. It was therefore resolved to consume his carcase with fire ; for, like the Hungarian Vampyre, he, or some evil demon in his stead, made use of his mortal reliques as a vehicle during the commission of these enormities. The body was found swollen to a huge size, equalling the corpulence of an ox. It was transported to the sea-shore with difficulty, and there burned to ashes.” In this narrative, we miss the blood-sucking propensities of the genuine Vampyre ; but in all other respects the resemblance is complete.

The other story from the same source has relation to a certain woman named Thorgunna. This excellent old lady having, a short time previous to her death, appointed one Thorodd her executor, and the wife of the said Thorodd having covetously induced her husband to preserve some bed-furniture which the deceased particularly desired to have burnt, a series of ghost-visits ensued. Thorgunna requested that her body might be conveyed to a distant place called Skalholt ; and on the way thither her ghost appeared at a house where the funeral party put up. But the worst visitations occurred on the return of Thorodd to his own house. On the very night when he reached his domicile, a meteor resembling a half-moon glided round the walls of the apartment in a direction opposed to the apparent course of the sun (an ominous sign), and remained visible until the inmates went to bed. The spectral appearance continued throughout the week ; and then one of the herdsmen went mad, evidently under the persecutions of evil spirits. At length he was found dead in his bed ; and, shortly after, Thorer, one of the inmates of the house, going out in the evening, was seized by the ghost of the dead shepherd, and so injured by blows, that he died. His spirit then went into partnership with that of the herdsman, and together they played some very awkward and alarming pranks. A pestilence appeared, of which many of the neighbours died ; and one evening something in the

shape of a seal-fish lifted itself up through the flooring of Thorodd's house, and gazed around.

The terrified domestics having in vain struck at the apparition, which continued to rise through the floor, Kiartan, the son of Thorodd, snote it on the head with a hammer, and drove it gradually and reluctantly into the earth, like a stake. Subsequently, Thorodd and several of his servants were drowned ; and now their ghosts were added to the spectral group. Every evening, when the fire was lighted in the great hall, Thorodd and his companions would enter, drenched and dripping, and seat themselves close to the blaze, from which they very selfishly excluded all the living inmates ; while, from the other side of the apartment, the ghosts of those who had died of pestilence, and who appeared gray with dust, would bend their way towards the same comfortable nook, under the leadership of Thorer. This being a very awkward state of affairs in a climate like Iceland, Kiartan, who was now the master of the house, caused a separate fire to be kindled for the mortals in an out-house, leaving the great hall to the spectres ; with which arrangement their ghostships seemed to be satisfied. The deaths from the pestilence continued to increase ; and every death caused an addition to the phantom army. Matters had now reached so serious a pitch, that it was found absolutely necessary to take some steps against the disturbers of the neighbourhood. It was accordingly resolved to proceed against them by law ; but, previously to commencing the legal forms, Kiartan caused the unfortunate bed-furniture, which had been at the bottom of all the mischief, to be burnt in sight of the spectres. A jury was then formed in the great hall ; the ghosts were accused of being public nuisances within the meaning of the act in that case made and provided ; evidence was heard, and finally a sentence of ejection was pronounced. Upon this, the phantoms rose ; and, protesting that they had only sat there while it was lawful for them to do so, sullenly and mutteringly withdrew, with many symptoms of unwillingness. A priest then damped the room with holy-water—a solemn mass was performed, and the supernatural visitors were thenceforth non est inventus.

The incident of the seal in this narrative will remind the reader who has properly studied his Corsican Brothers—and (as it is customary to ask on these occasions) who has not ?—of the appearance of the ghost of the duellist as he comes gliding through the floor to the tremulous music of the fiddles. The whole tale, in fact, falls in a great measure into the general class of ghost stories ; but the circumstance of each person, as he died, adding to the array of the evil spirits, and thus spreading out the mischief in ever-widening circles, has an affinity to the distinguishing feature of the Brucolac superstition. Still,

for the perfect specimen of the genus Vampyre, we must revert to the south-east of Europe.

Sir Walter Scott says that the above "is the only instance in which the ordinary administration of justice has been supposed to extend over the inhabitants of another world, and in which the business of exorcising spirits is transferred from the priest to the judge."

Voltaire, however, in treating of Vampyres, mentions a similar instance. "It is in my mind," says the French wit and philosopher, "a curious fact, that judicial proceedings were taken, in due form of law, concerning those dead who had left their tombs to suck the blood of the little boys and girls of the neighbourhood. Calmet relates that in Hungary two officers appointed by the Emperor Charles the Sixth, assisted by the bailiff of the place, and the executioner, went to bring to trial a Vampyre who sucked all the neighbourhood, and who had died six weeks before. He was found in his tomb, fresh, gay, with his eyes open, and asking for food. The bailiff pronounced his sentence, and the executioner tore out his heart and burnt it: after which the Vampyre ate no more."

Voltaire's levity has here carried him (inadvertently, of course) with a smiling face into a very appalling region. It is an historical fact that a sort of Vampyre fever or epidemic spread through the whole south-east of Europe, from about the year seventeen hundred and twenty-seven to seventeen hundred and thirty-five. This took place more especially in Servia and Hungary; with respect to its manifestations in which latter country, Calmet, the celebrated author of the History of the Bible, has left an account in his Dissertations on the Ghosts and Vampyres of Hungary. A terrible infection appeared to have seized upon the people, who died by hundreds under the belief that they were haunted by these dreadful phantoms. Military commissions were issued for inquiring into the matter; and the graves of the alleged Vampyres being opened in the presence of medical men, some of the bodies were found undecomposed, with fresh skin and nails growing in the place of the old, with florid complexions, and with blood in the chest and abdomen. Of the truth of these allegations there can be no reasonable doubt, as they rest upon the evidence both of medical and military men; and the problem seems to admit of only one solution. Dr. Herbert Mayo, in his Letters on the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions, suggests that the superstitious belief in Vampirism, acting upon persons of nervous temperaments, predisposed them to fall into the condition called death-trance; that in that state they were hastily buried; and that, upon the graves being opened, they were found still alive, though unable to speak. In confirmation of this ghastly suggestion, Dr. Mayo quotes the

following most pathetic and frightful account of a Vampyre execution from an old German writer:—"When they opened his grave, after he had been long buried, his face was found with a colour, and his features made natural sorts of movements, as if the dead man smiled. He even opened his mouth as if he would inhale the fresh air. They held the crucifix before him, and called in a loud voice, 'See, this is Jesus Christ who redeemed your soul from hell, and died for you.' After the sound had acted on his organs of hearing, and he had connected perhaps some ideas with it, tears began to flow from the dead man's eyes. Finally, when, after a short prayer for his poor soul, they proceeded to hack off his head, the corpse uttered a screech, and turned and rolled just as if it had been alive—and the grave was full of blood." The wretched man most assuredly was alive; but Superstition has neither brain nor heart; and so it murdered him.

A story similar to the foregoing has been preserved by Serjeant Mainard, a lawyer of the reign of Charles the First; and may be here repeated as a curious instance of the hold which the most puerile superstitions maintained in England at a comparatively recent period, and the influence which they were allowed to exercise even in so grave a matter as a trial for murder. In the year sixteen hundred and twenty-nine, somewhere in Hertfordshire, a married woman, named Joan Norcot, was found in bed with her throat cut; and, although the inquest which was held upon her body terminated in a verdict of *felo-de-se*, a rumour got about that the deceased had been murdered. The body was accordingly taken out of the grave thirty days after its death, in the presence of the jury and many other persons; and the jury then changed their verdict (which had not been drawn into form by the coroner), and accused certain parties of wilful murder. These were tried at the Hertford Assizes, and acquitted; "but," says the Serjeant, "so much against the evidence, that the Judge (Harvy) let fall his opinion that it were better an appeal were brought than so foul a murder should escape unpunished." In consequence of this, "they were tried on the appeal, which was brought by the young child against his father, grandfather, and aunt, and her husband, Okeman; and, because the evidence was so strange, I took exact and particular notice of it. It was as followeth, viz.: After the matters above mentioned and related, an ancient and grave person, minister of the parish where the fact was committed, being sworn to give evidence, according to the custom, deposed, that the body being taken out of the grave, thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants present, they were required, each of them, to touch the dead body. Okeman's wife fell on her knees, and prayed God to show token of their inno-

gency, or to some such purpose; but her very [i.e., precise] words I forgot. The appellers did touch the dead body; whereupon, the brow of the dead, which was of a livid or carrion colour (that was the verbal expression in the terms of the witness) began to have a dew or gentle sweat, which ran down in drops on the face, and the brow turned and changed to a lively and fresh colour, and the dead opened one of her eyes, and shut it again; and this opening the eye was done three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring or marriage-finger three times, and pulled it in again; and the finger dropt blood from it on the grass.* This being confirmed by the witness's brother, also a clergyman; and other evidence (of a more human character, but, as it appears to us, very insufficient) having been adduced; Oke-man was acquitted, and the three other prisoners were found guilty: a result which there can be little question was mainly brought about by the monstrous story of the scene at the exhumation.† That the details of that story were exaggerated, according to the superstitious habit of the times, seems obvious; but the query arises, whether the body of the woman might not really have been alive. It is true that thirty days had elapsed since her apparent death; but some of the alleged Vampyres supposed by Dr. Mayo to have been buried alive had been in their graves three months when their condition was inspected. Not being possessed of the requisite medical knowledge, we will forbear to pronounce whether or not life could be sustained, under such circumstances, for so great a length of time; but what seems fatal to the supposition, in the last instance, is the fact of the woman having had her throat cut.

Vampyres have often been introduced into romance. There is an old Anglo-Saxon poem on the subject of a Vampyre of the Fens; and the Baron von Haxthausen, in his work on Transcaucasia, has told a story of one of these gentry, which may be here appended as a sort of pleasant burlesque after the foregoing tragedies:—"There once dwelt in a cavern in Armenia a Vampyre, called Dakhanavar, who could not endure any one to penetrate into the mountains of Ulmish Altötem, or count their valleys. Every one who attempted this had, in the night, his blood sucked by the monster from the soles of his feet, until he died. The Vampyre was, however, at last outwitted by two cunning fellows. They began to count the valleys, and when night came on they lay down to

sleep,—taking care to place themselves with the feet of the one under the head of the other." (How *both* could have managed to do this, we leave to the reader's ingenuity to explain.) "In the night, the monster came, felt as usual, and found a head; then he felt at the other end, and found a head there also. 'Well,' cried he, 'I have gone through the whole three hundred and sixty-six valleys of these mountains, and have sucked the blood of people without end; but never yet did I find any one with two heads and no feet!' So saying, he ran away, and was never more seen in that country; but ever after the people have known that the mountain has three hundred and sixty-six valleys."

In South America, a species of bat is found, which sucks the blood of people while asleep (lulling them with the fanning of its wings during the operation), and which is called the Vampyre bat from that circumstance. If this creature belonged to Europe, we should be inclined to regard it as the origin of the Vampyre fable.

MR. POPE'S FRIEND.

THERE is a custom, I have been told, prevalent among the junior officers on board some of her Majesty's ships of war, and by means of which the monotony of cockpit life is agreeably diversified, called "swop." When a swop takes place, the contents of the youngsters' sea-chest are strewn on the cabin table, and an ingenious and exciting scene of barter ensues, of gold-laced bands against jars of mixed pickles; supplies of stationery against razor-strops and shaving-brushes; cornets-à-piston against quadrants; and locks of sweethearts' hair against clasp-knives—a flageolet, a clothes-brush, or a cake of chocolate, being occasionally thrown into a bargain by way of ballast or make-weight. Swop may also, perhaps, be recognised by some of my young friends now or lately at home for the Christmas vacation as a favourite half-holiday pastime at the establishments where they receive their education, and where (it is to be hoped) none but the sons of gentlemen are received. I retain, myself, lively reminiscences of my school swops. In these the chief articles quoted were toffy, plum-cake, peg-tops, marbles, pocket-combs, jew's-harps, slate-pencil, white mice, silk-worms, trowser-straps (much coveted, these), common prayer-books, and illustrated copies of the *Adventures of Philip Quarll*, together with twopenny cakes of water-colours, of which dragon's blood and saturnine red were most in demand: chiefly, I think, by reason of their romantic and adventurous names, and not with any reference to their artistic uses. At a large public school, also, of which I know something—so large that its conductors had quite failed in keeping pace with the requirements of the boys, and in the endeavour

* The bleeding of the dead body of a murdered person upon the approach of the murderer is an old opinion, to which Bacon, in his *Natural History*, seems inclined to give some weight.

† The notes from which this story is derived, were made by the Serjeant from what he himself heard on the trial. (See the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1831.)

had dropped behind a trifle of two hundred years or so—swop existed, and flourished exceedingly under the name of pledging, the barter being mainly confined to the provisions furnished to the pupils by the establishment. Thus the boys pledged their dinner pudding against potatoes—their meat against pudding. Pledging in this form was sanctioned by the authorities; but there was also much illegal bartering, detection in which (there was a legend that one boy had positively pledged his leathern small-clothes—a relic of monastic costume—against a pair of tumbler pigeons), subjected the contrabandist to the punishment of the rod.

Let I should be betrayed into an elaborate essay upon the different forms of barter current among ancient and modern nations—from Hercules swopping the deliverance of Troy from the Sea Monster against Laomedon's thorough-bred horses; from the mess of pottage for which Esau pledged his birth-right to Jacob, to the swops in usage between the burghers of the Manhattoes and the Indians in the early days of the colony of New York—when a Dutchman's foot was by mutual agreement understood to weigh ten pounds—I may as well, and at once, explain what connection exists between swops and Mr. Pope's friend.

Some friends of mine who live, as I do, in a large gloomy hotel in the Quartier Latin, and in the fair city of Lutetia; when the weather is too wet for a walk on the boulevards or for study at the Bibliothèque Impériale; when the Palais Royale has no delights, the billiard-tables no charms, and the English newspapers (as it frequently happens) have been stopped by the police, and there is nothing worth reading (which there scarcely ever is) in the French journals; when I myself have invoked the Muses in vain, and find that they persist in keeping themselves coy at the very top of Mount Parnassus—Lemprière only knows how many thousand miles off; and when my neighbour the doctor with the beard has deferred till to-morrow his visit to the dissecting-room of the clamart (which visit he has been deferring about three hundred and forty times a-year for the last three); are accustomed to meet in a cheerful sederunt, and kill the hours with swop. Few things are too exalted or too humble for our commercial interchanges; and a complete daggerreotype apparatus has been known to be in the market at the same time with a villainous clay-pipe never before worth more than a sous, but now supposed to possess some extrinsic value by having been smoked till it is very dirty. Swops are also made of boots, clothes, small articles of jewellery, postage-stamps (which are always in great demand among foreign sojourners in Paris, and though always on sale cannot always be bought), pomatum, surgical instruments, and especially books. For, a studious man cannot

read, with pleasure, any but his own books; and as his means forbid him to accumulate a large library, swop comes to his aid very usefully and pleasantly; and when he has well read and meditated one book, through, he can exchange it for another. The prices demanded and the value placed upon articles are frequently somewhat fanciful and capricious. Coals are not always coals, but occasionally run up almost as high as diamonds; and it is now and then necessary to threaten an appeal to the tribunal of Cæsar, represented by the marchand d'habits or old clothesman, who is always hovering about the courtyard below, like a vulture, with three hats and a moustache. I recently became the possessor, at a perfectly exorbitant rate of barter, of a certain cross-barred velvet waistcoat—the transaction being saddled with the additional disadvantage of its being impossible to wear the garment with propriety in any of the capitals of Europe in which I propose to take up my residence. The waistcoat (which would be really a most splendid and effectively ornate article of apparel if it had a new back and were looked after a little about the pockets and button-holes), is as well known in the Rue du Palais de Laecken at Brussels, as on the Boulevard des Italiens; in the Café Grecco in Rome, as on the Glacis at Vienna. It has been on the press in London—on the manly chest of more than one sub-editor—at different intervals during the last forty months; and, as I am not just now prepared with the passage-money to Constantinople (and even there I daresay our own correspondent, come from the Crimea to Pera to purchase a stove, a fur tippet, and a pair of American over-shoes, would recognise it immediately), the only European capital where I can see a chance of wearing it without the risk of detection in having second-hand clothes upon me, is Venice. I hope to go there shortly; and should you happen to go there too, and see an untidy man in a cross-barred velvet waistcoat sauntering about the Place of St. Mark, gazing at the dusky Ducal Palace, and the muddy canal, and the black gondolas, you may with tolerable certitude affirm the wearer to be the writer of this paper.

Swop and the cross-barred vest were the means of my being introduced to Mr. Pope's friend. For, as I grumbled a little at the terms demanded for the transfer of the waistcoat, its original possessor, touched, perhaps by compunction, perhaps by generosity, offered to throw into the bargain as a *bonne-bouche*, pot-de-bin, or bonus, a copy of Fenton. "And who the Blank," I asked, "is Fenton?"

Whereupon, he handed me a little starved duodecimo volume, with tarnished gilt edges, and bound in mottled calf, the ragged state of which suggested that several penknives of the last century had been sharpened upon it.

Opening it, I found, by the title page, the book to be *The Poetical Works of Elijah Fenton: With the Life of the Author. Embellished with Superb Engravings.* London: Printed for the Booksellers. Seventeen hundred and odd. The superb engravings I found comprised in one bald little plate, in which an overgrown Cupid was represented fighting in a most ungallant manner for the possession of a bow with a lady with powdered hair, a short waist, and no shoes or stockings. The superb engraving was surrounded by a border, in which more bows and arrows, a comic mask, some clouds, the Roman fasces, a wreath of laurel, and the Royal arms, were tastefully intermixed. Lastly, on the fly-leaf of the cover, it was recorded that Samuel Burrell was the happy possessor of Fenton fifty-seven years ago—said Samuel, in the pride of possession, expressing the most uncharitable wishes towards whoever stole this book. Beneath, there was some little private trade-mark—a large figure of four and a small *d*; which, together, led me to suppose that the book must have been, in the long run, stolen from Burrell, or that after his death it had been, at the sale of his effects, disposed of by public auction, and that ultimately it had been offered for sale at a bookstall for fourpence.

Now, who was Fenton? I hope ladies and gentlemen will not be ashamed to avow their ignorance if they never heard of Fenton before. A man may have read eight hours a day for half a century and have never read Fenton: a man may be as wise as Solomon, and Fenton still be a sealed book to him. I came across, the other day, some remarks of Fuller's about schoolmasters. He mentions "that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews." How many ordinarily well-read men could tell anything now about Bishop Andrews, and his gulf of learning? The gulf has swallowed him up altogether, and he is learned at the bottom of Lethe.

All that I had ever known of Fenton before I took his poetical works in the swop with the cross-barred waistcoat, was that his life had been written by Doctor Johnson in the *Lives of the Poets*, and that I had always skipped it in turning over that voluminous work in quest of the glorious biographies of Milton and Savage; next, that Fenton had something to do with Pope. Whether he was Pope's Homer, or one of the heroes of Pope's *Dunciad*, I was, Heaven help me, quite uncertain. I am proud now, after studying his life, to inform my readers that he was Mr. Pope's friend.

I know, now too, that Mr. Pope's friend was the hero of a joke—a joke, not quite seasoned enough for the spicy company of Joe Miller, but risible enough to find admission to some "Wit's companion," or "Collection of humorous and diverting anecdotes."

"Fenton," says the historian, "was one day in the company of Broome, his associate,

and Ford* a clergyman, at that time too well known, whose abilities, instead of furnishing convivial merriment to the voluptuous and dissolute, might have enabled him to excel among the virtuous and the wise. They determined all to see "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which was acted that night; and Fenton, as a dramatic poet, took them all to the stage door, where the doorkeeper inquiring who they were, was told they were three very necessary men: *Ford, Broome, and Fenton*; as composing a part of the characters in the comedy: and it is to be observed that the name in the play which Pope restored to *Brook* was then *Broome*. It is not stated whether the door-keeper admitted the three very necessary men for their joke's sake; nor do I know of what stuff, penetrable or not, the janitors of theatres were made of in the reign of Queen Anne; but I should not counsel any humourist of the present day to essay penetration through the stage door of a London theatre on the strength of a witticism. I am afraid, even, that the funniest of government clerks, if his name happened to be *Box*, and his friend's, in the post-office, *Cox*, would be sternly refused ingress at the stage-door of the Lyceum, were he to claim admission on the score of self and friend being two "very necessary men."

Let us see how Elijah Fenton came to be Mr. Pope's friend, and what his friendship brought him. It appears by my book, the narratives of Jacobs and Shiels, and the *Life* by Doctor Johnson, that Elijah was descended from an ancient and honourable family at Shelton, near Newcastle-under-Lyne; that his father possessed a considerable estate, but that he, being a younger son, was precluded from heirship; was educated at a grammar school; then entered as a student at Jesus College, Cambridge; but retaining an attachment to the family of the Stuarts refused to qualify himself for public employment by taking the necessary oaths, and left the university without a degree. The maladroitness of Elijah thus managed to make a stumble upon the very threshold of life. As a non-juror he was not even eligible for the post of a tide-waiter, or a parish constable. Mediocrity seemed determined to mark him for her own.

"As obscurity," his biographer finely remarks, "is the inseparable attendant upon poverty" (of which I am not quite certain, though I know that poverty is the inseparable attendant upon obscurity), "the incidents of his life cannot be accurately traced from year to year, or the means traced from which he derived a support." With what sonorous comprehensiveness does the historian gloss over Mr. Pope's friend's probably desperate battle for bread. Poor Elijah! Who shall say how many times he slept upon bulks, or among the cabbage stalks in Fleet Market,

* Hogarth's "Parson Ford."

or walked the streets all night shelterless! How many times he refected his famished sides at a St. Giles's cook-shop, or fancied he could choke, like Otway, with a penny roll, if he only had a penny to purchase a roll to choke himself withal. Did he ever enact griffins, ships, or Towers of Babel, at the "motion" plays at Bartholomew Fair, like that other poet, the unhappy Elkanah Settle? Was he ever one of Swift's Little Britain translators that lay three in a bed? Was he one of the historians that Mr. Curll kept at the public house in Holborn, and fed on tripe and strong waters? He lived somehow this poor non-juring mediocre man; for, he lived to be tutor to the Earl of Orrery, the renowned translator of Pliny, and afterwards to be master of the charity school at Seven Oaks in Kent, which situation he quitted in seventeen hundred and ten, through the persuasion of Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, who made him promises of a more honourable and profitable employment.

"In process of time," I quote his biographer here, "as he became more and more attached to the muses, whom he had courted from early life, he became more moderate in his political opinions; for though a non-juror he was lavish in his eulogiums on Queen Anne, and extolled the name of Marlborough beyond the very echo of applause." Poor Fenton! was he not getting hungry? Was it not natural for the poetical non-juror, condemned to teach the charity-school boys of Seven Oaks, and to dance the young Earl of Orrery like a bear through his humanities—Ah! if the truth were known, I will be bound that honest Elijah had more to do with Pliny anglicised than the renowned translator cared to admit—to yearn a little after the loaves and fishes? Though Queen Anne occupied the throne of King James, is it not natural that an empty stomach of years' standing should at last thaw the Jacobite ice into a stream of lavish eulogiums, and tune the High Tory harp to extol the name of the Whig Marlborough beyond the very echo of applause? Even more than this did Elijah do. He testified his regard for the Churchill family, in *Florelia*, an elegiac pastoral on the death of the great captain's son, the Marquis of Blandford; in which Doctor Johnson observes, "he could be prompted only by respect or kindness, for neither the Duke nor Duchess desired the praise, or liked the cost of patronage." I am sorry to say that I am at issue with Bolt Court upon this point. John Churchill, the great Duke of Marlborough, could swallow anything. Blue ribbons, garters, places, pensions, coronets, palaces, parliamentary grants, pilferings from the soldiers' pay, and profits upon their shirts and firelocks; his great avarice had stomach for them all. He was more bespattered with praise (as, afterwards with obloquy), than any man of his age; and it is to be presumed that he liked as much to be praised as to be General-

issimo of the allied forces, and proprietor of Blenheim. And his Duchess "Old Sarah," is the Doctor to assert that she disliked praise? Was she not a woman—was she not a Duchess—a Duchess, living in the days when Duchesses were estimated by poets (at so many gold pieces per line) as something very little short of divinities! It might have been the Duchess of Marlborough's chaplain (for reverend Praisers were multiplied exceedingly in those days), who, preaching a funeral sermon over a deceased Peeress, took occasion to inform his congregation that "he had no doubt that her Grace was at that moment occupying that distinguished position in Heaven to which her exalted rank, and shining virtues entitled her!" Close-fisted, moreover, as Duchess Sarah may have been, she would scarcely have grudged a meal of victuals in the kitchen of Marlborough House, and half a score of broad pieces to the author of *Florelia*.

In seventeen hundred and nine, Elijah Fenton acquired the esteem of the literati. He also acquired the esteem of Southerne, and lastly the friendship of a little crooked catholic gentleman, who lived in a little house with a grotto at Twickenham, from whence, now and then, he rode to town in a little coach—and who was called Alexander Pope. The little waspish, spiteful, kind-hearted bard was the first to patronise and pat on the back the forlorn Elijah. They must have been a curious couple. Fenton was a tall, bulky, gross, lazy man, on whom his landlady's criticism was, "that he would lie a-bed, and be fed with a spoon." His clothes were not good; his wig was probably uncombed, his shoes down at heel, his buckles rusty, his steenkirk unbleached. He was "very sluggish and sedentary," says the biographer, "rose late, and when he once had sat down to his books, would not get up again." He must have been a sort of dull, heavy book, this Elijah, in unreadable type, that went down to oblivion with most of its leaves uncut.

Elijah was not tired, poor fellow, of dedications yet. To a collection of poems called the *Oxford and Cambridge Verses* he prefixed a very elegant dedication to Lionel, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex; and in seventeen hundred and sixteen he produced his Ode to Lord Gower. Mr. Pope hastened to show his friendship on the occasion, by stamping the poem with his approbation. He pronounced it to be the next ode in the English language to Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*. Here are a few of Elijah's lines, taken at random from the Ode:—

From Volga's banks th' imperious Czar
Leads forth his puny troops to war,
Fond of the softer southern sky:
The Soldan galls th' Illyrian coast,
But soon the miscreant mooney host
Before the victor cross shall fly.

Humph! Miscreant mooney host. Again:

O Gower ! through all that destined space
What breath the pow'rs allot to me
Shall sing the virtues of thy race,
United and complete in thee.

Fancy the unfortunate bard exhausting his lungs until the day of his death, in one uncensured pean of praise of the Right Honourable John Lord Gower ! The Ode ends with a description of "Honour's Bright Dome," where

Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland seated near his side,

prophesy the happier fame of his Lordship ; while the muse to receive his radiant name, selects a whiter space.

The Ode to Lord Gower, I opine, can only be called the next to Alexander's Feast upon the principle that when there are two boys in a class and one is at the top of it, the second boy is the next to him.

Mr. Pope's friendship soon afterwards showed itself to Elijah in recommending him to the notice of Mr. Secretary Craggs, who engaged him as a sort of half-secretary, half-literary companion. The poet had now had some prospect of ease and plenty, for, to quote Johnson again, "Fenton had merit, and Craggs had generosity ;" which is as much as to say that Fenton had feet and Craggs boots ; or Fenton a stomach and Craggs beef. But Fate never seemed tired of making Elijah a rival of Murad the unlucky ; for, Mr. Craggs besides having generosity had also the small pox—of which he died, leaving Mr. Pope's unfortunate friend stranded again.

Mr. Pope, untiring in his friendship, soon afterwards set Fenton hard at work in translating the *Odyssey*, in which he had for coadjutor another friend of Mr. Pope—Mr. Broome. Fenton translated four books ; Broome translated eight, besides writing all the notes. "The judges of poetry," says Johnson "have never been able to distinguish their books from those of Pope." Lucky Fenton and Broome ! if they had not had the advantage of Mr. Pope's friendship, or had failed in their translations, I wince to think what pitiable figures Mr. Pope's friends would have cut in Mr. Pope's *Dunciad*. Gildon's debts and Dennis's want of dinners would have been as nothing compared to the scarifications they would have received.

In seventeen twenty-three, Fenton did what most dull men, and all unlucky men, do. You may think I mean that he married. Not exactly that, but he wrote a play.

It was a ponderous production—a tragedy—founded upon the story of Herod and Mariamne, related in the *Spectator*, and taken from Josephus. Mariamne is written in lines of ten syllables. It is long, slow, lazy, dull, uniform—a very Bridgewater canal of a play. Fenton is said to have been assisted by Southerne, with many hints as to incident and stage effect ; the navigation of the canal was not much improved thereby, however.

When Mariamne was presented to Colley Cibber, the monarch of the stage not only rejected it, but added insolence to illiberality, advising the author to direct his attention to some industrious pursuit, in order to obtain that subsistence which he in vain expected from his poetical efforts. I suppose he advised Fenton to turn to bellows-mending for a livelihood. The manager was insolent, as managers ordinarily are ; but not altogether wrong. Managers seldom are.

However, Mariamne, produced at the rival theatre, succeeded, even beyond its author's expectations ; the profits accruing from it amounted to nearly a thousand pounds.

Here we have at last, Elijah Fenton, the favourite of fortune. After ignoring his existence for years, the fickle goddess at length smiled upon him. A thousand golden pounds ! What did Elijah with his lump of money ? Did he purchase an annuity ; did he invest his capital in South Sea Stock—like Gay—and win or lose more thousands ; did he lend it out at usury, or hide it in a hole in the ground ? Alas ! no. Fortune threw the lump of gold at him much as one pelts a dog with marrow-bones. She hurt him while she enriched him. The thousand pounds were not destined to become the foundation of a plum or even to be modestly put out at interest to gild the tops of the trees of honest Elijah's winter. It is recorded that our author appropriated the sum to the discharge of a debt, incurred by purchasing many expensive articles, for supporting an appearance necessary for his attendance at court.

Oh vanity ! Oh fallacy of human wishes, hopes, and labours ! Oh gold, turned to dry leaves ! A few glass coaches, full bottomed wigs, silver hilted swords, clouded canes, and red heeled shoes ; a diamond snuff-box, perhaps ; a china monster or two, given as presents to Lady Bab or the Honourable Miss Betty ; a ride in my Lord's chariot ; a card for my Lady's Drum ; a night at the Groom-porters' ; a squeeze at St. James's at a birthday drawing-room ; and Elijah's only windfall had taken to itself wings, and flown away !

In vain, Elijah, didst thou afterwards edit an edition of Milton's Poems, with a biography of the poet, written with tenderness and integrity. In vain didst thou publish an elegant edition of Waller, with notes so drearily extended by long quotations from Clarendon, bringing upon thee in after years the censure of the stern critic who wrote *Rasselas* ; and who says grimly that, "illustrations drawn from a book so easily consulted, should be made by reference rather than transcription." Fast wert thou sinking into the miserable condition of a bookseller's hack ; when the friendly Pope once more stepped forth, only indeed to rescue thee from Grub Street, by restoring thee to the quondam profession of bear-leader.

Poor Fenton seems through life to have been endeavouring to shake out of his hand the birch and ferule of the pedagogue, but always failed. The last kind office done for him by his friend at Twickenham was to procure him employment with Lady Trumbal, widow of Sir William Trumbal, to superintend the education of her son, whom he first directed in his studies at home, and afterwards "attended" to Cambridge. When the young heir was fairly licked into shape, Elijah was not turned adrift, but, being found a harmless, easy, useful, willing kind of man, her ladyship retained him in her household at Easthampton, in Berkshire, as auditor of her accounts. He passed the remainder of his life in a "pleasing retirement," and died at the seat of Lady Trumbal in seventeen hundred and thirty. He had written a tragedy, translated the *Odyssey*, educated the "renowned translator of Pliny," appeared at Court, produced an Ode "next to Alexander's Feast," possessed a thousand pounds, and been the friend of Mr. Pope. He ended his days "in a pleasing retirement"—in a position something between that of a pensioner and a house-steward; checking the accounts of Mrs. Frugal the housekeeper; auditing the incomings and outgoings of Mr. Spigot, the butler's cellar, and Dorothy Draggletail's dairy. I dare say he took the vice-chair at a rent-dinner with much dignity and affability, and there wore those famous court clothes, in the purchase of which his thousand pounds had melted away like smoke.

Mr. Pope's friendship did not end with his friend's life. He behaved most handsomely to his memory. In a letter to his other friend, Mr. Broome, he says, speaking of Fenton, "No man better bore the approaches of his dissolution (as I am told), or with less ostentation yielded up his being. . . He died as he had lived, with secret though sufficient contentment. . . As to his other affairs, he died poor but honest (!), leaving no debts or legacies, except of a few pounds to Mr. Trumbal and my lady, in token of respect, gratitude, and mutual esteem. I shall with pleasure take upon me to draw this amiable, quiet, deserving, unpretending Christian and philosophical character in his epitaph."

Here is the philosophical character as drawn by Mr. Pope:

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man;
A poet blessed beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept secret from the proud and great,
Foe to loud praise and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he looked on either side, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heav'n that he liv'd and that he died.

Such is the testimony of Pope.

I am sorry; I really am very sorry; but I must add one more extract from a letter

which does not place the friendship of Mr. Pope in quite so shining a light.

"Mr. Fenton," says Lord Orrery, in a letter to a friend written in seventeen hundred and fifty-six, "was my tutor; he taught me to read English, and attended me through the Latin tongue from the age of seven to thirteen years. He translated double the number of books in the *Odyssey* that Pope has owned. His reward was a trifle—an arrant trifle. He has even told me that he thought Pope feared him more than he loved him. He had no opinion of Pope's heart, and declared him to be, in the words of Bishop Atterbury, '*mens curva in corpore curvo*'—a crooked mind in a crooked body. Poor Fenton died of a great easy chair and two bottles of port a day. He was one of the worthiest and most modest men that ever belonged to the court of Apollo."

Such is the testimony of Lord Orrery. I wonder whose is the true one—Pope's or his!

So, this is all I have to set down about Mr. Pope's friend. I hope a great many people know much more about him than I do; should the contrary be the case, some day, when the lives of *Obscurorum Virorum* come to be written, these pages may serve the historian in some stead.

SUPPOSING.

SUPPOSING that a gentleman named Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT were to get up in the House of Commons, to make the best case he could of a system of mismanagement that had filled all England with grief and shame:

And supposing that this gentleman were to expatiate to the House of Commons, on the natural helplessness of our English soldiers, consequent on their boots being made by one man, their clothes by another, their houses by another, and so forth—blending a sentimental political economy with Red Tape, in a very singular manner:

I wonder, in such case, whether it would be out of order to suggest the homely fact that indeed it is not the custom to enlist the English Soldier in his cradle; that there really are instances of his having been something else before becoming a soldier; and that perhaps there is not a Regiment in the service but includes within its ranks, a number of men more or less expert in every handicraft-trade under the Sun.

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PRINCE BULL. A FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time, and of course it was in the Golden Age, and I hope you may know when that was, for I am sure I don't, though I have tried hard to find out, there lived in a rich and fertile country, a powerful Prince whose name was BULL. He had gone through a great deal of fighting in his time, about all sorts of things, including nothing; but, had gradually settled down to be a steady, peaceable, good-natured, corpulent, rather sleepy Prince.

This Puissant Prince was married to a lovely Princess whose name was Fair Freedom. She had brought him a large fortune, and had borne him an immense number of children, and had set them to spinning, and farming, and engineering, and soldiering, and sailing, and doctoring, and lawyering, and preaching, and all kinds of trades. The coffers of Prince Bull were full of treasure, his cellars were crammed with delicious wines from all parts of the world, the richest gold and silver plate that ever was seen adorned his sideboards, his sons were strong, his daughters were handsome, and in short you might have supposed that if there ever lived upon earth a fortunate and happy Prince, the name of that Prince, take him for all in all, was assuredly Prince Bull.

But, appearances, as we all know, are not always to be trusted—far from it; and if they had led you to this conclusion respecting Prince Bull, they would have led you wrong, as they often have led me.

For, this good Prince had two sharp thorns in his pillow, two hard knobs in his crown, two heavy loads on his mind, two unbridled nightmares in his sleep, two rocks ahead in his course. He could not by any means get servants to suit him, and he had a tyrannical old godmother whose name was Tape.

She was a Fairy, this Tape, and was a bright red all over. She was disgustingly prim and formal, and could never bend herself a hair's breadth this way or that way, out of her naturally crooked shape. But, she was very potent in her wicked art. She could stop the fastest thing in the world, change the strongest thing into the weakest, and the most useful into the most useless. To do this she had only to put her cold hand upon it,

and repeat her own name, Tape. Then it withered away.

At the Court of Prince Bull—at least I don't mean literally at his court, because he was a very genteel Prince, and readily yielded to his godmother when she always reserved that for his hereditary Lords and Ladies—in the dominions of Prince Bull, among the great mass of the community who were called in the language of that polite country the Mobs and the Snobs, were a number of very ingenious men, who were always busy with some invention or other, for promoting the prosperity of the Prince's subjects, and augmenting the Prince's power. But, whenever they submitted their models for the Prince's approval, his godmother stepped forward, laid her hand upon them, and said "Tape." Hence it came to pass, that when any particularly good discovery was made, the discoverer usually carried it off to some other Prince, in foreign parts, who had no old godmother who said Tape. This was not on the whole an advantageous state of things for Prince Bull, to the best of my understanding.

The worst of it, was, that Prince Bull had in course of years lapsed into such a state of subjection to this unlucky godmother, that he never made any serious effort to rid himself of her tyranny. I have said this was the worst of it, but there I was wrong, because there is a worse consequence still, behind. The Prince's numerous family became so downright sick and tired of Tape, that when they should have helped the Prince out of the difficulties into which that evil creature led him, they fell into a dangerous habit of moodily keeping away from him in an impassive and indifferent manner, as though they had quite forgotten that no harm could happen to the Prince their father, without its inevitably affecting themselves.

Such was the aspect of affairs at the court of Prince Bull, when this great Prince found it necessary to go to war with Prince Bear. He had been for some time very doubtful of his servants, who, besides being indolent and addicted to enriching their families at his expense, domineered over him dreadfully; threatening to discharge themselves if they were found the least fault with, pretending that they had done a wonderful amount of work when they had done nothing,

making the most unmeaning speeches that ever were heard in the Prince's name, and uniformly showing themselves to be very inefficient indeed. Though, that some of them had excellent characters from previous situations is not to be denied. Well! Prince Bull called his servants together, and said to them one and all, "Send out my army against Prince Bear. Clothe it, arm it, feed it, provide it with all necessaries and contingencies, and I will pay the piper! Do your duty by my brave troops," said the Prince, "and do it well, and I will pour my treasure out like water, to defray the cost. Who ever heard me complain of money well laid out!" Which indeed he had reason for saying, inasmuch as he was well known to be a truly generous and munificent Prince.

When the servants heard those words, they sent out the army against Prince Bear, and they set the army tailors to work, and the army provision merchants, and the makers of guns both great and small, and the gunpowder makers, and the makers of ball, shell, and shot; and they bought up all manner of stores and ships, without troubling their heads about the price, and appeared to be so busy that the good Prince rubbed his hands, and (using a favourite expression of his), said, "It's all right!" But, while they were thus employed, the Prince's godmother, who was a great favourite with those servants, looked in upon them continually all day long, and whenever she popped in her head at the door, said, "How do you do, my children? What are you doing here?" "Official business, godmother." "Oho!" says this wicked Fairy. "—Tape!" And then the business all went wrong, whatever it was, and the servants' heads became so addled and muddled that they thought they were doing wonders.

Now, this was very bad conduct on the part of the vicious old nuisance, and she ought to have been strangled, even if she had stopped here; but, she didn't stop here, as you shall learn. For, a number of the Prince's subjects, being very fond of the Prince's army who were the bravest of men, assembled together and provided all manner of eatables and drinkables, and books to read, and clothes to wear, and tobacco to smoke, and candles to burn, and nailed them up in great packing-cases, and put them aboard a great many ships, to be carried out to that brave army in the cold and inclement country where they were fighting Prince Bear. Then, up comes this wicked Fairy as the ships were weighing anchor, and says, "How do you do, my children? What are you doing here?" "—We are going with all these comforts to the army, godmother."—"Oho!" says she. "A pleasant voyage, my darlings.—Tape!" And from that time forth, those enchanted ships went sailing, against wind and tide and rhyme and reason, round and round the world, and whenever they touched at any

port were ordered off immediately, and could never deliver their cargoes anywhere.

This, again, was very bad conduct on the part of the vicious old nuisance, and she ought to have been strangled for it if she had done nothing worse; but, she did something worse still, as you shall learn. For, she got astride of an official broomstick, and muttered as a spell these two sentences "On Her Majesty's service," and "I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant," and presently alighted in the cold and inclement country where the army of Prince Bull were encamped to fight the army of Prince Bear. On the seashore of that country, she found piled together, a number of houses for the army to live in, and a quantity of provisions for the army to live upon, and a quantity of clothes for the army to wear: while, sitting in the mud gazing at them, were a group of officers as red to look at as the wicked old woman herself. So, she said to one of them, "Who are you, my darling, and how do you do?"—"I am the Quarter-master General's Department, godmother, and I am pretty well."—Then she said to another, "Who are *you*, my darling, and how do *you* do?"—"I am the Commissariat Department, godmother, and I am pretty well." Then she said to another, "Who are *you*, my darling, and how do *you* do?"—"I am the head of the Medical Department, godmother, and I am pretty well." Then, she said to some gentlemen scented with lavender, who kept themselves at a great distance from the rest, "And who are *you*, my pretty pets, and how do *you* do?" And they answered, "We—aw—are—the—aw—Staff—aw—Department, godmother, and we are very well indeed."—"I am delighted to see you all, my beauties," says this wicked old Fairy, "—Tape!" Upon that, the houses, clothes, and provisions, all mouldered away; and the soldiers who were sound, fell sick; and the soldiers who were sick, died miserably; and the noble army of Prince Bull perished.

When the dismal news of his great loss was carried to the Prince, he suspected his godmother very much indeed; but, he knew that his servants must have kept company with the malicious beldame, and must have given way to her, and therefore he resolved to turn those servants out of their places. So, he called to him a Roebuck who had the gift of speech, and he said, "Good Roebuck, tell them they must go." So, the good Roebuck delivered his message, so like a man that you might have supposed him to be nothing but a man, and they were turned out—but, not without warning, for that they had had a long time.

And now comes the most extraordinary part of the history of this Prince. When he had turned out those servants, of course he wanted others. What was his astonishment to find that in all his dominions, which contained no less than twenty-seven millions of

people, there were not above five-and-twenty servants altogether! They were so lofty about it, too, that instead of discussing whether they should hire themselves as servants to Prince Bull, they turned things topsy-turvy, and considered whether, as a favour, they should hire Prince Bull to be their master! While they were arguing this point among themselves quite at their leisure, the wicked old red Fairy was incessantly going up and down, knocking at the doors of twelve of the oldest of the five-and-twenty, who were the oldest inhabitants in all that country, and whose united ages amounted to one thousand, saying, "Will you hire Prince Bull for your master?—Will you hire Prince Bull for your master?" To which, one answered, "I will, if next door will;" and another, "I won't, if over the way does;" and another, "I can't, if he, she, or they, might, could, would, or should." And all this time Prince Bull's affairs were going to rack and ruin.

At last, Prince Bull in the height of his perplexity assumed a thoughtful face, as if he were struck by an entirely new idea. The wicked old Fairy, seeing this, was at his elbow directly, and said, "How do you do, my Prince, and what are you thinking of?"—"I am thinking, god-mother," says he, "that among all the seven-and-twenty millions of my subjects who have never been in service, there are men of intellect and business who have made me very famous both among my friends and enemies."—"Aye, truly!" says the Fairy.—"Aye, truly," says the Prince.—"And what then?" says the Fairy.—"Why, then," says he, "since the regular old class of servants do so ill, are so hard to get, and carry it with so high a hand, perhaps I might try to make good servants of some of these." The words had no sooner passed his lips than she returned, chuckling, "You think so, do you? Indeed, my Prince?—Tape!" Thereupon he directly forgot what he was thinking of, and cried out lamentably to the old servants, "O, do come and hire your poor old master! Pray do! On any terms!"

And this, for the present, finishes the story of Prince Bull. I wish I could wind it up by saying that he lived happy ever afterwards, but I cannot in my conscience do so; for, with Tape at his elbow, and his estranged children fatally repelled by her from coming near him, I do not, to tell you the plain truth, believe in the possibility of such an end to it.

A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

IN childhood we have all of us revelled in tales about magical vases and marvellous bottles, whence issued irritated genii or facetious devils-on-two-sticks; and our wonder was, and still remains, how they managed to get into them. In manhood, and sometimes too soon in youth, our attention

has been occasionally riveted by the wonders performed by a bottle of champagne; but I venture to assert that not one person in a hundred has the least idea of how much there is inside one of these mystic phials, nor by what elaborate and cabalistic incantations the imprisoned sprites were confined therein. With some amount of perseverance and courage, I have penetrated to the subterranean laboratories, and have witnessed how the reluctant demons are thrust, and kept fast prisoners, within the glass walls of a cylindro-conical dungeon. I have stalked through part of the six English miles of cellar, and traversed sundry of the fifty-five galleries, the longest extending about four hundred yards; I have stared at some thousands of the three million bottles that are waiting to get out and be drunk from the bright, barrack-like establishments of Messieurs Jacquesson et Fils, of Châlons-sur-Marne; I have descended, like a second *Æneas*, to the lowest deep of the Tartarean grottoes possessed by Messrs. Moët and Chandon, of Epernay; I have gone down the steps beside which a black marble tablet, with letters of gold, informs the visitor that Napoleon the Grand did exactly the same thing, in I did not think it necessary to note what year; I dived through stories of thrice-triple caves; I reached an ancient portion of catacomb-like cellar no longer in use, which they call *Siberia*: I tapped at the door wherein ice is treasured, not only to chill the sample wines of entertainment for the proprietor's table, but for more important purposes, as you shall hear; and I have emerged by the stairs where another gilt tablet informed me that Jerome Bonaparte, ex-king of Westphalia, had had the honour of preceding me. After a good hour-and-half's scientific ramble in the bowels of the earth, the air and sunshine were a delicious treat, worth all the bottles of champagne in the world; but still it appeared to me that a few details might be useful to the public, if only to help housekeepers to make and manage their gooseberry wine.

To begin with the province of Champagne itself: there is poor Champagne and rich Champagne. If you traverse the former from south to north, you have a series of tiresome plains, which are not exactly flat, but slightly hollow and undulating. The face of the country, even where abundantly rich, is far from being prepossessing in its appearance, unlike its rival Burgundy. The land puts you in mind of an enormous sheet held out to catch some giant Garagantua, who is expected soon to jump down from the skies and display his traditional powers of consumption. With patience, you at last reach the city of Troyes, an old-fashioned town, a hundred years behindhand, with but rare foot-pavements and with plenty of open wells in the streets. Many of the houses are built of wood framework, filled up with plaster,

like those we see at Shrewsbury and Chester. Bonneterie is the staple manufacture, comprising stockings, nightcaps, gloves, and mittens. Numerous stocking-frames are seen at work, as well as the circular tricot, or knitting round by machinery. A Champenois, (but un-French) fashion, to be witnessed at Troyes, is the custom of employing young men to act as chambermaids. Altogether, once in one's life is often enough to have been at Troyes, in spite of its ancient importance and repute. After another long, dull, monotonous ride over the same everlasting open plains, you perceive a pair of twin steeples in a verdant hollow. You then descend, through pleasant and promising environs, to the fortified town of Vitry le Français; wherein all the streets run at right angles to each other from a central square, with a fountain in the middle. If you eat, drink, or sleep at Vitry, take care to go to the Hôtel des Voyageurs, which is one of the most satisfactory inns in all Champagne. For, be it known, the people of Champagne are not popular with their own compatriots.

The inhabitants of several districts of France have borne a traditional character amongst their countrymen from time immemorial, just as the Scotch and Yorkshiremen have in England. The Bourguignon has always been a favourite; the Champenois exactly the reverse. The leading feature of his mind is supposed to be silliness. "Ninety-nine sheep," say the French, "and one Champenois make together a hundred block-heads." In a certain vaudeville, a lady and gentleman make an acquaintance at a roadside inn. Gentleman: "I am just arrived from Troyes."—Lady: "I thought so."—Gentleman: "What! do I look so foolish as that?" An analogous saying makes a hundred block-heads consist of ninety-nine Flemings and one hog. I like the Fleming better than the Champenois; he is cleaner, and moreover a first-rate gardener. The genuine type of Champagne dulness is not the sheep, but rather the goose,—the phalansterian emblem of the artful peasant, a cunning simpleton with a purposely vacant look. The Champenois never forgets to take care that you shall pay enough. Beware how you touch his grapes! or he will make you the subject of a procès verbal. His very vines are often trained in such a way, that besides bearing fruit, they serve as hedges and inclosing fences. Honest-hearted Jean Raisin is degraded to the rank of a rural policeman. He is compelled to stretch out an arm to bar the passage, and to shout "No thoroughfare!" The ban or proclamation of the date when grape-gathering is to be first allowed in each district, shows a nervous fear of being robbed, which strongly contrasts with the Burgundian open-handed practice. There things are conducted in such a style as this: "Monsieur wishes to walk through my vines?" a Chablis proprietor asked of my guide. "With plea-

sure." He then added, with a good-humoured smile, "The best, as you know, are on the hill La Moutonne; but don't eat too many grapes;"—thereby implying, that though the crop was very short, we were heartily welcome to taste in moderation. But the Mayor of Troyes sternly informs the public that the opening of the vintaging of vines in such a territory is fixed for such a day; and for such other, for such another day. All, whether owners or tenants of vineyards, are warned that if they contravene the ban by beginning before their neighbours, and so taking the opportunity of plundering them they shall be delivered over to the Tribunal of Simple Police. Moreover, all persons whatsoever, except the owners, are forbidden to enter the vineyards at any time, on any pretext. Jean Raisin is watched and guarded as carefully as a wealthy novice in a convent.

From Vitry, through Châlons, to Epernay, you are in rich Champagne, in the valley of the Marne. There are vines: but not even at Châlons are you yet arrived at the champagne-wine-producing district. At Epernay you reach it at last; and if you stroll over to Ai, to admire its lovely site in the lap of hills, or stretch as far as Sillery, you are still amongst the vines which do actually produce champagne. The wine made and matured in M. Jacquesson's vast establishment at Châlons is not grown on the spot; but is brought there in hogsheads—previous to being bottled—from his vineyards in the neighbourhood of Ai and elsewhere. But the truth is that, even in France, nobody but the wine-merchant, and not always he himself, knows where champagne wine does come from. A good deal is made in Burgundy; some in Germany; and, in the white wine districts, great quantities are bought up and carried away and no one knows whither. They are kidnapped, burked, dissected, transmogrified, and successfully resuscitated with a change of title.

This year, the vintage is comparatively a blank at Epernay; but we may safely predict that, though prices will rise, there will be no perceptible deficiency in the general supply. No one who can pay for a bottle of champagne during the years fifty-five and fifty-six is likely to be compelled to go without it; although possibly the cider and sugar-and water of fifty-four will be as famous in its way as the wine of 'forty-six. It is much easier to make good champagne wine beyond the limits of the ancient province, than it would be to manufacture burgundy wine far away from Burgundy. You can fabricate pinchbeck, but you cannot make gold. Champagne wine is so completely a factitious thing, that if the duty on French wines were taken off in England, champagne could, and would be prepared in London, so good as to threaten a serious rivalry to the genuine article from Châlons-sur-Marne. The champagne grower's capital really and truly lies

in his cellar; that is his plant, his mill, his factory. The Burgundian's consists in his vineyard. There is but one *côte d'or*, and human skill cannot create another; there are scores of architects and thousands of masons in Great Britain and Ireland, and money moreover to pay them with, who would outdo with ease the vastest store-houses of Châlons, Epernay, Sillery, or Reims.

Notwithstanding which, the above-mentioned cellars really are a sight to see. M. Jacquesson's, the most modern, dates from eighteen hundred, and is considered by sticklers for the old routine to be rashly light and airy in its construction. In fact, there is little that is cellarlike about it. No damp, no fungus, no mouldy smell, and almost no darkness. For an ordinary visit you have no need to be lighted about with a candle. Champagne cellars are made to contain wine in bottles, not in casks; hence an immense difference in their aspect and atmosphere. Jacquesson's establishment crowns the top of a hill, just outside the town, near the railway station. It is white and clean, shining with neatness and good repair; and a plain square tower, at one corner of the range of buildings, is sufficiently ornamental and solid in its proportions to show that the owner is no common tradesman. A like hint is given by the pheasantry at the other end—a handsome enclosure of shrubs and evergreens all covered in with a vast roof of netting. The courtyard, too, of M. Jacquesson's residence in the town displays an assemblage of orange-trees (of course in tubs) that would do no discredit to a royal garden. Champagne wine is clearly lucrative. Heavy taxes are cheerfully paid when part of the money is to be returned in pleasure.

The cellars are hardly underground; that is, though pierced in the side of the hill, they are nearly level with the adjoining road. Here in cool grot, in one of the galleries, is a private tramway communicating with the Châlons station close by, and all for the convenient conveyance away, by trucks-full, of armies of well-drilled and disciplined champagne, not to mention receiving the raw recruits or empty bottles that have to be brought in, and dispatching to their fiery funeral in the glass-house the shattered corpses or broken bottles that must be carried out. The last-mentioned sufferers form a heavy item. Outside, at various distances, you observe a series of small glass domes. Within, you find they light the cellars most effectually. The rays, descending perpendicularly from the sky, are caught on large sheets of polished tin, inclining at an angle of forty-five degrees, and are thence reflected horizontally throughout the whole length of the galleries which they respectively command. At a distance, the reflection is so powerful and brilliant, that you might

fancy the place was splendidly furnished with a set of superb plate-glass mirrors. On each side of these long straight galleries, which cross each other at right angles, are ranged the bottles in frames of wood, called *tablettes*, mostly containing a hundred and eight bottles each. At various points the temperature of the cellar can be regulated by folding doors which exclude the external air at pleasure. The place in the cellar which the bottles occupy, and the position in which they are laid in the rack, depends upon their age and the point to which their education has advanced. Much more than this, to see, there is not; except perhaps the wine-press and the packing-room.

Epernay lies in a lonely valley. The view thence consists of vine-clad hills, the less productive summits of which form a purple background on the opposite side. But if you walk past those self-same vineyards, you will see a broad Champenois hint not to touch anything which does not belong to you, in the streaks of whitewash that are dabbed on grapes growing dangerously close to the public path. The town is a small compact little place, whose chief ornament consists in the princely mansions in which the wine-merchants have contrived to house themselves. I could not but look at them and marvel at the results obtained from a little frisky wine. For though by no means castles in the air, we may assert that they are built with carbonic-acid gas, cemented with sugar, and founded on froth. The numerous *fabriques* and *magasins* of *bouchons d'Espagne*, or shops of cutters of Spanish corks, may be looked upon as the arsenals of balls and bullets that are to be fired off by the produce of Jean Raisin's own powder-mill. But Jean, I believe, mostly shoots with an air-gun.

M. Moët, on presentation of a recommendation letter, at once acceded to my request, not only to travel through his unseen dominions, but also to watch his confidants at work; and in less than five minutes, I was tripping downstairs, candlestick in hand, as if it were bedtime. The plan of this great alembic of cosmopolitan luxury is exceedingly simple, and is easily carried away in the head. Here, no daylight streams in from above, nor too much air. On descending to the first grand level, you are conducted through a series of straight, dark-brown, dampish galleries, which cross each other right and left, and whose general plan is a short parallelogram or inexact square. Without the picturesque festoons and tapestry of funguses which decorate the London Docks, there is yet enough of long-standing mouldiness to give M. Moët's caves an unmistakably respectable and ancestral character. And for vastness, run as quick as you will, it would take more than three good hours to traverse them completely. From four to five millions of bottles are their contents; therefore on you go, and on and on, with regiments

of bottles drawn up on each side, and sometimes saluting you with a pop as you pass. You have no contrast of big tubs and small; no variety of ports, sherries, capes, and madeiras, in pipes, butts, hogsheads, and all the rest of it; but everywhere bottles of the same shape and the same size, except where pints or half-bottles take the place of whole ones. It is as well to walk carefully, else you may slip by stepping into the unctuous and sweet-smelling puddles that are formed by companies of explosionists on each side; and falls are best avoided in a country where, if you come to the ground, some fleshy portion of your precious person may chance to come in contact with a bit of broken glass. You look into black depths, whither the eye cannot penetrate; you pass by the massive square buttresses and pillars which support, like Atlas, the upper world on their broad bare shoulders; you see the sharp decided shadows following you close, as you and your candle travel along; and you are conscious that if your guide were evil-minded and were to leave you alone in a malignant fit of ill-temper, you would lose yourself as hopelessly as a child straying in the catacombs of Paris. You descend from cellar to cellar. All these different depths and various degrees of temperature and dampness offer an extensive choice of climate, which the experienced owner doubtless well knows how to turn to the best advantage. As means of communication between these stages—for tubs of wine, for instance, that are condemned to be let down and bled to death and bottled in darkness—there are trap-doors cut in the floor in places where you would never look for them. From time to time, you come upon groups of sepia-coloured men busily employed at their subterranean tasks. By the light of their candles, they hardly look alive. At a few yards' distance, they strike you rather as spirited sketches done in burnt unber by some modern Rembrandt, than as breathing, warm-blooded fellow-creatures. There is closeness and mystery in the caverns of Epernay, as there was light and space in the grottoes of Châlons. M. Moët might summon a conference of the gnomes; while M. Jacquesson is almost privileged to invite the sylphs to shelter themselves in a cool retreat when oppressed by the sultriness of the summer air on the top of the hill. You depart from both in wonderment that such vast, ponderous, and costly machinery should be employed in a work of no greater utility or necessity than that of furnishing a tickling draught to fastidious palates.

We call champagne a sparkling wine; which is quite a mistake. We might as well talk about sparkling ginger-pop. The French more correctly style it *mousseux*, or frothy. It does not sparkle so brightly as soapsuds. A dewdrop sparkles, a diamond sparkles better still. In the way of gems, the only thing to which champagne makes the slightest ap-

proach, is to seed pearls dancing on the surface of a glass of water. Burgundy fills the glass like a liquid ruby; claret shines softly with a more purple glow; effervescing champagne offers no brilliancy to the eye. It is only bright when it is still, or in the popular notion, good for nothing. Both frothy wines and white wines differ greatly in their mode of preparation from those that are respectably still and red. One rule, however, holds good for all: the best vineyards produce the best liquor, and the quality is equally distinguishable whether the bottle is meant to go off like a duelling pistol, or to be opened quietly and noiselessly. If the juice obtained from the grape has only undergone a sort of half fermentation—if a slight piquancy has commenced, it is called *vin bourru*. White grapes are mostly treated thus, and the liquor is in great request amongst certain persons during the vintage. It possesses all the faults and inconveniences of sweet wine, purges like it, and is windy and indigestible. Its admirers, who belong to the old school rather than the new, assert that it is diuretic, solvent, purificative, and so on. When corked in bottle, it bursts a great many, after the fashion of champagne wine, to which it approaches in its nature. Left in open vessels, it completes its fermentation, and passes into the state of ordinary wine; only much inferior, from the circumstance of not having regularly gone through all the steps of the process, and in the proper time. There are certain sweet wines, sometimes called liqueurs, such as Bergerac, Arbois, Condrieux, Lunel, Frontignan, Rivesalte, which are prepared almost without fermentation. The bunches, most generally of Muscat grapes, are cut very late, just before the frosts come on, after they have undergone the evaporation of nearly one half of their substance, and are become shrivelled and wrinkled. They are carefully picked, almost berry by berry, crushed, and the juice, at once put into the hogshead, finishes its working and clears itself there. These wines keep for an indefinite period. Similar wine is made in the isles of Greece, in Spain, in the Canaries and Madeira, where spirit is mostly added; as to port wine, especially when it has to travel. The English rarely taste any but alcoholized wines; pure wine being notoriously too insipid to please the British palate. The consequence is that we seldom have the chance of tasting it pure. But the list of articles formerly used in France itself to adulterate wine is really frightful. To begin with innocent water, there follow perry, cider, and beet-root juice; then come elder, privet and other berries, with logwood; decoctions of elder flowers, celery, and sage, doctored up with alcohol; and last, sugar of lead, which, if it failed to paralyse and kill the wine-bibber, gave him painter's colic as a mild form of disease. Its use is now said to be discontinued by the Parisian wine-doctors, as involving too great a

risk for themselves as well as for their customers. What they now employ instead, I know not. Even in France, wine is said to be occasionally made without a single drop of grapejuice in it. Verily, one ought to rejoice greatly after swallowing a bumper of genuine wine.

Amongst the French there is a wide-spread and firmly-rooted opinion that their white wines, as an habitual beverage, are less wholesome than the red. They are believed to shake the nervous system, and to be capiteux, or to fly to the head. Myself would not confirm this judgment, as a rule, knowing that the effect complained of is nothing more than the natural effect of the quantity and strength of the liquid imbibed. Most white wines either slip down so easily, that you have not the slightest suspicion how much you have taken, or are so strong that they surprise you before you are aware of it, when you thoughtlessly consume your usual allowance. But wine, besides its stimulating properties, also contains medicinal elements; and white wines are partially deficient in these, from the absence of the red particles and the other tonic and strengthening contents of the skin which are associated with them. Amongst Frenchmen, too, white wine (champagne excepted, because it costs so dear), reckons for nothing. A bottle of Chablis, or Sauterne, at déjeuner (a repast which does not correspond to the English breakfast), is looked upon merely as a bottle of water, just serving to wash down a few shell-fish, or other little preliminary whet, before the serious business of the meal begins. As a somewhat exaggerated sample of the prevalent idea, we may take the celebrated feat of the Parisian oyster-woman, who betted that she would eat twelve dozen oysters, and drink twelve glasses of chablis, while the clock of Saint-Eustache was striking twelve; which she executed, thus: on the pewter counter of the Commerce de Vins where the performance came off, there were ranged, in regimental row, a dozen tumblers, in each of which a dozen small oysters were floating in a limpid bath of chablis wine. At the first stroke of the clock, down went the contents of tumbler number one; the rest glided down in steady succession; and she won her bet.

The luscious sweet wines, surcharged with sugar and the principles contained in the flesh of the grape—such as Muscat-Frontignan—though medicinal and restorative in small doses, and reputedly injurious in larger draughts, are too cloying to fear much danger of their being taken in excess. Yet I have seen a bottle quaffed at a sitting with evident satisfaction and benefit, by an individual whose bodily constitution was pining after saccharine and viscous material. Some people are mad at times after a draught of sweet wine; just as deer are irresistibly attracted by the American salt-licks. The great fault of champagne is that you can never

have enough of it. In my time, I have had enough port; occasionally (if only a glass) too much of cape and sherry; enough burgundy. But champagne, after it is down your throat, cries "More! more!" as fiercely and undeniably as a famished ogress panting for blood. When I feel that the demon has taken possession, the only way to dislodge her is to slake my thirst with a pint of bordeaux.

For the manufacture of champagne, the grapes, instead of being taken to the pressing-place in balonges, are carefully carried thither in baskets, after being gathered in the cool of the morning. Great pains is taken not to shake them more than can possibly be helped. Because in good years, the juice that would be squeezed out by the mere weight of the bunches piled on each other, which is the finest portion of the liquor, would all be lost; and hot sunshine, by hastening the dissolution of the skin in the juice so let out, would tinge the must with colouring matters. It is really a no more wonderful phenomenon that white wine should be made from black grapes, than that a black hen should lay a white egg; the juice of black grapes being naturally white, except in a few less common species, as the Teinturier. The main point in order to keep the wine colourless is, that the grapes should be unbroken and not allowed to ferment in the least, either in a cuve, or in the baskets on their way to one. They do not go into a mashtub at all, but are immediately put into the press, and are squeezed a first, second, third, and even a fourth time. The liquor from the last pressing is apt to be coloured, and is inferior in quality to that from the two first.

New tubs are then filled three-quarters full with the juice produced by these different squeezings. They are left open to ferment for a fortnight, at the end of which period, they are filled completely and tightly stopped with a close-fitting bung. It is a great point with white wines to preserve them colourless. One mode is to be careful in keeping the tub always full. This precaution prevents the absorption of oxygen, which, incorporating with the wine, would turn it yellow, and cause it to lose a portion of its perfume and lightness. Some time in the month of January, the wine is racked off, or drawn from the lees, and immediately clarified by means of isinglass or gluten. Six weeks afterwards, it is clarified again; and if, in April, it is found that the wine has not the requisite transparency, it is drawn off a third time and dosed with animal jelly. In the course of April or May it is bottled, and into each bottle is put a dose of liquor composed of equal parts of the wine itself and sugar candy. For pink champagne, the liquor is made with red wine. About three per cent is the ordinary dose of sirop. The cork is tied down, fastened with wire, or, as at M. Moët's, with an iron clasp called an agrafe, and deposited in a cellar, where it can enjoy the nearest

approach to a uniform temperature. For now comes the tug of war. A regiment of champagne bottles, at this stage of their existence, are terribly mutinous and excitable. You wouldn't believe Jean Raisin to be of so peppery a temperament; but at the least provocation, he becomes a perfect bottle-imp, bursts into a rage, breaks a blood-vessel, maims himself for life, and falls a sacrifice to the violence of his passions. If the weather is too incendiary, the riot act is often read, by bringing a cargo of ice; but the tranquillising arguments generally arrive too late, after all the mischief is done.

Champagne spends the summer reclining thus, though too often not reposing, in a horizontal position. The bursting of the bottles is simply caused by the formation inside of a greater quantity of carbonic acid gas than the vessel of glass has strength to contain. Purchasers prefer the wine which has exploded in the largest proportion, and make strict inquiries as to its performances in this line. If it had not burst at all, they would have nothing to say to it. About fifteen per cent is a very respectable amount of burstage, satisfactory to all parties. Sometimes it rises to more than thirty per cent, and then becomes ruinous to the manufacturer.

In September, and later, after the internal fermentation and gas-making is nearly complete, there forms at the lower part of the bottle a quantity of dark, loose sediment, looking something like curdled soot, which would quite spoil the brilliancy and even the cleanliness of the sample, if suffered to remain. To get rid of this is the delicate task that has now to be undertaken. The bottles have to be placed sur pointe, as it is called, in their bottle-racks; that is, leaning with their necks downward, at an angle of not quite forty degrees. The sediment has thus a tendency to sink towards the cork. Each individual bottle has then to be moved or slightly twisted, with the least perceptible shock, or coup de main (increasing the inclination from time to time), every day for a month or six weeks, according to the season and the quality of the wine. It seems an endless and impossible job to treat in this way the multitudinous contents of such a cellar as M. Moët's; but one clever active man can turn and shake, upon a stretch, as many as fifteen thousand bottles a day. At last, when the dark deposit is all got down to the cork, the wine is ready to submit to the operation called "dégorging," or disgorging. The workman, or dégorgeur, who performs it is remarkably light-fingered. Each bottle is handed to him, and taken from him, by an attendant slave on either side. He holds it horizontally, removes the wire or the iron clasp, takes out the cork, lets a spoonful of froth spurt out with a fizz (carrying with it the ugly dregs), raises the bottle perpendicularly, replaces the cork, and the feat is done. Like all other

clever tricks, it looks easy enough when performed adroitly; although, were you and I to attempt it, we should probably empty the bottle before we knew that the cork had stirred. Home-made champagne, to approach perfection, ought to be treated according to the same legerdemain.

A first disgorging is seldom sufficient; it generally has to be followed by a second and a third. The bottle has again to be laid sloping, heels upwards, in the rack. An additional drop of liquor is, now and then, put in at the subsequent operations. At the last disgorging, its doom is finally fixed by a band of five or six executioners, who sit in silent and solemn row, with their instruments of torture before them. The first man wipes off the perspiration which has settled on its face at the anticipation of its approaching fate; the second bleeds it afresh at the neck, as before described; the third claps it under an iron vice, in which there is a cylindrical hole of the same size as the inside of the neck of the bottle, a screw compresses the cork sufficiently to go in, the man relentlessly knocks it down with a punch, and the bottle is gagged; the fourth secures the cork with string; the fifth secures the string with wire; and a sixth seizes the iron-bound victim, and hurries it incontinently nobody knows where. You guess though, when you behold, on reaching daylight, a trio of compassionate women nursing the poor afflicted sufferers upstairs. The first female wipes off the sweat of agony with which it is bedewed; the second binds up its wounds with a healing-plaister of paste and lead-leaf; the third wraps it in a paper winding-sheet, and hands it to a man, the sexton of the champagne cemetery, who entombs it in a wicker basket, and scrupulously buries it in clean rye straw. The sacrifice is ended now. Jean Raisin's relentless pursuers may at last suck his blood at their ease.

Champagne is not fit to be thus delivered up before the May of the second year; so that a bottle of frothy wine cannot be drunk till from eighteen to twenty months after it has been vintaged, at the very soonest. It is better even the thirtieth month after it has quitted the parent vine. This, with the trouble, the loss, and the cellar-rent, make it impossible that genuine, properly-prepared champagne should be otherwise than costly. The maker, merely to pay his outlay, must dispose of it at a heavy price. Champagne, therefore, is the wine of the wealthy. At a second-rate inn in Epernay, the Siren, which is not without its own particular fascinations, I paid four francs for a bottle of Aï. Wine-merchants on the spot cannot let you have passable Sillery for less than two francs and a half per bottle. But let not those who cannot afford to drink champagne envy too bitterly those who can. The loss is by no means so great as they fancy. "Which shall

we have, champagne or bordeaux?" said I to a Frenchman whom I wanted to reward for talking, as well as to set him talking a little more. "Champagne is the more noble," he answered, after deep consideration; "but it is five francs the bottle. The bordeaux here is good, and costs only thirty sous. One bottle of bordeaux will fortify our stomachs better than two bottles of champagne; and for one bottle of champagne we can have three of bordeaux, with ten sous to spare for something else. Let us drink bordeaux, monsieur, if you please." And bordeaux we did drink.

I have heard of physicians prescribing port, madeira, hock, sherry, and even brandy-and-water, to their convalescents; I have known them order effervescent drinks, as seltzer, soda, and other waters, mixed solutions of acids and alkalis that throw off, on meeting, a whiff of fresh-made gas; but I never knew a doctor recommend champagne. On the contrary, French medical men have told me that persons who make a daily practice of drinking champagne at their meals, although not in excess, do themselves no good by it. Before the invention of chloroform, a Parisian surgeon, observing that drunken men often inflicted serious injury upon themselves without suffering pain from it at the time, conceived the idea of inebriating his patients with champagne before operating upon them. Some cases succeeded well; in others, the reaction had baneful effects; in a few the patient was excited to frenzy, and became unmanageable. The system was not persevered in.

Champagne is deficient in one of the most meritorious qualities of wine—the length of time it may be kept to advantage. Champagne, unlike friendship as it ought to be, does not improve with the lapse of years. I was surprised to be told that the oldest wine in M. Jacquesson's cellars was of the forty-nine vintage. The old age of champagne is inglorious. A bin of leaky bottles, with the string rotted, the wires rusty, the gas escaped, and the sweetness turned to bitter mould and flat mustiness, is a thing to be got rid of at once with as little ceremony as possible. Burgundy and port often terminate their span of existence with all the glories of a gorgeous sunset; champagne, if suffered to survive so long, is apt to go out like a tallow candle burnt into the socket.

Nowhere is champagne the common beverage of the people (which diminishes its title to respect, and is almost a just ground for separating and distinguishing it from wine proper), any more than pastry is anywhere their daily bread. Champagne is the confectionary of wine-making; and both that and pastry are superfluous luxuries. Neither a garrison in a state of siege, nor a populous island on which provisions ran short, with no immediate supply at hand, would think of brewing champagne or making puff tarts.

The precise epoch during a repast at which champagne is usually drunk is different in England from what it is in France,—John Bull proving himself the more sensible. We trifle with the seducer during dinner; the French yield themselves up to him at dessert, and when they once begin, they often go on. If a feast must be ennobled by the presence of champagne, in compliance with the ladies' wishes (who, ever since the days of Eve, have desired to partake of what does them least good), my dictum is, to serve to each person present one large well-filled glass, containing not less than a quarter of a pint, and to make it instantly vanish, bottles and wine, for the rest of the evening from the dining-room. Champagne's real place is not at a dinner, but at a ball. A cavalier may appropriately offer, at propitious intervals, a glass now and then to his dancress. There, it takes its fitting rank and position amongst feathers, gauzes, lace, embroidery, ribbons, white satin shoes, and eau de Cologne. It is simply one of the elegant extras of life; and far should I be from condemning it in its way. But we must not let it give itself too many airs because it is a dandy gentleman. It ought not to push into the background of neglect and disesteem, the more solid and generally useful elixirs of life.

BANOOLAH.

"LET go the anchor!"—Grating and harsh the sound
As the rough chain unwound its shrieking coils,
And after noiseless motion, scarce perceived,
Our gallant ship swung slowly,—bows to land.

Then grew the bay all picture; sound was none.
A thousand sails deep-tinted, strange of shape,
Swell'd seaward; thousand paddles flapp'd the calm;
A thousand dusky faces soon look'd up,
Large-eyed, and ivory-tooth'd, and gentle-voiced,
And spoke in syllables that died away
Like music; and at intervals a hand,
Small, feminine, with grace in every move,
Holds up a flower. Oh! beautiful the forms
Of those lithe Naiads, with the simple band
Pendant from flexile waist; and soft the smiles
They shed, impartial, over all the ship,—
On captain, bronzed with fifty years of storm,—
Staid mate, important, stepping stem and stern,—
And middy, wild with wonder at the scene.

Shoreward, white tents were dotted round the bay,
With statelier buildings mix'd, but simple all,
Rough trunks close-fitted, yet with chinks between
Where herbage grew, cross-barr'd with bands of pine,
And roof'd with glistening canes. There kings reside,
Kings and great lords, stewards and chamberlains,
Stickless as yet, unstarr'd, unribbanded,
The half-clothed marquises of Owahce!

Far inland, like cathedral's lifted dome,
Rose a rude shape, half-lost amid the blue,
A cloud, unchanging in its form—so still
The summer air—self-balanced as a tower.
Fit canopy of gloom and grandeur, piled
Above the molten sea that seethes and boils
Within the lofty hill where Belah dwells,—
Belah, dread goddess! whose low-whisper'd name
Shatter'd the stoutest hearts like words of doom.

Our surgeon told this legend of the days
Ere Christ was known and Belah held her rule.
And many a sigh the sad narrator heaved
While, leaning on the taffrail, looking down
On the unnumber'd thousands in the boats,
And countless swimmers raising watchful eyes
All round the ship,—he told the piteous tale.

Hast thou, O man! when midnight, girt with storms,
Shrieks through the wood and heralds Belah's path,
No dread that in the pauses of the wind
The shapeless lips shall syllable thy name?

Paomi waked,—and trembled as he lay;
For in the howlings of that midnight gust
Rose to his ear the name he loved the best,
Banoolah—What? Banoolah, with rich hair,
Giving its tint to the white brow and neck,
Like crimson sunset on the snow—his child!
He wakes the dark-eyed mother of his babe.

"Belah has called Banoolah!" was the word
That smote her ear and still'd her beating heart,
While with wide nostril, and pale, parted lips,
He sat and listen'd for the awful sound.
"Rightly," that wife replied, and smote her breast,
"Rightly has Belah called,—for are we not
Servants of Belah? Are we not the work
Of Belah's hands? and trampled 'neath her heel
Since we forgot the tribute to her shrine?"
"What tribute?" answered tremblingly the man.
"All that we love! Have we not kept the child,
Vowed ere its birth, Banoolah, yellow-hair'd?"
Silent the man lay, shaking all the couch
With the strong agony of remorseful fear.
"Three years our crops have fail'd, our boat return'd
Empty, and now the sea contains it all—
Riven plank and broken mast, and shiver'd oar.
Belah's hot breath o'erwhelm'd it, and it sank,
And beggars us."

"What remedy?"

"But one!"

In silence lay they both; and fresh arose
The sweeping wind. The trees bent crashing boughs,
Rock'd the frail hut.—"But one!" again she said,
"She calls! Hark!"

Terror gave articulate voice,
And through the tranced caverns of their hearts
They heard, "Banoolah—feed me on her life,
Or you and all your house shall surely die."

Meanwhile, in shudderings of a fearful dream,
The child, which lay, leaf-cover'd, on the floor,
Sighed "Mother! mother!" and relapsed to sleep.
"But must we die?" whispered the wife,—"or, worse,
Live 'neath the curse of Belah, in the scorn
Of happier mothers, who have paid the price
Of Belah's love, and walk in innocence
For that they have fulfill'd her holy law?"
"When?" said Paomi, with a start of thought
That pierced the future.

"To delay is death,"

Replied Nooravah. And again the dream
Pass'd through the shaken fancies of the child,
"Oh! father! father! take Banoolah home!
The waves are rough." So said she as she dream'd.

Loud as 'mid shouts of battle when the spear
Shakes ere it flies, his voice burst through the gloom.
"Now!—ere the deed has time to pass beyond
The shade it casts upon my soul! Now! Now!"
Has fury seized him? He has left his lair,
Cast his short mantle round, and clutch'd the child,—

From slumber with a shriek of pain she woke,
For his hot grasp was on her shoulder laid,
And dinted all his fingers in her flesh.
At one fierce drag he raised her from the ground:
"Help, mother!" cried the child with piteous sobs.
But silent in the strugglings of her soul—
And breathing wildly—with convulsive clasp,
Guarding the blanket which immured her face,
The mother lay. "Will you not look on her,
On the sweet flower you punctured on her breast,
Sign of our house, the daisy yellow-ring'd?"
"Go! go! I will not see her lest I die.
Spare not the richest of your goods, the child,—
Belah will smile. Go! go!"—And he was gone.

There was no moon that night; the land lay dead
Beneath the wood, thick matted, which by day
Made midnight on the path to Belah's home.
Through the thick shrubs Paomi led the child;
Up the steep hill Paomi led the child;
Close to the edge he led the child, and stopt.
"Home go, Banoolah!" said the tottering voice,
"Home to Nooravah! Home, Banoolah, go!"
Paomi shudder'd as he heard the words,
And fancied the sweet eyes he could not see.
He felt the timid clinging of her hand,—
The little hand that lay so close in his.
"Home! ay, Banoolah shall go home," he said,
And lift his eyes and saw a gush of flame
Pierce the red cloud. "Banoolah shall go home
And dwell with mighty gods and famous men,
And never thirst nor hunger any more.
Come onward!"—On the giddy brink they stood,
And heard far down the billows of dark fire
Dashing, like ocean, 'gainst a rocky shore.
"Banoolah, do you love me?" in quick words
Paomi said, and touch'd her on the arm.
"Banoolah loves Paomi," said the child,
"And loves Nooravah too."—Down the black chasm
He look'd, and upward rose, with hideous bound,
Black fringed and red within, a flood of fire,
And closed him round, and stifled all his breath;
And shuddering, shaken in his limbs, he stept
Backward a space, and panted, and revived.
Then, struggling with himself, and mad with rage,
He grasp'd the child and hurried to the abyss.
But silent through the darkness moved a form,
With noiseless step, and touched him where he stood.
"Stay, murderer!" said the voice,—"
repent and live!
God is not here."—"Who speaks?" Paomi said.

"I, Melville, your king's friend, and yours—the man
That tells you how to live and how to die—
I've seen you in the crowd when I've proclaim'd
Christ our Redeemer—Christ our only King!"
"I know not Christ—Belah demands my child,"
Paomi said. "But Christ is mightier far;
Mighty to save," said Melville. "Leave with me
The innocent child; leave her to me and God!"
"And Belah—Hark! she thunders!"

With soft hand

Melville has drawn Banoolah to his side.
"Will you love Christ, my little maid?" he said,
"And he will give you life." Upon her knee
Sank the frail child, and kiss'd the preacher's hand:
"Banoolah will love Christ." "Then come with me,"
He said, and raised her in his loving arms,
And bore her gently to the downward path.
And rack'd 'tween love and fear, the father stood,
Unable to resist the yearning thought
That his Banoolah should be saved, yet wild
With terror at the doom Banoolah sends.

Meanwhile, brave Melville bore Banoolah down
Swiftly, and left the path, and wound and wound
Through treadless ways, to baulk pursuing feet,—
But none pursued.

The morning faintly broke
Upon the topmost trees, and on the ridge
Where Belah's breath hung heavy. In the shade
Stood, motionless, Paomi, gazing up
To the thick vaporous cloud that changed itself
In rapid-fading forms, but dreadful all,
And threatening vengeance. Seated on hot throne,
Belah stretch'd forth her hand, and shook her curse
From open palms. Paomi turn'd to go,
And, breathless, lifts the latch: Nooravah wakes;
"Our life is crush'd into a minute's space,
And we must die, for Belah follows fast!"

Nooravah sat and murmur'd under breath
Half syllables of prayer to move the Fiend,
With gaspings at her throat that choked her words;
But swaying to and fro to rock the pain,
She caught with deaden'd sense Paomi's voice:
"The child Banoolah lives!" When this she heard,
Oh! with a start, a sudden shriek she pour'd
Straight from her woman's heart, and stood dilate,
With hand outstretch'd, and lips kept wide apart,
All eye, all ear. "She lives!" at last she said;
"Yea; I have blest the gods for many gifts,—
For plenteous summers in the olden time;
For fruit, for flowers, for fish from the deep sea;
For love like yours, Paomi; and, best of all,
For the light step that sounded on the floor,
And the blithe voice that caroll'd at the porch,
And the fair hair that fell o'er all her neck,
And the deep eyes that settled on my face;
But never, never did I bless the gods
With such fond heart as now—Banoolah lives!"

Sudden a tremor shook the solid ground;
Thick smoke fill'd all the hut. A rattling noise
Of crashing boughs and splitting trunks went by,
And earthquake heaved the soil. "Away, away!"
Paomi cried; and madden'd with wild fear,
They fled. But whither? Upward, in a crowd,
Shrieking and dancing in delirious grief,
Came thousands, waving arms, and swinging high
Sharp spears; and at their head, with eyeballs fix'd
And rigid sinews, lifting moveless hands,
Moved Belah's priest. At such a sight, the hearts
Of the two tremblers wither'd like a leaf
Furestruck; and, 'mid the silence that fell down
Upon the heaving crowd,—as in a storm
Comes calm when at the wildest,—rose the voice
Strain'd, harsh, as from an organ not his own.
The words unconscious flowed, of Belah's priest,
And cried, "Paomi, who has done this thing?"
Prone on his face Paomi bent and fell,—
Prone on the ground, yet reeling with the shock,
And heated with the molten sea beyond.
"Tis I," he said; "I waken'd Belah's wrath,
And robb'd her of her gift, and this the end!"
Then told he all; how, year by year, his life
Grew harder, as the Power forbore her smile;
How, though his veins were redden'd with the juice
Of kingly stems, his fortunes sank so low
That Hunger walk'd around his empty hut,
Narrowing its path, till in a wasted ring
His home lay fireless. Then he told at last
How Belah claim'd her gift, and how he toil'd,
He and Banoolah, through the darken'd path;
And how, when midst a glory from the shrine
The child seem'd girt with fire, an impious hand

Was laid upon him, and the gift withdrawn
From Belah's open'd lips.

Impetuous heaved
The dusky crowd, like surges on a shore
In moonless nights, with inarticulate sound;
But found a voice, when piercing like a cry
Of eagles in the air, the priest exclaim'd,
"Woe, woe upon the guilty—he must die!
Melville, the stranger who invents false gods,
And young Banoolah,—both of them must die!
Brothers and men! No deed like this is done
In all our years since flung from Belah's mouth
The pearl lay on the waters where we dwell.
This stranger seeks to entangle us with lies,
And tells of one who clomb to Belah's throne
Through whips and scorn, and an avenging tree.
Say, what shall be his doom, and what the child's?"

The crowd was silent for a minute's space:
"Let Melville die, and let Banoolah die,"
Said a weak voice; and when men look'd, they saw
A woman with her hands upon her face,
And knew it was Nooravah—"let them die!"

Lo! there they come! And thousand eyes were
turn'd

To where, emerging from the close-set trees,
The aged man came forward, leading slow
Banoolah by the hand; her little feet
Bleeding, and all her motions dull'd with pain;
A fair-hair'd child, like some sweet English girl
Tired with long journeyings in the woods in May,
When following the young flowers to make a wreath,
And heedless of the briars that plant their thorns
In naked leg and ruddy rounded arm,
But different in sad looks, and anxious eyes
That knew of danger near, yet knew not what.

Forth from the crowd two stalwart warriors prest,
And grappled Melville's unresisting hands;
And one caught up Banoolah with harsh gripe,
And never from the ground Nooravah look'd,
And sad Paomi held Nooravah's hand,
And look'd upon the ground, as fathers look
Within the hollow of a daughter's grave!
But all the rabble was alive with wrath,
And howl'd triumphant songs, and bore the twain
Resistless to the beach. The ebbing sea
Lapp'd the calm shore, and in the slanting sun
The moisten'd pebble shone, and here and there
Danced a light skiff, or, half-afoat, half-dry,
Dinted with deepening prow the glistening sand.

Then spoke the priest: "Oh, God! whose tent is
spread
In sightless levels of the hungry sea,
Where earth is all unknown, and lonely waves
Welter for ever without sound or form!
We give thee these, whom Belah's hands reject,
And fling from out the land where Belah dwells!
Engulf them in the jaws where ships go down,
And cleanse Earth's blessed soil of so much wrong!
For it is written in our changeless law
That Belah's foes shall perish in the deeps!"

A boat was launch'd, a small and fragile boat,—
And on its floor was placed a cocoa-cup,
With scanty water, and such tree-born bread
As might suffice a child her morning meal,—
Naught else,—and from the vessel they removed
Mast, oar, and sail, and in it placed the pair,—
The white-hair'd preacher, and Banoolah.

Quick!

Push them away! for, shouting, waving high
Her frantic arms, Nooravah through the crowd
Rush'd, blind to all but the insensate girl
Who lay in Melville's arms, and never more
Lifted her eyes, or moved, or broke in sobs.
But with a spring, that plash'd in blinding foam
The shallow wave, Nooravah clutch'd the boat,
And caught the child, and tore from its white breast
The mantle's fold, and kiss'd the filial sign,
The punctured daisy with the rings of gold,
And kiss'd and kiss'd with lips that drew the blood,
So savage was their press! Then at a word
The child was seized, and placed in Melville's arms;
And folding all her robe around her head,
Nooravah bent her down, as if to hear
Banoolah's voice,—but silent was the child.

Then rose a shout when motion took the boat
And bit by bit, with fond returning prow,
From backward wave to wave still farther back,
The bark with idle liftings felt the call
Of the mid ocean, and released the land.
"Go!" said the priest, "Belah, who dwells on high,
Looks from her throne of thunder and dark cloud,
And sees far off, beyond the reach of sight,
The waken'd tempest waiting for his prey.
Go! Belah shakes the guilty from her lap,
And death awaits you where no eye shall see!"
And high replied the old man from the boat,
"God's eye shall see us in the trackless waste;
Yea! and his love shall save us though we die!"
But soon his voice was lost, and on they sped
Far from the shore; and with intentest eyes
The crowd gazed on, with still unsated rage,
Till the small vessel sank into a speck,
And in the widening distance died away.

PART II.

"Ah, wretched end!" I said, when here the tale
Broke off, "What fate could be the hapless pair's?"
"They must have perish'd either by the waves
Engulfing all, or by the crueler death
Of thirst and hunger on the breathless sea,—
Or haply, as has chanced to native praams,
They may have drifted 'cross the homeward path
Of England's commerce, and been saved at last.—
I heard, indeed, how once a Bristol ship
Had rescued a small child, which sat alone
Beside an old man's corse,—too young for words,
Or crush'd by want and fear till memory died.
But here come all the brethren from the shore,
The Holy Preachers, who have brought this land
Into God's light. Oh! great shall be their praise!
'Tis twenty years since Melville dree'd his doom,
And, lo! the thing he pray'd for has been done!"

Beside us on the deck with glowing heart
Stood Edward Elliot; and a soft white hand
Lay on his arm, and with fond loving eyes
His wife look'd on his face.

"God's will be done!"

He said; "dear Edith, this our field of toil,—
This the dear home we've pictured in our talk
In the old time when first I took the vow
To spread God's name, and on an autumn eve,
Beside the little brook that girdled in
Your uncle's orchard with a zone of sound,
You whisper'd in a voice I scarce could hear,
That you would aid me in the cause I loved.
Have you repented of the word you spoke?"
Silent stood Edith Elliot for a time,
And gazed all round. The bay more fill'd had grown,

With sail and shallop, and a thousand waves
Danced onward, with a thousand joyous boys
And splashing girls, wild with their ocean games,
Tumbling with shrilly laughter from the crest,
And diving to the depths, as if in shame.
Then turn'd she moisten'd eyes, and press'd his arm
And said "what answer more do you require?"
Gay-pennon'd, with the Union at the mast,
And rowed by six young chiefs, who kept their way,
Heedless of light canoe, and fluttering bark,
Like charging squadrons on a battle day,
A boat gleam'd round the point, and in the stern
Sate reverend men,—reverend, though young in years,
And matrons in their quiet English robes,
As if on some calm lake in Westmoreland,
All gazing on the ship. And Elliot gazed,
And Edith,—for these looked-for visitors
Were brethren of the mission. Side by side
Their future course must be. Ah! happy course,
Under the lifted banner of the Cross.

How sweet the meeting on the silent deck!
For no one spoke; but in the matron's hands
Lay Edith's, trembling with uneasy joy,
And tears were in her eyes,—and Elliot bent,
While hands were raised in prayer above his head.
Soon the three women silently withdrew
On sign from Edith, and with noiseless steps
Moved down the cabin stairs, and stopt at last
Where slept a rosy child two summers old,
Heedless of trampling deck and noisy bay.
Edith bent down, and kiss'd it as it slept,
Then careful raised it from its tiny bed,
And laid it in the smiling sister's arms.
"Oh! we will love the child," the sister said,
"And graft this bud of English innocent life
On the wild tree of this new waken'd land,
And watch its growth, till flower and fruit come forth
And all the Isle shall lie within its shade."
So Susan Marfeldt carried forth the child,
Childless herself; and Edith stood at gaze,
Watching the careful nurse from ship to boat,
From boat to shore, and up the shining beach,
Till the low, Mission dwellings took them in.—
And shoreward went the Brothers, deep in talk,
With many a pause, as up the bay they moved,
And pleased was Elliot with his new-found home.

"Look!" said the surgeon, and he touch'd my arm,
"The bark full sail'd upon our starboard beam!
That is the King's, Paomi." "What the wretch
Who slew Banoolah, is he now the king?"
"All things went well with him since that dread time;
Wealth, power, and vigorous hand, all built him up
Into the foremost man of all the isles.
And well he wears the crown and wields the sword,
Half-Christian—Christian only with the head—
His heart is with his idols as of old."
"And his more savage wife?" "Nooravah lives,
The fiercest worshipper of Belah's power
Of all who hear Christ's name and scorn his law.
See, there she stands."

Triumphant as a king
Who drinks the shouts of battle, tall she stood,
A javelin in her hand, and with proud lips
Look'd upward to the deck. Beside her sate
Paomi, kingly robed, and great of form,
Like Ajax, self-collected in his thought.

With boxes, trunks, and varying packages,
Wooden or leather-bound, of shape and size
Incongruous, linen bags and basket-work,
Cumbering the deck, and busied among them all

Edith was bent; her every faculty
Intent on rescuing from the common heap
Her separate goods, like some sage shepherdess
Drawing her own from forth commingled flocks,
When moved Nooravah up to where she stood,
Flush'd with unwonted toil, her hair disspread
In lustrous folds—her arm to the elbow bared,
And all her flexile limbs with gracious strength
Strung, like some Arab charger, fiery-eyed,
With sinewy power dilating all its form.

She took no heed; but soon the savage Queen
Touch'd her, and smiled, and pointed to her heart,
And said in liquid words, that in their sound
Bore meaning, though the language was unknown,
"Nooravah loves you." Then she laid her hand
On the long tresses, smoothing them all their length,
And call'd Paomi. Edith smiled and spoke,
And felt a yearning to them in her heart
As those who yet should listen to her voice,
And follow where she led to pastures new.

Nooravah mark'd no other in the ship,
But fix'd her eyes on Edith all the day,
And help'd her in her troubles, gathering up
Parcels and veils and shawls, and laugh'd aloud
When she had raised boxes of mightiest size
Which Edith strove in vain to push to a side.
And when the boat return'd, and all was pack'd
Along her floor, and piled above the seats,
Till scarce the levell'd oars had room to move,
Nooravah would not part from Edith's side,
But slid impetuous down the dangling rope
And sat beside her; and when fear made pale
Her fair companion's cheek, as roll'd the bark
With gunwale down, she press'd her in her arms;
And so in Queen Nooravah's fond embrace
Edith lay calm; and love conjoin'd the twain.

And when they reach'd the house, Nooravah look'd
Well pleased round all the rooms, and follow'd close
On tiptoe to the chamber, dim and cool,
Where sat kind sister Marfeldt by a bed
Watching the child. Nooravah stopt to gaze,
Her hand in Edith's. Then, as if at once,
A thought pass'd through her soul, she knew not what,
She darted to the couch, and lifted up
The sheet, and gentle-handed, turn'd aside
The shawl that wrapt the babe, and gazed and gazed
Upon her breast; and then, with big round tears
In her full eyes, she shook her head and sigh'd,
As those who seek the thing they cannot find.

Was it Banoolah's image that rose up
Before the mother's heart, till all the chords
Of her deep inner being felt the stir
Of unaccustom'd thoughts, like sudden gusts
That shake the sleeping woods, we know not why?

"Oh! blessed sight!" said Marfeldt, when at eve
The Christian band held commune, "blessed sight,
The tears that flow'd down fierce Nooravah's face,
And the sweet smile that follow'd Edith's steps,
And the awaken'd softness that well'd forth
On Edith's babe, for where such feelings dwell,
Behold! our loving God is nigh at hand!"

Then told they mutual stories of their lives,
Where each was born, what home they first had known,
Their fathers' names. And when to Edith's turn
These sweet unfoldings of the past came round,
Long time she paused, and blushing told at last
How all her years were dumb and had no voice
Till she was standing by her uncle's knee;

Yet not her uncle, but a loving heart
Which found her friendless, cast aside by all,
Like flower, chance-scatter'd on a nameless grave
And gave her home beside him, home and love.
But never had she seen a father's smile,
Nor felt a mother's hand upon her head.

"Yet are you not unhappy," Elliot said,
"No, nor yet friendless, for who knows you best
Loves you the most." Then added with a smile,
"Our fathers were plebeians; mine rose high,
And once was mayor of a country town;
But who can tell what great progenitors,
Howards, and mighty knights, and lords and earls,
Full quarter'd as the old Plantagenets,
Can boast a dear descendant such as you?
Haply some morn the fairy of your fate
Will tap three taps upon your chamber-door
And say, 'Come forth, fair princess; for the king,
Your royal father, longs to see your face.'"
They laugh'd, nor thought more meanly of their friend
That she had none to love but only them.

Next morning, soon as daylight touch'd the sea,
Nooravah lifted soft the wicket latch,
And laid a basket fill'd with fruit and flowers
Upon the window-sill where Edith slept,—
And slow withdrew, with many a look behind,
To mark if haply to the lattice came
The face she wish'd to see. But no one moved.
And day by day Nooravah placed her chair
By Edith's side, and taught her all the sounds
And soft inflexions of her Island tongue.—
And soon with ready lips could Edith tell
Of Heaven and all its hopes; and like a rain
In thirsty ground, her gentle words sank in.

As some lone tarn far up amid the hills,
Cloud-circled 'neath a thunder-laden sky,
Lies in thick gloom, till comes the mid-day sun
And shines upon its face; so from the heart
Of dark Nooravah every shadow fell,
And night was brighten'd into perfect day.

Paomi died; his hand in Edith's hand,
His eye with dying light on Edith's face.
"I go," he said, "to see the loving eyes
I ne'er shall see on earth; to look again
On the light limbs, to hear the happy voice
Of young Banoolah, at the feet of God."
Long Edith sat beside the savage king,—
Savage no more,—and heard him, with faint breath,
Whisper "Banoolah;" still, as if a charm
Lay in the sound, "Banoolah" to his lips
Came when he slept the uneasy sleep of pain,
Or when he waked within the shadow of Death.

A thousand thoughts flutter'd in Edith's heart,
Dim, fitful, with mysterious whisperings,—
Like leaves in midnight on a breezy hill—
But nought she spoke, as if her spirit lay
Imprison'd in a spell she could not break.

Slow-paced and sunken-eyed, Nooravah came
And sat whole days in Edith's little room,
In voiceless grief,—and hung o'er Edith's child,
Her Rachel, whether playing wild with glee,
Or silent listening with her great round eyes
To tales her mother told.—"But thirty moons
Had seen Banoolah when she pass'd away;
And Rachel now has thirty moons," she said,
"And what a life before her fill'd with joy!"

Then broke she forth in passionate sobs and tears,
Like thunder-clouds in autumn, toss'd with storms :
" Why do I live to lift unhappy eyes
And read no pardon in a brazen sky ?
Why do I lift blood-stained hands like these
In mockery to a God who will not hear ?
Oh ! blessed are the mothers who have wept
O'er lidless coffins where their infants lay ;
Blessed their eyes, who, through the mist of tears,
Have seen fresh earth upon their children's graves ! "

" Nooravah ! " Edith said, " your eyes are dim,
And see not what is written on the Cross—
Pardon and Rest. Oh ! heaviest sin of all,
And least deserving Mercy, is Despair ! "
Then led she upward from the Valley of Death,
Through tangled thorns, the steep ascending way,
Till on the Mount they stood—where, clear and large,
Lay, 'mid the hills of Peace, the City of God.
And holiest comfort fill'd Nooravah's heart,
And from her ransom'd soul the chains fell down.

Yet as a bird that on the mountain peak
Has shrill'd for battle, if perchance it feel
The captive bond, and from its bruised heart
The thirst of blood depart, and pride of power,
Decays and pines,—so, from Nooravah's life
Strength pass'd, and passionless and weak she lay.
" Nooravah ! is it sleep that dims thine eyes,
Or Death's advancing shadows o'er thy face ? "
Said Edith, whispering in the slumberer's ear.
" Give me a sign with thine uplifted hand
That thou hast entrance to the Ark of Christ. "

The hand rose up ; the eye unclosed again,
The form dilated, and erect she stood.
" Yea ! I have peace. Yet in this hour of hope
One thought hangs heavy on my upward spring.
There is a light of something in thine eyes,
There is a sound of something in thy tone,
Thy hands' soft touch, thy smile, that ever more
Minds me of something ! " Then, with rapid steps
She press'd to Edith, and with lifted voice,
Shrieks—" I adjure thee, tell me who thou art !
For I've had visions in the long dull nights
That fill my room with light ! " Then trembling hands
Cast off the shawl that fell on Edith's neck,
Tore loose the ties that bound her silken robe,
Held down its fold,—and on the marble skin
What did she see ?—With scream of wildest joy
Nooravah sank, and gazed with clasped hands
On the sweet flower that glow'd upon her breast,—
The daisy, yellow-ring'd,—the filial sign !
" Banoolah ! my Banoolah ! " cried the Queen ;
" My daughter ! "—and with passionate strength she
strove,
And rose, and put her arms around the neck,
And kiss'd the flower,—and looking long and deep
In Edith's face, with such a smile as lies
Like holy sunshine round the lips of saints,
The mother loosed her hold, and falling slow,
Lay in triumphant rest at Edith's feet.

THE BLACK SEA FIVE CENTURIES AGO.

IN digging down through the strata of
past centuries, surprising contrasts wor-
thy to be contemplated, sometimes pre-
sent themselves. We have just turned over
the leaves of one of the volumes of the
Arab Ibn-Batutah's Travels, now publish-

ing by the Asiatic Society of Paris. The
name of Sinope arrested us. What was this
pious man from Morocco doing there, during
the first half of the fourteenth century ? He
had wandered through many African and
Asiatic regions, and was on his way to
visit a country, now interesting to our-
selves under the name of Southern Russia.
Sinope was already in the hands of the Turks,
although many infidel Greeks lived there
under protection of the Muslims. From one
of these a vessel was hired. The voyagers set
out ; but, three days afterwards, met with a
violent tempest, such as sometimes troubles
that sea about the equinox of spring. They
were driven back in sight of land ; but tried
their fortunes, once more, and, after much
rough weather, appeared before the port of
Kertch, familiar now-a-days to the stu-
dents of war-maps. Some men upon the
mountain, however, for reasons not explained,
signed to them to keep off ; so they crossed to
the mainland and took ground there, at a
place where was a church attended by a
single monk. In those days Christianity and
Islamism were, so to speak, dovetailed one
into the other all along their frontiers, al-
though the former was gradually retiring
and the latter advancing triumphantly, out-
flanking the great Greek capital, before
daring to assault it.

Desht Kifjak, or the Wilderness or Stepp
of Kifjak, on the edge of which the traveller
had landed, was green and flowery, but
without mountain, or hill, or slope, or tree.
Nothing was to be obtained for firing but the
dung of animals, which even the great people
collected as a precious thing, and carried
home in the skirts of their garments. The
wilderness was said to extend for the space of
six months' journey, three of which were within
the territories of Mohammed Uzbek Khan,
whom the traveller desired to visit. He pro-
ceeded in the first place to Kaffi, a city built
on the shores of the sea, and inhabited by
Christians, for the most part Genoese, under
a chief named Demetrio. This mercantile
nation had factories all along the coasts of
the Black Sea, and remind us in their
manner of proceeding of our own early
and more successful exploits in India. They
allowed within their walls one mosque of the
Muslims, to which travellers of that nation
repaired on their arrival, as to an hotel.

This was the first time that the worthy
Ibn-Batutah had visited a city entirely in
the hands of Christians. He had not been
there long before he was struck by a remark-
able sound. The air thrilled with the ringing
of bells calling the "infidels" to church and he
boldly ordered his people to ascend the minar-
et, read the Koran and recite the Muslim call
to prayer. He no doubt thought this was ne-
cessary, to avert what calamities might be
brought down from Heaven by that impious
ding-dong. This zeal, however, alarmed the
Kadi of the Muslims of that place, who

donned his cuirass, snatched up his sword, and ran to protect his co-religionists from the effects of what the good people of Kaffa might consider an impertinence. But the ringing of the bells had probably drowned the voice of the mueddin. At any rate, the strangers were civilly treated.

The traveller describes Kaffa as a handsome town with beautiful markets, and an admirable port, where more than two hundred vessels of war or commerce were collected. All the people, however, he repeats in a compassionate parenthesis, are Kafirs. So on he goes in a waggon to Kiram or Solyhut, governed for Uzbek Khan by a man named Toloktomour, who received the traveller with hospitality. He lodged in the hermitage of a sheikh, who with a singular toleration told him in perfect faith of a Christian monk who inhabited a monastery situated outside the town, where he gave himself up to devotional practices and frequent fastings. He used sometimes to pass forty days without food, and then only eat a single bean. The result was wonderful mental perspicacity, which made him discover the most hidden things. The good sheikh wished his guest to visit this monk; but Ibn-Batutah, with a prejudice natural in a Morocco man, refused, of which he afterwards repented. It gave him greater pleasure to see the wise and pious Moshaffer Eddin, a Greek by birth, who had sincerely embraced Islamism, without however losing his barbarous accent. Leaving Kiram, the traveller set out in company with the Emir Toloktomour for Sera, where Sultan Mohammed Uzbek held his court. For this purpose it was necessary to buy waggons—great four-wheeled vehicles, drawn sometimes by two or more horses, sometimes by oxen and camels. The driver armed with a whip and a goad, mounted postilion-wise. On the chariot was raised a kind of tent covered with felt or cloth, aired by latticed windows. Here the traveller ate, slept, wrote, or read during the journey. The caravan started, according to the custom of the Turks, immediately after the prayer of dawn, rested from nine or ten of the morning until after midday, and then proceeded until night. During the halt the horses, camels, and oxen were let loose to graze at will. The whole country was covered with cattle without shepherds or guards; for the laws of the Turks were very severe against theft. He who was found in possession of a stolen horse was obliged to restore it along with nine of equal value. If he could not do so, his children were seized instead; and if he had no child, they cut his throat. The people eat no bread nor any other hard food, but lived on a kind of porridge made of millet, with bits of meat sometimes boiled therein. A bowlful, with curdled milk poured over it, was served to each person. They drank kimezz or soured mare's milk, and a kind of fermented liquor made from

millet. Horseflesh was in great request; but all sweetmeats they abhorred. According to Toloktomour, the Sultan once offered freedom to a slave who had forty children and grandchildren, on condition that he would devour a sugared dish, but received for answer: "No; not even if you kill me!"

Eighteen stations from Kiram the caravan reached, in the midst of the steppe, a vast expanse of water, which it took a whole day to ford, and a similar obstacle occurred further on; but at length they arrived at the city of Azak, where the Genoese and other people came to trade. The reception and consequently of his companions, was splendid. Tents of silk and linen were prepared for his reception, with a wooden throne incrustated with gold. First came the eating and the drinking, and then an intellectual entertainment in the shape of a mighty long sermon, delivered first in Arabic and then translated into Turkish by the same speaker. There was also marvellous singing, and after that much more eating; and then more preaching and praying all day.

Having rested some days, Ibn-Batutah proceeded to Majar, one of the finest cities then belonging to the Turks, situated on the great river Kouma, and adorned with gardens yielding many fruits. As usual, the traveller got a lodging in a hermitage. His host, the sheikh Mohammed—with whom he prays God to be satisfied—had about seventy fakirs with him, Arabs, Persians, Turks, and Greeks; some married, others not. All lived on charity dispensed in those times, as ever, chiefly by the hands of women. Ibn-Batutah witnessed how a pious preacher prepared for a journey. He made an excellent sermon, and then some one got up and said: "He who has spoken is going to travel, and wants provisions for that purpose." Then he took off his own tunic, saying, "This is my gift;" and being thus stimulated, the remainder of the congregation began, some to strip, others to subscribe a horse or else money; and so at last the worthy man was fitted out like a prince.

What struck Ibn-Batutah chiefly during this journey was the great respect which the Turks showed to women; who seemed to hold, in fact, a higher rank than men. He mentions that on leaving Kiram he met a princess, wife of an emir, in her chariot. It was covered with costly blue cloth. The windows and doors were open, so that he could see the lady, attended by four young girls, exquisitely beautiful and wonderfully dressed. Other chariots filled with hand-maidens followed. She got down to visit Toloktomour. Thirty girls held up the skirts of her robe. The emir rose to receive her; and, after they had eaten and drunk together, presented her with a dress of honour. Even the wives of merchants and small dealers kept up great state; and, in travelling, had also two or three girls to bear

their train. It was always possible to see their faces; for, in those times, the women of the Turks were not veiled. When the husband travelled he might often be taken for a servant, wearing nothing but a pelisse of sheepskin and a high cap called *alcula*, whilst the wife's head-dress was incrustated with jewels and adorned with peacock's feathers.

At Majar the traveller learned that the camp of the Sultan was at Beoh-Taw, or the Five Mountains. They went in search of it; and, one day, after they had halted on the summit of a hill, beheld the ordou or Imperial camp approach. It resembled a great city moving along with all its inhabitants, its mosques, and its markets. The smoke of the kitchens rose through the air, for the Turks did not always halt to cook their meals. Innumerable waggons were filled with people. On arriving at the halting ground, they removed the tents and the mosques and the shops from the waggons, and prepared to pass the night. One of the Sultan's wives, seeing a tent on a neighbouring hill, with a standard set up in front to announce a new arrival, sent pages and young girls to carry her salutations; and, having waited until they returned, passed on to the place appointed for her. Soon afterwards the Sultan himself arrived, and encamped in a quarter apart.

According to Ibn-Batutah, Sultan Uzbek was one of the seven great sovereigns of the earth. One of the titles given to him was that of "Conqueror of the enemies of God, the inhabitants of Constantinople the Great." He was remarkable as well for his business habits as for his splendour. In the description of his audience-days particular stress is laid on the fact that he was always surrounded by queens and princesses (with names too hard to pronounce); and the importance of women, as part of the machinery of that empire, is constantly insisted on. Ibn-Batutah came from different climes more to the south, where different habits prevailed. He enlarges complacently on the courts and households of the four khatouns or queens; their waggons with domes of gilded silver; their horses covered with silken trappings; their wise *duennas*; their beautiful slave girls; their costly wardrobes, and their etiquette. Then he gives a peculiarly Oriental biographical account of those four ladies, one of whom was Beialoun, daughter of the Emperor of Constantinople the Great, Andronicus the Third. When the traveller visited her she was seated on a throne incrustated with stones and precious stones, with silver feet. Before her were a hundred young girls, Greek, Turkish, and Nubian; some sitting, some standing. Eunuchs were near her, with several Greek chamberlains. On hearing of the distance from which the travellers had come, she wept with tenderness and compassion, and wiped her face with a kerchief she held in her hand. No doubt she was thinking

of her own far-off country, and parents of a different faith from her lord. She ordered a repast to be spread, and then dismissed her visitors with splendid presents of provisions, money, garments, sheep and horses.

Ibn-Batutah, ever anxious to see strange things, had heard of the wonderful shortness of the night in one season, and of the day in another season, observed at the city of Bolghar, and accordingly marched ten days northward to visit it. He arrived there during the months of Ramadhan; and, having broke his fast at sunset, performed the evening prayer, and then three other long prayers—when, lo! the dawn began to appear. He wished to visit what was called the Land of Darkness; forty days still further off, but the difficulty of the journey alarmed him. He was told that people travelled there in sledges drawn by dogs, some of which were valued at a thousand dinars. Their master fed them before he touched food himself. The trade of the country was in furs, chiefly ermine, exported to China and India.

On his return to Beoh-Taw, Ibn-Batutah witnessed the solemnity of the breaking of the fast of the Ramadhan, performed with wonderful barbaric splendour. After that the ordou of the Sultan broke up and marched to the city of Haj-Terkhan, now known as Astrakhan. The word Terkhan amongst the Turks signifies a place exempt from taxation. The person who gave his name to the city was a devout pilgrim or haj, who founded it, and obtained from the Sultan the privilege of exemption. It increased to a great size, and became an emporium. It was the custom of the Sultan to remain there until the cold set in and the Volga was frozen over.

What next happened to Ibn-Batutah suggests a strange contrast with the present state of the East. Soon after arriving at Astrakhan, the Khatoun Beialoun, daughter of the King of the Greeks, asked permission of the Sultan to visit her father at Constantinople, in order to become a mother there, promising to return immediately afterwards. Her request was granted, and our traveller begged to be allowed to accompany her, in order that he might see the celebrated city of the Christians. After some kindly opposition, he received permission to do so, and was overwhelmed with valuable presents. The Sultan politely accompanied his Greek wife for a day's march, and then left her to proceed with an escort of five thousand soldiers. Her own servants were to the number of five hundred horsemen, for the most part slaves or Greeks, and two hundred girls. She had four hundred chariots, two thousand horses, three hundred oxen, and two hundred camels. They marched first to the town of Okak, a well-built but small city, situated one day's journey from the mountains inhabited by the Russians, who were Christians with red hair, blue eyes, ugly faces, and cunning dispositions. They possessed mines of silver which

they exported in the shape of lingots, each five ounces in weight, used as current money in that country. This is all that Ibn-Batutah has to say about the people which has since spread its power like an inundation to the east, to the west, and to the south.

Ten days farther on, the queen Beialoun, in her progress, came to Sondak, situated on the shores of the sea amidst gardens, and with a fine and well-frequented port. It was inhabited partly by Turks, partly by Greek artisans living under their protection. Not long before, a violent insurrection of the Christians had led to the massacre or expulsion of the greater number. The next station was Baba-Salthouk, the last city belonging to the Turks, between which and the commencement of the Greek empire was a desert eighteen days across, a great portion without water. It is difficult to adapt this account to modern geography; and we do not exactly recognise the fortress Mahtouly, situated at the other extremity of the desert on the limit of the Christian territory. Here Beialoun was received with great honours by her people, and the Turkish escort returned by the way it had come. The poor princess breathed more freely. Thenceforward, the custom of praying was abolished. "Among the provisions brought to her," says Ibn-Batutah, "were intoxicating drinks, of which she partook, and hogs, of which one of her people told me she ate. No one remained with her who prayed, except a Turk, who performed his devotions with us. Her secret sentiments thus manifested themselves as soon as we had reached the country of the infidels; but she requested the Greek Emir, Nicholas, to treat me with due honour; and on one particular occasion that officer beat a slave who had made fun at our prayers." How strangely does all this read now!

The brother of the princess came to escort her with an army, part of which consisted of a body-guard composed of men in complete coats of mail. Their gilded lances were adorned with pennons, and altogether a wonderful display of riches and splendour was made. Thus they proceeded across the Danube and the plains of Roumelia; until, after a long journey, they reached a spot within ten miles of Constantinople, where they halted for the night. "Next day," says the traveller, "the population of that city—men, women and children—came out to meet the princess; some on foot; some on horseback; all dressed in their best array. From the earliest dawn the cymbals, and the clarions, and the trumpets sounded. The Sultan (Emperor), with his wife, mother of the Khatoun, and all the great personages of the empire and the courtiers, surrounded by horse-soldiers, issued forth. Over the head of the Emperor was carried a vast canopy, supported by horsemen and footmen. The meeting of this procession and our party was tumultuous. I could not penetrate through the crowd, but am told

that when the princess approached her parents, she put foot to ground and kissed the earth at their feet, and the hoofs of their horses, as did likewise her chief officers. We entered Constantinople the Great, towards midday. The inhabitants were ringing their bells in full peal, so that the heavens were shaken by the noise. When we reached the first gate of the palace, we found there a guard of a hundred men upon a platform. I heard them saying 'The Saracens! the Saracens!'—a word by which they designate the Muslims—and they prevented us from entering." This difficulty, however, was subsequently removed; and Ibn-Batutah was not only lodged in the palace, but received presents of flour, bread, sheep, fowls, butter, fruits, and fish, with money and carpets.

Ibn-Batutah calls the Emperor of Constantinople Takfour, a corruption of the Armenian word Tagavor, which means king. He was the son of the previous Emperor, George, who had abdicated and become a monk. The traveller visited the monarch on the invitation of the Khatoun. As he entered the palace he was searched, to see that he had no weapon about him, according to an ancient custom rigidly complied with. This done, he was admitted, whilst four people surrounded him, two holding his sleeves and two his shoulders. Thus attended, he reached a great hall, the walls of which were adorned with mosaics representing natural productions, animal and mineral. In the midst of the hall was a piece of water, with trees bordering it. Men stood upon the right and on the left, without speaking. Three of them received him from his guides, and likewise took hold of his clothes. A Syrian Jew, acting as interpreter, told him to fear nothing, for strangers were always received thus. He asked how he was to salute, and was answered, "With the words Salam Alaykouni."

The Emperor was sitting on his throne, with his wife and her brothers at his foot. Armed men stood by his side and behind him. He signed to the stranger to sit down and rest awhile, and recover his presence of mind, after which he questioned him concerning Jerusalem, and the Rock of Jacob, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; on the Cradle of Jesus, on Bethlehem and Hebron, on Damascus, Cairo, Persia, and Asia Minor. Ibn-Batutah was astonished at the interest the monarch took in these things, and answered copiously. He was treated with great respect, and received a dress of honour, with a horse saddled and bridled, and one of the king's own parasols, as a mark of protection. He asked for a guide to show him the wonders of the city, and thus accompanied, went forth to satiate his curiosity.

Ibn-Batutah describes the city of Constantinople as situated on two sides of a river, by which he means the Golden Horn. One portion was called Esthamboul, inhabited by the

Sultan, the grandees of the empire, and the remainder of the Greek population. Its markets and its streets were broad, and paved with flags of stone. Every trade occupied a distinct place, and the markets were closed by gates at night. From this description, which would now apply to most Oriental towns, we might infer that Constantinople afterwards became the model city of the East. But it is added, that in the fifteenth century most of the artisans and shopkeepers were women. The second quarter of the city was called Galata, and was principally inhabited by Christian Franks of many nations—as Genoese, Venetians, Romans, and French. They were under the authority of the Emperor, who nominated what they call *Alkomes*, or a court to govern them. They paid an annual tribute, but often revolted and warred against the Emperor, until the Pope, or patriarch, interposed to make peace between them. All were devoted to commerce. “I have seen about a hundred galleys and other great ships there,” says Ibn-Batutah, “without counting smaller craft. The markets of this quarter are large but full of filth, and are traversed by a dirty river. The churches of these people are also disgusting, and contain nothing good.”

Then the worthy traveller goes on to talk of the great church of St. Sophia, which has been closed for so many centuries against Christians, whilst remaining the pole-star of orthodox popes. According to him, it was founded by Assag, son of Barakia, who was a son of Solomon's aunt. In those days the Greeks had it all their own way, and set the example of keeping strangers rigidly out. Ibn-Batutah was not allowed to enter further than the great enclosure. He describes the exterior as very splendidly adorned, but mentions that shops existed within the sacred limits. In order to be certain that none but good Christians entered the church, guardians were posted, who compelled every one to kneel before a cross, which (says the traveller) was greatly respected by those people. It was a fragment of the real cross, preserved in a coffer of gold. Ibn-Batutah gives a good many details of the religious customs existing at Constantinople. The number of monks and other people living by religion seems to have been immense. What particularly struck him was a convent of five hundred virgins, dressed in haircloth, with felt caps on their heads, which were shaved. These women, he says, were of exquisite beauty, but the austerity of their life was marked upon their faces. When he went to see them, a young boy was reading the Gospel to them in a voice of marvellous beauty. Having told many other facts of the same nature, the traveller exclaims again: “Verily, the greater part of the population of this city consists of monks and priests. The churches were innumerable. All the inhabitants, military or not, poor and rich, went about with

great parasols summer and winter.” Do we not now begin completely to understand the great disaster which happened about a century afterwards?

One day Ibn-Batutah met an old man with a long white beard and a handsome countenance, walking on foot in a dress of horsehair and a felt cap. Before him and behind him was a troop of monks; in his hand was a stick, and about his neck a chaplet. When the Greek who had been given to our traveller as a guide saw him, he got down from his horse and said—“Do as I do; for this is the father of the king.” It was indeed George, the father of Andronicus. He spoke to the Greek, who knew Arabic, and said: “Tell this Saracen that I press the hand that has been at Jerusalem and the foot which has walked on the Rock of Jacob.” Then he touched Ibn-Batutah's feet, and passed his hand over his own face. Afterwards, they walked hand in hand together, talking of Jerusalem and the Christians who were still there, until they entered the enclosure of St. Sophia. When he approached the principal gateway a troop of priests and monks came out to salute him, for he was one of their chiefs. On seeing them, he let go the hand of the traveller, who said to him: “I wish to enter with thee into this church.” But the old king replied: “Whoever enters must do obeisance to the Cross, according to the law of the ancients, which cannot be transgressed.” So saying, he entered alone, and Ibn-Batutah saw him no more.

It will be seen that our traveller looked at everything from a particular point of view, and was not very fertile in general observations. What he relates, however, will be sufficient to suggest the wonderful change that has come over those regions since he wrote. Every thing and every race seems to have changed its place. The Russians were then spoken of as an obscure tribe; the Turks, recently emerged from the depths of Central Asia, were indulging, under their tents, in a foretaste of Imperial splendour; the Greeks were gradually sinking into the slough of mere formal religion, and becoming effeminate under their silken parasols. The Franks appeared merely as strangers, freely trafficking with either party, but trying here and there to establish a footing. One of the most curious parts of Ibn-Batutah's rapid narrative is the sketch of the story of Beinaloun. She had been made over to Uzbek Khan from political motives, but had probably not won any extravagant share of his affections. At any rate, by her conduct on her arrival in Christendom, she seemed determined to have no more of barbarian life. The Turks who accompanied, soon saw that she professed the religion of her father, and desired to remain with him. They asked her permission, therefore, to return; which she granted, after bestowing presents upon them. Ibn-Batutah also shared in her bounty. He received

three hundred dinars "of poor gold, however," with two thousand Venetian drachms and other matters; and after having remained a month and six days with the Greeks, returned to Astrakhan.

CHIP.

LONG LIFE OF LOCUSTS.

A CORRESPONDENT, in reference to the tenacity of life in locusts,* mentions "that about twelve years ago an insect of the locust tribe, about an inch and a half or two inches in length (of body) flew or was blown into the windows of a house on Albury Heath. It was caught, and we endeavoured to preserve it by washing it in a solution of camphor; but the camphor would not kill it. I then applied prussic acid of the quality usually dispensed by good druggists. I washed it well with a feather over its head, back, wings, and legs. As soon as applied, the insect dropped all of a heap, as the vulgar expression is, and would remain apparently lifeless for about six or eight minutes. Then it would revive gradually, and apparently regain its full life and vigour. I did this for several days, and on some occasions repeating the dressing from time to time as soon as it had revived, sometimes as soon as it showed symptoms of revival. I forget what became of it, but assuredly prussic acid did *not* kill it."

THE CHINESE ADAM.

THE notions entertained by Chinese writers on the subject of the first man and the creation of the world, are very curious. They begin, like our Scriptural account, with a time when the earth was without form and void; from that they pass to an idea that was of old part of the wisdom of Egypt. Chaos was succeeded by the working of a dual power, Rest and Motion, the one female, and named Yin,—the other male, and named Yang.

Of heaven and earth, of genii, of men, and of all creatures, animate and inanimate, Yin and Yang were the father and the mother. Furthermore, all these things are either male or female: there is nothing in Nature neuter. Whatever in the material world possesses, or is reputed to possess, the quality of hardness (including heaven, the sun, and day) is masculine. Whatever is soft (including earth, the moon, and night, as well as—earth, wood, metals, and water), is feminine. Choofoots says on this subject, "The celestial principle formed the male; the terrestrial principle formed the female. All animate and inanimate nature may be distinguished into masculine and feminine. Even vegetable productions are male and female; for instance,

there is female hemp, and there are male and female bamboo. Nothing can possibly be separated from the dual principles named Yin and Yang,—the superior and hard,—the inferior and soft." It is curious to find that the Chinese have also a theory resembling one propounded by Pythagoras, concerning monads and duads. "One," they say, "begat two, two produced four, and four increased to eight; and thus by spontaneous multiplication, the production of all things followed."

As for the present system of things, it is the work of what they call "the triad powers,"—Heaven, Man, and Earth. The following is translated from a Chinese Encyclopedia, published about sixty years ago,—"*Before heaven and earth existed, they were commingled as the contents of an egg-shell are.*" [In this egg-shell, heaven is likened to the yellow, the earth to the white of the egg.] "*Or they were together, turbid and muddy like thick dregs just beginning to settle. Or they were together like a thick fog on the point of breaking. Then was the beginning of time, when the original power created all things. Heaven and earth are the effect of the First Cause. They in turn produced all other things besides.*"

Another part of the tradition runs as follows: "In the midst of this chaotic mass Pwankoo lived during eighteen thousand years. He lived when the heaven and the earth were being created; the superior and lighter elements forming the firmament,—the inferior and coarser the dry land." Again, "During this time the heavens increased every day ten feet in height, the earth as much in thickness, and Pwankoo in stature. The period of eighteen thousand years being assigned to the growth of each respectively, during that time the heavens rose to their extreme height, the earth reached the greatest thickness, and Pwankoo his utmost stature. The heavens rose aloft nine thousand miles, the earth swelled nine thousand miles in thickness, and in the middle was Pwankoo, stretching himself between heaven and earth, until he separated them at a distance of nine thousand miles from each other. So the highest part of the heavens is removed from the lowest part of the earth by a distance of twenty-seven thousand miles."

The name of the Chinese Adam—Pwankoo—means "basin-ancient," that is, "basined antiquity." It is probably meant to denote how this father of antiquity was nourished originally in an egg-shell, and hatched like a chick. Among the portraits commonly stored up by native archaeologists, we find various representations of Pwankoo. One is now before me that exhibits him with an enormous head tipped with two horns. His hair, which is of a puritanical cut on the brow, flows loose and long over the back and shoulders. He has large eyes and shaggy eyebrows,—a very

* See volume x. page 478.

flat nose,—a heavy moustache and beard. Only the upper part of his body is exhibited, and one can scarcely tell whether the painter represents it as being covered with hair, leaves, or sheepskin. His arms are bare, and his hands thrown carelessly the one over the other, as if in complete satisfaction with himself. Another picture represents him with an apron of leaves round his loins, holding the sun in one hand, and the moon in the other. A third artist has pictured him with a chisel and mallet in his hands, splitting and sculpturing huge masses of granite. Through the immense opening made by his labour, the sun, moon, and stars are seen; and at his right hand stand, for companions, the unicorn and the dragon, the phoenix and the tortoise. He appears as a strong naked giant, taking pleasure in the carving out of the mountains, stupendous pillars, caves, and dens. During his eighteen thousand years of effort, we are told that, "his head became mountains, his breath winds and clouds, and his voice thunder. His left eye was made the sun, and his right eye the moon. His teeth, bones, and marrow were changed into metals, rocks, and precious stones. His beard was converted into stars, his flesh into fields, his skin and hair into herbs and trees. His limbs became the four poles; his veins, rivers; and his sinews formed the undulations on the face of the earth. His very sweat was transformed into rain, and whatever insects stuck to or crept over his gigantic body, were made into human beings!"

The uneducated Chinese are careless, and the educated sceptical, about these things. As a people they are not easily induced to pay much regard to whatever has reference to more than everyday social wisdom. The sort of doctrine common now among the learned, is indeed found in the succeeding passage from a Chinese author:—"But as everything (except heaven and earth) must have a beginning and a cause, it is manifest that heaven and earth always existed, and that all sorts of men and beings were produced and endowed with their various qualities, by that cause. However, it must have been Man that in the beginning produced all the things upon the earth. Him, therefore, we may view as Lord; and it is from him, we may say, that the dignities of rulers are derived."

PÈRE PANPAN.

"MONSIEUR PANPAN lives in the Place Valois," said my friend, newly arrived from London on a visit to Paris, "and as I am under promise to his brother Victor to deliver a message on his behalf, I must keep my word even if I go alone, and execute my mission in pantomime. Will you be my interpreter?"

The Place Valois is a dreamy little square formed by tall houses: graced by an elegant fountain in its centre; guarded by a red-legged sentinel; and is chiefly remarkable in Parisian annals as the scene of the assassination of the Duc de Berri. There is a quiet melancholy air about the place which accords well with its traditions; and, even the little children who make it their playground on account of the absence of both vehicles and equestrians, pursue their sports in a subdued tranquil way, hanging about the fountain's edge, and dabbling in the water with their little fingers. Monsieur Panpan's residence was not difficult to find. We entered by a handsome porte-cochère into a paved courtyard, and, having duly accounted for our presence to the watchful concierge who sat sedulously peering out of a green sentry-box, commenced our ascent to the upper regions. Seeing that Monsieur lived on the fourth floor, and that the steps of the spacious staircase were of that shallow description which disappoint the tread by falling short of its expectations, it was no wonder that we were rather out of breath when we reached the necessary elevation; and that we paused a moment to collect our thoughts, and calm our respiration, before knocking at the little back-room door, which we knew to be that of Monsieur Panpan.

Madam Panpan received us most graciously, setting chairs for us, and apologising for her husband who, poor man, was sitting up in his bed, with a wan countenance, and hollow, glistening eyes. We were in the close heavy air of a sick chamber. The room was very small, and the bedstead occupied a large portion of its space. It was lighted by one little window only, and that looked down a sort of square shaft which served as a ventilator to the house. A pale child, with large wandering eyes, watched us intently from behind the end of the little French bedstead, while the few toys he had been playing with lay scattered upon the floor. The room was very neat, although its furniture was poor and scanty, and by the brown saucepan perched upon the top of the diminutive German stove, which had strayed, as it were, from its chimney corner into the middle of the room, we knew that the pot-au-feu was in preparation. Madame, before whom was a small table covered with the unfinished portions of a corset, was very agreeable—rather coquettish, indeed, we should have said in England. Her eyes were bright and cheerful, and her hair drawn back from her forehead à la Chinoise. In a graceful, but decided way, she apologised for continuing her labours, which were evidently works of necessity rather than of choice.

"And Victor, that good boy," she exclaimed, when we had further explained the object of our visit, "was quite well! I am charmed! And he had found work, and succeeding so

well in his affairs. I am enchanted ! It is so amiable of him to send me this little cadeau !”

Monsieur Panpan, with his strange lustrous eyes, if not enchanted, rubbed his thin bony hands together as he sat up in the bed, and chuckled in an unearthly way at the good news. Having executed our commission, we felt it would be intrusive to prolong our stay, and therefore rose to depart, but received so pressing an invitation to repeat the visit, that, on the part of myself and friend, who was to leave Paris in a few days, I could not refuse to comply with a wish so cordially expressed, and evidently sincere. And thus commenced my acquaintance with the Panpans.

I cannot trace the course of our acquaintance, or tell how, from an occasional call, my visits became those of a bosom friend ; but certain it is, that soon each returning Sunday saw me a guest at the table of Monsieur Panpan, where my couvert and serviette became sacred to my use ; and, after the meal, were carefully cleaned and laid apart for the next occasion. This, I afterwards learned, was a customary mark of consideration towards an esteemed friend among the poorer class of Parisians. I soon learned their history. Their every-day existence was a simple, easily read story, and not the less simple and touching because it is the every-day story of thousands of poor French families. Madame was a staymaker ; and the whole care and responsibility of providing for the wants and comforts of a sick husband ; for her little Victor, her eldest son ; and the monthly stipend of her infant Henri, out at nurse some hundred leagues from Paris, hung upon the unaided exertions of her single hands, and the scrupulous and wonderful economy of her management.

One day I found Madame in tears. Panpan himself lay with rigid features, and his wiry hands spread out upon the counterpane. Madame was at first inconsolable and inexplicable, but at length, amid sobs, half suppressed, related the nature of their new misfortune. Would Monsieur believe that those miserable nurse-people, insulting as they were, had sent from the country to say, that unless the three months nursing of little Henri, together with the six pounds of lump sugar, which formed part of the original bargain, were immediately paid, *cette pauvre bête* (Henri that was), would be instantly dispatched to Paris, and proceedings taken for the recovery of the debt. *Ces misérables !*

Here poor Madame Panpan could not contain herself, but gave way to her affliction in a violent outburst of tears. And yet the poor child, the cause of all this sorrow, was almost as great a stranger to his mother as he was to me, who had never seen him in my life. With scarcely a week's existence to boast of, he had been swaddled up in strange clothes ; entrusted to strange

hands ; and hurried away some hundred leagues from the capital, to scramble about the clay floor of an unwholesome cottage, in company perhaps with some half-dozen atomies like himself, as strange to each other, as they were to their own parents, to pass those famous *mois de nourrice* which form so important and momentous a period in the lives of most French people. Madame Panpan was however in no way responsible for this state of things ; the system was there, not only recognised, but encouraged ; become indeed a part of the social habits of the people, and it was no wonder if her poverty should have driven her to so popular and ready a means of meeting a great difficulty. How she extricated herself from this dilemma, it is not necessary to state ; suffice it to say, that a few weeks saw *cette petite bête* Henri, happily domiciled in the *Place Valois* ; and, if not overburdened with apparel, at least released from the terrible debt of six and thirty francs, and six pounds of lump-sugar.

It naturally happened, that on the pleasant Sunday afternoons, when we had disposed of our small, but often sumptuous dinner ; perhaps a *gigot de mouton* with a clove of garlic in the knuckle ; a *fricassée de rabbits* with onions, or a *fricandeau* ; Panpan himself would tell me part of his history ; and in the course of our salad ; of our little dessert of fresh fruit, or currant jelly ; or perhaps, stimulated by the tiniest glass of brandy, would grow warm in the recital of his early experiences, and the unhappy chance which had brought him into his present condition.

“ Ah, Monsieur ! ” he said, one day, “ little would you think to see me cribbed up in this miserable bed, that I had been a soldier, or that the happiest days of my life had been passed in the woods of Fontainebleau, following the chase in the retinue of King Charles the Tenth of France. I was a wild young fellow in my boyhood ; and, when at the age of eighteen I drew for the conscription and found it was my fate to serve, I believe I never was so happy in my life. I entered the cavalry ; and, in spite of the heavy duties and strict discipline, it was a glorious time. It makes me mad, Monsieur, when I think of the happy days I have spent on the road, in barracks, and in snug country-quarters, where there was cider or wine for the asking ; to find myself in a solitary corner of great, thoughtless Paris, sick and helpless. It would be something to die out in the open fields like a worn-out horse, or to be shot like a wounded one. But this is terrible, and I am but thirty-eight.”

We comforted him in the best way we could with sage axioms of antique date, or more lively stories of passing events ; but I saw a solitary tear creeping down the cheek of Madame Panpan, even in the midst of a quaint sally ; and, under pretence of arrang-

ing his pillow, she bent over his head and kissed him gently on the forehead.

Père Panpan—I had come by degrees to call him "Père," although he was still young; for it sounded natural and kindly—continued his narrative in his rambling, gossiping way. He had been chosen, he said, to serve in the Garde Royale, of whom fifteen thousand sabres were stationed in and about the capital at this period; and in the royal forest of Fontainebleau, in the enjoyment of a sort of indolent activity, he passed his happiest days; now employed in the chase, now in the palace immediately about the person of the king, in a succession of active pleasures, or easy, varied duties. Panpan was no republican. Indeed, I question whether any very deep political principles governed his sentiments; which naturally allied themselves with those things that yielded the greatest amount of pleasure.

The misfortunes of Père Panpan dated from the revolution of eighteen hundred and thirty. Then the glittering pageantry in the palace of Fontainebleau vanished like a dream. The wild clatter of military preparation; the rattling of steel and the trampling of horses; and away swept troop after troop, with sword-belt braced and carbine in hand, to plunge into the mad uproar of the streets of Paris, risen, stones and all, in revolution. The Garde Royale did their duty in those three terrible days, and if their gallant charges through the encumbered streets, or their patient endurance amid the merciless showers of indescribable missiles, were all in vain, it was because their foe was animated by an enthusiasm of which they knew nothing, save in the endurance of its effects. Panpan's individual fate, amid all this turmoil, was lamentable enough.

A few hours amid the dust; the swelling heat; the yellings of the excited populace; the roaring of cannon and the pattering of musketry; saw the troop in which he served, broken and scattered, and Panpan himself rolling in the dust, with a thousand lights flashing in his eyes, and a brass button lodged in his side!

"Those villains of Parisians!" he exclaimed, "not content with showering their whole garde meuble upon our heads, fired upon us a diabolical collection of missiles, such as no mortal ever thought of before:—bits of broken brass; little plates of tin and iron rolled into sugar-loaves; crushed brace-buckles; crooked nails and wads of metal wire;—anything, indeed, that in their extremity they could lay their hands on, and ram into the muzzle of a gun! These things inflicted fearful gashes, and, in many cases, a mere flesh-wound turned out a death-stroke. Few that got hurt in our own troop lived to tell the tale."

A few more days and the whole royal cavalcade was scattered like chaff before the wind, and Charles the Tenth a fugitive on his

way to England; a few more days and the wily Louis Philippe was taking the oath to a new constitution, and our friend, Panpan, lay carefully packed, brass button and all, in the Hôtel-Dieu. The brass-button was difficult to find, and when found, the ugly fissure it had made grew gangrened, and would not heal; and thus it happened that many a bed became vacant, and got filled, and was vacant again, as their occupants either walked out, or were borne out, of the hospital gates, before Panpan was declared convalescent, and finally dismissed from the Hôtel-Dieu as "cured."

The proud trooper was, however, an altered man; his health and spirits were gone; the whole corps of which he had so often boasted was broken up and dispersed; his means of livelihood were at an end, and what was worse he knew of no other exercise of which he could gain his daily bread. There were very many such helpless, tradeless men pacing the streets of Paris, when the fever of the revolution was cooled down, and ordinary business ways began to take their course. Nor was it those alone who were uninstructed in any useful occupation, but there were also the turbulent, dissatisfied spirits; builders of barricades, and leaders of club-sections, whom the late excitement, and their temporary elevation above their fellow-workmen, had left restless and ambitious, and whose awakened energies, if not directed to some useful and congenial employment, would infallibly lead to mischief.

Panpan chuckled over the fate which awaited some of these ardent youths: "Ces gaillards là!" he said, "had become too proud and troublesome to be left long in the streets of Paris; they would have fomented another revolution, so Louis Philippe, under pretence of rewarding his brave 'soldats laboureurs,' whom he was ready to shake by the hand in the public streets in the first flush of success, enrolled them in the army, and sent them to the commanding officers with medals of honour round their necks, and special recommendations to promotion in their hands. They hoped to become Marshals of France in no time. Pauvres diables! they were soon glad to hide their decorations, and cease bragging about street-fighting and barricades, for the regulars relished neither their swaggering stories nor the notion of being set aside by such parvenus; and they got so quizzed, snubbed, and tormented, that they were happy at last to slide into their places as simple soldats, and trust to the ordinary course of promotion."

As for Panpan, his street wanderings terminated in his finding employment in a lace-manufactory, and it soon became evident that his natural talent here found a congenial occupation. He came by degrees to be happy in his new position of a workman. Then occurred the serious love passage of his life—

his meeting with Louise, now Madame Panpan. It was the simplest matter in the world; Panpan, to whom life was nothing without the Sunday quadrille at the *barrière*, having resolved to figure on the next occasion in a pair of *bottes vernis*, waited upon his bootmaker—every Parisian has his bootmaker—to issue his mandates concerning their length, shape, and general construction. He entered the boutique of *Mons. Cuire*, when, lo! he beheld in the little back parlour, the most delicate little foot that ever graced a shoe, or tripped to measure on the grass. He would say nothing of the owner of this miracle; of her face—which was full of intelligence; of her figure—which was *gentille toute à faite*—but for that dear, chaste, ravishing model of a foot! so modestly posed upon the cushion. Heaven!—and Panpan unconsciously heaved a long sigh, and brought with it from the very bottom of his heart a vow to become its possessor. There was no necessity for anything very rash or very desperate in the case as it happened, for the evident admiration of Panpan had inspired Louise with an impromptu interest in his favour, and he being besides gentil garçon, their chance *rencontre* was but the commencement of a friendship which ripened into love,—and so the old story over again, with marriage at the end of it.

Well! said M. Panpan, time rolled on, and little Louis was born. This might have been a blessing, but while family cares and expenses were growing upon them, Panpan's strength and energies were withering away. He suffered little pain, but what there was seemed to spring from the old wound; and there were whole days when he lay a mere wreck, without the power or will to move; and when his feeble breath seemed passing away for ever. Happily, these relapses occurred only at intervals, but by slow degrees they became more frequent, and more overwhelming. Madame Panpan's skill and untiring perseverance grew to be, as other resources failed, the main, and for many, many months, the whole support of the family. Then came a time when the winter had passed away, and the spring was already in its full, and still Panpan lay helpless in bed with shrunken limbs and hollow, pallid cheeks,—and then little Henri was born.

Père Panpan having arrived at this crisis in his history, drew a long breath, and stretched himself back in his bed. I knew the rest. It was soon after the event last-named that I made his acquaintance, and the remainder of his simple story, therefore, devolves upon me.

The debility of the once dashing soldier increased daily, and as it could be traced to no definite cause, he gradually became a physiological enigma; and thence naturally a pet of the medical profession. Not that he was a

profitable patient, for the necessities of the family were too great to allow of so expensive a luxury as a doctor's bill; but urged, partly by commiseration, and partly by professional curiosity, both ardent students and methodical practitioners would crowd round his simple bed, probing him with instruments, poking him with their fingers, and punching him with their fists; each with a new theory to propound and establish; and the more they were baffled and contradicted in their preconceived notions, the more obstinate they became in their enforcement. Panpan's own thoughts upon the subject always reverted to the brass button, although he found few to listen to, or encourage him in his idea. His medical patrons were a constant source of suffering to him, but he bore with them patiently; sometimes reviving from his prostration as if inspired, then lapsing as suddenly into his old state of semi-pain and total feebleness. As a last hope, he was removed from his fourth floor in the *Place Valois*, to become an inmate of the *Bicêtre*, and a domiciled subject of contention and experiment to its medical staff.

The *Bicêtre* is a large, melancholy-looking building, half hospital half madhouse, situated a few leagues from Paris. I took a distaste to it on my very first visit. It always struck me as a sort of menagerie, I suppose from the circumstance of there having been pointed out to me, immediately on my entrance, a railled and fenced portion of the building, where the fiercer sort of inhabitants were imprisoned. Moreover, I met with such strange looks and grimaces; such bewildering side-glances or moping stares, as I traversed the open court-yards, with their open corridors, or the long arched passages of the interior, that the whole of the inmates came before me as creatures, in human shape indeed, but as possessed by the cunning or the ferocity of the mere animal. Yet it was a public hospital, and in the performance of its duties there was an infinite deal of kindly attention, consummate skill, and unwearying labour. Its associations were certainly unhappy, and had, I am sure, a depressing effect upon at least the physically disordered patients. It may be that as the *Bicêtre* is a sort of forlorn hope of hospitals, where the more desperate or inexplicable cases only are admitted, it naturally acquires a sombre and ominous character; but in no establishment of a similar kind (and I have seen many) did I meet with such depressing influences.

Panpan was at first in high spirits at the change. He was to be restored to health in a brief period, and he really did in the first few weeks make rapid progress towards convalescence. Already a sort of gymnasium had been arranged over his bed, so that he might, by simple muscular exercises, regain his lost strength; and more than once I have guided his tottering steps along the arched corridors,

as, clad in the gray uniform of the hospital, and supported by a stick, he took a brief mid-day promenade.

We made him cheering Sunday visits, Madame Panpan, Louis, the little Henri, and I, and infringed many a rule of the hospital in regard to his regimen. There was a charcutier living close to the outer walks, and when nothing else could be had, we purchased some of his curiously prepared delicacies, and smuggled them in under various guises. To him they were delicious morsels amid the uniform soup and bouillon of the hospital, and I dare say did him neither good nor harm.

Poor Madame Panpan! apart from the unceasing exertions which her difficult position demanded of her; apart from the harassing days, the sleepless nights, and pecuniary deficiencies which somehow never were made up; apart from the shadow of death which hovered ever near her; and the unvarying labours which pulled at her fingers, and strained at her eyes, so that her efforts seemed still devoted to one ever unfinished corset,—there arose another trouble where it was least expected; and alas! I was the unconscious cause of a new embarrassment. I was accused of being her lover. Numberless accusations rose up against us. Had I not played at pat-ball with Madame in the Bois de Boulogne? Yes, pardi! while Panpan lay stretched upon the grass a laughing spectator of the game; and which was brought to an untimely conclusion by my breaking my head against the branch of a tree. But had I not accompanied Madame alone to the Champs Elysées to witness the jeu-de-feu on the last fête of July? My good woman, did I not carry Louis pick-a-back the whole way? and was not the crowd so dense and fearful, that our progress to the Champs Elysées was barred at its very mouth by the fierce tornado of the multitude, and the trampling to death of three unhappy mortals, whose shrieks and groans still echo in my ear? and was it not at the risk of life or limb that I fought my way along the Rue de la Madeleine, with little Louis clinging round my neck, and Madame hanging on to my coat-tail? Amid the swaying and eddying of the crowd, the mounted Garde Municipale came dashing into the thickest of the press, to snatch little children, and even women, from impending death, and bear them to a place of safety. And if we did take a bottle of Strassburger beer on the Boulevards, when at length we found a freer place to breathe in, faint and reeling as we were, pray where was the harm, and who would not have done as much? Ah, Madame! if you had seen, as I did, that when we reached home the first thing poor Madame Panpan came to do, was to fall upon her husband's neck, and in a voice broken with sobs, and as though her heart would break, to thank that merciful God who had spared her in her trouble, that

she might still work for him and his children! you would not be so ready with your blame.

But there was a heavier accusation still. Did you not, sir, entertain Madame to supper in the Rue de Roule? with the utmost extravagance too, not to mention the omelette soufflée with which you must needs tickle your appetites, and expressly order for the occasion? And more than that: did you not then take coffee in the Rue St. Honoré, and play at dominoes with Madame in the salon? Alas, yes! all this is true, and the cause still more true and more sad; for it was under the terrible impression that Madame Panpan and her two children—for they were both with us you will remember, even little Henri—had not eaten of one tolerable meal throughout a whole week, that these unpardonable acts were committed on the Sunday. An omelette soufflée, you know, must be ordered; but as for the dominoes, I admit that that was an indiscretion.

Père Panpan drooped and drooped. The cord of his gymnasium swung uselessly above his head; he tottered no more along the corridors of the hospital. He had ceased to be the pet of the medical profession. His malady was obstinate and impertinent; it could neither be explained nor driven away; and as all the deep theories propounded respecting it, or carried into practical operation for its removal, proved to be mere elaborate fancies, or useless experiments, the medical profession—happily for Panpan—retired from the field in disgust.

"I do believe it was the button!" exclaimed Panpan, one Sunday afternoon, with a strange light gleaming in his eyes. Madame replied only with a sob. "You have seen many of them?" he abruptly demanded of me.

"Of what?"

"Buttons."

"There are a great many of them made in England," I replied. Where were we wandering?

Panpan took my hand in his, and, with a gentle pressure that went to my very heart, exclaimed: "I do believe it was the brass button after all. I hope to God it was not an English button!"

I can't say whether it was or no. But, as to poor Père Panpan, we buried him at Bicêtre.

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VERY ADVISABLE.

FROM my earliest years everybody seemed to think I stood in need of advice. The simplest affairs were considered beyond my comprehension without the aid of a monitor—and this from no want of natural capacity, as far as I am able to perceive, but from a remarkable adaptation for the reception of wise saws which made itself perceptible to the most superficial acquaintance. No one was too great an ass to give me the benefit of his counsel—fellows whom I despised, girls even, of the most preternatural silliness, all found occasions of showing their superiority, by telling me what to do, or say, or think. I seemed a blank piece of paper on which every person liked to try his hand, and the result of this perpetual indoctrination was that I learned to have no reliance on myself. I couldn't walk through my own garden, it was thought, without finger-posts to guide me; and so many posts were put up, all pointing in different directions, that I never felt sure of my way. Probably to counteract this want of firmness, my friends began, when I was about fifteen, to lead me with precepts on the benefits of independence—of the absolute necessity of standing up on all occasions for my rights,—of never letting an opportunity of gaining an advantage pass—and, above all, of being manly and decided. How could I be manly and decided when I had never been allowed to have a will of my own? How could I take Time by the forelock—have an eye to the main chance—strike while the iron was hot—be wide awake—take care of number one—or do any of the hundred other things I was now recommended to do when nobody told me *how* to get hold of Time's forelock, or where to hit the hot iron, or what to hit it with? However, I tried to take the advice, and to become selfish and exacting with all my might. This is not so easy as it seems. I never could hoard up my pocket-money, or hide the box of cake and jam which was sent to me at school. I used to lend my cricket bat, and never get it back; boys used to pretend they drove my ball into the river, and then to cover it with the initials of their names, and sometimes make me pay a penny an hour for the use of my own property; my arrows were always missing; and I never

grudged my playmates whatever plaything they took. I saw they followed the advice which had been so frequently pressed on me, and were holding on by Time's forelock, and hitting the hot iron as became men of sense, and I respected them accordingly. If I interfered at any time with their goods and chattels, or even tried to borrow a book which I recognised as my own, they repulsed me in the most manly and decided manner; and I soon foresaw that they would all get on in the race of life and leave me miles behind. At church I used occasionally to hear some statements that gave me consolation; some advice that even encouraged me to persevere in the spiritless conduct which came to me so naturally—but the clergyman, on week days, was one of the most eloquent of my advisers to stick up for what I could get, to stand no nonsense, and, in short, to fight my way through the school with the same bullying, selfish, dishonest audacity with which I was treated. I was quite willing to do this, but I couldn't, so I had the double disadvantage of wishing to be a tyrant and continuing a spoony. My virtue had no value as it was involuntary, I would have been a serpent if I could, but I had no sting, and was only a worm. The boy I respected most was Herbert Grubb—I respect him still; I saw he would rise to wealth and honour, and he has done so. The second day of our friendship he told me he had come away without his allowance, but it was to be sent to him by post; I lent him all I had, and for a week I saw him, at all hours, in the play-ground swallowing apple tarts and drinking ginger beer, and filling his pockets with gingerbread out of the old fruit-woman's basket, and when I ventured to ask him if his allowance had come, "You fool," he said, "I had it all the time, and if I had a few more asses like you in the school, I would put it into the savings' bank—mind your eye, for here comes a handful of cherry-stones." The other boys applauded his cleverness, and, in my secret heart, so did I—it was such admirable sticking up for number one.

There was a little fellow in the lowest class of the name of Knowlsworth, he was only half a year at the school, and was the simplest little boy I ever knew. I felt immensely superior to him, and once took away his top, but he looked so disconsolate that I pretended

I had done it because it was not a good one, and bought a large one for him with the most awfully painted sides and a power of humming which would have done honour to a beehive. He was a sickly, delicate, fair-haired fellow, with dark blue eyes, that filled with tears on the slightest provocation. He generally shed tears when he talked of home; so Grubb made great fun of his weakness. He always cleaned Grubb's shoes, and when they were polished to his satisfaction he used to sit with the blacking-brush in his hand ready to launch it at the little boy's head, and make him describe all his family, from his father, who was afflicted with the gout, to his sister Mary, whom he described as a perfect angel. As he cried while he branched out into these descriptions, Grubb and his intimate friends enjoyed the joke exceedingly. He used to come and sit down beside me at a table in the hall after he had been forced to make these revelations, and lean his little head upon my shoulder till he fell asleep. I advised him to complain to the master—a Doctor of Divinity, who had written Latin notes to the Gospel of St. John—and the master told him he was a fool for his pains; and when all the fellows went up, one after another, and assured the Doctor that Grubb was an excellent youth, and very kind to little boys, Knowlsworth was flogged for false accusation, and very generally cut by the school, and, in fact, so was I, which I very much regretted, for I looked up with unfeigned veneration, not unmixed with envy, to those high-spirited young gentlemen who carried into practice the lessons of worldly wisdom which were wasted upon me. How often I had been told to carry my head above everyone else, to vindicate my position, and make myself feared and respected in the school. There was not one of us who did not fear and respect Herbert Grubb except little Harry Knowlsworth, but he was a curious boy, and had not received the same kind of lessons at home as the rest of us. He said Grubb was a bully, and he was sure was a coward: now, his papa had told him a coward couldn't be a gentleman, and a bully couldn't be a Christian. I wondered at the time if old Mr. Knowlsworth knew that Grubb's father had married the daughter of an Irish earl, and that she was really Lady Glendower Grubb? How could her son then not be a gentleman? I knew he was a Christian, for he borrowed my Bible and Prayer-book, and I never liked to ask him for them again. We were two Pariahs, Harry Knowlsworth and I, and I daresay he did me a great deal of harm, for, whereas, being four or five years older, I ought to have raised him up to my level and have taught him the vices and knowings of my more advanced period of life, he dragged me down to his, and I never rose above nine or ten years old all the time he was at school. But this was not long. He began to be ill in the middle of the half-year, and the cruelty of

Herbert Grubb and his friends to increase. They now insisted on his describing his sister Mary not as the charming creature the little boy represented her, but as hump-backed and with a stutter, with moral qualities to match. Nothing would tempt Harry to give utterance to the terrible names the coterie of wits and tyrants affixed to the object of the child's affection. So brushes were flung at his head, and the clothes torn off his bed, and water thrown on his face, and his hands held till they blistered close to the fire, but he would not say that Mary was a thief, or had run away with the groom, or was anything but the best of beings, and as I sometimes shared in the punishments inflicted on our obduracy, for I was as firmly persuaded as Harry of the angelic nature of his sister, we used to retire to remote corners of the playground, and there the heroic brother would tell me for hours what a kind, clever, admirable girl his sister was, and what a noble, generous old man his father; and then he used to take my hand, and then, on looking carefully round and seeing no one near, he used to press it to his lips and say that, next to those two in all the world, he liked me best, and I used to feel it a great consolation, amidst the contempt of all the other boys, that this little fellow was attached to me. However, we had not time to grow more intimate, for he became rapidly worse, and was sent home a month before the holidays began. I got a letter from him to say that his sister was at school in France or Italy, I forget which, but was expected home in three months, and then he would tell her all about my kindness, and begging me not to believe the things that Grubb and his companions had said about her, but to like her for his sake.

But he did not live to see the sister he was so fond of. He sent me a beautiful locket that Mary had given him, and I was to wear it always, and never forget him if we never met again. And just when we were going down, the Doctor, in shaking hands with Grubb, said, "You will be sorry to hear your little favourite Knowlsworth is dead—a delicate boy, and I believe you were very kind to him, only, perhaps, a little too rough (as high-spirited young gentlemen often are) in your play. Good-bye—my respectful duty to Lady Glendower."

As to me, nobody took any notice, luckily, of how I bore the news. Grubb bore it very well. He said, "Ah! is he dead, poor fellow? I'm glad now I was always so attentive to him." I don't think the conscience begins to have any power till manhood. Here was a boy who should have felt like a murderer, and really believed himself to have been kind to the victim of his cruelty. I could not help having some thoughts like that in spite of my respect.

On our meeting next half-year poor Harry was forgotten by everybody except by me. I always wore the locket next my heart, and

often took it out to look at the hair. Mary's and Harry's had been tied in a knot long ago, and the boy had added my initial as a loop at the top. It was valuable, too, for the case was of gold, and there were large real pearls all round the rim. It was detected round my neck at the bathing, and got noised all through the school; and it happened one day when I was in the water four or five of the biggest boys kept me engaged and guarded me from making my way to the bank, and when at last I reached the place where my clothes were lying, the locket was gone. I could not tell who had taken it. I spoke to the master, and he quoted many texts from Scripture against evil speakers and false accusers. He found out that my suspicions rested on Grubb—he said Grubb was an honour to the school, had noble blood in his veins, and if I could not substantiate my horrible accusation he would consider whether I should not be publicly expelled. On this I begged to withdraw suspicions and accusation, and to be allowed to submit to the loss. He paused for some time, but at last agreed to pass over my conduct, as a knowledge of such an unchristian disposition might injure my prospects in life. Shortly after that he was made a bishop in consideration of his skill in Greek quantities, and I had to go to another school. My prospects in life, of which the bishop had been so considerate, did not appear to brighten, though I was for a while delivered from the tyranny of Grubb. But there are Grubbs at all schools. I tried in vain to assert my rights: I made my claims either at the wrong time or in the wrong manner, so when my relations and friends perceived that I derived no benefit from their counsels, but rather allowed every opportunity to slip by, they determined to send me to the bar as a profession, where if I did not struggle I must yield. It was like forcing a man to swim by throwing him into deep water. The plunges I made excited laughter in others, and weariness in myself; so I determined to live quietly on the small income I possessed, and watch the ocean and the tempest-tossed barks upon it from the safe eminence of two hundred a-year. "Foolish fellow," said one of my most intimate friends, "to be satisfied with two hundred a-year; you know nothing, my dear Plastic, of the management of money—now, that is what I have particularly studied all my life—I will give you my advice, and you may soon remove to Belgrave Square." How kind! here was a practical man; he had been educated as a civil engineer, then he turned architect, then went into the corn trade, and was a prodigious authority about railways and other lucrative speculations. He came to me in two days—

"Have you any money you can immediately command?"

"Yes; I have two thousand pounds in the funds."

"That will exactly do; I belong to a com-

pany for the manufacture of soap out of tallow candles. It is secured by a patent. I myself hold more shares than I can conveniently pay the calls upon—hundreds are asking to be allowed only a few: you shall have three hundred and fifty—they will pay thirty per cent., and you may safely increase your expenditure by six hundred a year."

I bought a horse—the same friend had three, and parted with one of them—which, however, unfortunately became lame. I thought of giving up my humble apartment, as he said it was for the benefit of the company that the partners should live in good parts of the town: he got me elected director, with a salary of two hundred a-year, and my gratitude knew no bounds. He lived with his aunt, and I presented her with a tea-service, from Rundle and Bridge, with an allegorical sculpture on the coffee pot, representing Generosity pouring wealth from a cornucopia into the lap of Friendship. I did several other foolish things, and went down to the committee room of the company in a clarence, which I jobbed for three months, and even had my crest—a sheep's head with its mouth open—painted on the panel. How I despised my injudicious advisers! Haven't I taken care of myself? Haven't I got hold of time by the forelock? I turned the tables upon them, and gave them immense quantities of advice. I advised the most pertinacious of my counsellors—a Scotchman who was connected with a Greek house in the City—to join our company. The man was thunder-struck. What! get advice from me! He came to me,—"Ye're a bigger fule than ever," he said: "how do ye think any body can mak' a profit by turnin' good can'les into bad saip? The can'les is dearer than the saip, and ye're just a prodigious ass!"

This turned out to be true. I lost all the money I put into the concern, and paid a little more to get a quittance from all liabilities. But my friend was not abashed. He said to me, "Your horse is lame—nobody can perceive it till it has been ridden a mile or two—he isn't worth ten pounds, but I have a very silly friend from Devonshire, I daresay he will give you fifty guineas—you're too much a man of the world to refuse a good offer!"

I said, "Certainly not; it would be strange if, after all my experience, I wasn't a man of the world."

So after that, when I spoke to him about having sold me his shares in the candle-soap patent, he said,—

"I have had great experience, sir; I am a man of the world, as you were willing enough to be about your old screw of a horse, only the Devonshire spoony turned out to be a man of the world, too."

There was nothing to be done, so I went into humbler lodgings, gave up my club, never took anybody's advice, and never was asked by anybody for mine. But one day

the whole destiny of my life seemed to change, I met Herbert Grubb in the street—we had not met for twelve or thirteen years, but he knew me at once. He was what is called head of a department and member of parliament, overwhelmed with business, and anxious for a secretary who would require no salary, but rely on the political interest of his chief. He installed me at once. I answered all his letters, read up historical allusions, and pored over the index verborum of the classics for his quotations. He was delighted with my patience and perseverance, he asked me to dinner, and introduced me to his wife, a tall majestic woman, with noble features, which never relaxed into a smile, but which must have been wonderfully beautiful if they could have clothed themselves in that sunshine of the heart which makes even the plainest faces loveable. Her eyes were amazingly brilliant, and her cheeks glowed with hectic flushes which made her very sad to look on, in spite of her beauty. She was very kind, but it did not escape my notice that she was unhappy; when Grubb was in one of his bullying moods she used to look with pitying eyes on his much-enduring secretary. As to me, I did not mind it. I had always prophesied he would get on in the world, and I was rather proud than otherwise to acknowledge the superiority which I had foreseen. She was surprised at his harsh airs of command to an old schoolfellow and a better scholar than himself, but she said nothing, only when I was going away she used to come forward and take my hand and wish me good-bye with such a sweet voice and such a compassionate smile, that I dreamt of them all night.

Friends had gathered round me again, and were prodigal of advice. "Go in and win," said one, "she certainly likes you, and her fortune is secured upon herself—he treats her so ill that the world will be all on her side. She has fifteen hundred a-year, and can dispose of it as she likes."

Here was advice—here was another hammer to weld my fortunes with while the iron was hot—here was a chance not to be thrown away. Oh! if they had seen the stately form they degraded with their ribald suggestions, the noble face, the imperial eyes—and she was evidently dying, and Grubb evidently knew it; and there were evidently fights going on, and, indeed, I knew that he was leaving her no rest till she disposed of everything in his favour, as her guardian had secured her the power of doing, at the time of her marriage; and I watched the gradual embitterment on one side and increasing contempt on the other. It couldn't last long. One day, when I was in my small apartment, after a morning's work in Herbert's office, a tap came to my door, and the lady came in. "You must come with me," she said, "for you are my only friend in all the world—don't refuse me my first and last request, you

shall know the reason soon." So she took me with her to a lawyer's, and left me in the outer room while she transacted business in the office. It didn't last half an hour; she introduced me to the lawyer when she came out, and said, "Remember!" Then she went away, and I shook hands with her as I put her into her brougham, and, do you know, she took my hand and held it to her lips, and when she let it go again her eyes were filled with tears. She laid her head back in the carriage, and I never saw her again. In a fortnight or three weeks she died. The funeral was very private. My chief did not go—I went as his representative; his attorney also was there, and the old gentleman to whom I had been introduced as I have said—a kind old man, and deeply affected, and so was I. "You must come home with me," he said, "for I have business of the greatest importance to transact with you." When we reached his office he shut the door, he went to a tin-case, took out a parchment, and said, "Open that carefully, there is something in it that deeply concerns yourself." I unfolded the package, and there lay in the middle of the page, suspended by a black silk ribband, a locket set in pearls, and I knew it at once—it was little Harry Knowlsworth's memorial—and there, still fresh as if but yesterday put in, were the initials of the little boy and his sister looped up by mine. "She was Mary Knowlsworth," said the old gentleman, "and only lately discovered a mistake under which she married Mr. Grubb. She was told by the Bishop of Tufton that he had been her brother's friend at school—she became his wife from gratitude, not from affection. In a drawer, some months since, she found the locket—in her husband's secretary she recognised the companion, friend, and fellow sufferer of young Harry. You will, therefore, accept the fortune she leaves you as a legacy from both. Any advice we can give you in the management—"

"It shall lie quietly in the funds," I said, "and every half-year I will go and draw the dividends. I will buy a revolving-pistol when I leave this room, and will shoot the first man who offers me advice."

AN OLD SCHOLAR.

LOITERING in Poets' Corner, you have perhaps observed opposite the monument of DRYDEN, a tablet on the wall bearing the name of ISAAC CASAUBON. In the holy ground thereabouts, were laid the remains of that great scholar in the year sixteen hundred and fourteen. He had been four years in this country, having been invited here by James the First, endowed with two prebends (Westminster and Canterbury), and a pension, when death seized him. He has a place in the *Biographia Britannica*, and a place in Hallam's *Literature of Europe*. He is still in high repute among those who read the

classics, and only the other day we observed a young German philologist gazing with much interest at his epitaph.

All the above facts, however, would not entitle Isaac Casaubon to a place in Household Words, if he had not left behind him a *DIARY* of the last seventeen years of his life, which has been published in our own time, and is a very curious and interesting work. The manuscript remained in the possession of the ecclesiastical authorities of Canterbury, where Casaubon's son, Meric, held preferment, and was printed a few years since by the University of Oxford, under the care of Dr. John Russell. It is in Latin, of course, and Dr. John Russell edits it in Latin, and writes a Latin preface to it; so that if a Roman ghost, revisiting the earth, caught sight of it, he would conclude that Casaubon and Dr. Russell (one a Frenchman, and the other an Englishman) were both countrymen of his own, and that Britain was still a barbarous island under Roman government. However, an English translation would not have paid its expenses in any case, and the University, which brings out the work at its own cost, has a right to present it to the world in its own way. Be it ours to unroll Isaac Casaubon from these wrappings and ancient habiliments, and try to form a living notion of him as a European man. We presume that we shall do his memory no offence, by rendering him into English; and we hope that his warmest classical admirers will not deny that he was once alive; that though he wrote a dead language, even in his *Diary* (*Ephemerides* he calls it), yet that he was a good friendly scholar, eating and drinking like the rest of us, and talking French—at all events to his wife.

The old commentators who devoted their lives to the interpretation of the classics were a very remarkable class of men. The world wants yet, an adequate account of them. They were pioneers, backwoodsmen, clearers of the forests, and drainers of the marsh. We pride ourselves on our Dryden's *Virgil*, our Pope's *Homer*, the insight of Gibbon, the classicality of Gray. But, for these great men the old commentators paved the way. They made the classics readable and intelligible. In fact, they made the roads on which many a triumphal car of genius has rolled smoothly along since; and, directly or indirectly, every writer is indebted to them. Their energy and enthusiasm were unbounded—their love of learning, a passion—their occasional pedantry and violence, pardonable for the sake of these. Casaubon's *Diary* gives us a glimpse of the domestic life and private character of one of the most famous of them. When his formal writings for publication have exhausted their utility, the world will still look at this *Diary*; and his private jottings of the adventures of the day will make many who care little for the commentator think with interest of the man.

Casaubon belonged to the second generation of the scholars of the Revival of Letters. He belonged to the generation after Erasmus and the elder Scaliger, and was contemporary with the younger Scaliger. His father, Arnould Casaubon, was a minister of the reformed religion. He fled from Dauphiné to Geneva, where Isaac was born, in February, fifteen hundred and fifty-nine. At nine years old the boy spoke and wrote Latin pretty easily. They taught Latin in those days very much by conversation—a practice which made children learn it early, but which Ascham condemns as injurious to purity of style. However, as it was the universal language of communication among the learned, and also among the great of the world, familiarity with it was the great object to attain. At twenty-four, Casaubon was a Professor; at twenty-seven, he married a daughter of the celebrated Henry Stephens, by whom he had twenty children. With a rising family of this kind springing up about him, Isaac had to keep his Greek and Latin learning "up," with a vengeance; and the first thing we have to tell of his studies is, that he worked like a horse, or like anything you please to consider industrious. His reading was such as some gentlemen who draw large endowments out of ancient foundations of learning in our day, would probably consider incredible. Those who make their fortunes for life by reading "bits" and writing "bits" of scholarship—with three centuries of learning at their back to help them—differ from the Casaubons and Scaligers, as the King of Naples does from Julius Cæsar. It is indeed the difference between being carried in the penny steam-boat, and being one of the crew of the *Argo*. It is the difference between a man who owes everything to machinery which has been made for him, and a man who owes everything to himself.

Casaubon's routine employment as Professor consisted of delivering lectures. But his great occupation in life was editing classics. Now, editing a classic, as we sometimes see it done in England in our day, though a respectable, is not a transcendently great piece of work. First of all, of course your edition is "based" on that of Bunkins, Cunkins, or Dunkins, of Germany; which entitles you to make what use of the labours of those philologists you please. Then you have got some fifty excellent commentaries written before you were born, to help yourself to. So far, so good; your edition soon gets under weigh. You balance commentator against commentator, and decide between them;—this marks the man of judgment! Then, you attack the last English editor, and treat him with contempt. You call him a certain Smith (*Smithius quidam*)—a man without a tincture of learning (*litteris ne leviter quidem imbutus*):—in English, it would be impertinent,—in Latin, it is severe;

and the critics set it down to your zeal for sound learning, and your hatred of superficial men. Finally, you dedicate to a bishop, whom you call the ornament of the age (*seculi decus*); and out comes your edition on beautiful paper—a reproach (in the paper) to the inferiority of Germany. Casaubon's labours were of a severer character. He settled the texts of his authors by infinite care—the very first necessity being critical skill in the tongues. His commentaries brought all antiquity to illustrate each part of it. By the time he was six-and-thirty, he had edited Strabo, Theophrastus, the *Apologia* of Apuleius, and Suetonius. He then devoted himself to Athenæus and, at the age of thirty-eight, moved from Geneva to Montpellier, and he accepted a chair there. He commenced his *Diary* at Montpellier, on his thirty-eighth birthday. He kept it regularly till his death; but about three years of it have been lost. Let us now open it.

Casaubon begins his reading early in the morning. You see at once that reading is the passion of his life. The day commences with prayer. Thus he reads from about five until ten. After refreshment, he reads again. If anybody calls on any manner of business, or on any pretence of kindness, a dismal groan is recorded. The business of life is to get on with the classics:

"Morning. Prayer; books. Not wholly uselessly employed, O God!"

This is a specimen of many a day. There is an habitual tone of piety throughout; of that fervid, living piety fostered in him from infancy by his father, and kept warm by the earnest spirit of the great town of the Reformers.

"Studied—not without a grief of mind from an internal cause known to thee, Lord. My spouse, who ought to be an alleviation to my labours, is sometimes an impediment."

Was the *marita*, then, a shrew? No; she was a good, faithful, wife; truly loved by Casaubon, who generally calls her the most beloved (the *philtatē*, in Greek). But Casaubon was a little hasty-tempered, as he himself regrets; and doubtless the *philtatē* was sometimes a bore, when he was puzzled by a frightfully corrupt passage.

"Kal. Jan. (*i.e.*, first of January), 1598.—A present from a noble German."

Here we have a glimpse of the way in which supplies came in. The noble German is some amateur of letters, no doubt, passing through Montpellier, and sends a new year's gift to the learned Monsieur Casaubon by way of showing that he appreciates learning.

"Feb., 1598.—When shall I be wholly given to my books? Grant this, O God; but, above all, true piety and constant love of the purer religion."

The purer religion. There is need to pray for constancy, for an eminent Protestant is harassed with people wanting to convert him. Temptation waits, too, in the form of

great offers. We shall see that Casaubon was exposed through life to much pain and annoyance on this side of affairs.

But duty is better than study; and Casaubon was a good man in the best sense; for—

"Called from our studies by the widow of Peter Galesius. The time was not ill-bestowed. Duty is better than study."

The following is curious:—"Attempted the interpretation of a law of Ulpian's which contains the material of garments. Thou knowest, God, that we have not undertaken this rashly, knowing with what diligence we have treated that subject."

So entirely had the feeling of duty taken possession of his mind, that he carried this solemn kind of earnestness into details. Thus he would put up a prayer for a right understanding of the nature of the Macedonian Phalanx; a feeling quite Puritan in its character, and one which, in various forms, achieved immense results in those ages.

In the year fifteen hundred and ninety-nine, Casaubon was summoned to an appointment in Paris. From Montpellier he brought away, as he tells us, good repute, and nothing else. His means were, indeed, generally limited enough, and his family expenses, as the reader has seen, were likely to be considerable.

In March of the above-mentioned year he was at Lyons, and his wife paid a visit to Geneva. He is still working at Athenæus; and yet his nephew Peter will have a fight with a servant (*cum famulo*). So down goes a note of his misconduct in the *Diary*, and the nineteenth century is indignant at Peter accordingly.

He was for some time at Lyons, and also visited Geneva this year. The time is August. He has read, one day, from five o'clock until ten. His wife and he sit down to dinner in high spirits (*hilariter*), when Madame is suddenly taken ill, and at night gives birth to a boy. It is observable, that whenever a child is born—though it be the seventeenth or eighteenth—Casaubon piously offers thanks for the blessing, and could not be more grateful were he an old monarch wanting an heir to his kingdom. Here is an entry in the September of this same year:

"Wife is ill, also little Philippa, John, and nephew Peter. Add to this that one's affairs are embarrassed. Who in such troubles could find leisure for arduous study?"

Who, indeed! Yet, with all his troubles, Casaubon became one of the first scholars in Europe, which ought to stimulate many men, and not scholars only. To these troubles was to be added the old one, arising from his Protestantism; for now that he was invited to Paris, the orthodox were very busy about him.

About the end of December, he talks with "a certain Alchemist—certainly an ingenious man, who told me some things worth hearing about the secrets of his art." Casaubon

seems to incline to believe that gold *can* be made; there is a fascination in the idea when pecuniary affairs are embarrassing, certainly. The last day of February in sixteen hundred he set off to Paris—using relays of very bad horses. On the tenth of March he was presented to Henry the Fourth, who received him with singular humanity. "Thou knowest, Lord," he enters in his Diary, "that I did not seek—did not court—this royal position. Thou hast done it, Lord."

His books, of course, had to follow him, or accompany him, in these peregrinations; and his first employment in a new place was to set them all up and prepare his private museum in the house. Soon, he falls to at them again; and now his labours on *Athenæus* are drawing to a close. He is fixed in Paris, and the king is kind to him; conducts him one day over the palace with much serious conversation. *Thuanus* has lost his wife, and Casaubon consoles him; in addition to which, he is studying Arabic, besides his usual classical labours; and now he opens a correspondence with that conceited monarch, James the Sixth of Scotland. This monarch writes him a letter from his Scotch palace, being ambitious of the praise of learned men. Casaubon does not yet foresee that he is destined to become associated with this monarch; and, in fact, is a little suspicious of him. Meanwhile, Henry the Fourth is kind, as usual, though there are orthodox people always at his ear, hinting that Casaubon is a dangerous heretic. Gentlemen of wooden—faggoty aspect, indeed—scowl at Monsieur Casaubon, and would roast him, on a good pretext, if possible. Underlings of the royal library are not polite; nor are treasurers punctual with instalments of the pension.

On his forty-fourth birthday, Casaubon—as is his wont on his birthday—was meditating solemnly on his life and prospects, when who should come in but the philatæ? She brought with her a birthday present of money, which she had saved out of the household expenses for this auspicious occasion. Casaubon was delighted, and returned thanks to God for the frugality and management (*oikonomia*) of the charissima uxor.

In sixteen hundred and three, he visited his mother at Bordeaux, and soon afterwards paid a visit to Geneva, where old friends and relatives received him with open arms. On a fine June night he supped with Theodore Beza, exclaiming, "What a man! What piety! What learning! O truly great man!" Beza, he remarks, though his memory was failing as to ordinary matters, still retained it in all matters of religion and theology. He told him that on the night of the Admiral's murder, he (Beza) had seen him in a dream, at Geneva, all bloody; and had heard from him the events of that night almost as they actually occurred. Casaubon stayed a little while at Geneva,

on the money affairs of some relations (about which the Genevese authorities did not behave well), and then returned to Paris.

About the end of sixteen hundred and three, we find him busy on his *Persius*, examining ancient manuscripts, preparatory to beginning his admirable edition of that poet. He prays that the mind of King Henry may not be swayed by evil counsellors. The king did not conceal from him that the pope complained of the favour he showed to heretics; and all the people about the king were brimming over with hatred of the poor scholar. Large promises—every artifice employed—but neither Casaubon nor his wife would open their ears to the tempters.

What with Cardinal Perron trying to convert him; what with black sons of Loyola tempting and hating (your conscience or your life, being the favourite alternative of these pious dragoons); what with occasional poverty and domestic troubles—what is a scholar to do? What but go on with his work? Isaac Casaubon had various labours on the anvil; a Treatise on the Ancient Satire (one of those rare treatises which settle the question)—the incomparable Commentary on *Persius*, and so forth. Occasionally he had visitors. Casaubon loved not visitors. Why will people come and talk, dragging a quiet man from his books? There comes one man who loves to hear Casaubon talk—an Englishman, handsome, high-spirited, grave, courtly, learned—*nobilissimum virum*. His name is Edward Herbert, known to all the world in after ages as Lord Herbert of Cherbury. That most distinguished gentleman—the best swordsman and rider and duellist of his age; accomplished in all that could grace rank or give dignity to birth—left courts and palaces to come and talk to the quiet and laborious scholar; and reported in his Autobiography that he had much benefited himself thereby. Such a man, one could spare an hour or two from *Persius* to chat with. In such talk one could forget the "arrogant biped" whose foolish remarks on the Roman poet much annoyed Casaubon in those days.

This is the way, then, in which life was jogging on. The king held firm, and would not persecute this heretic. Money was scanty, but still things were kept going, through the household wisdom of that model wife, the philatæ. Early morning found Casaubon commencing operations with prayer. Then, to work he went, still in the early part of the century, at *Persius*. In sixteen hundred and five the *Persius* appeared. Joseph Scaliger observed that the sauce was worth more than the fish. Indeed, *Persius* sails like a cock-boat in a huge sea of commentary. He is hung up like a picture with a hundred lights on it—illuminated like a palace on a festal night. He had been everywhere spoken of as obscure and unintelligible. Casaubon, who heartily admired him, deter-

mined to prove that *he* could understand him, at all events. The result was a work which has formed the basis of every edition since—which contains a mass of learning about antiquity, and which has associated the name of Casaubon with that of Persius for ever. His next great occupation was his Polybius, the preface to which Warton considers one of the three finest prefaces ever written.

Of course,—he was not to be converted. —“Were I an atheist,” he says, bitterly, “I should be at Rome.” He complains of his little facilities for attending public worship. To this misfortune was soon added a serious business one. By some decision at Geneva, he lost in sixteen hundred and seven, the whole of his wife’s fortune,—“and we are left naked,” he adds. “We have no fortune: I have nothing left but my books and my children! . . . Ungrateful bipeds enjoy the fruits of my labours.” Thus he wails in the spring of sixteen hundred and eight—a bitter cold one—during which he huddled himself over the fire with a book. A new domestic trouble, too, makes its appearance. “Prid. Kal. Feb. (January the thirty-first). As I see, fire and water will agree better than these two women, namely my wife and sister! O miserable lot! O hard destiny.” Summing up the last year’s history, he says: —“Yet my studies, though they have suffered much detriment, have not totally failed. Witness my Polybius, &c.”

But he now suffered the greatest home sorrow of which his Diary gives any record—the death of his eldest daughter Philippa. He enters with melancholy minuteness that she was aged eighteen years, six months, twenty-one days, and four hours. “O my light, my darling, love, delight, and glory of your mother!” For days and days the image of poor Philippa haunts the pages of the Diary. He leaves off his books, every now and then, at the thought of her, and relapses into grief. And, at this time, he is labouring at “that most intricate question of the difference between the Macedonian phalanx and the Roman legion,” and compelled to send off every period to the printer as fast as it is finished.

Soon after, we find him daily inserting a prayer in the Diary for Joseph Scaliger, now in his last illness, and recording the birth of a daughter, his wife’s seventeenth child. At last comes the news of Scaliger’s death in February, sixteen hundred and nine: “Extinguished is that lamp of our age, the light of letters, the glory of France, the ornament of Europe.” Scaliger left him a silver cup. They had been on friendly terms always. Casaubon honoured Scaliger with true affection and admiration,—and Scaliger, in the Scaligeriana, speaks always of Casaubon in a corresponding tone. The great scholars have often mauled each other; it is pleasant to remember, that these two (and there never

were two greater men of the kind) thought and spoke of each other worthily and well.

In the kind of way we have been describing, the Parisian years rolled by. Casaubon’s greatest trouble was, that they would insist on endeavouring to convert him. They waylaid him in the library, and entangled him in controversies; sometimes they spread a report that he *was* converted, and alarmed the “reformed” throughout Europe. But they did succeed in striking him a severe blow; they managed to convert his son John, a youth ignorant of all the great questions of dispute. This hurt Casaubon severely. We can fancy him in his “museum,” brooding over this sore grief,—his hand carelessly playing with the leaves of a folio—when a stranger is announced. An Italian enters, and has something to say evidently of a very secret nature. Casaubon begs that he will speak out. The Italian hesitates; then would Casaubon grant him an interview with—his familiar? Obstupui! says Casaubon, entering the fact in his Diary. What with alchymy, and diablerie, and astrology, men’s minds were ever hovering about the verge of the wonderful in those days, and shadows and shapes lurked in corners out of which gas-light and other light has long driven them.

Sixteen hundred and ten opened on Casaubon, still cloudy in the theological quarter, and in others. He was reading, revising, and editing, as usual, and forming pleasant castles in the air—such as visits to Italy and the like. A visit to Italy was still a favourite vision of scholars, who loved the thought of the morning-land of learning. Casaubon wanted to go to Italy, as Erasmus had done; he wanted to see the country and talk with the learned men; and, particularly, he wished to visit Venice, and inform himself accurately about the Greek Church. For, it was one great and leading desire of Casaubon’s, that a day might come when he should devote himself entirely to sacred learning. The memory of his father sanctified that idea; when he first presented the good minister with a learned work, the old man told him that he would rather see one text of the Scriptures rightly interpreted by him, than all the fine fruits of the Pagan mind. Casaubon thought often of that saying; he remembered the pious zeal of the old man, supporting them all, in the terrible days which followed on the Saint Bartholomew, when the Casaubons fled like hunted beasts to the caves and mountains, and worshipped God in sore distress and terror. It was the pet dream of Isaac Casaubon, to devote his old age to theology; and, indeed, it may be doubted if he ever expounded a mere comic writer, such as Plautus, without a kind of uneasy regret.

Such were the dreams, studies, trials, and troubles of Casaubon—the pious, laborious,

affectionate, rather irritable man, now turned of fifty—when all Paris, one day in May, started at the death-wound of the assassinated Henry the Fourth. That king had altogether treated him well,—had respected his conscience, and checked his enemies; and now Paris was an intolerable and an unsafe residence. Casaubon had corresponded, occasionally, with James the First; and now, that king being on the English throne, a negotiation had sprung up between them, and it was proposed to Casaubon to come over to London. For this purpose, he had to get leave from the French court. The position of great scholars in those days was a singular one. They were courted from place to place in Europe, and, as they approached the towns of their new appointments, the magistrates and professors came out to meet them a mile outside the gates. Yet, they had the utmost difficulty in getting their salaries. And, in the same way, though every king of high pretensions considered a great scholar an ornament to his court and city,—though kings recognised them personally with honour (Henry the Fourth wrote to Joseph Scaliger, on one occasion, with his own hand),—yet, when installed, the scholar was a kind of servant. If he wanted to leave the city he must get permission. When he asked permission, he was sometimes refused it, for fear he should not come back. The lives of scholars were, indeed, full of strange contradictions; they had the splendour of reputation which a singer has in our times, combined with fortune enough to pay for the singer's bouquets, and hampered with restrictions and troubles infinitely vexatious.

In October of sixteen hundred and ten, Casaubon obtained permission to visit England, and came over in company with Wotton; leaving his family and books in Paris. He was sea-sick, like other great and little men, and lay groaning, below, on a heap of sailors' jackets, duly entered in the Ephemerides, as "*vestes nautarum*." He stayed a little while, at Canterbury, with Dr. Charier, and then came to London, "through a most pleasant country," he observes: as Kent, we know, still is. He duly arrived at Gravesend ("*Gravesinda*" sounds odd in our days!) and went first to the house of the Dean of St. Paul's—Overall.

On the eighth of November, he was presented to King James, at St. Theobald's, and attended him at dinner. The ceremonial was, that *you* stood, while the king ate and drank, and made observations on sacred and profane literature, at his good pleasure. An irreverent modern might consider this a little dull; but times are changed. Casaubon stood—a kind of learned dumb-waiter—with bishops and others; and conversation went on. "There was much conversation with this great and wise king on all kinds of literature. The talk turned on Tacitus, on Plutarch, on Commynes, and others. Not without aston-

ishment, did I hear so great a monarch pronouncing opinions on letters!"

Casaubon was sincere; and we can respect his sincerity, without supposing that the king was a paragon. Learning was rare: learned kings were rarer still. James had been well educated; and, if he had a feature in his character not utterly low and mean, that feature was a kind of love of learning, such as is found in many a "*dominie*" of his country. He was glad to get a chance of showing off to a scholar: a scholar in those days was glad to find anything like personal appreciation of his merits in a king. James actually asked Casaubon, to his table to dine with him, which is recorded by biographers with wonder. But, generally, Casaubon's place was at the king's chair, along with the bishops and scholars, as above-mentioned. Casaubon soon found that the king's perpetual summonses of him were a serious interruption to his studies. His wife's absence, too, and that of his library, were annoying. He was solicited to take up his residence in England; and the king bestowed on him a prebend in Westminster, a prebend in Canterbury, and a pension. There is on record an autograph order of James's to the Chancellor of the Exchequer about Casaubon, which is certainly the best specimen of his Majesty's humour that we have ever seen:—"Chancelor of my Exchequer, I will have Mr. Casaubon paid before me, my wife, and my barnes." (23rd September, 1612.)

With what glee would the world have hailed in the scholar's pages any mention of the great authors of that period—any little note about Shakspeare or Ben Jonson! Had Casaubon ever fancied that there was a man then alive in England, whose poetry was more beautiful than that of all the ancients whom he knew so well? There is something affecting in the world's indifference to its great men. Casaubon, learned, wise, good-hearted as he was, probably never thought all his life, that any modern could write anything worth reading, except of course such moderns as the Scaligers and others, who were proud to devote their laborious lives to the illustration of the classics. Our language he knew nothing of; nor was it indeed of any great importance to him that he did not: all those discussions on theology and the classics with the king and the bishops went on in Latin.

Casaubon's wife joined him here; and he likewise obtained his books at last—not without sore annoyance from custom-house authorities. He established himself in a house in St. Mary Axe: "marvellously expensive," says the Diary: where the poor uxor suffered most, knowing nothing of English, and finding the climate inclement. In those days, too, the strong and growing Puritan feeling spread itself among the lower orders, and Casaubon—as a friend to the English church, and, perhaps, as a suspected papist—was liable to

insults. His windows were pelted: sorely to the grief of the poor philtre.

In sixteen hundred and thirteen, we find him visiting Oxford, and sumptuously entertained at Magdalen College. But ill-health was now coming upon him—from an internal complaint of a very peculiar character. On his fifty-fifth birthday (sixteen hundred and fourteep), he enters in his Diary:

"I find my bodily strength languishing."

And so it languished as the summer drew nigh.

"Third of June.—My body languishes . . . My studies are neglected, except that I turn over the writings of Augustine." For some days, he was still reading Augustine, and getting worse. The last entry in his own hand, is, "Thursday, sixteenth of June, sixteen hundred and fourteen. I see that it is now over with my studies, unless the Lord Jesus otherwise order it. In this, too, be thy will done, O Lord!" These were the last words, and surely they were worthy words. On the first of July, all warm baths and other measures proving in vain, Isaac Casaubon died. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, as we have already said.

His son Meric Casaubon made England his home; and for long years, held a Canterbury prebend as his father had done. He lies buried in Canterbury Cathedral, with a son John, and a grandson Meric, in the last of whom (a child) the scholar's line ended. Out of this poor, brave, persecuted family of French Protestants, came one to make it famous; and then, it disappeared again. The brave, kindly, profoundly-learned, and earnestly pious man had the laborious and various life we have seen; and it is a happy chance that the preservation of his Diary enables us to think of him with familiarity, and know him to have had qualities, which those who talk of the gold old commentators of Europe as "pedants" only, would do well to imitate. Casaubon's life was as good a commentary on the stoic poet Persius, as the work which he wrote with that title; and he deserves a little corner in our hearts, as well as in our Abbey.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

VERY COLD AT BUCHAREST.

It is a bright clear morning, and the snow lays white, crisp, and fair upon the ground. There is a healthy buoyancy about the air, which disposes the mildest men for practical jokes, while the jovial are wrought up to a state quite boisterous by cold and high spirits. Individuals with mustaches like a black frill of spears about their mouths, and beards and shoulders of forty years' growth, appear in open daylight with large catskin muffs upon their hands and fur slippers on their feet. Ladies are positively intrenched and fortified in cloaks and tippets and shawls. Peasant girls, only roll laughing along with

bare legs and arms, with eyes that absolutely sparkle from merriment and frozen fun when they observe the poor chilly stuff of which we seem to be made.

My nose has been of a singular colour—partly blue, partly a deep crimson—these three days. I do not exactly know where my hands are: I could not decide with the smallest certainty about them if my comforter depended on my doing so. It appears to me as if my feet, under the direct influence of some malevolent fairy, had been turned into pin-cushions, and that my rejoicing enemy—perhaps the nurse in my elder brother's family—was ironically pancturing on them, "Welcome little stranger," or some similar device, as expressive of gratification at the birth of an heir to the peerage, and the utter discomfiture of myself and tailors. I should never be surprised to trace those insulting words if I succeed in getting off my boots without pulling off my feet also when I venture to go to bed to-night. I use the word venture with respect to going to bed because it is almost as bold an enterprise to retire to a couch of single wretchedness as to leave it. I believe that the majority of the population in these countries are uncontrollably urged into the state of matrimony by the irresistibly seductive prospect of procuring a bed-warmer. I am given to understand that it is customary among married people here to toss up (I suppose night-caps) which shall be devoted to the common cause, and go in to thaw the sheets; or that the more equitable portion of that happy community take it by turns. I am inclined to think, however, that the lady generally contrives to overreach her husband in this respect, she is fond of exciting his courage into rashness by repeated glasses of "poonch," or powerful green tea and rum, about the hour of bedtime. She has been known, also, to plead successfully the necessity of doing up her back hair and to watch the shuddering of her lord between the sheets with intense and hopeful enjoyment. When a husband ceases to shudder, his wife knows that she can venture to get into his place without collapsing, and usually seizes the time with the same accuracy of judgment as is displayed by careful housewives in boiling an egg. That process of thawing the bed is as penetrating and miserable an agony as can be conceived. The most robust man will sink to half his size during the humbling process. As for getting up, it is an exploit so doughty as only to be accomplished by the promptings of the most ravenous hunger. I wonder how the ladies' medical men do.

You feel your clothes freezing on you as you dress. You have no sooner left your hotel than you appear to have been miraculously endowed with diamonds, and very hard ones, growing out of your head, eyes, ears, nose, and mouth; or you may be the genius of a crystal cave. Your whiskers set all

attempts at elegance on the part of your collars at defiance. They stand out like a compact bundle of quills, to use a professional simile, and they crack in a similar manner if roughly disturbed. When you take up a position, it is as well to choose an elegant, or at least an easy one; for you will be speedily wedged into it, and you soon grow painfully aware of your likeness to those bold commercial satellites who walk about London spreading the fame of Moses and Son for a shilling a day and their board.

Your hat, if you persist in wearing one, cuts a clean place for itself into your frozen hair; and if you catch sight of your shadow in a foggy, tortured looking-glass (nothing is so abjectly affected by the weather as a mirror), you will perceive that the natural covering of your head has gracefully arranged itself in the form of a sugar-loaf, or perhaps, in light mockery of your profession or acquirements, in that of a fool's cap. It has in fact taken the shape of the inside of your hat, whatever that shape may be.

It is a fierce and bloodthirsty thing to shave yourself, or to allow any ferocious lover of old fashions to shave you. Your face, after such an operation, will bear the strongest resemblance to an uncooked beef-steak of unsavoury exterior. Your obdurate and merciless collar eats into the persecuted skin like a knife, and you would no more think of making a true British bow than of cutting your throat. The intelligent and travelled observer will remember that Russians and other people of cold countries, generally rather raise their heads than depress them in saluting. I believe they have learned this by bitter experience, by the torture of shaving in sledging-time. Their bow is not a deferential inclination of the head. It is a spasmodic writhe of the waist.

Now, it is all very well for some bumptious old person connected with that famous school for bumptiousness, the red tape and sealing-wax office, to say, "Pooh! pooh! I was in the Principalities in eighteen hundred and three, and I found nothing of this sort." Excuse me, sir; I find it so in eighteen hundred and fifty-four. They say the climates of the world are changing, and I am sure you will agree with me when I add that the race of young men and travellers has degenerated since your time of wooden heads and wonders.

I am going to dine with the hospodar, and the frost dims my burnished boots as I walk downstairs; my teeth are chattering in spite of the enormous bearskin cloak in which I am swathed. My brother's nurse is certainly using the pincushion very briskly as I step into my sledge and hurry my feet into a sheepskin bag, for nothing but wool and leather will keep out the penetrating cold. It is still daylight, for the prince dines

at five o'clock, and we are at the close of January. The streets are a pretty sight. Gilded and glittering sledges are flashing about in all directions. The horses that draw them wear great patches of bright coloured leather covered with bells on their foreheads and shoulders. (The jingling is peculiarly merry and inspiring.) They have housings of velvet and fur, and I see that it is a gallantry among the cavaliers here that these shall be of the same colours as those chosen by their lady-loves. Some are of crimson and ermine, some of purple and gold, some of white and sable. The sledging-time will probably last about a couple of months, and the streets never look so animated and pretty at any other season.

THE THEATRE.

THERE is a Wallachian theatre where pieces are performed twice a week in the Rouman language. I went there, and found it a dismal little place enough, lighted by a dim chandelier of oil lamps. Two indifferent and rather dirty candles were also placed beneath every box. Each box contained four chairs, and was divided merely by a thin partition, on which the occupants of either side might place his elbows and converse. They did converse—conversation, indeed, appeared the sole business of the company there. This talk must have disturbed the serious pit of standing people who came to see the play; but they bore it very patiently, and, perhaps, they did not lose much.

The pieces were the Great Great-coat of Prince Menchikoff, an excessively stupid farce founded on the anecdote which startled the diplomatic world of Constantinople. The other piece was called a Peasant's Marriage. I am sorry to say nothing could be sillier—plot, language, and acting were almost childish. An old Greek, dressed in Turkish clothes, keeps a school; he overhears that one of his pupils is in love with the pride of the village, he is also in love with her—why, how, or wherefore, does not appear in either case. These circumstances give rise to a comic song, performed by the whole strength of the company. The dramatis personæ then scuttle off the stage, tugging at the old person's robe and hustling him. To console himself, he gets into a swing, he compares the emotions produced in an elderly stomach by swinging, to love—audience laugh—comic song all chorus succeeds, and act closes. There is now half an hour's pause for general flirtation. The Wallachian good-humour is irresistible. The dim oil chandelier is lowered, part of it hits a bald-headed gentleman on the head, bald-headed gentleman laughs, audience laughs, bald-headed gentleman rubs his head—there is a visible bump on it—audience are in ecstasies, and cry out jocular condolences. Lamps are snuffed, and make a sad smell, whereat there

is also general jollity, in which some of the ladies distinguish themselves.

Up strikes the band, every man playing on his own hook. The leader has evidently seen a picture of Strauss. He imitates his position and bearing. His wristbands are turned up; they are not quite clean. He does not appear to have the smallest idea of his business. I mention this to my companion: he laughs. People in the next box laugh because we laugh. The curtain rises on a dance. It is awkward and hobbly, but I am told it is characteristic. The peasant boy has of course cut out the schoolmaster, who expresses his grief in several more comic songs. Audience join in one which appears to be a favourite. There is something interesting in this scene, because I learn that the actors are dressed in the old Wallachian peasant costume, which is now fast disappearing. The men wear long white things like calico braided bed-gowns, turn-over boots, and comical woollen caps. The girls are one blaze of spangles and tinsel. There is a pretty scene in which the peasant fetches his bride from her parents, while his best friends offer bread and wine as a symbol of plenty. There is also some gun-firing, a custom probably borrowed from the Turks, but the sulphurous smell of the powder, added to the smoke of the lamps, and the pent-up atmosphere of the theatre, which is crowded to suffocation, are almost insupportable.

I was not sorry when the whole concluded with a dance and a chorus by the whole strength of the company, and we were free to go. I never remember to have seen theatre, play, acting, actors and actresses, so irredeemably bad.

Below there was, of course, a complete regiment of gallants drawn up in line. Every lady coming down had to run the gauntlet. This appeared to me the real reason why most of the company in the boxes had gone to the theatre, and a very good reason too. Perhaps there are here and there a few people in proper London who would not go to the opera if it were not for the pleasures of the crush-room, while Mrs. Lackadaisy's carriage is stopping the way.

THE TERRIBLE OFFICER.

THERE is an Austrian officer quartered in the house of a pleasant Wallachian family. He is an under-lieutenant, or what we should call an ensign, and he is a very great man in consequence. It is a powerful thing to hear his sabre clanking along the passage when he comes home at night from the hotel or casino. It is more overwhelming still to hear him in energetic conversation with his man servant of a morning. He treats the pleasant Wallachian family as if they were his born serfs and servants. They keep out of his way, therefore, as much as it is convenient to do so—perhaps more. His footfall is a signal for the prompt flight of all within hearing of

it. When he clears his throat the maid-servant trembles. If he coughs in the night the whole house is thrown into a state of alarm.

It is not unnatural under these circumstances that when the pleasant Wallachian family gave a ball on New Year's Eve the terrible officer is not invited. He is not invited because there is not a lady who would dance with him; because his presence would be insupportable—his very entry into the room would cause the guests to quake and fear.

The Austrian ensign, however, does not appear to appreciate these reasons at a sufficient value. He is huffed at being forgotten on a festival day, as most people are who have rendered themselves disagreeable previously. He makes these sentiments known to the family on his return home between nine and ten o'clock, by sending them an abrupt order to leave off making a noise, which is likely to disturb his rest. The servant who delivers this message creates much astonishment, also some laughter. He is generally supposed to be the harmless agent of rather a far-fetched practical joke. The guests converse together agreeably about him in little groups for a few minutes, and then the subject is forgotten.

Forgotten: for this night is one of the greatest festivals of the Greek Church, and every good Christian is bound to be merry accordingly. Our guests are merry, and the ball goes on. Now, a Wallachian ball is by no means the milk-and-water affair of a ball in Eaton Place West. There are few wall-flowers who sit in steady silence throughout the evening, looking as unhappy as possible; there are no long-faced gentlemen who stand about exasperatingly in doorways, and will not be comforted; there are no shy people who won't dance, or can't dance. The guests assemble at about seven o'clock in the evening with a fixed determination to amuse themselves. They dance in the most vigorous manner till midnight. Then they have a solid sit-down supper, seasoned with a very considerable condiment of flirtation. Then they begin again, and see each other home in the morning, just as you and I should like to see home Miss Brown and Mrs. Fairly.

Such is the highly ornamental design for an evening's entertainment marked out on the present occasion. So the polka succeeds the waltz, and the quadrille is followed by the mazurka, and all prudent people who love to talk together in corners have long ago entered into arrangements for the cotillon. That fascinating dance is, indeed, at its height. The performers are whirling in mazy but pretty confusion, picking up handkerchiefs, pulling crackers, presenting bouquets and gay ribbons to each other, after the fashion of the thing. Then the door opens suddenly, and a fearful apparition appears in the

midst of them. That apparition is supposed at first to be a holiday joke of Christmas time. The ladies scream delightedly, and the gentlemen laugh and whisper consolation. Nothing can be pleasanter; for no one has recognised in the long figure habited in a scanty dressing-gown and dingy drawers, the august person of the Austrian ensign. He soon enlightens them.

"What is the meaning of all this noise?" he thunders, in a terrible voice. "Did I not send you a message to be quiet? Is this a pothouse, where you can ask whom you please, or is it my quarters? Put out the lights and send home these people. I cannot go to sleep for their racketty doings."

"Hark ye, sir!" answers the host, now put on his metal. "I and my family have borne a good deal from you, but we cannot bear this. I beg that you will retire at once to your own room."

"So you will have it, then," says the Austrian ensign, growing much irritated. "Understand, therefore, that I place you all under arrest as rioters." Then he disappears, and, summoning his soldiers, they surround the house, and he absolutely does imprison the new year's party. He is a man of his word.

Now, among the guests is an aide-de-camp of the hospodar, or prince, of this unhappy country. He is required to be on duty at a certain hour, and when he sees that the house is surrounded he grows seriously alarmed. All the doors are guarded, but there is still a window through which he might escape. He squeezes through it, and luckily makes good his exit, leaving the rest of the company in confinement.

He tells the prince of what has happened, and in a few days there is a rumour, that the Austrian ensign has been placed under arrest also; but nobody believes it; and all idea of his serious punishment for so strange a freak is, of course, out of the question. It is said, however, to have been a sad and singular sight enough to see the guests file out in the morning when the guards were removed. They were in their ball-dresses, and their carriages had been sent away. They had to wade through the mud, cheerless and wretched.

"And so, Colonel, are these things to be continued? The feeling of the Wallachians is very much exasperated about them," said a person to an Austrian officer high in command, while conversing on this and some similar events.

"What will you have?" was the reply. "It is the same in Italy. Scarcely a night passes without some riot or murder. It must always be the same where there is an army of occupation. At Clausenberg last year, too, a thing occurred precisely similar to that we are now discussing. Some of the natives gave an insolent ball, to which they did not ask our officers, and the consequence was that

we stopped their balls altogether. Why, balls, sir, are as bad as clubs. They are often dangerous assemblies of people disaffected to the government. If not, why exclude us?"

"Ah, indeed! Then there are to be no more balls at Bucharest, perhaps?"

"Very likely not."

And there have been none.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

True hearts, true hearts! with courage all undaunted,
Well tried, well proved, on many a battle field,
A courage well sustained, and justly vaunted,
Versed in all tactics,—save the art to yield.

It is a harder conflict ye are bearing,
A bitter struggle now ye undergo,
Than any outer act of gallant daring,
Or combat, howe'er deadly, with the foe.

The winter in inhospitable regions,
The toil by day, the ceaseless watch by night,
Rain, frost and cold advance resistless legions,
Worse to encounter than the sorest fight.

Sickness and Death, their mournful harvest reaping,
Sweep day by day through each diminished line,
Like silent river floods, that onward creeping
Their fragile barriers daily undermine.

The hope deferred, the long enforced inaction,
Warm hearts at home, and yet all help so far,—
Proving how world-old rules and party faction
Can add new horrors to the curse of war.

What in comparison were deadliest meeting,
Though the dark angel hovered in the van?
Ask the heroic hearts so bravely beating
On Alma's heights or plains of Inkermann.

True hearts, true hearts! with courage all unswerving,
Be this proud record added to your fame:
Of the whole nation warmest praise deserving,
Ye add new glory to old England's name!

To bear such hardships nobly uncomplaining,
To keep through all the lamp of hope alive,
As e'en the slightest murmuring tone disdaining,
To your last breath to suffer and to strive.

Out of the earth our brethren's blood is crying
To One not heedless when such claimants sue,
And a roused nation's earnest heart replying,
Goes forth, devoted men, and bleeds with you.

CONVICTS, ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

ONE of the grandest judicial mysteries—one of the most puzzlingly sealed books in the Radcliffian library in Themis's castle of Udolpho is, what becomes of a man after he has been sentenced to be transported? The judge on the bench—it is no disrespect to him to say it—knows no more than the wig he wears what will be the after fate of the delinquent upon whom he has just passed judgment. The prisoner, honest man, is equally ignorant of his future. He knows quite enough

already—that he cannot walk about in the open air when he wishes; that he cannot smoke, drink strong liquors, gamble, or stop out o' nights; that he is compelled to wear a prison dress instead of his own clothes, and that any property he may possess, as a convict, is forfeited to the state. But how long this state of things is to continue; or where the ten, fifteen, or twenty years, or the perpetuity of his captivity are to be lived out, he has no more than a very faint and misty notion. He may find himself, two or three years hence, on board the *Justicia* hulk at Woolwich, at Melbourne or Sydney, in Devonport dockyard, on the Plymouth breakwater, in the Portland stone quarries, in a private room at Pentonville, or (and this consummation is just as likely as the others) he may find himself, after a short detention, at large, breathing the sweet air of his dear native Whitechapel or Westminster again—a ticket-of-leave in his pocket; a graduate in the university of crime; a bachelor of thieves' arts, with only a few more terms to keep before he goes back to the Central Criminal Court to be received M.A.

The British public knows very little of what becomes of the convicts. Some of them are in the dockyards, that is apparent; some in this penitentiary; some in that; many enjoying perfect liberty, though their term of punishment be not half expired; which is unpleasantly evident from the daring burglary at the house over the way, committed by ticket-of-leave men last Friday night, and from the startling garotte robbery by a liberated convict which is to be inquired into at Bow Street Police-office this morning. But where are the vast majority? Australia won't have them; Van Diemen's Land repudiates them; the Cape of Good Hope would like to see them (ironically) come there. The earthly Hades at Norfolk Island is broken up; the American plantations have been out of fashion for the transported for a century. We can't receive them into the bosoms of our families, and set them to baste the meat for seven years, or entreat them to nurse the baby for the term of their natural lives. We can't have them continually sailing up and down the seas in quest of a colony which will take them in. We would rather not have them walking about Regent Street, with bludgeons, pitch-plasters, chloroform sponges, and slip-knotted handkerchiefs in their pockets. They are an eyesore to us even in Woolwich or Portsmouth yards, skulking among the frank, jovial, open-faced men-of-war's men and the smart stalwart soldiers. We grumble against the pet prisons, the horticultural show-houses of rascality, the menageries of crime—wild beast shows well kept, well swept, well ordered; with nice sweet shins of beef for the animals (fed at regular hours), and well-dressed visitors crowding to see the hippopotamus of burglary taking his bath, or the chimpanzee of larceny holding

a good book like a Christian, or the bludgeoning tiger being stirred up with a long pole and not howling, or the worthy governor or worthy chaplain emulating the exploits of Mr. Van Amburg—putting their heads in the lion's mouth, and not having them bitten off. Where are the convicts to go? Where *do* they go? And while we ask, well-meaning philanthropists echo the same question dolorously, while the government cry still more dolorously that they would like very much to be told what to do with the convicts, and where to send them. Whereupon A bellows out, "Botany Bay!" forgetting that we have tried the Bay, and that it has now narrowed into a river running upon golden sands, even the Pactolus, and that the inhabitants of its auriferous banks refuse disdainfully to have anything to do with British scum. Follows B, who roars, "Hang them!" unmindful that we have tried that, too, and have not found it answer. Follows (at a long distance behind) Z, who has a small voice, and is too weak to struggle to the front, and who says mildly, "Teach and wash and tend them, before they come up into the dock for judgment; let there be clean straw, sweet shins of beef, and good books outside as well as inside the menagerie, and do not let a human being wait till he be a criminal to be cared for, like the bear in the Garden of Plants, who only became famous from the day he ate a baby."

Whatever becomes of the convicts in the present muddled state of transition into which the questions of secondary punishments and prison discipline have sunk, it is not the less certain that judges of the land declare that they do not know whether the sentences they are passing will be carried out or not; and that criminals avowedly condemn the punishment of transportation, and are pleasantly conscious that it will not be carried out in its terrible entirety. Meanwhile we, who are not yet transported, only dimly know two things: that transportation to the colonies is at an end, and that large numbers of determined ruffians are daily let loose upon tickets-of-leave, and return from wherever they came to swell the already not immaculate population of our large towns, and exercise assault, battery, theft, burglary, shop-lifting, hocussing, and other branches of their profession, with as much vigour and with more success than heretofore.

Let us see what the state of affairs is in the dominions of the Emperor of the French. Until very lately, grave and, in many cases, capital crimes were punished by *travaux forcés* (hard labour) for a term of years or for perpetuity at the dockyard *Bagnes*—better known under the generic name of the galleys. But our neighbours are now in the same state of muddled transition as to secondary punishments that we in England are. The *Bagnes* were the same hells upon earth that our Norfolk Island was. A large section of French philanthropists and social

economists called out for the cellular system, with all its wretched apparatus of starving, darkness, strapping, hanging on tiptoes, and gagging; and with its horrible attendants of madness and suicide, canting hypocrisy, or hardened sulkiness. The French government, which is to the full as puzzled as our own what to do with its reprobates, suddenly confounded confusion by breaking up the Bagnes; and, at the present day, the untransported public in France are in a state of dreamy ignorance parallel to our own as to the whereabouts of convicts; where they go to, what is actually done with them, and when they may be expected back. The authorities are indefinitely known to have invented penal colonies;—one, the fine feverish settlement of Cayenne, about which—whether it be in Senegal or Guiana, or both—the same muddled ignorance prevails as among well-informed circles here as to whether Demerara be an island or a continent, in South America or in the West Indies, or all four. Another is Nouka-Hiva, which, when I say that it is in the South Seas, is saying quite enough for once, I think. Thither the burglars, forgers, and, very often, murderers, who are sentenced by the French Court of Assize to *travaux forcés* are sent; but, as it is known that there are also in those colonies some thousands of unfortunate men, many of them educated gentlemen—many shamefully deluded by now prosperous rogues—almost all of them guilty of no other crimes than wanting bread and differing in political opinion from somebody else, no coherent idea can be formed of which is transportation, which deportation, and which *travaux forcés*. The widow whose only son was sent to Cayenne because he happened to be in the National Guard and in Barbés' Legion in June 'forty-eight, or because he was foolish enough to walk on the Boulevard des Capucins on the second of December 'fifty-one, knows not whether he be chained to a desperado found guilty of assassination with extenuating circumstances, and condemned to hard labour for life, or not, and vice versa. It is all a muddle. The few letters that reach France from Cayenne, or are allowed to be published, describe settlements as having been made and abandoned; penitentiaries opened and closed; tickets-of-leave granted, to the infinite annoyance of the non-convict inhabitants of Senegal, and numerous evasions into the bush. What sort of bush the bush of Senegal may be I am not aware; but, from the peppery, tigerish, jungleish nature of the climate, I imagine that any of the evaded, if retaken, would be found to have become spotted—if not brindled, with tails, great suppleness in the joints, and capacity for springing from holes in rocks, and an unquenchable appetite for raw meat and hot blood.

In a most remarkable converse, the French are desperately endeavouring to get rid of

the very disease with whose virus we are as desperately trying to inoculate ourselves. "No convicts in France!—no liberated convicts. Break up the Bagnes!" cry the French. "No transportation to the colonies! Tickets-of-leave, and build up a Bague on Dartmoor!" cry we. And each system seems to work equally ill. The French judges go on sentencing, doubting the efficacy of their sentences; the public go on asking for security, or at least for information, and don't get them; and the government goes on scratching its head (if a government could perform so undignified an operation), or, like that man who was so wondrous wise, jumping backwards and forwards in and out of a quickset-hedge, not much improving its vision in the long run thereby.

The curse of French society—the big plague-spots in all the back streets—were the liberated and escaped convicts. Strictly guarded and watched as they were, they often managed, as we shall afterwards have occasion to see, to regain their liberty. Of course, they all flocked to Paris. The streets were not safe at night; the bridges were regular places of call for assassins: and, at every émeute, at every popular commotion, there were vomited forth from foul cellars and tapis francs; from the Rue aux Fèves; the infamous tumours of streets behind the Louvre; the slums of the petite Pologne, the Barrière Mont Parnasse; the Rue Mouffetard and the Faubourg du Temple, boiling, raving, screeching, ravenous mobs of escaped convicts, liberated convicts, coiners, midnight assassins, passport-forgers; nine-tenths of whom had served at some time or other their apprenticeship at the Bagnes. These men, calling themselves republicans, and fighting at the barricades as a cloak for murder and plunder, did more harm to honest republicanism and real liberty than ten hundred reigns of terror could have done. These were the men who shot the Archbishop of Paris, who murdered General de Brea, who impaled the artilleryman, and cut off the feet of the dragoon. A large majority of the prisoners arraigned at the Court of Assize had been convicts at some time or other; and a large proportion of the duties of that peculiarly infamous body, the secret police (recruited, itself, from the convict ranks), consisted in hunting out and recapturing the forçats évadés—the escaped convicts.

The evaded malefactor—who had thus provided himself with an unsanctioned "ticket-of-leave"—did not fail, of course, of becoming interesting and romantic in France. He was dramatised immediately with immense success. The escaped forçat, Vautrin, in M. de Balzac's drama of that name, was elevated by the accomplished actor, Frederic Lemaitre, into a sort of French Timon—a cynic philosopher, visiting all the institutions of society with the most withering scorn. The

character was thought to be a caricature of Louis Philippe, and the play was prohibited by the government. So was Robert Macaire, that other convict apotheosis, which is too well known in England to need any further mention here. M. de Balzac's Vautrin was by him transplanted into that wonderful series of novels aggregated by their author under the title of the "Comédie Humaine." The escaped, recaptured, re-escaped, again recaptured, and at last promoted into chief of the Police de Sureté, Vautrin runs through half a dozen romances like Natty Bumppo in the works of Mr. Cooper. Scarcely a melodrama or a novel afterwards was produced without a forçat being discovered in act the first, occupying the exalted position of a baron, banker or general. In act the third he was generally detected; and, if not shot, was sent back with ignominy to the galleys. The "ancien forçat" became almost as recognised a rôle as the "père noble" or the "premier amoureux." The novel writers ran the escaped convict almost to death. They had him in one volume, in two volumes, in three volumes, in series of ten of three volumes each; in feuilletons, reviews, and magazines. Mr. Frédéric Soulié served up the convict with as many sauces as a good ship's cook will adjust to one piece of beef; but the culmination of convicts took place in M. Eugène Sue's monstrous romance of the "Mysteries of Paris," in which every one of the characters either had been, or were, or ought to have been at the galleys. To believe these gentlemen (which, to say the truth, very few people did), you could not enter a drawing-room without running the risk of your host being an escaped convict, even if you, as a guest, did not happen to be a forçat yourself: and there was every probability of the gentleman decorated with the riband of legion of honour who sat next to you at dinner, having undergone ten years' hard labour; or of the patent leather ankles of your sister's partner having formerly been encircled with a neat iron ring with leg-chain to match.

Though the dramatists and novelists amplified their narrations considerably, as it is the custom of dramatists and novelists to do, they had some foundation of truth to work upon; for the escaped convict was, until very recently indeed, a disagreeable reality in France. He was frequently, too, a romantic reality; and there are accounts on record of the escapes of convicts and their subsequent adventures, surpassing in romantic interest the boldest achievements of our penny illustrated heroes. The essential democracy of French society—at least before the second Empire—which allowed every man with a good coat on his back, and with tolerable impudence, to penetrate into the best circles; and to attain even the highest social positions; the perfect facilities offered—from the abolition of the hereditary peerage—to

a man for calling himself by whatever title he chose; the omnipotence of ready money in consequence, and I may hint the general corruption and Robert Macairism that characterised the early days of the monarchy of July, produced a general condition of existence that really rendered it possible for the escaped denizen of the Bagne to form commercial partnerships of the highest respectability, and to marry spinsters with fortunes. They could play—and win—at the best tables, sport for a time titles and decorations, and mix in and impose upon the entire round of fashionable life. Fancy Belgravia bamboozled by a ticket-of-leave holder—Tyburnia duped by Tyburn Jack!

TINDER FROM A CALIFORNIAN FIRE.

THE golden attractions of California have been sought by many Englishmen, who have brought home various reports of them; among others, they have been lately sought by Mr. Frank Marryat, who has spent three years in the country, and tried it in various capacities. He has lived there as a shooter of deer, a grower of onions, a builder on a town lot, a crusher of quartz. Having so tried it, he has failed in getting money, but has succeeded well in getting pleasure out of his adventures. He is a gentleman who—having good-humour for the chief bulk of his luggage—has wandered much about the world, who has taken pen-and-ink notes of many things; who has made a great number of pencil sketches. His Californian journal and the pictures he had painted were burnt in one of the great fires of San Francisco. It is from recollection of the leaves of his journal that he now produces a cheerful, useful book: Mountains and Molehills is its title. We will indicate here a little of the anecdote and information thus reduced to tinder, and thus restored to ink and paper again.

Mr. Marryat arrived at San Francisco while the June fire of eighteen hundred and fifty was still burning. He was accompanied by a young friend, Mr. Thomas, who, having gone out to join a great mercantile house and found the house in ruins, fell in with Mr. Marryat's purpose of experimenting for a few months on Californian sport by settling somewhere among the mountains, and subsisting by the gun. He was accompanied also by a faithful servant, Barnes, who had begun the world as poacher, and then settled down as gamekeeper; by two blood hounds, Prince and Birkham; and by a large Scotch slot hound, whose name was Cromer. After various experiences, this party of six awoke one morning on the bank of Russian River to find mules and horses stolen, all means of farther advance cut off, and no more agreeable alternative left than to wade through the stream, each man with baggage on his head, and look on the other side for a backwoodsman's hut

that was known to exist in the vicinity. Without much trouble the hut was found, near a running stream, surrounded by huge redwood trees. The backwoodsman, a powerful Missourian, whose name was March, being at home, lent his mule to bring the luggage up; and, by nightfall, the English party was encamped within a few yards of this man's dwelling.

Two other backwoodsmen lived with March, bringing up to three the number of the population in that district. These three men nevertheless had been at work in the recesses of the forest. With their own six hands they had just built a massive sawmill, to which they had applied the power of the stream, by means of an overshot wheel. The heavy beams of the millframe, the dam, and race, had all been formed from the adjacent redwood trees. Nothing was wanting but the saw, and for that the builders meant to make a trip to San Francisco. Thus, as Mr. Marryat rightly says, the American goes ahead because he looks ahead. From the first tents of San Francisco orders were sent out for steam engines and foundries which now do the daily work of an important city. In the same spirit March's mill was built in a lonely wood, with the safe expectation that its use would soon appear, and it now barely supplies the wants of an agricultural population that is settling round about it.

By the advice of March, Mr. Marryat and his companions walked over the hills to look at a valley on which they were strongly advised to squat. The valley was found to contain about twenty acres of ground, perfectly level, bounded on one side by masses of redwood trees, and on the other by a fine stream whose banks were shaded with alders and wild vines. In the valley itself was neither shrub nor tree; except that, from its centre, rose a clump of seven gigantic redwoods which grew in a circle, and so formed a natural chamber, to which there was but a single entrance. Of this valley, the English party made a winter's home. The space within the central clump was perfected as to its accommodations by the addition of a boarded floor and a brushwood roof. Barnes, who was a famous woodsman, laid his axe to the trees beyond the stream, and proceeded to the manufacture of rails and other things proper to be set up by an occupier of the ground. Mr. Thomas took charge of the home department, and Mr. Marryat devoted himself and his gun to the business of finding victuals for the whole establishment.

The redwood tree here mentioned—the arbor vite—is to the Californians as much a possession and a wonder as their gold. It grows to be some eighteen feet in girth, one hundred and fifty feet in height, and is as straight as it is tall. Its timber is very durable, and at the same time easily worked, with no other tools than an axe, a betel, and some wedges. An unusually large redwood

tree is something most enormous. In Calaveras county a group of them, each tree being from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet in height, were found to measure in girth from fifty feet to sixty, seventy, and eighty. The largest was felled, and the bark which was removed to San Francisco, and set up in its original position, formed a spacious room, seven-and-twenty feet from end to end.

The redwood bark is commonly found perforated in every direction by a kind of starling, called for his pains the carpentaro—carpenter. The carpentaro's labour indefatigably to form cells in the trees, which they fit tightly with acorns for their winter provender. They work noisily, chiefly upon the tops of the redwoods, and are always at work when they are not fighting. There is a gray squirrel who profits by their labour. When he ascends a redwood he is immediately surrounded by the birds, who know what he wants, and attack him with an angry chatter. Taking no heed of them he extracts whichever acorn is most tempting in his eyes, pops it into his mouth, and turns his head from side to side, looking at the indignant birds with comical composure. Then down he comes, whisking his silvery tail, and the carpentaro's assemble round the pillaged hole to scream at the whole rascally business, and rate the robber soundly in his absence. Often it happens that while they are in the midst of their vituperation, the gray squirrel again appears among them, having found the first acorn so ripe and good that he thinks he will take another. By that time the noise in the tree has brought fresh flights of carpentaro to the scene of quarrel, and the chorus of protest against his proceedings becomes altogether deafening. A worse enemy to the carpentaro is the Digger Indian. The diggers light a fire at the root of a well-acorned redwood tree, in that way fell it, and when it has fallen pick its acorns out and carry many baskets-full away.

After a little time, by help of Barnes the woodman, there was a two-roomed house built near the redwood clump, and this was kept free from the vermin—which abound in the land, and are brought home in fresh colonies with the skin of every slain animal—by a few simple precautions. Everything was turned out of the hut daily and hung up in the sun, the floor was then well watered; and, by these precautions, accompanied with a scrupulous regard for cleanliness, a ban was set upon centipedes and scorpions, and all black cattle that seek pasture upon human flesh. The settlers had books, and one of them usually read aloud after the day's active work or sport—when supper was done and pipes were lighted—from a volume of Fielding, Goldsmith, or De Foe. Barnes also took writing lessons; but, on one occasion, these amusements were set aside for a great debate on a proposed farming operation. Onions

were commanding fabulous prices in San Francisco. If onions could be persuaded to come, enormous profit would accrue. Onion seed, therefore, was fetched from town with other agricultural stock. The onions rewarded a great deal of care by really sprouting; but, before they were ready for the market, the gray squirrels interfered with the foresight of the farmers, just as they had set at nought the foresight of the carpenters. They munched them and wagged their heads over them until the field was stripped of all its produce.

By that time, however, Mr. Marryat was being led into a new track. He had gone to San Francisco, there to meet an iron-house that had been sent to him from Europe. It was landed, and proving mere rubbish, was left to be thrown into the quay. A speculation of a larger kind in iron buildings followed: and here let us stop to back the author's recommendation to all emigrants in no case to go out like snails with houses on their backs.

Of iron-houses, after much experience, he speaks in the most disparaging way. Under sun-shine they are too hot; as night advances they cool too rapidly, and towards dawn they are ice houses. When warm the anti-corrosive paint upon them emits a sickening smell, the rain falls on the roof noisily like small shot, and, if such houses become implicated in a fire they first expand, then collapse, and tumble down with astonishing rapidity. In one of the San Franciscan fires, of which Mr. Marryat had some experience, the American iron-houses, of which the plates were nearly an inch thick, and the castings of apparently unnecessary weight, collapsed like a preserved-meat can, and destroyed six persons, who, believing it to be fire-proof, remained inside.

While the onions were coming up, and Mr. Marryat was at San Francisco, a store-ship laden with iron-houses, belonging to a friend of his, sunk at her moorings in a heavy gale. When raised, her cargo, crusted with mud and peopled with small crabs, was unsaleable at San Francisco. At that time, the state of California had secured certain ground, the property of General Vallejo as the site for a capital, a seat for government, of which Vallejo was to be the name. The ground had already been surveyed and staked off into botanic gardens, theatres, churches, orphan asylums, town-halls, and schools for the indigent blind. The bright idea therefore occurred to Mr. Marryat of landing those muddy materials on the beach at Vallejo, leaving them there for the tide to scour, and then using them for the construction of some building in the rising capital. At the end of six months he had accordingly converted them into a capacious hotel, well finished and painted, and furnished handsomely, according to the proper Californian style. At this juncture the government

altered its mind relative to the site of the new capital, and selected Benicia. So much of the city of Vallejo as had been built was thereupon pulled down and sold for old materials. The hotel, we should say, was just before the same crisis seized in execution for two ponies' tails. Its owner—who had proposed to himself to let it at a great rent—had been travelling with a friend in a drag, to which he harnessed two horses of his own, while his friend added to the beam a pair of Canadian switchtail ponies. The friend upon the journey dined too well; and, after dinner, nothing would please him but an alteration of the tails of the two Canadian ponies. They must be made to match with the tails of the other pair of horses, which were banded. Remonstrance was urged against this proceeding, inasmuch as it would be the spoiling of two valuable animals, whose chief beauty consisted in their manes and tails, but the remonstrance was in vain. The tails were hacked with a blunt table-knife and when they were docked (one being left nearly a foot shorter than the other) the perpetrator of the mischief admired them, and remarked after a grave survey, "Oh, no consequence, s'hey don't b'long to me." The person to whom they did belong thought it of consequence and went to law upon the matter. Thus it came finally to pass that, for the value of two ponies' tails, the sheriff was put in possession of the Vallejo hotel, but that functionary submitted to ejectment by the owner.

Then, too, the onions failed, and the squatters gathering about March's mill, proved Mr. Marryat to be an alien who had no right of pre-emption, and objected to his retention of the valley. Moreover, while things were going awry at Vallejo, and Mr. Marryat was in that place, a bright glare one night, in the direction of San Francisco, warned him of another conflagration of the town, to which he hurried, and at which he arrived, after his lodging there with all the possessions it contained (journal included) were destroyed. By a few steel buttons only that remained upon the ground could he discover where his property had stood. What one of these all-devouring fires is like the traveller shall tell us, for of a calamity like this none who are inexperienced can speak with half the force of an eye-witness. It is another conflagration—one that occurred while he was living in San Francisco—to which Mr. Marryat refers in the succeeding passage:—

"On third of May, at eleven in the evening, the fire-bell again startled us; but on this occasion the first glance at the lurid glare and heavy mass of smoke that rolled towards the bay evidenced that the fire had already a firm grip on the city. The wind was unusually high, and the flames spread in a broad sheet over the town. All efforts to arrest them were useless; houses were blown up and torn down in attempts to cut off communication;

but the engines were driven back, step by step, while some of the brave firemen fell victims to their determined opposition. As the wind increased to a gale, the fire became beyond control; the brick buildings in Montgomery Street crumbled before it; and before it was arrested, over one thousand houses, many of which were filled with merchandise, were left in ashes. Many lives were lost, and the amount of property destroyed was estimated at two millions and a-half sterling.

"No conception can be formed of the grandeur of the scene, for at one time the burning district was covered by one vast sheet of flame that extended half a mile in length. But when the excitement of such a night as this has passed by, one can scarcely recall the scene: the memory is confused in the recollection of the shouts of the excited populace—the crash of falling timbers—the yells of the burnt and injured—the clank of the fire-brakes—the hoarse orders delivered through speaking-trumpets—maddened horses released from burning livery stables plunging through the streets—helpless patients being carried from some hospital, and dying on the spot, as the swaying crowd, forced back by the flames, tramples all before it—explosions of houses blown up by gunpowder—showers of burning splinters that fall around on every side—the thunder of brick buildings as they fall into a heap of ruins, and the blinding glare of ignited spirits. Amidst heat that scorches, let you go where you will—smoke that strikes the eyes as if they had been pricked by needles—water that, thrown off the heated walls, falls on you in a shower of scalding steam—you throw your coat away, and help to work the engine brakes, as calls are made for more men."

The end of it was work, and the result of it was work. The community of San Francisco took, in those days, a fire as quietly as a boy takes a fall upon the pavement. The town had to be got up again, and that was all. However great might be the destruction of property, however complete the ruin of some individuals whose all was lost, and who could take no part in the effort to reconstruct their own fortunes together with the town, all lamentation was sent, like the sickness in an army, to the rear. The ruined were the luckless men—not rare in Californian society—and nothing remained for them but to go about their business, whatever that might be. The business of all who had wherewith to buy building materials was obvious enough, and the demand for bricks and stones was held to be more pressing than the need for sighs and groans, therefore among the tents of the burnt-out townspeople little was said of the past grief, much of the present remedy. Mr. Marryatt arrived at San Francisco, summoned by the glare over the town, only in time to see the dying embers of the fire that had destroyed his journal, but over them, while they still smoked, he found the citizens

already preparing to rebuild their homes, or, it would be more accurate to say, places of business, with brick and stone. Instructed and even strengthened by disaster is the man who would cut out for himself a new path in the world. The Californian public knows the uses of adversity, turns them all to account, and thrives.

Mr. Marryatt himself also has made some trial of them, and is not the worse for his experience. Soon after he had been burnt out at San Francisco, that gentleman commenced a quartz-crushing experiment, and found that his iron machinery was obstinate in breaking down, the quartz being more able effectively to bruise the machine than the machine to bruise the quartz. Here was the man to bring us home a black account of California; but he does nothing of the kind. He enjoyed his adventures in the country, and has sense to separate his individual mishaps, as a speculator, from the general prosperity. If San Francisco began its new life in the midst of riot, dissipation, and misfortune, he can see that the experience of some dozen conflagrations has only taught the people there to erect good brick houses, make their city the substantial place it now is, and protect it by a brave volunteer corps of firemen. Now San Francisco stands as little chance of being again laid in ashes as Hamburg or London. He remembers that in the midst of their first excesses the Americans of San Francisco did not forget to found a public school, and take care even in a wild colony, for the education of all children—a care not taken for the ragged sons and daughters even of righteous England. He sees, too, that the energies of vice have become exhausted—that the town Californians, sick of excess, are turning in many ways to right thoughts and right deeds, with an energy unknown in communities that have been satisfied for generations with the respectable way in which they have managed their concerns. March's mill he knows to be more truly a type of what is in that land of activity than his own quartz-crushing machine. The failure of his quartz-crusher he regards only as the failure of one among the number of experiments which must be made by every pioneer. As for his onions he does not for their sake curse all the onions in the land. Thanks to the maiden soil, vegetables attain to an unusual size in California, though (as always happens in such cases) they gain size at the expense of flavour. Onions and tomatoes as large as cheese-plates are, Mr. Marryatt says, common. Melons have attained the weight of fifty pounds. Wheat and oats grow to the height of eight or ten feet, and are very prolific in the ear. We recommend no one to emigrate who cannot carry out with him some measure, at least, of this dauntless, candid temper.

Of course, there is a good deal of road-making and other work yet to be done in the new country. For example, this is the sort of excitement open to a passenger upon the box-seat of a coach or spring-waggon, rattled along the mine district by six horses, well broken in to crossing gulches and mudholes. Now, the road is down a dry gulch, then, through a bog, to be crossed in safety only by hard driving; then, along the steep slope of a hill, with one wheel up, the other down, and all passengers "hard up to the right," at the command of the colonel who drives—that is to say, throwing their weight all on one side to maintain a balance. Presently, the vehicle is dragged up through an infinity of small cindery rocks to the summit of a used-up crater. The colonel puts the break on with his leg, and down they slide among the rocks, the colonel loudly adjuring the horses not to touch one of them. Near the bottom the off-wheels get into a mudhole. The colonel without hesitation orders all passengers to hang on to the near side of the waggon, jumps upon the lap of the gentleman who occupies the box-seat, and with a crack of the whip starting the whole concern, sends it flying and swaying from side to side to the bottom of the hill. There they pull up, and the colonel relieves his neighbour of his weight, observing, in extenuation of what might otherwise have appeared a liberty, that he is obliged to be a little "sarsy" on the road. All goes well for a time. Presently, the colonel turns round to his neighbour, his hands being occupied with his ribbons, and says, "I guess there's a flea on my neck." It is the business of the box-seat to catch and kill it. The colonel, as he nods his thanks, remarks that he generally has three or four of the "darned cattle put through" in that fashion during the journey.

Then again, as we need hardly say, men in those parts walk armed. Outrage has become comparatively infrequent, theft is less common than at home in the old country; but even in San Francisco men go armed. In this and in some other respects many things in California carry our minds back to the period when Europe itself was, so to speak, a new country, a few centuries ago. The energies, too, that were displayed by the pioneers to whom we owe the present state of the old world, though different in kind, were in no degree less wonderful than those which we now see put forth by the best class of Californian adventurers. There is a great deal in such a parallel that would be worth pursuing.

Before the last San Francisco fire, burglaries, says Mr. Marryat, were so common that it became necessary to carry firearms after dark, more particularly as the streets were not lighted. An acquaintance of his was walking late one night through a street which was apparently deserted, and in which one dim light alone shed a sickly ray from

over the door of a closed restaurant. As he reached this spot, a man started from the obscurity, and requested, with the politeness of a Claude Duval, to know the time. With equal civility the person addressed presented the dial of his watch to the light, and allowing the muzzle of his revolver to rest gracefully upon the watch-glass, he invited the stranger to inspect for himself. Slowly the man advanced, and the sickly ray gleamed on the barrel of the "sixshooter" as well as upon the dial-plate, as with some difficulty he satisfied himself respecting the time. Both then prepared to depart, and for the first time the light fell on their faces; then these desperate fellows discovered that they were no burglars, but old acquaintances, who had dined in company that very evening. This might surely pass for a scene out of the old town life of Europe.

On board the local steamboats, the open bunks line the saloon and decorum forbids undressing; but by a placard—though indeed vainly—"gentlemen are requested not to go to bed in their boots." Apropos to this, writes Mr. Marryat, I remember attending a political meeting in a little church at Benicia; in each pew was a poster, which requested that you would neither cut the woodwork, nor spit on the floor; but the authorities had provided no spittoons; so, as a gentleman observed to me, whilst inside the sacred edifice, "what-the-something was a man to do who chewed?"

That the Californian gold was sought, although not found, by the early Spanish priests, is evident from the number of old shafts in some places, sunk sometimes in the centre of rich districts. Often it has happened that they who seek for the gold miss it, and they who had no thoughts of it in their minds fall upon heaps. A market-gardener who had long been abusing his ground for producing cabbages that were all stalk, one day pulled up an aggravating sample, and found a piece of gold adhering to its roots. Holden's garden, near Sonora, was found to be so rich that the gamblers of the town sallied out and fought for claims in it. For four years it has yielded riches, pieces of gold weighing many pounds having been sometimes taken from it. There is a famous digging upon Carson's Hill, in the vicinity of which a rich gulch was discovered under circumstances that were related to Mr. Marryat by Mr. Carson: One of the miners died, and as he had been much respected, it was determined to give him an unusually ceremonious funeral. A digger in the neighbourhood, who had once been a powerful preacher in the United States, was requested to officiate, and after "drinks all round," the party went in solemn order to the grave. Around the grave all knelt while the man of power laboured indefatigably at a lengthy prayer. Time began to hang heavy on the hands of listeners; their

fingers began to work in a nervous or abstracted way among the loose earth that had been thrown up. It was thick with gold, and an excitement quickly spread among the kneeling crowd. The preacher's eye was caught, and he stopped suddenly in his prayer to exclaim, "Boys, what's that? Gold, and the richest kind of diggings. The congregation is dismissed!" The poor miner was taken from the precious soil and put aside for burial elsewhere, while the funeral party, with the parson at its head, lost no time in "prospecting" the new digging.

In Mr. Marryat's book we find bits of advice to emigrants which we think worth repeating. Some of them we have already given incidentally, but we add a few others in a plainer form. Mr. Marryat would have every one go out with his mind made up as to what he means to do, not with the vague notion of trying his luck, in some unknown fashion. He advises that each emigrant should prefer, as far as possible, to do that work in the colony for which he has been trained at home; and, if he amasses money at first in the diggings, that he should be prudent in time, and use it as the means of setting himself up among the new community in steady trade. He dwells on the importance of a trifle of capital, that may be consumed during the days of quiet observation and deliberation with which an emigrant's life, in the majority of cases, is best begun. He recommends daily and complete ablution for the preservation of health, the constant wearing of flannel next the skin, in California, and in other places with like climate; and he most wisely advises against meddling with a medicine chest. The emigrant's best medicine for home use—good to swallow, good to use as a salve; efficacious in a hundred cases, and unlikely to be dangerous in one—is castor oil. This, with a few trifles for the cure of wounds, a stock of mustard, and some quinine if it can be afforded, should be all the physic with which an emigrant would venture to undertake the tinkering of his own constitution. When headache and sickness give warning of fever, *rest*, says the wise adviser. Do not, he adds, take pride in working till an illness becomes serious. A day or two of repose, and a dose or two of castor oil, taken in proper time, will often save the digger weeks of misery. When fever threatens, resist the inclination to bathe in a stream.

The digger is advised to vex himself little about outfit; but to be very careful as to the good quality of his blankets and flannel clothing, to select good thick socks and the best highlow shoes that can be made for money. A blanket with a hole cut in the middle for the head to go through, is an invaluable poncho wrapper for wet seasons. India rubber clothing—except, perhaps, a waterproof cap with a curtain to protect the neck—is scarcely to be recommended. Whoever intends to dig will find it worth while to

have one or two pickaxes and crowbars made under his own supervision, since the adviser tells us "it is money well spent to pay something over market price for a pickaxe that won't turn its nose up at you the instant you drive it into the hillside."

Finally, everybody is advised—not by Mr. Marryat, but by us—to read the sensible book we have cursorily described.

MY CONFESSION.

I HAD always been a passionate boy. They said I was almost a fiend at times. At others I was mild and loving. My father could not manage me at home; so I was sent to school. I was more flogged, both at home and at school, than any one I ever knew or heard of. It was incessant flogging. It was the best way they knew of to educate and correct me. I remember to this day how my father and my master used to say, "they would flog the devil out of me." This phrase was burnt at last into my very being. I bore it always consciously about with me. I heard it so often that a dim kind of notion came into my mind that I really was possessed by a devil, and that they were right to try and scourge it out of me. This was a very vague feeling at first. After events made it more definite.

Time went on in the old way. I was for ever doing wrong, and for ever under punishment—terrible punishment that left my body wounded, and hardened my heart into stone. I have bitten my tongue till it was black and swollen, that I might not say I repented of what I had done. Repentance then, was synonymous with cowardice and shame. At last it grew into a savage pride of endurance. I gloried in my sufferings, for I knew that I came the conqueror out of them. The masters might flog me till I fainted; but they could not subdue me. My constancy was greater than their tortures, and my firmness superior to their will. Yes, they were forced to acknowledge it—I conquered them: the devil would not be scourged out of me at their bidding; but remained with me at mine.

When I look back to this time of my boyhood, I seem to look over a wide expanse of desert land swept through with fiery storms. Passions of every kind convulsed my mind. unrest and mental turmoil, strife and tumult, and suffering never ceasing;—this is the picture of my youth whenever I turn it from the dark wall of the past. But it is foolish to recal this now. Even at my age, chastened and sobered as I am, it makes my heart bound with the old passionate throb again, when I remember the torture and the fever of my boyhood.

I had few school friends. The boys were afraid of me, very naturally; and shrank from any intimacy with one under such a potent ban as I. I resented this, and fought my way savagely against them. One only, Herbert

Ferrars, was kind to me; he alone loved me, and he alone was loved in return. Loved—as you may well believe a boy of warm affections, such as I was, in spite of all my intemperance of passion, isolated from all and shunned by all—would love any one such as Herbert! He was the Royal Boy of the school; the noblest; the loved of all—masters and playmates alike; the chief of all; clever; like a young Apollo among the herdsmen; supreme in the grace and vigour of his dawning manhood. I never knew one so unselfish—so gifted and so striving, so loving and so just, so gentle and so strong.

We were friends—fast, firm friends. The other boys and the ushers, and the masters, too, warned Herbert against me. They told him continually that I should do him no good, and might harm him in many ways. But he was faithful, and suffered no one to come between us. I had never been angry with Herbert. A word, or look, joining on the humour of the moment, would rouse me into a perfect fiend against any one else; but Herbert's voice and manner soothed me under every kind of excitement. In any paroxysm of rage—the very worst—I was gentle to him; and I had never known yet the fit of fury which had not yielded to his remonstrance. I had grown almost to look on him as my good angel against that devil whom the rod could not scourge out of me.

We were walking on the cliffs one day, Herbert and I, for we lived by the sea-side. And indeed I think that wild sea makes me fiercer than I should else have been. The cliffs where we were that day were high and rugged; in some places going down sheer and smooth into the sea, in others jagged and rough; but always dangerous. Even the samphire gatherers dreaded them. They were of a crumbling sandstone, that broke away under the hands and feet; for we had often climbed the practicable parts, and knew that great masses would crumble and break under our grasp, like mere gravel heaps. Herbert and I stood for a short time close to the edge of the highest cliff; Haglin's Crag it was called; looking down at the sea, which was at high tide, and foaming wildly about the rocks. The wind was very strong, though the sky was almost cloudless; it roared round the cliffs, and lashed the waves into a surging foam, that beat furiously against the base, and brought down showers of earth and sand with each blow as it struck. The sight of all this life and fury of nature fevered my blood and excited my imagination to the highest. A strange desire seized me. I wanted to clamber down the face of the cliffs—to the very base—and dip myself in the white waves foaming round them. It was a wild fancy, but I could not conquer it, though I tried to do so; and I felt equal to its accomplishment.

"Herbert, I am going down the cliff;" I said, throwing my cap on the ground.

"Nonsense, Paul," said Herbert, laughing. He did not believe me; and thought I was only in jest.

When, however, he saw that I was serious, and that I did positively intend to attempt this danger, he opposed me in his old manner of gentleness and love; the manner which had hitherto subdued me like a magic spell. He told me that it was my certain death I was rushing into, and he asked me affectionately to desist.

I was annoyed at his opposition. For the first time his voice had no power over me; for the first time his entreaties fell dead on my ears. Scarcely hearing Herbert, scarcely seeing him, I leant over the cliffs; the waves singing to me as with a human voice; when I was suddenly pulled back, Herbert saying to me, angrily—

"Paul, are you mad? Do you think I will stand by and see you kill yourself!"

He tore me from the cliff. It was a strain like physical anguish when I could no longer see the waters. I turned against him savagely, and tried to shake off his hand. But he threw his arms round me, and held me firmly, and the feeling of constraint, of imprisonment, overcame my love. I could not bear personal restraint even from him. His young slight arms seemed like leaden chains about me; he changed to the hideousness of a jailor; his opposing love, to the insolence of a tyrant. I called hoarsely to him to let me free; but he still clung round me. Again I called; again he withstood me; and then I struggled with him. My teeth were set fast—my hands clenched, the strength of a strong man was in me. I seized him by the waist as I would lift a young child, and hurled him from me. God help me!—I did not see in what direction.

It was as if a shadow had fallen between me and the sun, so that I could see nothing in its natural light. There was no light and there was no colour. The sun was as bright overhead as before; the grass lay at my feet as gleaming as before; the waves flung up their sparkling showers; the wind tossed the branches full of leaves, like boughs of glittering gems, as it had tossed them ten minutes ago; but I saw them all indistinctly now, through the veil, the mist of this darkness. The shadow was upon me that has never left me since. Day and night it has followed me; day and night its chill lay on my heart. A voice sounded unceasingly within me, "Murder and a lost soul, for ever and ever!"

I turned from the cliff resolutely, and went towards home. Not a limb failed me, not a moment's weakness was on me. I went home with the intention of denouncing myself as the murderer of my friend; and I was calm because I felt that his death would then be avenged. I hoped for the most patent degradation possible to humanity. My only

desire was to avenge the murder of my friend on myself, his murderer; and I walked along quickly that I might overtake the slow hours, and gain the moment of expiation.

I went straight to the master's room. He spoke to me harshly, and ordered me out of his sight; as he did when ever I came before him. I told him authoritatively to listen to me; I had something to say to him; and my manner, I suppose, struck him: for he turned round to me again, and told me to speak. What had I to say?

I began by stating briefly that Herbert had fallen down Haglin's crag; and then I was about to add that it was I who had flung him down though unintentionally—when—whether it was mere faintness, to this day I do not know—I fell senseless to the earth. And for weeks I remained senseless with brain fever, from it was believed the terrible shock my system had undergone at seeing my dearest friend perish so miserably before my eyes. This belief helped much to soften men's hearts, — and to give me a place in their sympathy, never given me before.

When I recovered, that dark shadow still clung silently to me; and whenever I attempted to speak the truth—and the secret always hung clogging on my tongue—the same scene was gone through as before; I was struck down by an invisible hand; and reduced perforce to silence. I knew then that I was shut out from expiation—as I had shut myself out from reparation in my terrible deed. Day and night, day and night! always haunted with a fierce thought of sin, and striving helplessly to express it.

I had come now to that time in my life when I must choose a profession. I resolved to become a physician from the feeling of making such reparation to humanity as I was able, for the life I had destroyed. I thought if I could save life, if I could alleviate suffering, and bring blessing instead of affliction, that I might somewhat atone for my guilt. If not to the individual, yet to humanity at large. No one ever clung to a profession with more ardour than I undertook the study of medicine; for it seemed to me my only way of salvation, if indeed that were yet possible—a salvation to be worked out not only by chastisement and control of my passions, but by active good among my fellow-men.

I shall never forget the first patient I attended. It was a painful case, where there was much suffering; and to the relations—to that poor mother above all—bitter anguish. The child had been given over by the doctors; and I was called in as the last untried, from despair, not from hope; I ordered a new remedy; one that few would have the courage to prescribe.

The effect was almost miraculous, and, as the little one breathed freer, and that sweet soft sleep of healing crept over her, the thick darkness hanging round me lightened perceptibly. Had I solved the mystery of my future? By work and charity should I come out into the light again? and could deeds of reparation dispel that darkness which a mere objectless punishment—a mere mental repentance—could not touch?

This experience gave me renewed courage: I devoted myself more ardently to my profession, chiefly among the poor, and without remuneration. Had I ever accepted money, I believe that all my power would have gone. And as I saved more and more lives, and lightened more and more the heavy burden of human suffering, the dreadful shadow grew fainter.

I was called suddenly to a dying lady. No name was given me, neither was her station in life nor her condition told me. I hurried off without caring to ask questions: careful only to heal. When I reached the house, I was taken into a room where she lay in a fainting fit on the bed. Even before I ascertained her malady—with that almost second sight of a practised physician—her wonderful beauty struck me. Not merely because it was beauty, but because it was a face strangely familiar to me, though new; strangely speaking of a former love: although, in all my practice, I had never loved man or woman individually.

I roused the lady from her faintness; but not without much trouble. It was more like death than swooning, and yielded to my treatment stubbornly. I remained with her for many hours; but when I left her she was better. I was obliged to leave her, to attend a poor workhouse child.

I had not been gone long—carrying with me that fair face lying in its death-like trance, with all its golden hair scattered wide over the pillow, and the blue lids weighing down the eyes, as one carries the remembrance of a sweet song lately sung—carrying it, too, as a talisman against that dread shadow which somehow hung closer on me to-night; the darkness, too, deepening into its original blackness, and the chill lying heavily on my heart again—when a messenger hurried after me, telling me the lady was dying, and I was to go back immediately. I wanted no second bidding. In a moment, as it seemed to me, I was in her room again. It was dark.

The lady was dying now, paralysed from her feet upwards. I saw the death-ring mount higher and higher; that faint, bluish ring with which death marries some of his brides. I bent every energy, every thought to the combat. I ordered remedies so strange to the ordinary rules of medicine, that it was with difficulty the chemist would prepare them. She opened her eyes full upon me, and the whole room was filled with the

cry of "Murderer!" They thought the lady had spoken feverishly in her death-trance. I alone knew from whence that cry had come.

But I would not yield, and I never quailed, nor feared for the result. I knew the power I had to battle with, and I knew, too, the powers I wielded. They saved her. The blood circulated again through her veins, the faintness gradually dispersed, the smitten side flung off its paralysis, and the blue ring faded wholly from her limbs.

The lady recovered under my care. And care, such as mothers lavish on their children I poured like life-blood on her. I knew that her pulses beat at my bidding, I knew that I had given her back her life, which else had been forfeit, and that I was her preserver. I almost worshipped her. It was the worship of my whole being—the tide into which the pent-up sentiment of my long years of unloving philanthropy poured like a boundless flood. It was my life that I gave her—my destiny that I saw in her—my deliverer from the curse of sin, as I had been hers from the power of death. I asked no more than to be near her, to see her, to hear her voice, to breathe the same air with her, to guard and protect her. I never asked myself whether I loved as other men or no; I never dreamed of her loving me again. I did not even know her name nor her condition: she was simply the Lady to me—the one and only woman of my world. I never cared to analyse more than this. My love was part of my innermost being, and I could as soon have imagined the earth without its sun as my life without the lady. Was this love such as other men feel? I know not. I only know there were no hopes such as other men have. I did not question my own heart of the future: I only knew of love—I did not ask for happiness.

One day I went to see her as usual. She was well now; but I still kept up my old habit of visiting her for her health. I sat by her for a long time this day, wondering, as I so often wondered, who it was that she resembled, and where I had met her before, and how; for I was certain that I had seen her some time in the past. She was lying back in an easy chair—how well I remember it all!—enveloped in a cloud of white drapery. A sofa-table was drawn along the side of her chair, with one drawer partly open. Without any intention of looking, I saw that it was filled with letters, in two different handwritings, and that two miniature cases were lying among them. An open letter, in which lay a tress of sun-bright hair, was on her knee. It was written in a hand that made me start and quiver. I knew the writing, though at the moment I could not recognise the writer.

Strongly agitated, I took the letter in my

hand. The hair fell across my fingers. The darkness gathered close and heavy, and there burst from me the self-accusing cry of "Murderer!"

"No, not murdered," said the lady, sorrowfully. "He was killed by accident. This letter is from him—my dear twin-brother Herbert—written the very day of his death. But what can outweigh the blessedness of death while we are innocent of sin!"

As she spoke, for some strange fancy she drew the gauzy drapery round her head. It fell about her soft and white as foam. I knew now where I had seen her before, lying as now with her sweet face turned upward to the sky; looking, as now, so full of purity and love: calling me then to innocence as now to reconciliation. Her angel in her likeness had once spoken to me through the waves, as Herbert's spirit now spoke to me in her.

"This is his portrait," she continued, opening one of the cases.

The darkness gathered closer and closer. But I fought it off bravely, and kneeling humbly, for the first time I was able to make my confession. I told her all. My love for Herbert; but my fierce fury of temper: my sin, but also how unintentional; my atonement. And then, in the depth of my agony, I turned to implore her forgiveness.

"I do," she said, weeping. "It was a grievous crime—grievous, deadly—but you have expiated it. You have repented in deed by self-subjugation, and by unwearied labours of mercy and good among your fellow men. I do forgive you; my friend, as Herbert's spirit would forgive you. And," in a gayer tone, "my beloved husband, who will return to me to-day, will bless you too for preserving his wife, as I bless you for preserving me to him."

The darkness fell from me as she kissed my hand. Yet it still shades my life; but as a warning, not as a curse—a mournful past, not a destroying present. Charity and active good among our fellow men can destroy the power of sin within us; and repentance in deeds—not in tears, but in the life-long efforts of a resolute man—can lighten the blackness of a crime, and remove the curse of punishment from us. Work and love: by these may we win our pardon, and by these stand out again in the light.

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OLD LADIES.

ARE there any old ladies left, now-a-days? The question may at first appear absurd; for, by the returns of the last census we find that seven per centum of the whole female population were, four years since, widows; and that, at the same period, there were in Great Britain, three hundred and fifty-nine thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine "old maids" above the age of forty. Yet I repeat my question, and am prepared to abide by the consequences: Are there any old ladies left, now-a-days?

Statistically of course, substantially even, old ladies are as plentiful as of yore; but I seek in vain for the old lady types of my youth; the feminine antiquities that furnished forth my juvenile British Museum. Every omnibus-conductor has his old lady passenger—pattens, big basket, umbrella. The cabman knows the old lady well—her accurate measurement of mileage, her multitudinous packages, for which she resists extra payment; her objections to the uncleanness of the straw and the dampness of the cushion; her incessant use of the checkstring and frequent employment of a parasol handle, or, a key, dug into the small of the driver's back as a means of attracting his attention; her elaborate but contradictory directions as to where she wishes to be set down; and, finally, her awful threats of fine, imprisonment, and treadmill should the much-ill-used Ixion-at-sixpence-a-mile offend her. No railway-train starts without an old lady, who screams whenever the whistle is sounded; groans in the tunnels; is sure there is something the matter with the engine; smuggles surreptitious poodles into the carriage; calls for tea at stations where there are no refreshment-rooms; summons the guard to the door at odd times during the journey, and tells him he ought to be ashamed of himself, because the train is seven minutes behind time; insists upon having the window up or down at precisely the wrong periods; scrunches the boots of her opposite neighbour, or makes short lunges into his waistcoat during interminable naps, and, should he remonstrate, indulges in muttered soliloquies, ending with, "One doesn't know who one is travelling with, now-a-days;" and

carries a basket of provisions, from which crumbs disseminate themselves unpleasantly on all surrounding laps and knees and from which the neck of a small black bottle will peep; the cork being always mislaid in the carriage, and causing unspeakable agonies to the other passengers in the efforts for its recovery. There are old ladies at every theatre, who scream hysterically when guns are discharged; who, when the Blaze of Bliss in the Realms of Dioramic Delight takes place, seem on the point of crying "Fire!" and who persist in sitting before you in huge bonnets, apparently designed expressly to shut out the dangerous seductions of the ballet. Churches teem with old ladies—from the old ladies in the pews who knock down the prayer-books during the "I publish the banns of marriage," and turn over the mouldy hassocks, blinding you with a cloud of dust and straw-chips,—to the old ladies, mouldier and dustier than the hassocks, who open the pews, cough for sixpences, and curtsy for shillings; and the very old ladies who sit in the free seats, have fits during the sermon, and paralysis all through the service. There are old ladies in ships upon the high seas who will speak to the man at the wheel; in bad weather, moaningly request to be thrown overboard and block up the companion-ladder—mere senseless bundles of sea-sick old-ladyism. There is never a crowd without an old lady in it. The old lady is at almost every butcher's shop, at almost every grocer's retail establishment, on Saturday nights. Every housemaid knows an old lady who objected to ribbons, counted the hearthstones, denounced the "fellows" (comprising the police, the household troops, and the assistants of the butcher and grocer aforesaid), and denied that the cat broke all the crockery at her (the housemaid's) last place. Every cook has been worried dreadfully, by the old lady; every country parson knows her and dreads her, for she interferes with the discipline of the village school, and questions the orthodoxy of his sermons. Every country doctor is aware of, and is wroth with her; for there is either always something the matter with her, or else she persists in dosing, pilling, and plastering other old ladies who have

something the matter with them, to the stultification of the doctor's prescriptions, and the confusion of science. The missionaries would have little to eat, and nobody to eat them up in the South Seas, were it not for the old ladies. Exeter Hall in May would be a howling wilderness, but for the old ladies in the front seats, their umbrellas, and white pocket-handkerchiefs. And what Professor Methusaleh and his pills, Professor Swallow with his ointment, Doctor Bumblepuppy with his pitch-plasters, and Mr. Spools, M.R.C.S., with his galvanotherapeutic blisters, would do without old ladies I'm sure I don't know: Yea, and the poor-boxes of the police-courts for their Christmas five-pound notes, the destitute for their coals and blankets, the bed-ridden old women for their flannel-petticoats would often be in sorry plight but for the aid of the old ladies, bless them! At every birth and at every death there is an old lady. I have heard that old ladies are sometimes seen at courts. It is whispered that old ladies have from time to time been found in camps. Nay, irreverent youths, hot-headed, inconsiderate youngsters, doubtless—bits of boys—have sometimes the assurance to hint that old ladies have, within these last thousand years, been known to sit at the councils of royalty, and direct the movement of armies, the intricacies of diplomacy, and the operations of commerce.

But these are not *my* old ladies. Search the wide world through, and bring before me legions of old ladies, and I shall still be asking my old question.

No. I will be positive and give my self-asked question a negative, once for all. There are *no* old ladies now-a-days. You know as well as I do that there are no children now; no tender rump-steaks; no good-fellows; no good books; no chest tenors; no clever actors; no good tragedies, and no old port wine. The old ladies have followed all these vanished good things. If they exist at all, they exist only to that young generation which is treading on our corns and pushing us from our stools, which laughs in its sleeve at us, and calls us old fogies behind our backs; to that generation which yet believes in the whisperings of fancy, the phantoms of hope, and the performance, by age, of the promises of youth. The old women have even disappeared. Women there are, and old, but no old women. The old woman of Berkeley; the old woman of Tutbury who so marvelously supported herself by suction from her pocket-handkerchief; the aerostatic old woman who effected an ascent so many times higher than the moon; the old woman who lived in a shoe, and frugally nurtured her numerous offspring upon broth without bread; the delightful old woman, and member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals—Mother Hubbard—who so tenderly entertained that famous dog,

though, poor soul, she was often put to it, to find him a bone in her cupboard; the eccentric old woman who, is it possible to imagine it, lived upon nothing but victuals and drink, and yet would never be quiet (she evanished from my youthful ken at about the same time as the old man of Tobago—who lived on rice, sugar, and sago); the terrible old French woman, La Mère Croquemitaine who went about France with a birch and a basket, wherewith to whip and carry away naughty little girls and boys, and who has now been driven away herself by the principals of genteel seminaries in the Avenue de Marigny, Champs Elysées; the marvellous, fearsome old women of witchcraft, with brooms, hell-broths, spells, and incantations; the good and wicked old women of the Arabian Nights and the Child's Own Book; fairy godmothers; hump-backed old women sitting by wellsides; cross old women gifted with magic powers, who were inadvertently left out of christening invitations, and weaved dreadful spells in consequence; good women in the wood; old women who had grandchildren wearing little Redriding-hoods and meeting (to their sorrow) wolves; Mother Goose; Mother Redcap; even Mother Damnable (I beg your pardon);—all this goodly band of old women have been swept away. There are no types of feminine age left to me now. All the picturesque types of life besides seem melting away. It is all coming to a dead level: a single line of rails, with signals, stations, points, and turntables; and the Cradle Train starts at one fifteen, and the Coffin Train is due at twelve forty-five.—An iron world.

Somewhere in the dusty room, of which the door has been locked for years, I have a cupboard. There, among the old letters—how yellow and faded the many scored expressions of affection have grown! the locks of hair; the bygone washing-bills:—"one pare sox, one frunt;" the handsome bill of costs (folio, foolscap, stitched with green ferret) that came as a rider to that small legacy that was spent so quickly; the miniature of the lady in the leg of mutton sleeves; the portraits of Self and Schoolfriend—Self in a frilled collar, grinning; Schoolfriend in a lay-down collar, also grinning; the rusted pens; the squeezed-out-tubes of colour; the memoranda to be sure to do Heaven knows what for Heaven knows whom; the books begun; the checkbooks ended; the torn envelopes; the wedding cards with true lovers' knots dimmed and tarnished; the addresses of people who are dead; the keys of watches that are sold; the old passports, old hotel bills, dinner tickets, and theatrical checks; the multifarious odds and ends that will accumulate in cupboards, be your periodical burnings ever so frequent, or your waste paper basket system ever so rigorous: among all these it may be that I can find a portfolio—shadowy or substantial matters

little—where are nestled, all torn, blotted, faded, mildewed, crumpled, stained and moth-eaten, some portraits of the old ladies I should like to find now-a-days.

Yes; here is one: The Pretty Old Lady. She must have been very, very beautiful when young; for, in my childish eyes she had scarcely any imperfections, and we all know what acute and unmerciful critics children are. Her hair was quite white; not silvery, nor powdery, but pure glossy white, resembling spun glass. I have never been able to make my mind up whether she wore a cap, a hood, or one of those silken head-coverings of the last century called a calash. Whatever she wore, it became her infinitely. I incline, on second thoughts, more to the calash, and think she wore it in lieu of a bonnet, when she went abroad; which was but seldom. The portrait I have of the old lady is, indeed, blurred and dimmed by the lapse of many winters, and some tears. Her title of the pretty old lady was not given to her lightly. It was bruited many years ago—when ladies of fashion were drunk to, in public, and gentlemen of fashion were drunk in public—that the pretty old lady was a “reigning toast.”

A certain gray silk dress which, as it had always square creases in it, I conjectured to be always new, decorated the person of the pretty old lady. She wore a profusion of black lace, which must have been priceless, for it was continually being mended, and its reversal was much coveted by the old lady's female friends. My aunt Jane, who was tremendously old, and was a lady; but whose faculties decayed somewhat towards the close of her life, was never so coherent (save on the subject of May-day and the sweeps) as when she speculated as to “who was to have the lace” after the old lady's demise. But my aunt Jane died first, and her doubts were never solved. More than this, I can remember a fat-faced old gold watch which the pretty old lady wore at her waist; a plethoric mass of wheezing gold, like an oyster grown rich and knowing the time of day. Attached to this she wore some trinkets—not the nonsensical charms or breloques that young ladies wear in their chatelaines now, but sensible, substantial ornaments—a signet-ring of her grandfather's; a smelling-bottle covered with silver fillagree; and a little golden box in the form of a book with clasps, which we waggish youngsters declared to be the old lady's snuff-box, but which, I believe, now, to have been a pounce-box—the same perhaps, which the lord, who was perfumed like a milliner, held 'twixt his finger and his thumb upon the battle-field, and which, ever and anon, he gave his nose.

I trust I am not treading upon dangerous ground, when I say, that two of the chief prettinesses of the pretty old lady were her feet and their covering. “To ladies' eyes

a round, boys!” Certainly, Mr. Moore, we can't refuse; but to ladies' feet, a round boys, also, if you please. Now the pretty old lady had the prettiest of feet, with the most delicate of gray silk stockings, the understandings of the finest, softest, most lustrous leather that ever came from innocent kid. I will back those feet (to use the parlance of this horse-racing age) and those shoes and stockings against any in the known world, in ancient or modern history or romance: against Dorothea's tiny feet dabbling in the stream; against Musidora's paddling in the cool brook; against Sara la Baigneuse swinging in her silken hammock; against De Grammont's Miss Howard's green stockings; against Madam de Pompadour's golden clocks and red-heeled mules; against Noblet, Taglioni, Cerito's; against Madame Vestris's, as modelled in wax by Signor N. N. There are no such feet as the pretty old lady's now; or, if any such exist, their possessors don't know how to treat them. The French ladies are rapidly losing the art of putting on shoes and stockings with taste; and I deliberately declare, in the face of Europe, that I have not seen, within the last three months in Paris—from the Boulevard des Italiens to the Ball of the Prefect of the Seine—twenty pairs of irreproachable feet. The systematically arched instep, the geometrical ankle, the gentle curves and undulations, the delicate advancement and retrogression of the foot of beauty, are all things falling into decadence. The American overshoes, the machine-made hosiery, and the trailing draperies, are completing the ruin of shoes and stockings.

The pretty old lady had never been married. Her father had been a man of fashion—a gay man—a first-rate buck, a sparkling rake; he had known lords, he had driven carriages, he had worn the finest of fine linen, the most resplendent of shoe-buckles; he had once come into the possession of five thousand pounds sterling, upon which capital—quite casting the grovelling doctrine of interest to the winds—he had determined to try the fascinating experiment of living at the rate of five thousand a-year. In this experiment he succeeded to his heart's content for the exact period of one year and one day, after which he had lived (at the same rate) on credit; after that on the credit of his credit; after that on his wits; after that in the rules of the King's Bench; after that on the certainty of making so many tricks, nightly, at whist; and, finally, upon his daughter. For the pretty old lady, with admirable self-abnegation, had seen her two ugly sisters married; had, with some natural tears, refused Captain Cutts, of the line, whom she loved (but who had nothing but his pay) and had contentedly accepted the office of a governess; whence, after much self-denial, study, striving, pinching, and saving (how many times her little cobwebs of economy were ruthlessly swept away by her gay

father's turn for whist and hazard—cobwebs that took years to reconstruct !), she had promoted herself to the dignity of a schoolmistress ; governing in that capacity that fine old red-brick ladies' seminary at Paddington,—pulled down for the railway now—Portchester House.

'Twas there I first saw the pretty old lady : for I had a cousin receiving her "finishing" at Portchester House, and 'twas there—being at the time some eight years of age—that I first fell in love with an astonishingly beautiful creature, with raven hair and gazelle-like eyes, who was about seventeen, and the oldest girl in the school. When I paid my cousin a visit I was occasionally admitted—being of a mild and watery disposition, and a very little boy of my age—to the honours of the tea table. I used to sit opposite to this black-eyed Juno, and be fed by her with slices of those curious open-work cross-barred jam tarts, which are so frequently met with at genteel tea-tables. I loved her fondly, wildly : but she dashed my spirits to the ground one day, by telling me not to make faces. I wonder whether she married a duke !

The pretty old lady kept school at Portchester House for many, many years, supporting and comforting that fashionable fellow, her father. She had sacrificed her youth, the firstlings of her beauty, her love, her hopes, everything. The gay fellow had grown a little paralytic at last ; and, becoming very old and imbecile and harmless, had been relegated to an upper apartment in Portchester House. Here, for several years, he had vegetated in a sort of semi-fabulous existence as the "old gentleman ;" very many of the younger ladies being absolutely unaware of him ; till, one evening, a neat coffin with plated nails and handles, arrived at Portchester House, for somebody aged seventy-three, and the cook remarked to the grocer's young man that the "old gentleman" had died that morning.

The pretty old lady continued the education of generations of black-eyed Junos, in French, geography, the use of the globes, and the usual branches of a polite education, long after her father's death. Habit is habit ; Lieutenant-Colonel Cutts had died of fever in the Walcheren expedition—so the pretty old lady kept school at Portchester House until she was very, very old. When she retired, she devised all her savings to her ugly sisters' children ; and calmly, cheerfully, placidly prepared to lay herself down in her grave. Hers had been a long journey and a sore servitude ; but, perhaps, something was said to her at the end, about being a good and faithful servant, and that it was well done.

Such is the dim outline which the picture in my portfolio presents to me of the pretty old lady. Sharpened as her pretty features were by age, the gentle touch of years of peace of an equable mind and calm desires,

had passed lovingly over the acuties of her face, and softened them. Wrinkles she must have had, for the stern usurer Time will have his bond ; but she had smiled her wrinkles away, or had laughed them into dimples. Our just, though severe mother, Nature had rewarded her for having worn no rouge in her youth, no artificial flowers in her spring ; and gave her blooming roses in her December. Although the sunset of her eyes was come and they could not burn you up, or melt you as in the noontide, the sky was yet pure, and the luminary sank to rest in a bright halo : the shadows that it cast were long, but sweet and peaceful,—not murky and terrible. The night was coming ; but it was to be a night starlit with faith and hope, and not a season of black storms.

It was for this reason, I think, that being old, feeling old, looking old, proud of being old, and yet remaining handsome, the pretty old lady was so beloved by all the pretty girls. They adored her. They called her a "dear old thing." They insisted upon trying their new bonnets, shawls, scarfs, and similar feminine fal-lals, upon her. They made her the fashion, and dressed up to her. They never made her spiteful presents of fleecy hosiery, to guard against a rheumatism with which she was not afflicted ; or entreated her to tie her face up when she had no toothache ; or bawled in her ear on the erroneous assumption that she was deaf,—as girls will do, in pure malice, when age forgets its privileges, and apes the levity and sprightliness of youth. Above all, they trusted her with love-secrets (I must mention, that though a spinster, the pretty old lady was always addressed as Mistress). She was great in love matters,—a complete letter-writer, without its verbosity : as prudent as Pamela, as tender as Amelia, as judicious as Hooker, as dignified as Sir Charles Grandison. She could scent a Lovelace at an immense distance, bid Tom Jones mend his ways, reward the constancy of an Uncle Toby, and reform a Captain Booth. I warrant the perverse widow and Sir Roger de Coverly would have been brought together, had the pretty old lady known the parties and been consulted. She was conscientious and severe, but not intolerant and implacable. She did not consider every man in love a "wretch," or every woman in love a "silly thing." She was pitiful to love, for she had known it. She could tell a tale of love as moving as any told to her. Its hero died at Walcheren.

Where shall I find pretty old ladies now-a-days ? Where are they gone,—those gentle, kindly, yet dignified, antiquated dames, married and single ?

My young friend Adolescens comes and tells me that I am wrong, and that there are as many good old ladies now as of yore. It may be so : it may be, that we think those pleasant companionships lost be-

cause the years are gone in which we enjoyed them; and that we imagine there are no more old ladies, because those we loved are dead.

THE BOARD OF TRADE.

A LARGE part of the administration of the domestic affairs of this country, which does not come under the cognizance of the Home Office* and the Treasury, is confided to a government department called the Board of Trade. Its formal title is, the Committee of the Privy Council appointed for the Consideration of all matters relating to Trade and Foreign Plantations.

Though the Board of Trade is now, as it ought to be in the greatest trading country in the world, a useful institution, its earlier history is not respectable. Its origin was, however, good; for it began with Cromwell, who appointed his son Richard, and many lords of his council, to meet and consider by what means trade and navigation might be regulated and promoted. Before Cromwell's time English sovereigns had, for a century, been accustomed, now and then, to direct their privy councils to discuss particular questions of trade; but it was Cromwell who established first a trade department of the state, and the labours of the committee so established helped to produce the navigation laws of the Protectorate. Cromwell's committee, however, was the thing without a name; a Board of Trade, distinctly so-called, did not come into existence till the restoration, when it was established at the instigation of Lord Shaftesbury; a nobleman who, though by no means upon all points sincere, took, there is every reason to believe, a real interest in the development of Commerce. This is the Board denounced by Burke as "one amongst those showy and specious impositions, which one of the experiment-making administrations of Charles the Second, held out to delude the people and to be substituted in the place of the real service which they might expect from a parliament annually sitting." The continuance of the Board, good or bad, at any rate, was brief. Projected in sixteen hundred and sixty-eight, it perished in sixteen hundred and seventy-three; the expense of it being found inconvenient to his sacred but straightened majesty.

During the war with France which followed the Revolution of sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, our trade suffered greatly from French cruisers and privateers. Occasion was thereupon taken by a faction hostile to King William the Third to propose the establishment of a Board for the Protection of Trade in parliament itself, so constituted as of necessity to draw into itself the chief functions of both the Treasury and the Admiralty, and thus deprive the king of a large part of his prerogative. The government with difficulty defeated this design, by opposing to it

that revival of the Board of Trade and Plantations, which took place in the year sixteen hundred and ninety-six. "Thus," according to Burke's comment, "the Board of Trade was reproduced in a job, and perhaps," he adds, speaking bitterly, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty, "it is the only instance of a public body which has never degenerated; but, to this hour, preserves all the health and vigour of its primitive institution."

The Board, as constituted in the year sixteen hundred and ninety-six, consisted, in addition to the great officers of state, of a first lord and seven commissioners, each paid with a thousand pounds a year. Their duty was to promote the trade of the kingdom, and to inspect and improve the plantations. The appointment of so many well-paid officials, in times of political corruption, led to much dishonest dealing, and the work of the Board, so far as it affected colonies, was purely mischievous. The only colonies established by it, Georgia and Nova-Scotia, cost vast sums to the nation, and never prospered until freed from the intermeddling of their founders. Correspondence between the crown and the colonies was indeed carried on, nominally, through a secretary of state; but the secretary acted upon the reports and opinions of the Board of Trade in all matters relating to colonial government and commerce.

The mischief-making of the Board of Trade came to its climax in the reign of George the Third, after that king had resolved to break the power of the great Whig families of the revolution, to whom he, as one of the house of Hanover, was indebted for the English crown. George the Third desiring to increase his personal authority over the government, he and the ministers who stooped to his desires, endeavoured to win the support of the landed interest to his new system, by transferring to the colonies the weight of many burthens pressing heavily on landowners in England. During the early part, therefore, of this king's reign, the Board of Trade was constantly employed in devising those experiments for taxing the American colonies, which led to their noble war of Independence and cut off the United States from the British empire. While the Board of Trade was occupied in this way it was doing little enough, and nothing useful, to advance the commerce of the realm.

Although a secretary of state for the colonies had been appointed in the year seventeen hundred and sixty-eight, the powers of the Board of Trade remained unaltered until the year seventeen hundred and eighty-two, when the righteous successes of the American colonists rendered economies in England unavoidable. The Board, as it then stood, was accordingly abolished, and the business of the department was made over to a permanent committee of the privy council, constituted as it

* See Volume X., page 270.

is at present. Chiefly by this committee were conducted the enquiries that preceded the abolition of the English slave-trade; but, with that exception, its duties were light until the close of war in eighteen hundred and fifteen. During the long peace that followed, and especially during the last fourteen years, the real uses of the Board of Trade have been developed. It has ceased to regulate colonial affairs, and is concerned only with the commercial state of the united kingdom.

The Board of Trade as it now stands, consists of two paid acting members, a president and a vice-president, three or four selected privy councillors who are generally retired state-functionaries, and of a number of privy-councillors who hold official seats in the committee, namely, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretaries of State, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Paymaster-General, and such officers of state in Ireland as may happen to be English privy-councillors. Such is the constitution and composition of the "Committee of the Privy Council appointed for the Consideration of all matters relating to Trade and Foreign Plantations." But for almost all working purposes the Board of Trade simply consists of its president and vice-president, and of the staff of officials under their control. The president and vice-president, of course, go out and come in with the ministries to which they may belong. One sits in the lower and the other in the upper-house, and each receives as his salary two thousand pounds a year. However they may privately divide their work, the responsibility of these two officers is not divisible; and, as one is bound to answer to the lords, the other to the commons, it is necessary that each should be cognisant of all the business of his department.

It is the duty of the Board of Trade to be as well informed as possible on all matters relating to trade, in order to advise other departments on questions in which the commerce of the country is concerned. It is required to examine and report to the Colonial-office on all acts of the colonial legislatures affecting trade; to direct the parliamentary course of all government bills concerning commerce, and to watch those which may have been introduced by private members. It assists the Foreign-office in the negotiation of commercial treaties. It advises the crown on all applications by projected commercial companies for charters of incorporation; communicates with the great seats of commerce; examines consular correspondence on commercial subjects, and receives and keeps all Foreign-office documents that concern our trade and navigation. These functions belong to the general scheme of the department. By naming the chief special labours that have been imposed upon the Board of Trade, since the year eighteen hundred and thirty, we shall, perhaps, best show how steadily that

branch of government has, of late, been increasing in importance.

In eighteen hundred and thirty-two it was charged with the duty of collecting and publishing statistical information.

Since eighteen hundred and forty it has exercised a certain degree of control over railway companies. During about the same length of time government schools of design have been placed under its superintendence.

Offices for the regulation of joint stock companies, and for the registration of designs have also been attached to it.

In eighteen hundred and fifty it was charged with supervision of the merchant shipping.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-one it received large powers of controul over the steam navigation of the country.

And last year the shipping laws generally have been consolidated and placed under its superintendence.

The general business of this department of state is carried on in Whitehall; but there are detached offices elsewhere for the transacting of certain portions of its business. The annual cost of the office of the Board of Trade—which finds work for a staff of one hundred and twenty-four persons—is about forty-six thousand pounds. The president and the vice-president have the salaries already mentioned; two joint-secretaries receive not much less, namely, three thousand five hundred pounds a year between them. The private secretaries of the president and vice-president receive respectively three hundred and one hundred and fifty pounds a year. An assistant secretary for the railway department has a thousand; one for the marine department eight hundred, growing to a thousand by the usual annual increase. A chief of the statistical department has eight hundred; his assistant four hundred and eighty. The railway chief's assistant's salary grows till he receives four hundred and fifty; a legal assistant for railway business has five hundred guineas. Three inspectors of railways have together eleven hundred and fifty pounds. There are two sea captains attached to the marine department who divide between them fourteen hundred pounds. There is a librarian with about six hundred, and an accountant with about nine hundred a year. Then there are the comptroller and deputy comptroller of corn returns, with five hundred and four hundred a year respectively. There are six senior, nine second, and twelve junior clerks, with salaries beginning at a hundred and ascending to six hundred pounds. There are fifteen copyists at eighty pounds a year; an office-keeper, a housekeeper, and a dozen messengers and porters. These people all work at the office in Whitehall. At the office of the registrar of merchant seamen there are employed, a registrar, with from seven to eight hundred, an assistant registrar, with five hundred and a chief clerk with four hundred a

year. Under these are forty clerks, in five divisions, of whom the salaries ascend from eighty to three hundred and fifty pounds. The progressive rise of salary is managed upon the principle described in our account of the Home Department, it being one that is common to all government offices.

Certain changes in the staff of the Board of Trade have been suggested, and are being carried out. It is proposed, for example, to have only one chief secretary, and under him three assistant secretaries—one for the general trade department, one for railway business, and one for the mercantile marine. It is thought that the statistics and corn returns may be thrown into the business of the general trade department, and that the number of the clerks may be reduced by increasing the number of copyists.

By adopting the division into three parts, recognised by the suggestion of the three assistant secretaries, we can describe the business of the Board of Trade in an extremely simple manner. The general trade department, which would have cognisance of miscellaneous matters, it will be most convenient to speak of last. We begin, therefore, with the Board's concern in railway management, and in the superintendence of the mercantile marine.

The English railway system, as every one knows, is the result of private enterprise. Parliament has passed some general laws to regulate the internal administration of the companies with regard to capital, direction, meetings of shareholders, dividends, purchase of land, etc., to protect the public against very improper construction and working of the lines of rail, to ensure due conveyance upon fixed terms of troops and of the mails. Both houses have their standing orders which establish conditions that all applicants on behalf of railway enterprise are bound to fulfil.

In the first place notice of each intended application must be sent to the Board of Trade before a certain day which precedes each meeting of parliament. All applications so received are classified by the Board, and presented in a report made to the House of Commons as soon as it assembles. By help of this report the general railway committee of the house is enabled to distribute the various projects in the most convenient way among the sub-committees, which decide upon their fate, and from whose decision applicants have no appeal. Should a railway project deposited with the Board of Trade, after careful examination be found to contain in its provisions any legal defect or matter that seems to be prejudicial to the public interests, the Board directs to that fact the attention of the chairman of the general committee. Any clauses or amendments that may be required to give effect to its suggestions it prepares, and after the bill in question has passed the ordeal of the parliamentary sub-committee,

the Board of Trade again looks for any flaws that it may contain, and if they appear, points them out to the chairman. Finally, in order to provide still greater security to the public, there is a standing order of the House of Lords that no railway bill shall be read a third time in that house unless it has been deposited three days before such reading with the Board of Trade; so that it receives then a third scrutiny from the Board with especial reference to its bearing on the public interests. The points chiefly looked to in the course of these three scrutinies, concern the way of raising and applying capital, prevention of excessive borrowing, or of the payment of interest out of capital; a due adjustment of the rights of shareholders, provision for compensation according to the very various cases that may possibly arise, and the insertion of a clause subjecting the railway to the authority of future legislation.

After a railway has been authorised and its construction is complete, it cannot be opened unless notice of its completion has been sent to the Board of Trade, and it has been examined and approved by the Board's railway inspectors. If anything be found unsafe or incomplete the opening must be postponed until the scruples of the Board are satisfied. After the railway has been opened, its line and rolling stock must be at all times open to the visits of the government inspectors. Upon the construction of roads and bridges, upon questions of junctions, curves, gradients, etc., in connexion with railway works, the decision of the Board is final; and it may, after hearing evidence, by its certificate, permit any necessary deviation from the plans and sections authorised by parliament. The Board of Trade may also regulate the speed of trains with a view to the safety of the public, and the hours appointed for the running on each line of the one parliamentary train that is required to take passengers for a penny a mile, at a rate not less than twelve miles an hour, must be such as the Board of Trade has sanctioned. The Board adjudicates in case of dispute between railway and railway, gives effect by its approval to the bye-laws of each company, requires from all railway companies annual returns of tolls and traffic as well as of accidents, and being charged generally with the enforcement of all railway acts is at the same time the official referee to crown and parliament on any railway question that arises. Here, then, is no lack of work for one department of the Board of Trade. We pass on to another.

One consequence of the repeal of the old English navigation laws was the necessity for a new regulation of the merchant service. This task was undertaken in the year eighteen hundred and fifty, and is considered to have been completed last year. Five years ago no department of state was charged with the care of the merchant service. We have now a marine department of the Board

of Trade, consisting of two sea-captains, an assistant-secretary, and a proper establishment of clerks. A local marine board may be established at any outport that employs in foreign trade thirty thousand registered tons of shipping, and at sixteen such ports these boards have been established. In each case they are composed of two members belonging to the municipality, four persons resident on the spot who are nominated by the Board of Trade, and six who are named by local owners, the possession of at least two hundred and fifty registered tons of foreign-going ship being requisite to qualify each owner for his vote. If any local board fails in its duty, the Board of Trade may either cause it to be superseded or assume its functions. The local boards, which are required to be in constant correspondence with the registrar of merchant seamen, must provide shipping offices and shipping masters for their several ports, and also medical inspectors.

The registrar of merchant seamen, whose office, subordinate to the Board of Trade, is in Thames Street, records all voyages of ships, and keeps a register of seamen and apprentices, in which he enters the characters given them by their masters, and other information. The shipping offices in the various ports keep and transmit to head-quarters similar records. Masters before clearing out must leave lists of their crews at the custom-house of their ports, to be transmitted to the registrar. The whereabouts of every seaman and his business history is thus on record. Masters of vessels wanting crews have only to apply to the shipping masters at the shipping offices, to which sailors in want of ships also resort, at which alone contracts can be made, crews discharged, and accounts between master and man settled. Balances of wages due to deceased seamen are also ascertained and paid into the hands of the shipping masters for the benefit of their next of kin, these balances having been formerly nearly all lost by the families of the lost men. Even now there is a three years accumulation of such balances that have remained unclaimed, to the extent of no less than ten thousand pounds.

The registrar of seamen also keeps account of all contracts of apprenticeship. The old navigation laws compelled every ship to take a certain number of apprentices, and the withdrawal of compulsion very much reduced the number of youths entered to the merchant service. With a view to the encouragement in boys of a seagoing taste, the Board of Trade proposes to establish nautical classes in all the national schools of seaport towns. Schools for adults, we may add, have been attached to the sailors' homes of the metropolis. The sailors' homes, established now in all large ports, provide good board and lodging to the seamen at a reasonable rate—about fourteen shillings a-week—and are meant to save him from the hands of thieves and from the

haunts of vice. Like ships, they are, however, monasteries; and while they do much good, must to a certain extent fail of their intentions. Upon this, as upon many other points in the sketch we are here giving, comments will occur to many minds. It is our purpose, however, in giving outlines of the business of government departments, to state only what arrangements are existing. The local charges that arise out of machinery connected with the merchant service is a little more than paid for by a tax upon the seamen's earnings.

Among other duties of the Board of Trade in its marine department these may be specified. It obtains shipping returns from consuls at foreign ports, or other crown officers able to furnish them. It may demand of any shipmaster his logbook, and cause his papers to be inspected, or his crew mustered, should such a proceeding appear necessary. It appoints inspectors to report on accidents at sea, and gives them extensive powers for the purpose of enquiry. It superintends the new system of examination to test the capacity of masters and mates of vessels, and furnish them with classed certificates according to their merit. Examiners are appointed by the local boards, and the Board of Trade issues certificates (which in case of misconduct it may suspend or cancel) in accordance with the examiners' reports.

Oversteam-vessels carrying passengers the Board of Trade exercises much control. It appoints for their examination a shipwright and an engineer, and compels owners under heavy penalties to submit their steam vessels to such surveillance twice a year—namely, in April and October. Sea or river certificates, for which a fee is paid, are allowed only on the reports of the surveyors. Lists of the qualified steamers are hung up in the custom-house of each port, and if a vessel plys without a license, it is liable to heavy penalties.

Upon the third division of the business of the Board of Trade, its general and miscellaneous duties, something has already been said, and a few more notes will suffice. It has an office in Serjeant's Inn for the registration of joint stock companies. At this office, when such a company has been projected, very full particulars must be filed, and certain fees paid. The scheme being thus "provisionally registered," may then—but not until then—be publicly submitted to the world. No such company, however, can commence business until its registration has been made complete, and "complete registration" cannot be had by it until the draft of its deed of settlement has been approved by the Board of Trade, and sent in fully signed, with four copies for filing in the registration office. The company then has the legal privileges of a corporation. Companies of all kinds have to be provisionally registered, but when—as in the case of railway companies—they can be established only by an act of

parliament, the act supersedes the necessity for a completion of the registry. The cost of this office is under three thousand a-year, and it takes six thousand in fees, so that it yields a profit to the exchequer in the shape of a tax on joint stock partnership.

The Board of Trade is further charged with the promotion of science and art in their relation with industrial pursuits. It therefore has central training-schools for teachers and local schools of design, which it maintains by inspection, by a cheap supply of good models, etc., by training teachers, encouraging students with exhibitions, and by limited pecuniary help. There are in the provinces no schools of science; but there are twenty-one schools of design, to which annual grants are made, varying from one hundred and fifty to six hundred pounds a-piece. The grants are administered by local committees, subject to the direction of the Board of Trade. An attempt is also being made to induce the formation of self-supporting schools of design, by guaranteeing for the first year a master's salary. In connection with the central school of design at Marlborough House, lectures are delivered upon fabrics, wood engraving, porcelain painting, casting, and such topics. There are two other training schools in London—one at Somerset House for males, the other in Gower Street for females.

For the encouragement of science there exists at present only a central school connected with the Museum of Practical Geology in Jernyn Street. It has laboratories and professors. It is the home also of the geological survey and mining records. The whole department of art and practical science costs forty-five thousand pounds a year. All the institutions in association with it furnish annual reports, and obtain every year some little direct attention from the legislature.

There is an office in Whitehall Place belonging to the Board of Trade for the registration of useful and ornamental designs. The registry is first provisional and then complete; when complete it confers a copyright for a limited period, varying from nine months for a shawl pattern to three years for a carpet or for articles in earthenware, wood, glass, or metal.

The corn-office, which is now a separate department, has lost all its glory since the abolition of the sliding-scale. It used to fix by averages struck from six weeks returns of price, the fluctuating rate of duty. Now it is merely a producer of statistics. The statistical department of the Board of Trade was devised for great purposes. It was to provide figures on all subjects; but since every department makes its own tables, more than half the work of this statistical department is executed and published and paid for in duplicate. These are the two departments which it is proposed to reduce to their just

proportions, and throw into the miscellaneous business of the Board of Trade.

Throughout the preceding account, it will be observed the Board of Trade and Plantations is concerned with trade alone. Recently, some part of its function as an authority upon colonial matters was revived by Lord Grey. That nobleman, when colonial minister, being required to furnish constitutions for the Cape of Good Hope and the Australian colonies, remitted so grave a responsibility to the whole "Committee of the Privy Council appointed for the Consideration of all matters relating to Trade and Foreign Plantations." The president and vice-president were then, for once, surrounded by the whole august body of privy councillors, otherwise attached only nominally to their board, and in such committee the outlines of these two colonial constitutions were defined.

TWO FRENCH FARMERS.

DESIRING, for the sake of experience, to live during some time in the household of one of the small proprietors abounding in the villages of France, I took the train at Paris for a place of which I knew nothing and had never heard the name. In an hour I was set down at the station, quitting which, I found myself on a large plain covered with ripening harvests. The walk of a mile or two brought me to some white houses roofed with red tiles and embedded in a nest of fruit trees. That was my village. Beyond, rose a hill cultivated half-way to the top, and giving promise of a happy vintage. Seen from a little distance all looked well.

Closer acquaintance, however, did not prepossess me with the place I had chosen for a temporary home. The entrance to the village was quite wretched; the roadway was broken up and full of ruts or rubbish heaps; the hedges ran to waste and rubbed the carts that passed between; the fruit trees had an aged look; the palings before houses were broken or wormeaten; a black pool, about which pigs and ducks were busy, received the filth of the place and filled the air with pestilence. To this pool men brought cattle to water; and here, women were beating and rinsing reddish-brown stuffs, kneeling upon straw and striking their stuff with the battoir or round stick on a smooth deal plank laid for the purpose. This was perhaps enough of clothes washing to satisfy a population that seemed to be almost wholly unaccustomed to the washing of the person.

A high and thick lichen-covered wall, pierced by a large doorway, belonged to the sort of farm with which I wished to make acquaintance. I pulled the latchet of a small side door, and entered a court that I had to travel ankle-deep in mire and the accumulated refuse of the stables. Cocks and hens, pigs, ducks and their

ducklings, turkeys, and geese were the apparent live stock; and, under a shed close at hand, I saw stacks of dry wood, carts, and farming implements. As there was no man visible, I went forward to the house, which I found locked. Taking the liberty of a peep through a broken pane of glass, patched but imperfectly with paper, I saw a living-room that contained what ought to have been regarded as defunct articles of furniture; decayed scraps of all sizes and patterns picked up at sales, perhaps, or in the shops of the surrounding brokers. I turned then to the door of the stables which was much obstructed by the dunghill and forced that open, to discover only cows thriving in spite of filth, and a superb bull ready to toss me.

I turned back for such air as the yard afforded; and, at that moment, the door of one of the outhouses creaked upon its hinges, and a little old man—in a blue blouse, with long, thin, gray hair streaming from beneath a shabby cap—appeared before me. He began at once to appraise me with his twinkling dots of eyes.

"Good day, Monsieur," I said; "can you accommodate me with a lodging?"

"Is it a room you want?" he replied. "Stop a minute, I will unharness the horses; afterwards you shall taste my wine, and we will talk. Are you a citizen?"

"I am."

"An architect?"

"O, no."

"Independent?"

"Ah, no."

"But I must have a good price for my room."

"How much, Monsieur?"

"Two hundred francs a-year."

During this dialogue the unharnessed horses—which, by the way were of a large Norman breed, and ill-attended because they were too tall for their little master—went their way to the stables. The farmer, concealing the act as well as he could with his blouse, took the house-door key from its hiding-place under a stone, opened his door, and led me down three broken steps into the low chamber that I had already inspected from without. He then reached down from an ancient dresser a black pitcher in the form of a priest's cap; and, taking another key from behind the door, said to me, "Wait here for a minute." I was thus trusted alone among the furniture. My friend, when he returned with his pitcher full of wine, rinsed out a couple of glasses, and certainly did not stint the thin sour liquor over which he hoped to strike a lively bargain. After much chaffering, it was agreed that I should have my room for one hundred and fifty francs a-year.

My bonhomme, I found had been left a widower with a small family, consisting of one son and two daughters, and was then in possession of, or rather possessed by, a second wife, who managed him and his affairs. She

was laborious, and she was vigilant, and she was garrulous. I have seen her shed genuine tears at an accident that had befallen a strange traveller, and I have seen her rob her neighbours without pity. Like many of her class, she laboured all her life to convert sous into dollars and dollars into napoleons, for ultimate conversion into lands or houses, or for ultimate enjoyment as a treasure laid up in an earthen pot. To eke out her savings she would lay hands not unfrequently on the possessions of her neighbours, thereby not greatly outraging the feelings of her friend, her familiar demon, the notary, with whom she held very frequent converse, and who was her father confessor and adviser in all worldly things.

"One day," she herself told me, "I was making hay in the field and spied two aprons on the other side of the ditch belonging to my neighbours. I crossed over and took them from the washing line, tied up my load of hay in them, and was travelling home with my head lost beneath the hay like a donkey at harvest, when suddenly I was tripped up and sent flying into the ditch. As soon as I could see anything, there were my two harridans upon the bank, not only taking their aprons but dividing my hay between them. I was up with a bound, though, brandishing my sickle, drew blood from one of them and bruised the other; they went off with their aprons, but I re-conquered my hay."

This was the dame who put the rennet into the milk, skimmed the cream, made the cheese, churned the butter, counted the eggs, and slept like a watchdog after a last peep at her savings. When she went to market, she was absent for four hours; half the time being spent in going and returning. Her husband, on such occasions, went out in the morning and came back reeling at night. She was a wise woman; and, being usually loquacious, startled him at such times by saying nothing on the subject. Nothing on earth is so emphatic as a woman's silence, if she would but know it. Madame at the farm did know it; and, by shrewd diplomacy, became the mistress of the whole establishment and keeper of its cash. Monsieur would have been left wholly without pocket-money for the tavern, if he had not been cunning enough to keep back, out of the produce of his bargains, certain small pieces of silver which he hid in an old stocking under a wine barrel behind the plaster on a beam in the wall. Sometimes this stocking fell into the old lady's hands; whereupon Monsieur looked like a culprit, and there was great scolding, and promising never to do that sort of thing again. There was a rumour that the old gentleman had been a gallant when he was young. This rumour—which he took as a set-off against his avarice—he never contradicted. Like his second wife, he was at heart a miser. It cost him many a sigh to get any assistance on his farm. For a long time he dispensed

with it, then he chose helpers from the beardless youth who chanted the responses at mass. These he entrapped into his service by petty gifts, by occasional draughts of his sour wine, and by flattering, familiar jokes. As they grew older he enlarged his presents, so that they would include sometimes a pair of sabots, or a ten-sous piece on a Sunday. He supplied them also with more food, and warned them against evil company, meaning, within himself, the company of other youths likely to ask "How much does that old hunk pay you for your services?"

Friendly submission made on my part to their love of gain when manifested at my own expense, got me the close acquaintance of this couple. The old lady, then in her sixty-sixth year, sometimes set her cap at me, and went so far as to send me little gifts of cream-cheese, or fresh eggs, or short cakes, with bits of apple laid upon them. "Can you not teach me to read?" she asked one evening. "I know the letters well, but except where it's a prayer that I know by heart, I can't put them together. I'd be glad to pay you for teaching me to sign my name and understand my leases. Come now, just for an example, read me this bit of a page." The bit of a page was a document just drawn up by her notary, and the exactness of which I could see by her fixed eye and pursed up lip that she was verifying word for word while I was reading. She must have had some notion that the notary was capable of cheating her.

The husband seeing that I took a lively interest in all his agricultural affairs, made me an offer one day which I closed with heartily. "I am going," he said, "to the sale of a proprietor's farm and farming stock, which takes place by adjudication. I have purchases to make there, and to look after the recovery of a debt. Will you go with me, you shall have a seat in my charette and only pay your own expenses, eh?"

It was agreed. The best horse from the plough, beating his heavy iron shoes heavily upon the soil, took us to the farm in about an hour and a half, at a dull, pitiless trot. The farm was not quite six miles distant.

We found the farm-yard crowded with villagers of every sort, from the proprietor down to the ploughboy. Farmers and farmers' sons with long, white, flapped hats covering their side faces chatted with farmers' wives and daughters, capped with quilted towers, trimmed with white satin ribbons, and fixed with pins whose heads were golden bees. The notary, in his black gown, drank wine at the kitchen table while he turned over the leaves of an inventory with an absent air. The auctioneer and crier were already mounted upon a platform of boards supported by two empty wine barrels. Petty officers displayed themselves in all directions, and the crowd made itself heard. The sale commenced with the disposal of the land, which was divided into small lots and subjected to very eager

biddings. Then came the cattle. Troops of oxen, cows and sheep, each headed by a cowherd, or a shepherdess, defiled before the assembled agriculturists, then followed the horses, every one mounted by a carter, or a carter's boy. The assembly crowding about each beast, became critical on ages, points, and vices, and the bidding went on tolerably fast.

As I was strolling on to another part of the courtyard, I came unexpectedly upon a tall, robust man, apparently of about forty, whose swarthy countenance looked pale and grief-worn. He was the proprietor whose home was passing from him. Tears were in his eyes: he was engaged in the struggle to repress violent emotion. By his side stood a young girl, whose sunburnt features were as surely clouded by the present sorrow. Unwilling to intrude on their distress I turned back to the crowd about the auctioneer. Pots and pans and household articles were being sold, and upon these the women's tongues were at work mightily. They were discussing, wrangling, scandalising; each eager to get the smallest article, though it were but a cracked saucepan, in the shape of a decided bargain. They displayed more fierceness and bitter animosity—besides spending more time—over the purchase of their skewers and pipkins, than the men had shown whilst bidding for cattle and lands of a thousand times their value.

The sale was at last ended, and the creditors entered a low room in the house, where they held solemn conference with the officials. Out of this room my ancient came, rubbing his hands and exclaiming to me, "He is a staunch fellow. We shall get every sous after all."

"And do you leave the unfortunate man nothing?"

"What would you have? Every one for himself. Who knows whose turn it may be next to go to wreck? He is not the first, and will not be the last. Besides, it serves him right. His wife wears a silk gown, and his daughter has a watch and shoes from Paris."

I was admitted to the dinner wherewith these proceedings closed. Dishes crowded the table, wine was abundant, and the sale having yielded twenty shillings in the pound, the mirth of all the creditors was loud and coarse. My landlord was treated, as a rich man, with great respect, and every one was silent when he made a speech. He was sure to say nothing prejudicial to the interests of Messieurs the small proprietors. He attacked vigorously, however, Messieurs the large proprietors, whose game devoured the lands of little people, and proclaimed himself, amid general applause, a helping friend to poachers. Towards nightfall the conversation became very heavy, and at night my landlord and I reached home, both of us stupid. As we entered, the old gentleman's wife screamed out to him from the recesses of her room, "Well, is there enough?"

"All right, all right," he replied; "we shall not lose the whole." The apparent reserve in this answer was a quality the old man could not help; for it had become an instinct with him to keep back little amounts and set them to the credit of his stocking.

Every eight or ten years my ancient gave a dinner to the children he had had by his first wife. His second wife, on every such occasion, after a few years of coaxing, did her part with a good grace. The large dishes and plates were taken from their place of almost eternal rest upon the shelves, and the farm cookery performed its best, for the old dame knew that a day might come when it would be worth her while to have been civil to her husband's heirs. It was in my time that this day did come.

Every one knows that people in these country places are more likely to fetch a doctor for the disorders of their cows, their horses, or their asses, than for any of their own. My friend acted in this spirit, and having contracted an ailment in one of his toes, begotten by perpetual uncleanness, inflammation extended, deepened into gangrene, and at last caused death. The old man's death was sudden enough to disappoint his wife in many plans for the securing of possessions to herself. She was dispossessed of the chief part of the estate; but, thanks to her friend the notary, she had reserves of house and land. Moreover it was said that she carried off by night some earthen pots which did not contain cream, or wine, or water.

At this period, of course, my residence upon the farm came to an end; but, some time afterwards, I paid a visit to the place. The miser's son had altered it entirely. The approaches were quite clean, the road to it was macadamised, and bordered with a solid causeway. The doorway to the farm was new, of oak, studded with large pentagon-headed nails. Of the old buildings I found nothing left except the spacious barns. The stables contained good drains, the cattle stood over fresh litters. Order, liberality, and prudent economy, were visible in all the arrangements. Implements were in excellent condition; tools were well polished; there was a clear spring of water in the yard, and the house had clean windows. As for the house itself, it was both simple and elegant, constructed on a plan now common in such cases, that reminds one of our country railway stations. The adoption of arches and pillars made of iron, of brick for the walls, and of zinc or slate for the roof, gives to the residences of many of the small French proprietors an appearance of convenience and comfort which is not visible always in the villas of the rich.

While noticing this change I was accosted by a fine young man of about five-and-thirty, with whom I had no difficulty in renewing previous acquaintance. He took me to see his threshing machines, talked about the distillation of beetroot, and showed me improve-

ments which made it impossible for me not to suggest comparisons with what I had before seen on the same spot.

"It is well," said the young farmer. "My father was a prudent man, but one of the old school. He made the funds. I have only to use them. If I have profited much by his economy, I owe that to the counsels of a wise friend who has joined me,—my wife's father." When I was introduced to this wise friend, his animated and contented features did indeed contrast with those of the man whom I had seen as a debtor in the miser's clutches; nevertheless, it was the same man, and the girl whom I had on that day seen with him was now the young man's wife.

A good wife too. Her house was full of quiet, order, freshness. Her tables were well washed, her floors well rubbed, her dressers piled with plates and dishes tastefully chosen, and her solid house furniture had also a touch or two of elegance added to its solidity. The woman herself—none the worse for having owned a watch and worn shoes made in Paris—sat at a window looking out upon a well-stocked flower garden; she was neatly dressed, and had her hair carefully gathered up under one of the high caps peculiar to the district. Happy children sat about her; boys in blue blouses and strong leather shoes; girls busy over the needlework, which employed them when they had no other work on hand. Through an open door that led into the kitchen I could see a plump maid with bare arms preparing dinner with the cleanliness that makes the meal a delight to partake of. I gladly agreed to stay and take my dinner at the farm, wishing much that I could yield myself up to the wishes of these people and become their lodger.

ASPIRATION AND DUTY.

Oh, what is earth to those who long
For higher, holier, nobler things?
I'd soar aloft on burning song
Amid the rush of spirit wings!

But hush, proud heart! While here below,
At Duty's call fulfil thy fate,
And humbly, onward, upward go—
So shalt thou enter heaven's gate!

THE CHILDREN OF THE CZAR.

A book, written by Ivan Tourghenieff, was published at Moscow in eighteen hundred and fifty two, of course in Russian, and has since been translated into English as *Russian Life in the Interior*, or the *Experiences of a Sportsman*; and into French under the modified title of *Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe*. We have just laid down the latter version, and are so impressed with the truthfulness of its delineations, that an irresistible temptation arises to scatter broadcast, by means of our columns, a few of the sketches which it gives of Russian life. Some of these are

touching groups, making us conscious, after all, of the bond of common brotherhood which urges us individually to fraternise with individual members even of a hostile nation. Other scenes are simply astounding, compelling us to lift our hands and eyes in wonder that such monstrous things should be possible in a land which protests that it is eminently a member of true Christendom. But the whole series of pictures, great and small, confirm the accounts previously current of the barbaric civilisation, the feudal tyranny, and the many instances of personal merit which characterise the multitudinous nation that bows itself down and is irresponsibly driven before him by the world's arch-enemy, the Emperor Nicholas.

Although the volume is written in a form that might seem to denote a highly artificial mode of composition (for it consists of twenty-two chapters, each complete in itself, like articles that might appear in the pages of this journal, and sometimes contains minute descriptions that remind us of Balzac's most finished pictures), on reading it, the effect produced is rather that of listening to an eloquent improvisatore, or Red Indian orator, than of perusing the work of a practised writer. M. Tourghenief is familiar with nature, loves her, courts her in her coyest moments, and often betrays the secret charm of out-door life with a passionate warmth that would do honour to Audubon himself; while his social position as a *bârine*, or territorial lord, enables him to give us traits of Russian high life with the same readiness that his sportsmanship introduces him to the interior of rustic huts. The writer is unpractised, inexperienced, new; and his random leaves, thrown out from time to time in a Moscovian literary periodical, excited attention by their truth and freshness. United, they prove to constitute one of those bold, popular volumes, which reflect the tone of public feeling, and which succeed, making their way to the hearts of all, because the national mind volunteers itself as their instigator, accomplice, and judge. M. Tourghenief shall speak for himself in an eminently suggestive visit to a neighbour.

About twenty versts from my estate, he writes, there resides an ex-officer of the Guards, a handsome young gentleman, with whom I am acquainted. His name is Arcadi Pavlytch Péenotchkin. His domain has the advantage over mine, in being, amongst other things, well stocked with game. The house in which my friend Péenotchkin resides was built after the plans of a French architect; his people, from the first to the last, are clad in liveries according to the English style. He gives excellent dinners. He receives you in the most amiable manner—and with all that, you do not visit him with hearty goodwill. He is fond of the prudent and the positive: he has received a perfect education, has served in the army,

has received the polish of high society, and at present devotes his attention, with marked success, to matters of rural economy. Arcadi Pavlytch, according to his own proper statement, is severe, but just; he watches closely over the welfare of his vassals, and if he chastises them, it is the best proof of his affection for them. "They are creatures whom you must treat exactly like children," he says on such occasions; "for in fact they are grown up children, my dear fellow, and we must not forget to bear that in mind." As to himself, when he happens to be placed in what he calls the sad necessity of acting rigorously, he abstains from any abrupt or angry movement, or even from raising his voice: he simply extends his forefinger, and says coldly to the culprit, "I begged you, my dear man, to do so and so," or, "What is the matter with you, my friend? Recollect yourself." His teeth are slightly clenched; his mouth contracts imperceptibly, and that is all.

He is above the middle height, well-made and very good-looking; he takes the greatest care of his hands and nails; his cheeks and lips are resplendent with health. He laughs frankly and heartily. He dresses with infinite taste. He procures a great quantity of French books and publications of all kinds, without being a great reader the more for that, and it is as much as he has done if he has got to the end of the *Wandering Jew*. He is an excellent partner at cards. In short, Arcadi Pavlytch passes for a highly civilised gentleman, and, with mothers who have daughters to marry, for one of the most desirable matches in our whole "government." The ladies are mad after him, and, above all things, extol his manners. He is admirably reserved, and has the wisdom of the serpent: never has he been mixed up in any current bit of gossip. He spends his winters at St. Petersburg. His house is marvellously well managed; the very coachmen have felt his influence so completely, that they not only clean their harness and dust their *armiaks*, but they carry their refinement so far as to wash their faces every day, including the back of their ears and neck. Arcadi Pavlytch's people have a somewhat downcast look; but in our darling Russia it is not very easy to distinguish moroseness from mere sleepyheadedness.

Arcadi Pavlytch has a soft and unctuous way of speaking; he cuts up his phrases with frequent pauses, and voluptuously strains every word, curling it between his puffed-up moustachios. He is fond of seasoning his dialogue with French expressions, such as "*Mais c'est impayable! Mais comment done!*" In spite of all that, he has no attractions for me; and were it not for the game of his woods and heaths, and fields, the probability is that we should forget each other.

Notwithstanding the slight sympathy which

I entertain for Arcadi Pavlytch, I once happened to pass the night at his house. Early the next morning I had the horses put to my calèche, but he would not allow me to leave till I had breakfasted in the English style, and he dragged me into his cabinet. We had tea, cutlets, poached eggs, butter, honey, Swiss cheese, and so on. Two white-gloved valets, silently, and with the greatest promptness, anticipated our slightest wishes. We were seated upon a Persian divan,—Arcadi Pavlytch, in a heterogeneous Oriental costume, sipped his tea, nibbled a bit of something, smiled, looked at his nails, smoked, tucked a cushion under his arm, and appeared in the main to be in excellent good temper. He soon made a serious attack upon the cutlets and the cheese; and, after having worked away at them like a man, he poured himself out a glass of red wine, raised it to his lips, and knitted his brows.

"Why has this wine not been warmed?" he drily asked of one of the valets, who became confused, turned pale, and stood like a statue. "I just ask you that question, my dear fellow," continued the young Seigneur, staring at the poor man with wide-open eyes. The only motion the culprit made was a slight twisting of the napkin which he held in his hand. Under the weight of fascination, he was unable to utter a syllable. Arcadi Pavlytch lowered his forehead, and continued to gaze thoughtfully, but covertly, at his victim.

"I beg your pardon, my dear sir," he said to me with an amiable smile, laying his hand familiarly on my knee. He again gave the valet a silent stare.

"Well! go!" he said, at last, raising his eyebrows, and touching the spring of a small alarm bell, which was followed by the entrance of a stout, brown-faced man, with a low forehead and bloodshot eyes.

"Get matters ready for Fedor," said Arcadi Pavlytch, with increasing laconism, and in a state of perfect self-command.

The thickset man bowed, and left the room. No doubt the correction for which he had received the order was duly administered to the delinquent servant-man.

"This is one of the annoyances of country life," said Arcadi, in laughing mood. "But where are you going to? Stop, stop! sit down here."

"No, indeed; I am obliged to leave you. It is getting late."

"To go shooting? Always shooting! 'Tis quite a passion with you. In which direction do you propose to start?"

"Forty versts off; to Reabovo."

"To Reabovo! But then I will accompany you. Reabovo is only five versts from my estate of Chipilovka, and I have been intending to go there for some time past. Till to-day, I have not had a moment at liberty. It is a lucky accident. You can shoot to your heart's content at Reabovo, if

such is your wish, and in the evening you will be my guest. We will have a good supper, for I will take the cook with me. I want to show you Chipilovka; my moujika (peasants) there, pay their taxes punctually. I can't understand how they make two ends meet; but that's their affair. I must own that I have a hard-headed bourmister (steward) over them; quite a little statesman, on my word of honour. You will see what a lucky mortal I am."

It was impossible to refuse; but instead of leaving at nine o'clock in the morning, it was two in the afternoon before we started. A sportsman will understand my impatience. Arcadi Pavlytch took with him such a stock of linen, provisions, clothes, cushions, perfumes, and divers "necessaries," as would have sufficed an economical German for a whole twelvemonth, supplying him stylishly and pleasantly too. At last we arrived, not at Reabovo, where I wanted to go, but at Chipilovka. It was too late to think seriously of shooting, so I consoled myself with the reflection that what can't be cured must be endured.

The cook had preceded us by several minutes. I thought I could observe that he had already completed sundry arrangements, and especially that he had given notice of our coming to the person who had the greatest interest in being informed of it. At the gate of the village we were met by the staroste (elder), the son of the bourmister, a vigorous red-headed peasant, six feet high, on horseback, without a hat, dressed in his best armiak, which hung unfastened and danced in the air.

"And where is Sophron?" asked Arcadi Pavlytch.

The elder first of all dismounted, bowed very low, and muttered, "Health, father, Seigneur Arcadi Pavlytch." Then he raised his head, shaking his locks to make them stand upright, and said that Sophron was at Perof, but that he had already been sent for to return immediately.

"Very well! Go behind the calèche, and follow us."

The elder, by way of politeness, led his horse ten paces away from us to the border of the road, remounted, and trotted after us, cap in hand. We made our entry into the village.

The bourmister's cottage was situated apart from the others, in the midst of a green and fertile hempfield. We halted at the entrance of the courtyard. M. Péenotchkin rose, picturesquely threw aside his cloak, and stepped out of the calèche, serenely gazing around him. The bourmister's wife advanced, bowing very low in front, and making a dead set at the hand of the master, who graciously allowed the good woman to kiss it as long as she pleased, and then mounted the three steps that led to the front door. The elder's wife was waiting in a dark corner of the entrance,

bowing also very low, but without daring for a moment to aspire to the honour of kissing the hand. In what is called "the cold chamber," to the right of the entrance hall, two other women were busily engaged in carrying off all sorts of objects—empty jugs, old clothes, butter-pots, and a cradle wherein, amidst a heap of rags, an infant reposed, as it seemed to me. Their work ended, Arcadi Pavlytch drove them out in a hurry, to seat himself on the bench exactly under the holy pictures, which the common people never fail to salute, crossing themselves at the same time, whenever they enter any room whatsoever. The drivers then brought in the large chests, the middle-sized trunks, and the little boxes. It is needless to mention that they took infinite pains to muffle the sound of their footsteps. Once, when they stood a little on one side, I saw the bourmistriss noiselessly pinch and beat some other woman, who did not dare to cry out. Suddenly, we heard the rapid rolling, as rapidly checked, of a "telegue" which stopped before the door, and the bourmister made his entrance.

The "statesman" of whom Arcadi Pavlytch had boasted was short, thickset, with broad shoulders, grisly hair, a red nose, small blue eyes, and a beard shaped like a reversed fan. Note, by the way, that ever since Russia has been in existence there has not been a single instance of a man's growing rich, without his beard at the same time becoming proportionally broader and broader. We may suppose that the Bourmister had copiously washed down his dinner at Perof. His face streamed with perspiration, and he smelt of wine at ten paces' distance.

"Ah, you! our fathers! You, our benefactors!" said the cunning fellow, in a droll sort of chant, using the plural form to show his greater respect, and speaking in such a tone of emotion, that I expected every moment to see him burst into tears. "You have come to us at last! Your hand, father, your hand!" he added, protruding his thick lips to their utmost stretch.

Arcadi Pavlytch allowed his hand to be kissed, and said, quite caressingly: "Well, brother Sophron, how do our affairs go on?"

"Ah, you, our fathers!" Sophron replied. "And how should they go on otherwise than well, when you, our fathers, our benefactors, deign by your presence to enlighten our poor little village? Oh! I am happy to my dying day. Thanks to God, Arcadi Pavlytch, all goes well. All goes well that belongs to your grace."

After a minute's silence devoted to mute contemplation, the "statesman" sighed enthusiastically, and, as if carried away by sudden inspiration (with which a strong dose of ardent spirits might have something to do), he again solicited the lordly hand, and chanted with greater vehemence than before: "Ah, you! our fathers and benefactors! I am mad

with delight! I can scarcely believe my eyes that it is you, our fathers, our—"

The scene was well acted. Arcadi Pavlytch looked at me, smiled slightly, and asked me in French, "Is it not touching?"

"Ah! Arcadi Pavlytch," resumed the bourmister; "what will become of you here? Just now, I think, you thoroughly vex me; you did not let me know that you were coming. How will you contrive to pass the night, gracious Heaven? This is a dusty, dirty hole—"

"No matter, Sophron; no matter," replied Arcadi Pavlytch with a smile. "We are well enough here."

"Well! our cherished fathers; well! yes; but for whom? For us clod-hoppers, well enough, but for you! Ah! our fathers—ah! our benefactors, excuse a poor imbecile. Yes; my brain is turned inside out—Father of Heaven! inside out—I am crazy with excess of joy."

Supper was served: Arcadi Pavlytch sat down to supper. The old man soon turned his son out of the room, because he exhaled too potent a rustic odour, according to the remark of the father himself, who stood like an automaton three or four paces away from the table.

"Well, old fellow! have you settled with the neighbours about the boundary?" asked M. Péenotchkine.

"Settled, bārine, settled—thanks to thee, to thy name. The day before yesterday we signed the agreement. The khlynovski, at first, made a great many objections; they demanded this, and that, and something besides, and Heaven knows what. Dogs, poor people, fools as they are! But we, father, thanks to thy generosity, we have—satisfied Nicolas Nicolaévitch. We acted according to thy instructions, bārine—as thou hast said, we have done—yes; we have arranged and finished all, according to thy will, as reported by Egor Dmitritch."

"Egor delivered in his report," said Arcadi Pavlytch, majestically; "and now are you satisfied?"

Sophron only waited for such a word to intone afresh his "Ah! you, our fathers, our saviours and benefactors! ah! we pray the Lord God for you night and day. Doubtless, we have but little laud here."

"Good, good, Sophron," said Péenotchkine, "I know you are a devoted servant, and—what does this year's threshing produce?"

"The threshing? it is not altogether satisfactory. But allow me, our good fathers, Arcadi Pavlytch, to announce to you a little matter which has befallen us unexpectedly." Here he drew near to M. Péenotchkine, leaned forward obliquely, and, winking his eye, said, "A dead body has been found upon our land."

"How did that happen?"

"Ah! our fathers, I ask the same question; it must have been done by some enemy. It

is fortunate that it lay upon the very verge of our estate, near a field which belongs to other people. I cleverly caused the corpse to be transported to the neighbour's land. I posted a sentinel a little way off, and enjoined him to keep the strictest silence. I then went to the head of the police, gave information in my own way, and left him with a slight token of gratitude for the injury which he does not do us. By Our Lady, *bârine*, my plan answered; the corpse remained hanging round our neighbour's neck. You know that on such an occasion as this two hundred roubles (more than thirty pounds) have no more effect than a penny roll of the finest flour has on the appetite of a starving man."

M. Péenotchkine laughed at his bourmister's exploit, and said to me in French several times, pointing to him with a motion of the head, "What a jolly fellow! Isn't he?"

The night came, the table was removed, and some hay brought in. The valet de chambre arranged two beds, covering them properly with sheets and pillows. Arcadi, before going to sleep, enumerated the admirable qualities of the Russian peasantry, adding that ever since Sophron had been manager he had never lost a farthing of income from this estate.

Next morning we rose early. I had intended to go to Reabovo; but Arcadi Pavlytch testified a great desire to show me his property, and induced me to remain. I confess I was curious to witness with my own eyes the proofs of the great talents of the statesman whose name was Sophron the bourmister. He soon appeared before us. He was still dressed in a blue *armiak* with a red girdle. He was less talkative than the day before: he watched his master with piercing attention: he answered cleverly, and in proper terms. We inspected the barns, the sheepfold, the outhouses, the windmill, the stables, the kitchen-garden, and the hemp-fields; all was really in excellent order. The wan countenances of the *moujiks* were in truth the only thing with which I could as yet find fault. Arcadi Pavlytch was delighted; he explained to me, in French, the advantages of the system of "*obroc*" (personal tax), and gave advice to the bourmister as to the best way of planting potatoes and physicking catile. Sophron listened attentively, and sometimes even ventured to differ, for he had discarded yesterday's devoted adulation, and stuck to the text that the estate must be increased, because the soil was bad. "Buy more land, then,—in my name," answered Arcadi Pavlytch; "I have no objection." To which Sophron made no other answer than to close his eyes in silence, and stroke his beard. With regard to *sylviculture*, M. Péenotchkine followed Russian notions. He told me an anecdote, which he thought very amusing,—of a facetious country gentleman, who, in order to make his head forester understand that it is not true that the more

you strip a wood, the better it will sprout again,—robbed him, at a single pluck, of half the beard that grew on his chin.

In other respects, I cannot say that either Arcadi Pavlytch or Sophron were opposed to all innovation and improvement. They took me to see a winnowing-machine, which they had recently procured from Moscow; but if Sophron could have foreseen the untoward event which awaited us there, he would certainly have deprived us of this latter spectacle.

A few paces from the door of the barn where the machine was at work, stood two peasants,—one an old man of seventy, the other a lad of twenty, both dressed in shirts made of odd scraps of cloth, both wearing a girdle of rope, and with naked feet. The elder, with gaping mouth, and convulsively clenched fists, was trying to drive them away, and would probably have succeeded if we had remained much longer in the barn. Arcadi Pavlytch knit his brows, bit his lip, and walked straight to the group. The two peasants cast themselves at his feet.

"What do you want? Speak!" he said, in a severe and somewhat nasal voice.

The poor creatures exchanged looks, and could not utter a word; their eyes winked as if they were dazzled, and their respiration was accelerated.

"Well, what is the matter?" resumed Arcadi Pavlytch, immediately turning round to Sophron. "To what family do they belong?"

"To the Toboléf family," answered the bourmister slowly.

"What do you want, then? Have you no tongue? Speak, old man; what would you have?" He added; "You have nothing to be frightened at, imbecile."

The old man stretched forward his bronzed and wrinkled neck, moved his thick blue lips, and said, in a bleating voice: "Come to our aid, my Seigneur!"

And again he fell with his forehead to the ground; the young man acted nearly in the same way. Arcadi Pavlytch gravely regarded their bended necks; then changing the position of his legs and his head, he said, "What is the matter? Of whom do you complain? Let us see all about it."

"Pity, my Seigneur; a moment's breathing-time. We are tortured; we are——"

"Who tortures you?"

"Sophron Jakovlitch, the bourmister."

"Your name?" said my companion, after a moment's silence.

"Anthippe, my Seigneur."

"And the other?"

"He is my son, Seigneur."

Arcadi Pavlytch was again silent, twisting his moustache. At last he added, "Well, and in what way has he tortured you so cruelly?" And he haughtily regarded the wretched man, looking down between the tufts of his moustache.

"My Seigneur, he has completely stripped and ruined us. Contrary to every regulation, he has compelled two of my sons to enlist out of their turn, and now he is going to rob me of the third. No later than yesterday, he carried off my last cow; and his grace, the elder, who is indeed his son, has beaten my housewife. Ah! good Seigneur! Do not permit him to make an end of us."

M. Péenotchkine was extremely embarrassed; he coughed three or four times, and then, with a discontented air, inquired of the bourmister, in an under tone, what he ought to think of such an allegation.

"He is a drunkard, sir," replied the bourmister, with insolent assurance; "a drunkard and an idler. He does nothing. For the last five years he has not been able to pay his back reckoning."

"Sophron Jakovlitch has paid for me, my Seigneur," replied the old man. "This is the fifth year in which he has paid instead of me; and, as he pays for me, he has treated me as his pledge, his own proper slave, my good Seigneur, and——"

"But all that does not explain the reason of the deficit," said M. Péenotchkine, with animation. The old man bowed his head.—"You drink, don't you? You haunt the public-houses?" The old man opened his lips to justify himself.—"I know you," continued Arcadi Pavlytch. "You pass your time in drinking and in sleeping on the stove; and the industrious peasant has to answer for you, to——"

"And, besides, he is ill-behaved," added the bourmister, without scrupling to behave ill himself by presuming to interrupt his master.

"Ill-behaved, of course! it is always so; I have often made the same observation. The lazy fellow indulges in dissipation and bad language the whole year through, and then, one day, he throws himself at his Seigneur's feet."

"My good Seigneur," said the old man with an accent of fearful despair, "in the name of God, rescue us from this man. And he calls me ill-behaved, besides! I tell you before Heaven that I cannot exist any longer. Sophron Jakovlitch has taken a spite against me. Why? Who can say? He has ruined, crushed, and utterly destroyed me. This is my last child. Well!"—A tear ran down the old man's yellow and wrinkled cheeks. "In the name of Heaven, my good Seigneur, come to our aid."

"And we are not the only people whom he persecutes," said the younger peasant.

Arcadi Pavlytch took fire at this word from the poor lad, who had hitherto kept so quiet.

"And who asked you any questions? Tell me that. How dare you speak before you are spoken to? What does all this mean? Hold your tongue; hold your tongue! Good God! this is a regular revolt. But it will not answer to revolt against me. I will"—

Arcadi Pavlytch was about to make some hasty movement of which he would have repented afterwards, but he probably remembered that I was present, for he restrained himself, and stuck his hands in his pockets. He said to me in French, "I beg your pardon, my dear fellow," with a forced smile and in an undertone. "It is the wrong side of the tapestry, the reverse of the medal." He continued in Russian, addressing the serfs, but without looking at them, "Very well; very well. I shall take my measures. Very well, go!" (The peasants did not stir). "Very well, I tell you. Take yourselves off. I tell you I shall give my orders. Begone."

Arcadi turned his back, muttering the words, "Nothing but unpleasantnesses," and strode off to the bourmister's house, who followed him.

A couple of hours after this scene, I was at Reabovo; and there, taking for my companion one Anpadiste, a peasant, whom I knew, I promised to devote myself entirely to sport. Up to the moment of my departure, M. Péenotchkine appeared to be sulky with Sophron. I could not help thinking that I had yielded extremely *mal à propos* to the invitation to stop and inspect, that morning. Whether I would or not, the thought was so completely uppermost in my mind, that while journeying with Anpadiste I said to him a few words on the subject of M. Péenotchkine and the Chipilovka serfs, and asked him if he knew the bourmister of the estate.

"Sophron Jakovlitch, you mean."

"Yes; what sort of man is he?"

"He is not a man, he is a dog, and so bad a dog that from here to Koursk you would not find his equal."

"Really?"

"Ah, sir, Chipilovka has only the appearance of belonging to—to this—never mind his Christian names"—(in Russia, a person's Christian name and that of his father are used together, whenever it is wished to speak respectfully to, or of, any person: their suppression is equivalent to an insult)—"to this M. Péenotchkine. He is not the owner: the real owner is Sophron only."

"Do you think so?"

"He has converted Chipilovka into a life-estate of his own. Fancy that there is not a single peasant there who is not in debt to him up to the neck. He, therefore, has them all under his thumb. He employs them as he will, does what he chooses with them, and makes them his tools and drudges."

"I am told they are pinched for room,—that the estate is not large enough."

"Are we ever short of land or room in these districts? Sophron traffics in land, in horses, in cattle, pitch, rosin, butter, hemp, and a hundred other articles. He is clever, very clever; and isn't he rich, the brute? But he is mad about threshing. He is a dog, a mad dog, and not a man. I tell you again, he is a ferocious brute."

"But why do not the peasants make a complaint to their real Seigneur?"

"Ah, sir, the Seigneur pockets his revenue,—the payment is exact, and he is satisfied. In case of complaint, what will he do? He will say to the complainant, 'Take yourself off,—begone! If not, Sophron will know the reason why. Make yourself scarce; otherwise, he will settle your business, as he has settled So-and-so's and So-and-So's.'"

I briefly told him what I had seen that morning respecting Anthippe and his son.

"Well," said Anpadiste, "Sophron will now devour the old man. He will suck the marrow out of his bones. The elder will address him in no better language than blows of the fist. Poor man! five or six years ago, he resisted Sophron about some trifle, in the presence of others, and some words passed between them which rankled in the bourmister's heart. That was quite enough. He began by annoying him; afterwards he pressed him closer; and now he is gnawing him to the very bone, execrable scoundrel that he is!"

RUINED BY RAILWAYS.

The man was a tall, thin figure, dressed in black, rather worn, but neatly brushed, with an ill-washed white neckcloth. Over all, he wore a shabby sort of camlet cloak. He was continually busy making calculations with a short stump of pencil on the back of a bundle of papers. From time to time he took snuff in a rapid nervous way, from a once handsome, much worn Scotch box.

He said—and as he spoke he shivered with cold; for he had no great coat or railway wrapper, and the second class carriage in which we were travelling had a hole in the floor—It is very hard that it should have happened to me. I have always been careful: I never wasted a penny in my life. No, no! they cannot say it was extravagance that ruined me. Why, sir, until this wretched business, I never had a debt in my life—paid on the nail, and made up my cash-book every night before I went to bed. It seems only the other day—although it's fifteen years ago—that my poor father gave me a bright, new sovereign, because I had saved ten shillings in my money-box, while my brother Jack—he enlisted soon after, and was killed in the Battle of Moodkee—had only threepence, and owed a tick to the tart-woman.

No, gentlemen (he continued, after we had shown our tickets at the Bilbury junction—his was a free pass) I have always been prudent. Many a time have I had a shilling from my uncle Ballion for repeating poor Robin's maxims. "Take care of the pence, my boy," he used to say, "and the pounds will take care of themselves."—"A shilling saved is a shilling got." He promised to leave me his fortune; and he would—

only, you see, being persuaded by his most respectable acquaintance, he put all his money into the Real del Monte at five hundred pounds premium, when they went down to fifty shillings, there was only thirty pounds balance after paying the brokers.

I was apprenticed, when I left school, to old Alderman Drabble, who began life with half-a-crown, and was considered worth at least a plum. He did a great business with the West Indies, and there was not a man more respected in Mudborough, where he lived. For he did not spend above three hundred pound a-year, and always had ten thousand ready to invest at a short date on security of produce—sugar, coffee, or tobacco—at proper interest, commission, and expenses.

Well, I worked there early and late. When I was out of my time, he offered me a partnership—not much of a share, to be sure; not more than I could have got as cashier anywhere else; but then he hinted that I should have all the business when he died. He used to say those were fools that retired from business—that there was no amusement like making "money—money, more money, my boy!" So he took me as a young partner, that he might work less and make more. He got me cheap enough.

When I was an apprentice I used to be very fond of pretty Lucy Cradley, our surgeon's daughter. I often talked of marrying her as soon as I was in business for myself; for we had been children together, and she was the nicest little creature I ever saw. But of course I was not going to be such a fool as to marry a pig in a poke; so I got my mother to sound the doctor, and find out what he was going to give her. Would you believe it, I never could make out whether it was his extravagance—he always had hot suppers—or his meanness: he actually declared he could only afford to give his three girls five hundred pound a-piece. Well, you see, that would not do for me. So I began to listen to my father—who talked a great deal about saving money; although I found after all that he spent most of his fortune in foreign Lottery tickets. He used to say, when I spoke of Lucy, "Ben, my boy, take my word for it, beauty's only skin deep. Depend upon it there's nothing like a good balance in the bank for making married life happy. Stick up to the alderman's daughter."

Now Rebecca Drabble was not exactly my fancy. She was rather older than I was, and bony and yellow, and you always heard her nagging the maids. But when I told my father that, he said: "Ah, Ben, my boy, the chink of the money will drown her scolding; besides, if she does scold the maids, she won't scold you."

Well, I dropped poor Lucy; she afterwards married young Charles Kally. He was first mate of the Golden Grove: he's captain

and a great ship-owner now; they keep their own carriage, while I am obliged to travel third class—when I can't get a free-pass. I married Rebecca. The alderman was quite agreeable. He said, "Benjamin, I shan't give my daughter any fortune. When I married my Rebecca I had but thirty shillings a week, and she'd saved a hundred pound. Now, you'll have all Rebecca's savings; I allow her twenty pounds a year for clothes and pocket money, and when I die you'll have something handsome."

I didn't much like this. It wasn't what my father planned for me; but, if I gave it up, I knew I could not live in Mudborough. Old Drabble would have made it too hot for me. So I married her.

I began to repent the day after, and have repented ever since. My father's was a careful house: bread and milk for breakfast, or porridge; roast or boiled and pudding for dinner; and glass of grog on Sundays. But there it was more talk than anything else. Rebecca used to make me live on herrings and sprats, and never bought any meat but sticking-pieces. She used to dine by herself, before I came home, on some little nicety.

After we were married the Alderman got into the habit of going to London a good deal to see about investments, leaving us to take care of his house. He left nothing in it but the furniture; so we did not save much by that. One day news came from his London broker that he had fallen down dead at the Railway Hotel. I can't say I was much fretted by the news. No more was Rebecca, for he was a tiresome stingy old man. I went down to 'Change that day pretty proud. How they did flock round and shake me by the hand, and condole and congratulate me, and pay me compliments. There were a dozen of the first merchants asking my advice.

I went up to town in a new suit of black, out of turn, for it was my rule to make a suit last twelve months. When I found the—would you believe it?—the old villain was married a second time, had a wife and a young family living in a house close to the London station. He had left all his money—it was not so much by half as people thought—to the young brats. Their mother was a turnpike gate-keeper's daughter, young enough to be his granddaughter. So we got nothing except five thousand pounds settled strictly on Rebecca. To add insult to the injury, he said, in his will "as my son-in-law is so frugal and industrious he will not want money so much as my helpless babes."

I had no peace after this happened at home, for Rebecca would have it that it was all my fault.

However, in spite of everything—although my friends looked very cold on me when I came back, and Alderman Tibbs, and the great Mr. Glight, of the firm Glight, Ribs, and Bibbs, treated me as if I had swindled

them by accepting an invitation to dinner sent on the strength of the report that Mr. Drabble had left us an immense fortune,—I did manage to make money. I had saved a nice little capital, and made some very pretty hits in underwriting; for I thoroughly understood ships. People used to say, "as safe as Ben Balance;" "Balance knows which side his bread is buttered;" or "you can't come Yorkshire over Mr. Balance." "He can see through you, can Balance."

I do believe I should have made a plum, perhaps have been mayor, and even knighted; though, to be sure, having always a delicate digestion, and never able to drink more than one pint of port wine, I could scarcely have been qualified to stand in the shoes of our true blue five-bottle man, Sir Peter Curley, who was knighted in especial compliment to the Oporto interest. Often and often I used to sit and think what a fool my uncle was, for not realising when he could have made thirty thousand pounds by the Real del Monte shares that I had to sell for thirty pounds, and that nothing would incline me to take a share in anything. When the railway fever broke out, I was worth at least ten thousand pound.

At first I took no notice of all that was in the newspapers. I joined the steady set in the reading-room in laughing at the young fellows who were so deep and hot speculating, and flying by express trains up and down to and from London. But presently one friend, and then another, dropped into the stream, and then came to tell me how much they had made. There was young Sploshton, not in business above six months, who realised a little fortune in six weeks—married the girl he had been engaged to for three years, and actually bought a small estate and retired from business. He lives on it now. There was young Tandemtit; he had been so wild his friends had sent him to America. He returned in his shirt-sleeves, and was obliged to borrow a crown piece of the station-master at Bootlem to bring him to his father's house. He set up as a share-broker—the second ever known in the town; the other, old Foggerton, only dealt in government stock. The first year Tandemtit opened a good amount with Glight, Ribs and Bibbs,—drove his mail phaeton, and gave open champagne lunches to his customers. There was Alderman Cobalt, who went up to town to his son's wedding, met an engineer in the train, and, from his information, made five thousand pounds in one transaction. It was no use shutting your ears; these stories were dinned into your ears every day—even the women talked of them. I made my two pounds, or five, and sometimes ten pounds a day, by my business. But when in every shop and every counting-house, and on 'Change, at all hours we heard of thousands and tens of thousands made in a stroke of a pen,

and saw men and boys of yesterday springing into importance in close consultation with our steady old bankers, it was impossible not to feel discontented. I repeated to myself all the cautious proverbs—"Slow and sure;" "More haste worse speed;" "What's earned over the devil's back is spent," &c.; and then met some one whom I had considered a stupid fellow, who would stop me to show a letter of allotment he was going to sell for ever so many hundred pounds.

I could not help imparting my discontent one day to Joseph Sleekleigh, the cashier of the chief bank at Mudborough. Sleekleigh was deacon of our chapel, universally considered a safe, steady man of business, and the future manager of the Joint Stock Bank whenever old Dummy, who had held it from the commencement, died. To this Sleekleigh answered, "Well, if we were to do anything, it ought to be on a large scale. These allotments are but paltry affairs for men like you and me."

A few Sundays after this conversation, Sleekleigh called upon me, and said, as soon as we were alone in the garden, "B, are you ready to go into a really good thing on a large scale? Are you prepared, in fact, to back your luck, and make a fortune? Because, if you are, I have a chance for you."

I told him how disappointed I had been by my father-in-law's infamous deception. So he went on to say, "You know my nephew, young Tom Slum, who returned from Australia the other day?"

"Yes, of course; always smoking cigars, drives hired tandems, goes to races with prize-fighters. I have seen him, and could never understand how a respectable man like you could have such a young ruffian for his nephew."

"Well well," said Sleekleigh, "he is rather wild, but not such a fool as he seems. He now and then collects information worth having, for the bank; and, although of course I can't receive him at my own house, I do meet him occasionally. Tom has a secret that may be worth a hundred thousand. Think of that. So make up your mind. Will you go in with me into the speculation?"

After further consultation, I consented to draw a check in four figures; he then confided to me that Slum had been making love to the good-looking housekeeper of Alderman Rugg, a widower, and chairman of the Pinnacle Junction Railway, and that he, or rather she for him, had discovered that a secret plan was nearly completed, for buying the Granite Valley Continuation in ten per cent stock; indeed, Mrs. Jenny had somehow or other got possession of the torn pieces of the original draft memorandum, prepared at a private dinner between the alderman and Lawyer Cockle.

To cut a long story short, I was tempted to go into the affair. I went to the London broker who had always bought Consols

for me, quietly collected shares, and made large time bargains in the Granite Valley Continuation, then at fifty per cent discount. In three weeks we divided nearly a hundred thousand pounds! Yes, you may stare, a hundred thousand pounds. The news of the amalgamation came out in less than a week after I had operated. Up went the shares; two hundred per cent premium; the directors who, in consequence of our getting into the secret, had not made quite as much as they expected, took the public while it was in the humour, and issued a lot of new extension shares. Of course we got our quota, and there was another famous pull. My total third came to thirty-two thousand pounds, nineteen shillings, and fourpence.

You can't expect that I was going to attend to my beggarly business after that. Besides, this *coup* having been effected by me alone, ostensibly, gave me an immense reputation among the most knowing hands as a sharp man of business,—they never guessed how I got my information, and I was overwhelmed with offers of shares in good things, with seats in provisional committees, besides being consulted about plans for all sorts of undertakings. I never knew before how quick, how intelligent I was. I had been noted on our little 'Change for the decided way in which I underwrote a doubtful ship; in my new line this served me wonderfully. I dined with a great East Indian, and got a letter of introduction which gave me two hundred shares in the celebrated Punjab and Cape Comorin Railway,—deposit five shillings. I sold them the day following, for twelve pounds premium. I was a director of the Great Metropolis and Mudborough Direct; of the Great Metropolis and Coalboro' Direct, and half-a-dozen other great projects. We brought them all out at ten pounds premium and every director had a thousand shares. We were quite above anything at less than ten pounds premium, and the Coalboro' we brought out at twenty-five pounds. When I think that all the Directs but one have been wound up with a heavy loss; that the Punjaubs have been sold at two shillings and sixpence discount, and that the lines at work which were at two hundred and fifty pounds are now at ninety pounds each—it drives me almost mad.

I got into a completely new line of life and set of society, instead of the aldermen whom I used to think it a great honour to dine with. I was intimate with lords and M.P.s. Our Direction Boards were regular happy families. No prejudices, politics, or religion, or rank, or birth prevailed there. We had Lord Jennet, who came in with William the Conqueror, and Trimmer the banker, whose father kept a gin-shop; and Muggins, who had been on the turf, but found the Stock Exchange more profitable; the Honourable Peter Plaudit, M.P., the celebrated radical

philanthropist, and the Honourable Augustus de Brubber Fleecy, son of the Duke of Woolley, the celebrated protectionist.

We used to meet about twelve o'clock, and have a little champagne lunch; perhaps a basin of turtle, and then settle the allotments and the premiums. We had our expenses paid, including boxes at the Opera, and broughams for those who liked them. I didn't. I used to go to my lodgings in Blowhard Square—a guinea a week, including bed and breakfast—and calculate my profits. I've got the book now. Of course it was nothing to anybody if I chose to save my allowance of five guineas a day.

We thought nothing of a hundred thousand pounds more or less in those days. I remember well, just before we started the Joint Stock Bank Company of Mexico, Mesopotamia, and New Zealand, that Peter McCrawley (the celebrated ship-owner and patriot—it was before he got into Parliament), made such an excellent thing by—we tossed up whether the capital should be one million or five hundred thousand pounds, and the million won. We brought that out at two pounds deposit, and five pounds premium. It went down the following year to one pound discount, when McCrawley bought up all the shares he could, broke up the undertaking, and got one pound fifteen shillings for every one of them. I lost thousands by mine.

But to return to my partners in the first transaction. Young Slum went to London immediately: he travelled up in the same train with the Honourable Constantine Cudlip, who had just been obliged to leave Fizzington Wells after an unsuccessful attack on an heiress. Cudlip borrowed a thousand pounds of Slum, introduced him into some of the best society at Hyde Park Corner, and made him a member of the Raffle and Riot Club. So Slum drove a four-in-hand drag—divided his time between Capel Court and the "Corner," and took up his abode at the Gin Sling Hotel, in Cariboo Square, doing the same business that I did, but in quite a different style;—where I spent a shilling he spent a hundred pounds. It was astonishing how Teddy Slum—he called himself Fitz Teddington Slum—was altered, what with his clothes and his ways; the station-master would never have known him; I never altered.

As for Sleekleigh he left the Bank—set up as a sharebroker and had all the best people in the county for his customers. Besides the bankers and merchants, there were old ladies and parsons in crowds, who sold out of consols, called in mortgages and brought their money to lay out as he pleased, and he made it a favour to take it.

I can't make you believe what I was worth at one time. I know I staid at home one Sunday, and calculated by the premiums on the share-lists sent down on Saturday night

that I was worth half a million, good. I determined to retire at a million. Here the narrator seized a wedge of pork-pie which the young woman who sat opposite to us kindly offered to him, and went on masticating and talking at the same time.

Ah, I was happy then, although I lived in a fever. I did not waste my money as Slum did. My bankers never kept me waiting; I was shown into their parlour the moment I appeared. In my old black pocket-book I used to keep a bundle of notes, buttoned in a pocket close over my heart, and a score of sovereigns in my breeches pocket. I was never dull while I could jingle them. To be sure I was not quite happy at home. Rebecca was never the best of tempers—used to worry and nag me out of my life to give her a carriage, and this and that and the other, and to move to a better house, although I had never seen the colour of her money. She took good care to save up all that I allowed her—as much as three pounds a week to keep house—quite enough too. I was not going to waste my money on coaches and houses after I had been so infamously cheated about Rebecca's fortune.

Well, after a time things began to grow rather flatter, but I had still a large balance at my banker's. I had sold all the small stuff, and put it out on good interest; so I reserved my strength for my direct lines. There was a fortune. I thought at the lowest calculation they would pay ten per cent, and that on my shares would be forty thousand a year. We had the calculations of the celebrated Mr. Paul Stretcher, who made a fortune by his Railway traffic calculations alone in less than two years.

A good many small people were smashed in the first panic, my losses were heavy, but still I had my solid savings to fall back on, and my direct shares. While Slum—who had declined to take Lord Cornboy's mansion and park, because there was stabling for only twenty horses—was obliged to borrow money at high interest.

The time came for going to Parliament, many of our other shareholders, some of our directors, especially the Right Honorable ones, hung back. In fact, they had no ready money, and they had spent their premiums as fast as they got them. I had to choose between a great loss and going on. I went on, with four or five others; we put down our hard cash, and took the shares of the defaulters, with the forfeit of what they had paid. I could have retired then with something handsome.

That was the most dreadful time of all. Every day the engineers, or the lawyers were at us for money. It was like putting a pistol to one's throat. It was pay, or lose all.

While the railway committees were going on in Commons and Lords—sometimes winning, sometimes losing—my visits to

the City were constant, and at times I made a pretty good thing of speculating on my information. But at length the "Long Session" grew to an end. Out of the slaughtered innocents four of the Direct Lines were saved. Conceive my horror when they all fell to par the moment the Royal Assent was obtained, and we were in a position to put a pickaxe in the ground.

But I was determined to hold; I was sure that better times would come when the rascally papers would cease to write against us, and we should spring up to our old premiums. Nay, I bought more shares to cover my losses.

But down, down, down they went with partial gleams of hope—like the fluttering leaves of an old almanack.

This was not the worst; my table was daily covered with notices and threatening letters from the solicitors of companies in which I had taken allotments, or accepted provisional direction.

The creditors of the dissolved companies where I was director and committee-man began to sue me. I was in a hundred actions of law at once. I was torn to pieces with consultations with my lawyers and my brokers. My ready money was consumed in paying calls, paying law costs, and continuations on unsuccessful speculations on the Stock Exchange. I ceased to keep exact accounts, I could not bear to see my darling scrip reduced to the value of waste paper, but hoping for better times I pledged my good shares at my broker's. Good shares—there was nothing good!

Yes, I who could have had my bills, when I began, done at two per cent. per annum was obliged to pay equal to twelve pounds, then fifteen, then twenty-five per cent. for discount, and the respectable bankers who sneered at Slum's friends, the Jews, took it.

I think I might then have retired with ten thousand pounds.

My old friend, Lucy's father, met me by accident, and recommended me strongly to clear off all, and return to Mudborough. I was half-inclined when I came across Sir John Ballion, he held me by the button-hole, opposite Capel Court, condoled with me for a quarter of an hour, and then in the kindest manner, gave me some important secret information, advising me to buy all the shares I could. I followed his advice, others believing that I was his agent, followed me, for he then had a reputation for finance. I operated largely, the shares rose rapidly that day, the next day they fell with a dead flop. We had been done. Sir John had put on me all his share of bad stock, as dead as ditchwater. All my money went, and more, an acceptance to my brokers was my only resource. I still had the shadow of credit with many, although my bank account was finally closed. I struggled on for a year, made one or two good small hits, and then a final smash and default. I was posted in the Stock Exchange, arrested on the bill, and in

the Queen's Bench found my forgotten friend Slum, in a flowered damask silk dressing-gown and a high state of delirium tremens. He lived long enough to be put on the poor side, and died with a bundle of letters in his hand from his noble friends, to whom he had written for twenty pounds to enable him to pass the Insolvent Court.

In my despair I wrote to Sleekleigh, and got in answer a letter from a solicitor, informing me that the firm of Sleekleigh and Co., Stock and Share Brokers was bankrupt, that the accounts could not be balanced within a million, and that Sleekleigh himself had emigrated to California—he afterwards became a judge and bar-keeper in Grizzly Bear Valley.

When at length I was discharged by the Court, with a compliment on the smallness of my personal expenditure, and a remand for actions vexatiously defended, I found that my wife had departed to live somewhere on the Continent, on the interest of her five thousand pounds; leaving me a letter declining all further acquaintance with me on the ground of my improvident habits.

I have since tried to do a little business in my native town; but I could not get on very well, it is so slow to work for shillings when you have been in the habit of making hundreds a day.

However, I shall be all right again soon. I've got here a capital thing—a Copper and Gold Mine in Wales. I have a half share in it, and am now travelling down to get my old friends to take shares. We only want five thousand pounds to begin with; we have tested the rock, and it gives three ounces of gold to the ton in Nobbler's Gold Crushing Machine. Ten thousand tons a year, at three pounds ten shillings an ounce, beside the copper, which will pay the working expenses. There's a profit for only five thousand pounds!

He paused here, took snuff vehemently, and looked round to see if any one would take a forty shilling share,—one shilling deposit. When a bluff commercial traveller-looking man in a dark corner of the end compartment burst in with, "Is that the Penny Gwyg Mine you're talking of?"

"Oh, yes, yes,—do you know anything about it?"

"Know it well: it's been worked by seven sets of people in ten years, and all lost money by it. There's about as much gold as copper, and that wouldn't make up a five shilling packet. The last time it was sold by old Owen Gwynne, who got a cask of beer for it, from a man travelling for a new brewery. Ah! ah! hah!" and he laughed a horse-bar sort of laugh.

The thin man blushed, gathered up his papers from the seat, and when the train stopped at the Deadbury station, went out hastily. Two days after, the newspapers contained an account of a man with

B. B. marked on his linen, found cut to pieces on a level crossing on the Great Round About Railway.

The verdict was, "Accidental death; the railway authorities not to blame."

BACK FROM THE CRIMEA.

YESTERDAY was a great day for the great seaport where I live—the day of the landing of the convalescent sick and wounded from the trenches and the battle-fields of the Crimea; a long, long line of wan pale warriors, tottering to their resting-place, the hospital; and those who could not walk, borne after them on litters. This was not the first sight of this kind we have witnessed here, and it will not be the last by many. The deepest feelings of gratitude and commiseration are weakened not one whit within us; but the enthusiasm that requires novelty to re-awaken it has almost died out. No shouting crowds now follow these poor soldiers to the hospital gates; no flags wave from the windows; no cannons roar. We have found out other ways of welcome,—there is a subscription-list lying open at the Town Hall, whereto you may add your help in supplying books and papers to the invalids; and volunteers, who understand the art and mystery of letter-writing, are plentiful by the sick beds, to send for their disabled occupants a word of comfort homewards. To-day a still more solemn scene took place: the sick and wounded who were too ill to be moved yesterday—no convalescents, but men well nigh death's door—were brought back to their fatherland to die.

The great three-decker lies in the offing that conveyed them from Scutari, watched by us these three days with dim eyes,—a vast death-ship and floating hospital between decks, and gay with flags and full of life above.

There has been sad work at these dread landings of the wounded; but to-day, at least, were all things fitting and in readiness. The Royal Hampshire sent its hundred men or so to the Dockyard Pier with litters, and almost all its officers were in attendance. A score of hardy seamen, too, were there, contrasting strangely with the slight slim figures of the young militiamen; official people with the fear of *The Times* before their eyes; surgeons, and dockyard dignitaries. It is cold enough waiting upon harbour piers for steam-tugs, with the wind and tide against them, and a little leap-frog does not seem out of place among the gallant Hampshire-men; but directly the first puff of smoke is seen above the Bastion, the order is given to "fall in,"—all eyes are directed to the approaching vessel, all hearts beat quickly, all faces lose their smiles.

First, the dark dismal hull, and then the decks spread thick with dim white tarpaulins, whose shapes, as they draw nearer, are as of

sheets above the dead; and there the dying, perhaps dead, men are,—the worst cases, that would not bear moving underneath, but lie with heaps of blankets over them, and only a prominence observable at heads and feet. The vessel is brought alongside, and four tars descend the narrow plank to bear the sick men, feet foremost. The litters cannot here be used, so bad are all these cases; but through the thick canvass of these "cots" great poles are inserted, and shouldering these with difficulty, and keeping in step for the sufferers' sake, which is hard work also, the sailors land their burthen. Sometimes from under the great pile of clothes an ashy-white thin face just shows itself, or rather is shown by chance, for the eyes are lustreless, and express no gleam of interest. The heavy moustache and the military cap, still worn as bed-gear, contrast most painfully with the dependent, prostrate condition of their wearers. What expression yet remains to some is of a thoughtful cast. They have seen and suffered much these last six months; and want and danger are such teachers as the most careless may not disregard. The bearers are warned of all impediments; and tenderly and skilfully do they lift their heavy burthen, and the "wheelers" start with the left foot, and the "leaders" with the right, and so "slow-march" to the hospital. Now, too, must the less dangerous cases be brought from between decks, and transferred from their cots to litters. Each man is dressed in his great coat, and his knapsack lies beside him as though he should presently arise and walk; but it is easy to see there is no walking for him these many weeks, though his eyes are bright with happiness, and he will answer softly if you address his ear; and these, too, are carried to the sick wards to join their less fortunate brethren.

These wards are warm and comfortable, with a fire at each end of them. "We have not seen a fire since we left old England," say many of the sufferers; and medicines are in plenty and attendance good, though medical help is still greatly needed: but things were not so at first by any means. Ragged and swarming with vermin (as we are credibly informed) did our poor fellows lie for days; for there was signing and counter-signing to be effected, and the "proper channel" to be quite decided upon, before the official mind could rightly understand the matter and provide clean linen. Let, however, bygones be bygones. Now, we repeat, were there a larger medical staff (especially in the matter of dressers), all would be well.

Accompany us, then, with some of the officers from the Royal Hampshire, and bring pen, ink, and paper, and a little writing-case; seat yourself down on one of the deal stools that stand beside each bed, and hear a story of the war,—quite unpietorial, without rose-colour, flame-colour, drum accompaniment, or any such thing,—and let the look of each

sad reciter be before you when men prate of glory for glory's sake; and believe him as he gasps upon his scanty pallet in the bare white-washed room, without one friend about him, and (but for you) unable to apprise one of his fate, when he affirms that this is Eden, Paradise, Heaven, to what he has endured these six months. Be sure this is the reality of the whole matter—war stripped of its pomp and circumstance.

First is a foot-soldier, wounded by a shell in the knee, who thinks he would like to write to his first-cousin. This first cousin is his only relative, and does not know even of his having volunteered for foreign service; he is not sure about the direction, but knows that it is somewhere in the county Clare. In the next bed a woe-begone sad creature answers your question in a hollow, despairing voice: "I have no friends," he says, and "Let me alone." The brain of this poor fellow is affected, and we can be of no service to him at present, so pass on. There is a boy of only seventeen, wounded at the battle of the Alma. His face is quite beautiful, round, and healthy-looking. He seems quite happy and contented, and answers cheerfully enough, that he would wish to write to father and mother, and tell them he had lost his leg; such a letter he dictates as would shame a whole army of philosophers;—when he gets used to "those," he says, pointing to the crutches by his bed's head, he will do well enough.

The next case is one of dysentery. A giant of an Hussar—the skeleton of one at least—all shaggy hair and eyes, with cough, accompanied by moaning, would like to let his wife and children know about him; they have not heard since he went out five months ago; they will not see him again in this world, he feels sure, and truly his state is very sad; his attenuated legs find even the weight of bedclothes insupportable, he can only fetch his breath to speak at intervals; has been deadlily ill these six weeks, as far as he could take note of lagging time; would have sent home some money long ago, but that they robbed him in Scutari hospital of all he had—which they cut from around his naked neck where he wore it in a bag; there was some more due to him if he had his rights, and they should have all; they must have wanted it, he knew, through this sad winter. Yes, he was in the great horse-charge that was so famous,—borne up by the men around him through the rain of bullets—borne and back again to the Russian guns, and back again, he means, without much thought of danger; there was no time. He does not wish that to be set down in the letter; said it to inform us only. We have written all he wishes; and so, with a "Thank ye, thank ye," he sinks back in his bed and groans.

The fifth place has no tenant; its latest occupant was borne out yesterday to a still narrower resting-place.

The sixth is a thaimed man; his right arm was shot off at Inkermann; he was in all the previous battles. This man talks freely of the war and without pain in utterance, which most can do (and let it be kept in remembrance by all those making themselves useful to the sick, not to allow their compassion to be sacrificed to curiosity). The fearfulest thing of a battle-field is the treading upon the bodies of the fallen. The thunder of the guns and the flashes, the trembling of the ground under the horses, seemed as though heaven and earth were coming together; but the stepping on a wounded man—that was the worst: before the fighting, it was not unpleasant, perhaps; and after, it was a dreadful time,—but the fighting itself was enough to flush a man, a great while of excitement and madness; often and often used to think of it as he lay in bed and on board ship.

The seventh bed is occupied by a living being at present, and that is all we can call the shadowy form; the eyes are sunk into the head, and all the features have the sharpness of death. He has ceased to disturb the ward (as he did at first) with coughs and groans, and a few hours will rid them of his presence. We must here mention that the want of a smaller apartment for the reception of those who cannot cease from coughing and expressions of pain, is much felt in all our hospitals here.

In striking contrast to this dying man is his neighbour, the eighth and last patient of the line; he has lost three fingers of his left hand by a cannon ball, and has received a fracture of the leg, but is getting on capitally, and is in the highest spirits. He has no need to tell us he is an Irishman, for he has an accent as broad as from here to Cork: indeed it is with the greatest difficulty we can understand what he wishes us to write; it takes us five minutes to unravel "respects to inquiring friends"—(always "respects," however near may be the relationships) from the mass of r's, which he is pleased to insert amongst that sentence. Russia, as far as he knows, is absolutely good for nothing; except, indeed, he must say, *for grapes and lice*. Amidst a heap of extraneous matter of this sort, he writes to his mother in Tipperary, "Don't let our Patrick, mother, go for a soldier; not that I mind for myself," he says, pointing to his shattered hand, "but *one's enough*."

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CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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GONE TO THE DOGS.

WE all know what treasures Posterity will inherit, in the fulness of time. We all know what handsome legacies are bequeathed to it every day, what long luggage-trains of Sonnets it will be the better for, what patriots and statesmen it will discover to have existed in this age whom we have no idea of, how very wide awake it will be, and how stone blind the Time is. We know what multitudes of disinterested persons are always going down to it, laden, like processions of genii, with inexhaustible and incalculable wealth. We have frequent experience of the generosity with which the profoundest wits, the subtlest politicians, unerring inventors, and lavish benefactors of mankind, take beneficent aim at it with a longer range than Captain Warner's, and blow it up to the very heaven of heavens, one hundred years after date. We all defer to it as the great capitalist in expectation, the world's residuary legatee in respect of all the fortunes that are not just now convertible, the heir of a long and fruitful minority, the fortunate creature on whom all the true riches of the earth are firmly entailed. When Posterity does come into its own at last, what a coming of age there will be!

It seems to me that Posterity, as the subject of so many handsome settlements, has only one competitor. I find the Dogs to be every day enriched with a vast amount of valuable property.

What has become—to begin like Charity at home—what has become, I demand, of the inheritance I myself entered on, at nineteen years of age! A shining castle (in the air) with young Love looking out of window, perfect contentment and repose of spirit standing with ethereal aspect in the porch, visions surrounding it by night and day with an atmosphere of pure gold. This was my only inheritance, and I never squandered it. I boarded it like a miser. Say, bright-eyed Araminta (with the obdurate parents), thou who wast sole lady of the castle, did I not? Down the flowing river by the walls, called Time, how blest we sailed together, treasuring our happiness unto death, and never knowing change, or weariness, or separation! Where is that castle now, with all

its magic furniture? Gone to the Dogs. Canine possession was taken of the whole of that estate, my youthful Araminta, about a quarter of a century ago.

Come back, friend of my youth. Come back from the glooms and shadows that have gathered round thee, and let us sit down once more, side by side, upon the rough, notched form at school! Idle is Bob Temple, given to shirking his work and getting me to do it for him, inkier than a well-regulated mind in connection with a well-regulated body is usually observed to be, always compounding with his creditors on pocket-money days, frequently selling-off pen-knives by auction, and disposing of his sister's birthday presents at an enormous sacrifice. Yet, a rosy, cheerful, thoughtless fellow is Bob Temple, borrowing with an easy mind, sixpences of Dick Sage the prudent, to pay eighteenpences after the holidays, and freely standing treat to all comers. Musical is Bob Temple. Able to sing and whistle anything. Learns the piano (in the parlor), and once plays a duet with the musical professor, Mr. Goavus of the Royal Italian Opera (occasional-deputy-assistant-copyist in that establishment, I have since seen reason to believe), whom Bob's friends and supporters, I foremost in the throng, consider tripped up in the first half-dozen bars. Not without bright expectations is Bob Temple, being an orphan with a guardian near the Bank, and destined for the army. I boast of Bob at home that his name is "down at the Horse Guards," and that his father left it in his will that "a pair of colours" (I like the expression without particularly knowing what it means), should be purchased for him. I go with Bob on one occasion to look at the building where his name is down. We wonder in which of the rooms it is down, and whether the two horse soldiers on duty know it. I also accompany Bob to see his sister at Miss Maggiggs's boarding establishment at Hammer-smith, and it is unnecessary to add that I think his sister beautiful and love her. She will be independent, Bob says. I relate at home that Mr. Temple left it in his will that his daughter was to be independent. I put Mr. Temple, entirely of my own accord and invention, into the army; and I perplex my

family circle by relating feats of valour achieved by that lamented officer at the Battle of Waterloo, where I leave him dead, with the British flag (which he wouldn't give up to the last) wound tightly round his left arm. So we go on, until Bob leaves for Sandhurst. I leave in course of time—everybody leaves. Years have gone by, when I twice or thrice meet a gentleman with a moustache, driving a lady in a very gay bonnet, whose face recalls the boarding establishment of Miss Maggiggs at Hammersmith, though it does not look so happy as it did under Miss Maggiggs, iron-handed despot as I believed that accomplished woman to be. This leads me to the discovery that the gentleman with the moustache is Bob; and one day Bob pulls up, and talks, and asks me to dinner; but, on subsequently ascertaining that I don't play billiards, hardly seems to care as much about me as I had expected. I ask Bob at this period, if he is in the service still? Bob answers no my boy, he got bored and sold out; which induces me to think (for I am growing worldly), either that Bob must be very independent indeed, or must be going to the Dogs. More years elapse, and having quite lost sight and sound of Bob meanwhile, I say on an average twice a week during three entire twelvemonths, that I really will call at the guardian's near the Bank, and ask about Bob. At length I do so. Clerks, on being apprised of my errand, became disrespectful. Guardian, with bald head highly flushed, bursts out of inner office, remarks that he hasn't the honor of my acquaintance, and bursts in again, without exhibiting the least desire to improve the opportunity of knowing me. I now begin sincerely to believe that Bob is going to the Dogs. More years go by, and as they pass Bob sometimes goes by me too, but never twice in the same aspect—always tending lower and lower. No redeeming trace of better things would hang about him now, were he not always accompanied by the sister. Gay bonnet gone; exchanged for something limp and veiled, that might be a mere porter's knot of the feminine gender, to carry a load of misery on—shabby, even slipshod. I, by some vague means or other, come to the knowledge of the fact that she entrusted that independence to Bob, and that Bob—in short, that it has all gone to the Dogs. One summer day, I descried Bob idling in the sun, outside a public-house near Drury Lane; she, in a shawl that clings to her, as only the robes of poverty do cling to their wearers when all things else have fallen away, waiting for him at the street corner; he, with a stale, accustomed air, picking his teeth and pondering; two boys watchful of him, not unadmiringly. Curious to know more of this, I go round that way another day, look at a concert-bill in the public-house window, and have not a doubt that Bob is Mr. Berkeley, the celebrated bacchanalian vocalist, who presides at

the piano. From time to time, rumours float by me afterwards, I can't say how, or where they come from—from the expectant and insatiate Dogs for anything I know—touching hushed-up pawnings of sheets from poor furnished lodgings, begging letters to old Miss Maggiggs at Hammersmith, and the clearing away of all Miss Maggiggs's umbrellas and clogs, by the gentleman who called for an answer on a certain foggy evening after dark. Thus downward, until the faithful sister begins to beg of me, whereupon I moralise as to the use of giving her any money (for I have grown quite worldly now), and look furtively out of my window as she goes away by night with that half-sovereign of mine, and think, contemptuous of myself, can I ever have admired the crouching figure plashing through the rain, in a long round crop of curls at Miss Maggiggs's! Oftentimes she comes back with bedridden lines from the brother, who is always nearly dead and never quite, until he does tardily make an end of it, and at last this Actæon reversed has run the Dogs wholly down and betaken himself to them finally. More years have passed, when I dine at Withers's at Brighton on a day, to drink Forty-one claret; and there, Spithers, the new Attorney-General, says to me across the table, "Weren't you a Mithers's boy?" To which I say, "To be sure I was!" To which he retorts, "And don't you remember me?" To which I retort, "To be sure I do"—which I never did until that instant—and then he says how the fellows have all dispersed, and he has never seen one of them since, and have I? To which I, finding that my learned friend has a pleasant remembrance of Bob from having given him a black eye on his fifteenth birthday in assertion of his right to "smug" a pen-wiper forwarded to said Bob by his sister on said occasion, make response by generalising the story I have now completed, and adding that I have heard that, after Bob's death, Miss Maggiggs, though deuced poor through the decay of her school, took the sister home to live with her. My learned friend says, upon his word it does Miss Whatshername credit, and all old Mitherses ought to subscribe a trifle for her. Not seeing the necessity of that, I praise the wine, and we send it round, the way of the world (which world I am told is getting nearer to the Sun every year of its existence), and we bury Bob's memory with the epitaph that he went to the Dogs.

Sometimes, whole streets, inanimate streets of brick and mortar houses, go to the Dogs. Why, it is impossible to say, otherwise than that the Dogs bewitch them, fascinate them, magnetise them, summon them and they must go. I know of such a street at the present writing. It was a stately street in its own grim way, and the houses held together like the last surviving members of an aristocratic family, and, as a general rule,

were—still not unlike them—very tall and very dull. How long the Dogs may have had their eyes of temptation upon this street is unknown to me, but they called to it, and it went. The biggest house—it was a corner one—went first. An ancient gentleman died in it; and the undertaker put up a gaudy hatchment that looked like a very bad transparency, not intended to be seen by day, and only meant to be illuminated at night; and the attorney put up a bill about the lease, and put in an old woman (apparently with nothing to live upon but a cough), who crept away into a corner like a scared old dormouse, and rolled herself up in a blanket. The mysterious influence of the Dogs was on the house, and it immediately began to tumble down. Why the infection should pass over fourteen houses to seize upon the fifteenth, I don't know; but, fifteen doors off next began to be fatally dim in the windows; and after a short decay, its eyes were closed by brokers, and its end was desolation. The best house opposite, unable to bear these sights of woe, got out a black board with all despatch, respecting unexpired remainder of term, and cards to view; and the family fled, and a bricklayer's wife and children came in to "mind" the place, and dried their little weekly wash on lines hung across the dining-room. Black boards, like the doors of so many hearths taken off the hinges, now became abundant. Only one speculator, without suspicion of the Dogs upon his soul, responded. He repaired and stuccoed number twenty-four, got up an ornamented parapet and balconies, took away the knockers, and put in plate glass, found too late that all the steam power on earth could never have kept the street from the Dogs when it was once influenced to go, and drowned himself in a water butt. Within a year, the house he had renewed became the worst of all; the stucco decomposing like a Stilton cheese, and the ornamented parapet coming down in fragments like the sugar of a broken twelfth cake. Expiring efforts were then made by a few of the black boards to hint at the eligibility of these commodious mansions for public institutions, and suites of chambers. It was useless. The thing was done. The whole street may now be bought for a mere song. But, nobody will hear of it, for who dares dispute possession of it with the Dogs!

Sometimes, it would seem as if the least yelp of these dreadful animals, did the business at once. Which of us does not remember that eminent person—with indefinite resources in the City, tantamount to a gold mine—who had the delightful house near town, the famous gardens and gardener, the beautiful plantations, the smooth green lawns, the pineries, the stabling for five-and-twenty horses, and the standing for half-a-dozen carriages, the billiard-room, the music-room, the picture gallery, the accomplished daughters

and aspiring sons, all the pride pomp and circumstance of riches? Which of us does not recal how we knew him through the good offices of our esteemed friend Swallowfly, who was ambassador on the occasion? Which of us cannot still hear the gloating roundness of tone with which Swallowfly informed us that our new friend was worth five hundred thousand pounds, sir, if he was worth a penny? How we dined there with all the Arts and Graces ministering to us, and how we came away reflecting that wealth after all was a desirable delight, I need not say. Neither need I tell, how we every one of us met Swallowfly within six little months of that same day, when Swallowfly observed, with such surprise, "You haven't heard? Lord bless me! Ruined—Channel Islands—gone to the Dogs!"

Sometimes again, it would seem as though in exceptional cases here and there, the Dogs relented, or lost their power over the imperilled man in an inscrutable way. There was my own cousin—he is dead now, therefore I have no objection to mention his name—Tom Flowers. He was a bachelor (fortunately), and, among other ways he had of increasing his income and improving his prospects, betted pretty high. He did all sorts of things that he ought not to have done, and he did everything at a great pace, so it was clearly seen by all who knew him that nothing would keep him from the Dogs; that he was running them down hard, and was bent on getting into the very midst of the pack with all possible speed. Well! He was as near them, I suppose, as ever man was, when he suddenly stopped short, looked them full in their jaws, and never stirred another inch onward, to the day of his death. He walked about for seventeen years, a very neat little figure, with a capital umbrella, an excellent neckcloth, and a pure white shirt, and he had not got a hair's-breadth nearer to the horrible animals at the end of that time than he had when he stopped. How he lived, our family could never make out—whether the Dogs can have allowed him anything will always be a mystery to me—but, he disappointed all of us in the matter of the canine epitaph with which we had expected to dismiss him, and merely enabled us to remark that poor Tom Flowers was gone at sixty-seven.

It is overwhelming to think of the Treasury of the Dogs. There are no such fortunes embarked in all the enterprises of life, as have gone their way. They have a capital Drama, for their amusement and instruction. They have got hold of all the People's holidays for the refreshment of weary frames, and the renewal of weary spirits. They have left the People little else in that way but a Fast now and then for the ignorances and imbecilities of their rulers. Perhaps those days will go next. To say the plain truth very seriously, I shouldn't be surprised, if

Consider the last possessions that have gone to the Dogs. Consider, friends and countrymen, how the Dogs have been enriched, by your despoilment at the hands of your own blessed governors—to whom be honour and renown, stars and garters, for ever and ever!—on the shores of a certain obscure spot called Balaklava, where Britannia rules the waves in such an admirable manner, that she slays her children (who never never never will be slaves, but very very very often will be dupes), by the thousand, with every movement of her glorious trident! When shall there be added to the possessions of the Dogs, those columns of talk, which, let the columns of British soldiers vanish as they may, still defile before us wearily, wearily, leading to nothing, doing nothing, for the most part even saying nothing, only enshrouding us in a mist of idle breath that obscures the events which are forming themselves—not into playful shapes, believe me—beyond. If the Dogs, lately so gorged, still so voracious and strong, could and would deliver a most gracious bark, I have a strong impression that their warning would run thus:

"My Lords and Gentlemen. We are open-mouthed and eager. Either you must send suitable provender to us without delay, or you must come to us yourselves. There is no avoidance of the alternative. Talk never softened the three-headed dog that kept the passage to the Shades; less will it appease us. No jocular old gentleman throwing somersaults on stilts because his great-grandmother is not worshipped in Nineveh, is a sop to us for a moment; no hearing, cheering, sealing-waxing, taping, fire-eating, vote-eating, or other popular Club-performance, at all imports us. We are the Dogs. We are known to you just now, as the Dogs of War. We crouched at your feet for employment, as William Shakespeare, plebeian, saw us crouching at the feet of the Fifth Harry—and you gave it us; crying Havoc! in good English, and letting us slip (quite by accident), on good Englishmen. With our appetites so whetted, we are hungry. We are sharp of scent and quick of sight, and we see and smell a great deal coming to us rather rapidly. Will you give us such old rubbish as must be ours in any case? My Lords and Gentlemen, make haste! Something must go to the Dogs in earnest. Shall it be you, or something else?"

THE SISTER OF THE SPIRITS.

THE merchant Zara was uneasy that day in his shop in the Khan El-Khaleelee. He got up from his mat more than a hundred times to arrange goods that were not out of order, and answered customers who came to buy or bargain in so strange a manner that several went away, thinking he was mad. One person was sure of the fact, for he bought a piece of yellow silk cheaper than if it had been com-

mon cloth, and walked away so rapidly, fearing the mistake would be discovered, that he nearly overturned an old Turk, unsteady from fat, and did not stop to laugh till he was round the corner. As Zara was one of the richest Christian merchants of Cairo, he would not have spent much time in regret even if he had discovered the mistake. But he had no leisure to think of matters of profit and loss. His mind was away in another place, hovering over a dwelling in a retired street not far off, where one whom he loved, and by whom he was loved, suffered and smiled, hoped and feared—pale as a lily, yet joyful as a rose tree when the first bud reddens on its greenest spray.

Two hours after noon, a black girl, without her mantle, which she had forgotten to throw over her shoulders—indeed, they had pushed and hustled her out of the house as if she had been a thief—came and advanced, her great round ebony face, that beamed with one vast smile, into the shop, and said, swearing,—

"Wallah! thou didst not deserve it."

"Speak reverently," quoth the merchant, reddening to the roots of his beard, "for I am going to pray; shall it be for the health of a son or a daughter?"

"Pray first," said the girl, maliciously.

"Wallah!" exclaimed the merchant, swearing also, "I will neither pray nor listen."

With these words, he dropped a net over the front of his shop, and, getting up, went down the bazaar, turned into a narrow street, and ran so fast that the black girl could scarcely keep pace with him. When he came to the door of his house, however, he stopped to gather breath and gravity, and then entered, saying, "Blessings on all those who may be under this roof!" He went softly up stairs, trying in vain to seem at home, but really looking, as we all do on such occasions, says the narrator, as if he had no right to be there.

Zara had married, rather late in life, a young girl, whom her parents gave him for his wealth, and who loved him for his goodness. Her name was Martha: and fortune, in distributing her gifts, had made her wise instead of beautiful, for which her cousins—all lovely maidens, coquettish and proud—pitied her exceedingly. But Zara had seen the world, and prudence told him not to put his wrinkled visage and grey beard by the side of blooming cheeks and passionate eyes and ruby lips and all the qualities of form given to some few of the daughters of earth, that poets and youths may follow them and grow mad. He wanted a gentle house companion for himself, not a beacon to attract others, and Martha satisfied his ambition for many years.

But at length—so is man framed—the house, which had at first seemed full to the very innermost corners of light, became in his eyes dimmer and duller. Martha was not less sweet and diligent; but Zara yearned for something, he knew not at first what. In

truth, he had reached the time when he felt the stream of life flow more gently through his veins, and he wished to see a new spring burst forth before the other was dried up. In all countries, exceptions set aside, men grieve at the threatened extinction of their line; but in the East, children are longed for, as if there were no other immortality but continued life in a succession of generations.

At length Zara's desires were accomplished, and, as he was a good man, respectful of all things, even of what people of another faith respected, there was a peculiar blessing on the birth of his child. Spirits were overheard (by whom the legend sayeth not) to meet over the cradle in which Zara's daughter—for it was a daughter—was placed in the first hour of its life, and to greet one another with strange expressions.

"Ginnee of the Christians," said one voice, "we unite with you to bestow all qualities and good fortune on this young thing, whom we name our sister. Let us divide the work."

"Ginnee of the Muslims, it is agreed," replied another voice; "begin your gifts."

Then several Muslim spirits began, one after the other, to say, "Let her form be graceful as a wand, let her countenance resemble the countenance of one of the daughters of Paradise, let her eyes be sweeter than the morning, let pearls avoid comparison with her teeth, let her lips be such as to draw angels down from near the throne of the All-powerful, to find new delight in a kiss—blessings on our sister!"

And so they proceeded until they had exhausted the blessings which woman, child of the earth, most prizes.

But afterwards the Ginnee of the Christians began to speak in their turn, and said, "Let her be wise, let her be modest, let her be pure, let her heart never suffer from sorrows that come from the outward world—blessings on our sister!"

Then the spirits all bent forward until their heads touched, and remained like a canopy hanging over the cradle of the child.

The merchant Zara had sat down by its side, unaware of these invisible spectators, and was saying, with the pride of a worldly man,—

"I have six ships upon the sea, and six caravans coming to me across the desert, and my shop is full, and my warehouses overflow, and my coffers are replenished, and there shall be no maiden in Cairo whose happiness shall be as great as thine; princes will ask her hand in marriage on account of her dowry, but I will not grant her save to one who shall be perfect in virtue and in science."

When the spirits heard these words, they remembered that they had forgotten the gift of good fortune, but as the merchant boasted of his wealth, and even, to some extent, spoke of what he intended should be, rather than what was—for he had only a share in each ship and in each caravan—they smiled satiri-

cally at each other and flew away on various errands of good and evil.

Martha was as proud of the pride of Zara as of the child itself. That was the beginning of a happy time. Those who noticed how unruffled was the life of this family, how the days seemed not long enough to savour the delights which Mina had brought with her into the world shook their heads, and said, "There is woe in store for those who forestal the rewards of heaven." Men are, indeed, ever disposed to believe that excessive joy is a sin which brings the punishment of misfortune, and interpret the varying chances of unstable life as providential compensations. If it be so, we have no right to complain, for prosperity is never pure, and we seem to take care to deserve adversity by pride and overweening confidence.

Martha was wise, but not perfect: when she saw the extreme beauty of her child, which increased every day, it was natural, but not admirable, that she should begin to despise the children of others, and to boast that Mina's hair was blacker and more silky, that her brow was purer, that her eyes were brighter, that her smile was sweeter, than the hair, the brow, the eyes, the smile of any other daughter in the world, including, of course, the daughters of Zadrallah and Han Hanna and Bedreldeen, and all the other merchants (Christian and Muslim) in Cairo—even Ayshee, the princess, child of Zalmeh Hanem, the favourite slave of the Sultan, was but the foil of Mina. She was so little cautious in expressing her opinion, that all wives who were mothers began to hate her, and to predict suffering to her. No one knew how the truth got abroad, but in the harim and the public baths, when the women met together, they spoke of Mina as the sister of the spirits, and said, scornfully, that she was made so lovely only as a punishment to her parent, and that when she reached the perfect age she would be taken away to the dwelling for which she was fit. "Too beautiful for this world," is often a sneer on the lips of envy.

We might linger long and pleasantly on the various stages by which Mina advanced, amidst smiles and prosperity, towards ripe maidenhood; but it is sufficient to say that all the promises and blessings of the spirits that visited her cradle were fulfilled. Her loveliness was only surpassed by her excellence, and if her parents were not perfect in joy it was because they sometimes felt themselves not on a level with their daughter. They instinctively missed in her the natural errors of humanity, and were uneasy in her presence occasionally, for she seemed with them, but not of them. Her father, not wanting in sagacity, would frequently speculate on her anomalous position, and his imperfect philosophy led him to believe that her virtue was almost out of place, a superfluous element in her existence. She was moderate,

but could enjoy all things—sober, but with the means of pleasure around her—calm, but never opposed—patient, but never disappointed; in fact, she had all the qualities that would have made poverty acceptable, and yet wealth and honours ever increased around her. What he meant was, that she had never been tried, only he could not doubt that in whatever position placed she would triumph.

The merchant Zara possessed a country house out on the borders of the Nile, in the midst of a garden where pomegranate trees and orange trees and sweet lemon trees and bananas, with palms and sycamores, combined to throw a pleasant shadow upon the earth. There he dwelt with his family during the summer months, riding on his mule to the city in the morning, and returning in the evening. One day Martha and Mina were sitting in a little kiosque overhanging the banks of the river, which was resplendent in the sun, when a large barque, with many rowers, came rapidly down the stream. On the roof of the cabin sat an old man, dressed in a costume strange to Egypt. He was looking eagerly at the houses on the banks of the stream, as if seeking some sign. When he came exactly opposite the kiosque, he half rose, and, in a loud voice, commanded the steersman to guide the boat to the land. A few minutes afterwards he stood at the gate of the garden, saying, "Blessings be on Mina the perfect, and on Martha the happy! This is the term of my voyage, and I beg to be allowed to rest under these beautiful trees until the master of the house returns from Cairo."

Martha and her daughter came veiled from the kiosque, wondering at the old man's knowledge of their names, and impatient to ask for an explanation. They admitted the stranger, who saluted them politely, and sat down on a bench under a sycamore. The gravity of his manner restrained their questions, and they contented themselves with ordering coffee and pipes and sherbet to be brought from the house, that the stranger might be refreshed. All the time it was only the example of Mina, however, that restrained the inquisitiveness of Martha, and she now and then whispered:—"Daughter, shall I provoke him to speak?" But Mina always shook her head, and so they remained ignorant of the meaning of this visit until the arrival of Zara. The stranger, on perceiving the merchant, saluted him by his name, saying: "Oh Zara, I have travelled during two months for the sake of seeing thee and thy family, and by the blessing of Providence my desire is now fulfilled."

Then, he related, speaking softly and sweetly in that calm evening in the garden, through which the beams of the setting sun shone in golden streaks, that his name was Sahel, that he was vizier of one of the kings of Abyssinia, who had a son called Michail,

perfect in knowledge and understanding, and excellent in beauty. When the time came that this king wished to persuade his son to marriage, the young man objected that none of the princesses whom he had seen, or of whom he had heard, possessed the qualities which would satisfy him. His father smiled, and said: "So it is always with the young. They think that none but angels are fit to be their companions, and so it must be that they regard themselves as angels too. When life reveals to us our true value we become less fastidious, and fancy we have grown corrupt whilst we have only become humble. However, seek my son and thou shalt find." Michail had already formed his opinion on all the maidens of his people who were of sufficiently high birth to attract his notice. He might, perhaps, have found beauty and virtue enough in lower regions, but when men are placed on the summit of a mountain their fellow-creatures in the plain are diminished to dwarfs. So, at first, the young prince looked forward, not without some melancholy, to a life of celibacy. A worthy monk, learning his state of mind, advised him to take the vow, and for a moment he was disposed to do so; but on closely questioning his own heart he determined instead to make one more effort, and seek to discover a wife worthy to share his high position.

His mind being full of these ideas, he retired one night to rest in a pavilion situated in a quiet corner of the garden of his father's palace. Here he slept to the music of his own thoughts; but, though he slept, he seemed to see the forms around him almost as clearly as when awake—the elegant dome, the pendent lamp, the slender pillars with the branches of beautiful trees gently waving between them. Suddenly he heard a rustling sound, as if invisible birds were fluttering around. Then he thought he made out the forms of women overhead, but so vague and indistinct that he saw the gilded roof through them. Then he heard a voice which said:

"What news of our sister, oh, Ginnee! of the Christians?"

"She is beautiful and happy," was the reply.

"But what of the prince whom her father, in his vanity, chose for her husband? Has he come to woo her?"

"There is no prince worthy of her, unless it be this one."

"Let us betroth her to him."

Then all the spirits speaking together, said, or sang:

"We betroth Mina, the daughter of Zara and his wife Martha, who are now in Cairo, of Egypt, to the prince Michail. Accursed be he if he take any other maiden to wife. Let him send a messenger for her. She will be found sitting with her mother in a kiosque on the banks of the Nile." Then they described the place, and the hour, and the cir-

cumstances, and having added blessings on him, by whom our sister shall be made happy, flew away.

Next day Michail went and threw himself at his father's feet, and begged to be allowed to depart in search of the perfect Mina. But the old king having much dabbled in the affairs of this world, and seen how vicious men were—having in fact been from time to time, once a week or so, compelled to hang a fellow-creature—had lost much more than he would have been willing to admit of the poetical illusions of youth, and replied in a tone that something savoured of impiety: "My son shall not depart on this wild-goose chase. There may be spirits; but I do not believe that they have sisters worth marrying." Upon this Michail began to weep; and so his father took a middle course, and said; "My vizier, Sahel, is a wise man, and has served me faithfully for thirty years, so that he almost thinks that he is the Sultan and not I. It will enable him to rest from his fatigues, and be extremely beneficial to his health, if we send him to Egypt in search of this Mina." There was a wicked lustre in the old king's eyes as he expressed this opinion, but Michail did not observe it, and replied: "Let him depart immediately."

The vizier, Sahel, had just completed an elaborate plan for reforming the finances of his master's dominions, and had made the grand discovery that in order to keep a full treasury it is necessary not so much to lay on new taxes as to restrict expenditure—an idea, the perfect beauty of which the old king did not perceive. Some of the courtiers, indeed, had begun to talk of dotage, or treachery. As for Sahel, he grumbled at the duty imposed on him, but being very loyal, kissed his master's hand, hinted that on his return he intended to show that there need not be more than ten dishes placed at a time on the royal table, and departed. He traversed the desert, and descended the Nile, studying men, manners, government, and laws as he proceeded, and making such good use of his time, and such an inexorable application of logic, that he framed a still more wonderful theory than before, convincing himself that town and country folk had not been created only for the benefit of sultans. He was so charmed with the progress of his ideas, that he felt disposed to return from Dongola to communicate them to his master, but reflecting that there was no particular hurry, and that the world might go on a few months longer, according to old principles, continued his journey, and at length, as we have seen, reached his destination.

When the merchant Zara and his wife heard this story, both were rejoiced in different degrees. Martha, who was naturally prudent, and reflected somewhat of her daughter's qualities, simply drew aside her veil a little, and allowed the old vizier to see that she smiled benevolently at him; but

Zara, who had scarcely been able to contain himself during this narrative, no sooner heard the last words, than he took off his turban, and flung it up into the air with such violence, that it reached the topmost bough of the sycamore under which he was sitting, and caught there, and could not be got down by any means, so that the birds built their nests therein. When the confusion had a little subsided, and Zara's shaven head had been wrapped in a corner of his cloak, Mina spoke, saying: "This is a wonderful story, but wherefore should I leave my parents and travel to distant countries to please the fancy of a youth who cannot find a wife to satisfy him except in his dreams?" The vizier, Sahel, instantly made a speech, which had a beginning, a middle, and an end, and contained fifteen apposite citations from the poets: but all in vain. Then he addressed the parents, and proved to them that they had absolute power over their daughter. "Thy words are words of wisdom," said the merchant. "Mina, thou must become the wife of this prince."

Wonderful to relate, Mina the perfect, in the gentlest and tenderest manner possible, announced her intention to disobey. Zara tried to fly into a passion, but failed, especially as the wise Sahel observed: "Nothing should be done in a hurry. Let her have time to reflect." That evening, when she was alone with her mother, Mina, with some blushes and a few tears—under which new aspect she looked more beautiful than ever—confessed that she too had a story to relate, the chief incident of which was a dream. The spirits had appeared to her likewise and had led her, in vision, out into the desert where in a lonely valley she had beheld a youth poorly clad, but of great beauty and nobleness of demeanour, who had called her by her name, whilst many voices cried to her: "This is thy husband." It was evident, therefore, she argued, that the Mina of prince Michail was quite another Mina. Her mother objected that a poor man out in the desert was not a very suitable match, and the conclusion was: "Let us wait awhile."

Sahel seemed in no hurry to return to his country. He had never seen a capital like Cairo before, and busied himself so intently in studying its economy, that month after month passed away, and he did not insist on any definite answer from Mina or her father. One day, however, he heard a rumour in the market-place and the bazaars. The great merchant Zara was ruined. His ships had been destroyed by the anger of the ocean, and his caravans overwhelmed by the sands of the desert. A wealthy creditor, armed with the powers of government, was even seeking him to put him in prison, and he had disappeared with his family. This is a sad case, said Sahel to himself. My eloquent persuasions were just beginning to produce their effect. Of course they will now send a

private messenger to me, begging me to take them to Abyssinia, but the king, my master, took me apart before I left him, and said that one of the perfections of Mina must be a handsome dowry. How shall I get rid of these poor people?

Meanwhile the merchant Zara, reduced to poverty and flying from his creditors, had departed from Cairo, mingling with the humble followers of a great caravan bound for Damascus. For his own part he walked on foot, but he had three or four little asses to carry his wife, his daughter, and what property he had been able to save. As he looked back from the summit of a sandy hill, whence the minarets of Cairo could be distinguished for the last time, rising against the yellow sky where the sun had set, he wept bitterly, and in a moment of anger began almost to reproach his daughter, because she had not accepted the wonderful offers made her. But Martha wisely said: "If she had left us this misfortune would nevertheless have happened, and without her neither you nor I should have been able to bear it." So they continued their journey cheerfully, and Mina made the night hours pleasant by singing in a sweet voice, to which other sweet voices in the air overhead seemed to answer.

They travelled many days, and had more than half concluded their journey; when, about the hour of sunset a great tumult was heard at the head of the caravan, and men and beasts began to fly wildly in various directions. The Arabs of the desert were attacking the merchants for the sake of plunder; and, whilst some resisted and others surrendered, many sought safety in flight. Zara with his wife and daughter entered a defile of the mountains, and proceeded until the sound of shouting and firing died away in the distance. Then they halted under the shadow of a rock, and determined to wait until morning. They passed the night undisturbed; and, when the sun rose over the yellow desert, found themselves quite alone at the foot of a range of mountains. They dared not venture over the broad expanse of sand, but followed a valley at the extremity of which were some trees. It happened that Mina rode first. She knew not why; but, since the day had dawned, all her fears had vanished. It seemed to her that this was not the first time she had been in that country. The hills were familiar to her, and the trees towards which she was advancing drooped in an accustomed way. At length she uttered a loud cry, and her father and mother hastening up, found her gazing at a youth, dressed in poor garments, and apparently weakened by fatigue or sickness, sitting under the shade of a mimosa. Her heart told her that this was to be the lord of her destiny, but she did not at once learn that she was in the presence of Michail.

Strange things had happened in Abyssinia since the departure of Sahel. The king had

taken another vizier, a young man with old ideas, and marvellous splendour at once surrounded the throne. It was discovered that the greatest happiness of the people consisted in giving all they possessed to their rulers, and a prodigious number of new taxes were at once laid on. The king had five hundred dishes on his table in a single day, so that he never spoke of the absent Sahel except by the irreverent name of jackass. It was clear indeed, that the worthy old man knew nothing of finance. Feasting and jollity were the order of the day, but alas for the instability of human affairs! Men never know when they are well-governed; and some ambitious wretch persuaded some spiteful people that Sahel was not such a fool after all. For his part, he expressed his opinion in a very brutal manner; for, one fine morning, he attacked the king's palace, and drove him with his son, who was too much occupied with thoughts of Mina to know how matters were going on, into exile. The king and the prince escaped on board a vessel from Massowa, and landed at an Arabian port, whence they travelled, and after many dangers arrived at the valley where the merchant Zara and his family had found them. By this time, the king had become quite a philosopher. "My son," said he, "the human race is not worthy that the wise should reign over them. Here are green trees and pleasant waters. Let us abandon the cares of government, and pass the remainder of our days in retirement."

The good old man forgot that he was near the end of his life, whilst Michail was only just on the threshold. He was surprised, therefore, when the young prince answered: "I care not to reign over ungrateful men, and, perhaps, my wisdom is not sufficient. But I cannot rest in this valley unless I have Mina with me." So it was agreed that as soon as he had recovered his strength, he should go to Cairo and seek for his beloved. "At the same time," quoth the late king, benevolently, "you may find that foolish old man, Sahel. Say nothing to him about the deplorable results of his policy, which I felt after his departure, except to tell him that I forgive all."

Michail led the merchant Zara and his family to the hermitage which his father had chosen in a very pleasant part of the valley, and the remainder of that day was spent by the wanderers in exchanging their stories. Whilst the old people spoke, however, Mina and Michail sat near together, performing the ceremony of betrothment with their eyes.

Here the narrative visibly draws to a close, although oriental legends rarely leave their personages after they have fallen from wealth to poverty without restoring them at least to their former position. But it seems to have been thought that perfect goodness and perfect beauty may be sufficiently happy together without wealth. The blessings of the spirit

which did not include good fortune were shared equally by the young couple. They remained in the valley and adopted the manner of life of the early father of nations, and it is said that a city now exists on that spot, far out of the track of commerce and travel, protected from the visits of the evil-minded by the spirits who still watch over the posterity of their sister. The old king lived beyond the natural term of humanity, and attributed the prosperity of the little district entirely to the wisdom of his own counsel. They have learned by experience—a marvellous circumstance—but it is necessary to add that the foolish vizier Sahel was summoned from Cairo, and when he fell into his old master's arms and heard that he was forgiven, carefully concealed his face to hide one smile and two tears, which the reader may interpret as he pleases.

POTICHOMANIA.

WHAT new mania is this? What is potiche or poticho, and why need women have an especial mania for it? If potiche be something good, why not have potichotechny, or potichology, or potichonomy, or potichosomy, or potichography, or potichometry? A mania is almost as bad as a phobia: a madness for, is as little pleasant as a madness against; and we may perchance yet have a potichophobia as an antidote to the potichomania. A learned pundit who has discoursed on this subject for the benefit of the public, reasons in this way—that as metromania, bibliomania, and melomania, are irreproachable words, by which one expresses love of poetry, love of books, and love of music—there seems no reason why we should not invent the word potichomania. He admits that we have not yet become accustomed to the sound of such a word; but what of that? Is it not easier than angeiography, for a description of weights and measures? or than ophthalmoxystic as a name for a little rye-ear brush used to smooth the eyebrows? Thus he claims the right to offer for academical baptism the word potichomania, on the ground that men are permitted—or rather that science is permitted, under etymological pretexts—to add to modern languages by means of the Greek. How far the academical Greeks of the present day will approve of the composite name, it will be for them to declare. Potiches are said to be Chinese or Japanese jars: and hence the new art becomes a frenzy for jars—a very pretty conclusion, which it is to be hoped will be satisfactory to all parties. That the art means something amusing, whatever the name may mean, is evident enough; for the advertising columns of the daily journals inform us that Mr. So-and-so, for a given number of shillings or guineas, will give a certain number of lessons in potichomania, whereby a lady may easily learn the elegant

art; while colour-makers and print-sellers adopt similar means of notifying to the world that all the materials necessary for the practice of this art may be obtained at their respective establishments.

To come to the gist of the matter, it seems that potichomania is a method of imitating in decorated glass, Japanese, or any other specimens of ware or porcelain. There seems no reason why pleasing and even elegant results may not be obtained; but if it be used only as a means of imitating ugly specimens of oriental workmanship, its desirability as a means of art may be questioned. If, on the other hand, natural taste be allowed fair play, there is no reason to doubt that very elegant results may follow.

A recently published essay on the subject, shows that the list of working materials is somewhat formidable, comprising glass vases, or potiches, or cups, or plates, shaped similarly to those made of pottery or porcelain; a well-assorted selection of coloured papers or gelatine sheets; a fine-pointed pair of scissors for cutting out; tubes or bottles of prepared colours of various tints; a bottle of a peculiarly prepared varnish; another bottle containing refined essence of turpentine; a bottle of melted gum; a round hog's-hair brush for gumming the paper ornaments, another for varnishing, and two flat brushes for colouring; a vessel in which the colours may be diluted; and a box wherein to stow away all these treasures. As to the means of procuring the glass articles themselves, this must be left to the skill of the glass-maker. The object is to produce glass imitations of pottery and porcelain articles; and therefore the glass must of course be wrought into a form consistent with such a purpose. It may be a vase, or a potiche, or a honey-pot, or a plate, or a cup—anything, in short, which has a smooth surface (for articles with ornaments in relief do not seem to be susceptible of this mode of imitation); but the glass-worker must in any case precede the ornamentalist.

Though most persons have a sort of obscure notion that the colours on cups and saucers, dishes, and plates, are in some way burnt in, yet the delicacy and nicety of the methods are little suspected. There is the majolica ware of Italy, copied from the Moorish pottery, adorned with copies of paintings by Raffaele and his contemporaries, and some specimens supposed to have been painted by the hand of the great master himself. There is the Della Robbia ware, so named from a Florentine artist, who modelled and sculptured excellent works in porcelain, and then adorned them with enamel and gold and colours. There is the Palissy ware, invented by a man whose life was a continuous romance, and presenting historical, mythological, and allegorical designs on grounds of rich yellow and blue and gray. There is the delft ware, with its beautiful enamel, its blue

colours, and its designs copied from the old Japan productions. There are the stone wares from China and Japan, which frequently serve as a coloured base for raised ornaments of soft porcelain. There are the various Wedgwood wares, comprising the Queen's and the Basalt, the Jasper and the Onyx, and other kinds. There are the old Chelsea china, Rotherham china, and Derby china. There are the Dresden china and the Bötticher ware and the Sèvres china. In short, if the reader knew how eagerly collectors look out for the different varieties of old pottery and porcelain, he would have some clue to the origin of that desire which exists to imitate in some degree those productions: not to imitate for dishonest purposes; for he must be a shallow judge who would mistake modern decorated glass for old painted china. How the connoisseur distinguishes the *poteries à pâte-tendre* from the *poteries à pâte dur*; the *poterie matt* from the *poterie lustrée*; the *poterie vernissée* from the *poterie émaillée*; the *faïence Anglaise* from the *faïence Française*; the Wedgwood, the Bötticher, the Palissy, the Della Robbia, the Majolica, the Sèvres, the Dresden—how he learns to know these one from another, is a part of his business as a collector and connoisseur; but it may be worth knowing that, from the nature of the process, some of these varieties of ware are wholly unfitted to be imitated on glass.

The imitative art to which the long Greek name is given bears no analogy to that by which these several kinds of ware are coloured and adorned. Some of the coloured wares have metallic pigments mixed with the clay whereof they are formed, which imparts a uniform colour to the whole substance; while, in other cases, colours are mixed with oils and turpentine, and are applied to the surface of the ware with a pencil of camel-hair, the fixture of the colour being ensured by a subsequent process of fixing in a small kiln or oven. Nor does the art resemble that of the glass-stainer; for this skilful artist, after having sketched his design on glass, has a most elaborate series of processes to attend to: his mineral colours must be so chosen as to form a sort of enamel with the glass by the aid of heat; and he must so select the components of his colours that whatever they may appear like when opaque, they must appear brilliantly transparent when applied to the glass.

No; the *potichomania*, the jar frenzy, the imitation of porcelain and pottery, must not claim to rank either with porcelain-painting or glass-staining. There is nothing chemical about it,—nothing that requires kilns, or muffles, or ovens,—nothing for which our leading artists will be called upon to contribute designs. Nevertheless, there is no reason why it should not constitute a pretty lady-like employment, susceptible of considerable variety of application.

There have not been wanting imitations of old Dutch china manufactured in wood. The wood was turned in a lathe to the shape of a jar, or urn, or vase; the wooden counterfeit was painted with oil colour; flowers or ornaments were cut out of coloured printed calico or linen; these were pasted on in their proper relative positions; and the pseudo-Dutch or Japanese production received its finishing touch by means of a coat of varnish. But this varnish had a tendency to crack, and it seldom presented such a surface as could well imitate the smooth glossy exterior of a real product of the plastic art. Hence it is that the inventors of the new process pride themselves on the higher philosophy of their *modus operandi*. They say, virtually if not verbally, "See, our exterior is the real thing; the exterior of a porcelain vessel is a veritable glass, for all enamel and glaze are true glass; and our products exhibit a real glass exterior, untouched by colour or varnish of any kind,—ergo, our imitations are better than their wooden predecessors." The validity of this ergo depends upon the whereabouts and the manner in which the coloured adornments are applied. So long as sheets of paper or cloth alone could be used, it may be doubted whether the new art could have been practised to any satisfactory degree; because there is a solidity or opacity about them which interferes with anything like translucency of effect. Every one knows that very pretty sheets of gelatine are now made, which receive colours of considerable brilliancy, and have a semi-transparency, which adds greatly to their ornate effect. Gold, too, may be combined with the colours in a rich and delicate degree; and it is these qualities which seem to have suggested the employment of such a substance in the imitative art now under notice. As to the manufacture of the gelatine sheets themselves, it is one of the countless examples afforded by modern chemistry of the production of useful substances from that which is either refuse, or at most a very common and cheap article. It is an illustration of the Penny Wisdom which has already received a little attention in *Household Words*.* Glass being transparent, while wood is opaque, and gelatine sheets being more transparent than sheets of coloured paper or coloured linen, we see at once the basis on which the new art claims to have some superiority over its predecessor. The coloration is effected *inside* the glass: this alone is sufficient to ensure a smooth exterior. One of the novelties of late years has been the production of brilliant globes and vessels of glass, in which the brilliancy results from the use of coloured glass coated behind with a layer of silver. The new art has no direct analogy with this; but the one may serve, in some degree, to show how the other may produce softly-beautiful effects by the inter-

* Vol. vi. p. 97.

position of a glassy layer between the colours and the eye.

The name which the inventors have chosen to give to this imitative art is dependent on the primary object of imitating the Chinese or Japanese potiches or jars; but a further display of skill may enable the workers to apply the process to glassy imitations of Sèvres and Dresden porcelain. The eastern products are usually adorned with figures and plants and animals; but those of Europe aim at applications of the historical and landscape painter's products. The potichomanist (a very hard word to apply to a lady) selects her glass vase or jar, cup or plate, pot or dish, and then sheets of coloured gelatine, such as will produce the colours of the device to be imitated. With her sharp-pointed scissors she cuts out the little bits of gelatine requisite to produce the device. This is probably the most difficult part of the whole affair; for not only must the outlines of the device be carefully observed, but also the juxtaposition of any two or more colours which it may comprise.

The coloured gelatine, then, is cut into little fragments, and the glass is clean and ready, and the pencils or small brushes are at hand, and the liquid gum is prepared, and the artist is in a condition to proceed with the delicate work. Sheets of gelatine are naturally adhesive when wetted; but pieces of coloured paper may occasionally be used which have no adhesive layer upon them. The wetting or the gumming, are adopted according to circumstances; but either must be done thoroughly, for it is of much importance to the completeness of the process that the cementing to the glass should be close and perfect in every part. A linen pad or cloth is applied delicately to ensure this closeness of contact. There must be no bubbles of air; no branches of trees, or detached leaves of flowers, or wings of insects, must curl up at the corners and obtrude themselves unduly upon notice. All must adhere closely to their glass.

It must be observed, however, that these gelatine sheets, if used at all, are not employed by themselves. The gelatine appears to be simply a film on the front or face of the picture, which film, if damped, becomes adhesive without the aid of gum. Our tasteful neighbours across the Channel supply us with these, as well as with the original idea whereby the art has been created. Theirs is the potichomanie, which we have changed into potichomania; and theirs are the sheets of pictures—Chinese ladies, landscapes with impossible perspective, foliage, flowers, fruit, birds, butterflies, arabesques, grotesques—printed in lithography, brilliantly coloured and sold at six, nine, twelve, eighteen, or any other number of pence per sheet. Some of our teachers tell us to use hog's-hair brushes; some say camel's-hair; but others, more provident than either, recommend both the hog and the camel to our notice. The glass

vessels themselves are apparently French, although we know of no reason why English glassblowers should not make them. The potiches en verre, vases, allumette vases, flower-pot covers, cups, and bowls, are many of them well and gracefully shaped; but we would gently whisper, that if the glass were a little more free from air-bubbles, it would be better for the object in view; because, whether we would imitate the bluish tint of old Sèvres, or the greenish tint of Chinese, or the nankeen tint of Etruscan, or the tints of any other famous porcelain or pottery, we can certainly get on better without bubbles in the glass, than with them. It is a French professor, too, who assures us that "the extraordinary success which this art has obtained may be easily accounted for, if we remember that, after an easy, interesting labour of a few hours, we see a simple glass vessel transformed into a Chinese, Sèvres, Dresden, or Japanese vase."

But the materials are only half the matter, —the processes are the other half; and we follow our instructions, humbly and diligently, thus:—

We are especially, in the most energetic terms, cautioned not to proceed to the next process until the efficacy of the gum has been well ascertained; but, this done, we advance to the varnishing. This varnish is intended partly to secure the coloured devices in their place, and partly to shield the gelatine from a layer of oil colour afterwards applied. The varnish is applied over the whole interior of the vase or jar; but being clear and colourless, it does not produce a disfigurement in the general appearance. We presume that the shape of the jar in respect to its mouth and general proportion, must be such as will admit of the artist's hand and varnish brush, and bits of coloured paper. There is a little vitreous conundrum occasionally to be seen, consisting of Napoleon Bonaparte or an English stage coach bottled up in a decanter, or phial, whose mouth is far smaller than the lateral dimensions of the great emperor; and the puzzle is, to find out how Napoleon could possibly have got into the decanter, or the Brighton mail into the phial. In the present case, however, there is to be no difficulty in putting in or taking out anything which the jar or vase ought to contain.

The varnishing being done, the painting or colouring follows, the object of this is, to give to the whole of the glass vessel a tint and an opacity corresponding with the tint and opacity of the specimen of pottery or porcelain imitated—an important and difficult part of the routine of processes; for the selection of ingredients, and the mode of application, must each require much care. The colour-men have prepared an ample list of tints, to imitate the deadly white and the delicately white, the creamy white and the bluish white, the red lacquered, the black

lacquered, the sea-green, the green yellow, the gold dust, the deep gold, the Pompadour rose, the deep blue, the bright blue, and other colours of pottery and porcelain; and we are told how, by employing zinc white, cobalt blue, yellow ochre, vermilion, lake, ivory black, Naples yellow, silver white, Veronese green, yellow lake, bitumen, raw sienna, burnt sienna, cadmium, March violet, carmine, ultramarine, gold varnish, gold powder,—we are told how all these, or some among the number, combine to produce tints which will imitate the ground colour of all varieties of pottery and porcelain. And we are cautioned against numerous snares and pitfalls into which our ignorance may lead us. If our paint be too opaque, it will spread with difficulty over the surface of the glass; if it be too thin, it will not cover the glass with sufficient body; if it be not equable in distribution, it will fail to imitate the homogeneity in the appearance of porcelain; if there be not enough mixed at once, it will be difficult to match the tint afterwards; if it be made to flow more easily, it may dry more tardily. As to the mode of applying the colours, there seems to be two varieties—brushing and flowing. The application with a brush is the most obvious; but the teachers assure us that it is difficult to avoid inequalities in the touch of the brush, and that, therefore, the method of flowing or flooding is preferred. In this process the liquid colour is poured into the vessel, and is rolled about in every direction, after which the surplus is poured out into a cup or other receptacle. One flooding seldom leaves a sufficient thickness or opacity of colour, and a second is hence required. This process is very similar to that by which artificial pearls are produced. A greyish liquid made from fish-scales being blown through a little tube, a drop at a time, into hollow glass beads, and then rolled about.

Phrenologists say that man is blessed with an organ of colour, the greater or lesser development of which indicates a greater or lesser capacity for appreciating the chromatic elements of a picture; and the potichomanist hints pretty strongly that the success of a student in this art will depend in a considerable degree on the magnitude of this said organ. He declares first that the faculty of what painters call colour, is not given to every one; he further declares that those who possess this faculty will produce in potichomania, as in painting, works far superior to the production of those who are not endowed with it, inasmuch as the former will be artists, while the latter will be nothing more than skilful workmen, or clever imitators; he acknowledges that the art of potichomania is still in its infancy; but he roundly prophesies that, like the great art of painting, it will have its school, its masters, its disciples, its imitators—securing a place for itself among decorative arts, developing its re-

sources in the embellishment of our apartments and furniture, and bringing honour and praise to its artists. May the prediction be verified, in spite of the jar-frenzy name given to the art! Glass has advanced much in usefulness and beauty, since the change in the excise duties; and unless grim war shall urge the finance minister again to throw his longing eyes to glass, we may hope that the usefulness and the beauty, consequent in great part on cheapness, will be yet farther increased.

PASSING CLOUDS.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far o'er the purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quench'd in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

CHAMBERS IN THE TEMPLE.

FIFTEEN years ago, when I was a schoolboy in Paris, wearing a uniform very much resembling that of a Metropolitan policeman (the dress is military now, and they have metamorphosed my old college into an Imperial Lyceum) eating a distressing quantity of boiled haricots, washed down by the palest of pink wine and water, and conjugating a prodigious quantity of verbs, regular and irregular—the tenses of which have become so very preterpluperfect since, that they have faded clean away from my memory—fifteen years, then, since, there was an old gentleman inhabiting the English, or, St. Honoré quarter of the French capital—a white-headed, stormy, battle and weather-beaten veteran of the salt sea—a rear-admiral in the English navy, and on

the half-pay thereof. He had been celebrated all over the world in his time for deeds of daring and chivalrous bravery; but that had been a very long time ago; and the ungrateful generation among whom his latest years—those that were to be but labour and sorrow—were passed, celebrated only his eccentricities and ignored, or were indifferent to his glory. This is the way of the world, my Christian friend. When you and I come to be old men—and should we ever have given the world cause to talk about us—we shall find that the books we have written, the pictures we have painted, or the statues we have hewn, will be dismissed to oblivion with a good natured contempt as things meritorious enough in their way, but quite out of date; should we be worth paragraphs, or anecdotes, they will have reference to the redness of our noses, the patterns of our trowsers, our manner of eating peas with our knives, our habit of putting the left leg foremost when we walk, or our assumed fondness for cold rum and water. The Duke of Marlborough's petty avarice and haggings with the Bath-chairmen were talked about long after the conqueror of Blenheim was forgotten, and the nation had even grumbled about paying for the palace it had voted him in the first outburst of its gratitude. Lord Peterborough walking from market in his blue ribbon, with a fowl under one arm, and a cabbage under the other, quite threw into the shade Lord Peterborough the hero of Almanza. Whenever the name of the Marquis of Granby occurs to us now-a-days, it is in connection with the Incorporated Association of Licensed Victuallers, with foreign wines, beer, and tobacco—not with battles won, or sieges successfully conducted. Whose aquiline nose, white ducks, and hat-saluting fingers, were household words in London to the populace, who had forgotten Waterloo, when they smashed the windows of Apsley House with stones, because its owner was an enemy to Reform? Whose children grin now at the caricatured presentments of the prominent nose and plaid trowsers of the man who was the greatest orator, the greatest advocate, the greatest reformer of the law, England has ever seen, and who thirty years since shook this realm from end to end by the thunder of his eloquence, and dashed down walls of corruption, one after another, with his impetuous hand? The world is as ungrateful, as fickle, as petulant as a woman. I warrant Omphale rapped the fingers of Hercules when, sitting at her feet a-spinning, he happened to ravel the flax. He who had vanquished the Nemean lion, and quelled the Erymanthian boar, was forgotten in the careless spinner. So it was with the old gentleman whom I knew in Paris fifteen years ago. People talked of the strange fancy he had of leading an old white horse about the streets, on which he never rode; much merriment was excited by the rumour that he

slept with his head through a hole in a blanket—(I am not exaggerating)—the quidnuncs of the Rue St. Honoré and the Champs Elysées were infinitely amused at his strange ways, his loud and rambling talk, his general oddity of manner; very few people cared to remember that before most of them were born he was famous over the whole world as the English Commodore Sir SIDNEY SMITH, the heroic defender of Acre, the scourge of the French navy—from the lofty three-decker to the smallest chasse-maree,—and nearly the only man for whom the great Napoleon—the impassible, ambitious, who no more deigned to love or hate men, with him, or against him, any more than Mr. Staunton, the chess-player, loves or hates the pawns in his game—condescended to entertain a violent personal dislike. Sir Sidney Smith used coolly to declare that Napoleon was jealous of him. It is certain that he annoyed and chafed the Great Man horribly, and in Egypt drove him to the perpetration of a very sorry joke, having positively challenged him to single combat, which Napoleon declined, till—having rather an exalted idea of the “foeman worthy of his steel”—he could produce the ghost of the great Duke of Marlborough.

Sir Sidney Smith died in Paris; but it is not with his death or latter days that I have to do. I wish to tell the story of his escape from certain chambers which he occupied in the Temple, while he was yet the famous commodore, admired by Europe, and hated by the French Directory, and especially by General Bonaparte. How much of strict historic truth there may be in the story, it is not for me to say. The journals of the period tell pretty nearly the same tale; but even newspapers will occasionally err, and even the buckets of grave history writers often stop short of the bottom of the well of verity.

Sir Sidney Smith, taken prisoner in a daring cutting-out expedition on the coast of Brittany, was confined in the prison of the Temple in Paris, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-eight. Some idea may be formed of the importance which the republican government attached to his capture and detention to the fact, first, that the Directory refused to liberate him in exchange for M. Bergeret, a post-captain in the French navy, and again, on another occasion, positively refused to receive as an equivalent for his person no fewer than twelve thousand French prisoners! A man worth ten thousand pounds is something; but a sea captain not to be bought for twelve thousand fighting men is, indeed, rich and rare.

Unfortunately even distinction has its embarrassments, and such was the store set by the safe keeping of Sir Sidney by his captors, that his confinement was of the most rigorous description. Verdun or Biche was good enough for ordinary prisoners of war; but the redoubtable commodore was transferred

to the Tower of the Temple—that gloomy revolutionary Bastille, the scene of the last days of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette, and of the slow agony and death of the poor little captive dauphin—the tower that was afterwards to witness the darkest episodes of the Consulate—the reported suicides, but whispered murders, of Pichegru and Captain Wright—the last adieux of the simple, yet desperate, Chouans—the stern presence of their leader Georges Cadoudal. In the Temple, then, Sir Sidney Smith was incarcerated. The guards were doubled, the defences strengthened, all communication from without was denied him, and the most rigid surveillance was exercised over all his actions.

Once having got their prisoner safe within the four strong walls of the Temple, however, isolated him from all exterior influences, and placed a strong guard over him, the Directory did not feel it necessary to treat him with any great personal severity. They did not load him with chains, they did not lock him up in a dungeon, they did not feed him upon bread and water. Sir Sidney was amply provided with pecuniary resources, and was allowed to keep himself. Apartments, the most commodious that the prison could afford, were allotted to him, and, furthermore, he was allowed to maintain something like an establishment of domestics. Besides Captain Wright, who acted as his secretary, he had a cook, a valet, and notably an English servant, half groom, half confidential man, called Sparkes. The cook and valet were freemen, and Frenchmen; Sparkes had been taken prisoner at the same time as the commodore, but the condition attached to the French who were permitted to attend upon Sir Sidney was, that they should share his imprisonment—not one was permitted to pass the outer gate of the Temple.

I am not aware whether it has ever been the lot of any of the ladies or gentlemen who read this to have suffered the slow torture of imprisonment. I hope not; but if any such there be, they will readily understand how prone is the human mind, when the body is incarcerated, to devote itself to the culinary art. Most prisoners are good cooks, or, at least, love good eating. The man with the iron mask was a gourmand. The sham dauphin (one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine sham dauphins) who called himself Duke de Normandie, and had passed three-fourths of his existence in the different prisons of Europe, was renowned for the confection of roast turkey stuffed with chestnuts. When confined in Ste Pélagie, in eighteen hundred and thirty-three, it was a matter of daily occurrence to hear a cry from his fellow prisoners of "Capet, is the turkey nearly ready?" and the pseudo-descendant of St. Louis would answer, "I am dishing it." The late Mr. Rush, on the memorable occasion of his trial, addressed a very specific and emphatic billet-doux from

his retreat in Norwich Castle to the eating-house keeper opposite, commanding pig, "and plenty of plum sauce." I have seen in Whitecross Street prison an analytical chemist frying pancakes, and it was once my fortune to know, in the Queen's Bench, a doctor of divinity whose mockturtle soup would have rather astonished Mr. Farrance of Spring Gardens. Now, though Sir Sidney Smith on shipboard would have been perfectly content with ship's cookery,—salt junk, salt horse, or salt mahogany, as it is indifferently called; plum duff, grey pea-soup, sea pie, lobscouse, weevilly biscuit, and new rum—no sooner did he find himself immured in the Temple, than he fell into the ordinary idiosyncrasy of prisoners, and became an accomplished bon-vivant. The choicest of fish, flesh, and fowl were procured from the Parisian market, and (after being strictly examined at the gate to see whether they contained any treasonable missives) furnished forth, by no means coldly, his prison table. The famous roast beef of Old England was seen, and smoked within those gloomy walls. Sir Sidney had endless disputes with the French cook concerning the thickness of melted butter, the propriety of potatoes appearing at table with their skins on; the injury done to a rumpsteak by beating it; the discretion necessary in the employment of garlic, and the number of hours necessary to be devoted to the boiling of a plum-pudding. The cook would not boil it long enough. Unless closely watched, he would withdraw it furtively from the pot, hide it in secret places till dinner-time, and declare stoutly that it had been boiling eight hours when it had not been three on the fire. But, errors excepted, the captives lived as well as those bellicose bipeds of the gallinaceous breed whose spur-combats were formerly the delight of our British nobility, are popularly supposed to live. Nor were good liquids wanting to wash down these succulent repasts. For the first time, perhaps, in France that noble compound, the punch of the United Kingdom (for England, Scotland, and Ireland are all equally famous for it) was brewed within the prison walls; and every Frenchman who tasted it—even the rabidest enemy of "Pitt et Cobourg"—thenceforth renounced the small-beer julep, half sour, half syrupy, thitherto misnamed "punch" abroad. Brandy, sherry, and claret also formed part of the commodore's cellar, and, in particular, he had laid in a supply of admirable old port wine—rare old stuff—bottles of liquid rubies, in a setting of rich crust and cobwebs. Money can do almost anything in any times. It can break the sternest of blockades, and, though it could not get Sir Sidney Smith out of prison, it could procure him a supply of the primest wines in the English market. The French cook admired the old port wine hugely. He discovered that "porto" was required for a

great many dishes and sauces. He was discovered in the kitchen one day by Sparkes, weeping bitterly into a stew-pan, by the side of an empty port wine bottle. He declared on that occasion, with some thickness of utterance, that the Directory were brigands, and the National Assembly thieves, and that the name of the legitimate ruler of France was Louis the Eighteenth. He was very pale and shaky next day, affected great republican sternness, and insisted more than ever upon being called "citizen," and "Junius Brutus," when, honest man, his name was Jean Baptiste all over, from his slippers to his white nightcap. These details may probably seem useless; but the commodore's port wine had more to do with his escape from his chambers in the Temple than you may at present imagine.

One gilt and burnished afternoon in the autumn of this same year 'ninety-eight, a party of four persons were assembled in Sir Sidney Smith's sitting-room in the Tower of the Temple. One of these persons was Captain Wright, whom, as he has nothing further to do with this history, I need not specially describe. The second was Sir Sidney Smith, then in all the pride and vigour of his manhood—a little pale, perhaps, through want of exercise, but a comely man, and fair to look upon. He had his hair powdered, and wore top-boots, which would seem somewhat strange articles of costume for a naval officer, albeit in plain clothes, in these days, but were the fashion in 'ninety-eight. The third was Mr. Sparkes, his body servant. Mr. Sparkes was of the middle height, and remarkably stout, though anything but corpulent in the face. He was so stout about the chest, that you could scarcely divest yourself of the impression that he had more than one waistcoat on. Perhaps he had. A very low forehead had Mr. Sparkes, and a very voluminous allowance of bushy red hair. He was freckled, and his chin was lost in the folds of his ample cravat. He had a considerable impediment in his speech, which caused him to speak slowly, and not often, and not much at a time; but he was a great humorist, and was an enormous favourite among the prison officials for his droll sayings, and for the hideously execrable manner in which he pronounced the French language. A thorough Briton—an incorrigible "rosbif" was Sparkes, said they—there were some hopes of the commodore acquiring a decent knowledge of French after a few years' residence, but as for Sparkes, he would never learn, not he. Doctor Jollivet, the prison surgeon, who had been in England, and spoke ravishing English, declared John as "*tout ce qu'il y avait de plus Coqueni*"—by which, it is to be presumed, he meant Cockney. Sparkes had been brought up, he said, with the commodore, which accounted for a certain degree of familiarity with which he treated him, and which he was far from showing to the other servants. This present golden afternoon John

half stood behind his master's chair, half leaned against the side-board. He was attentive in supplying the wants of the other persons present, but he did not neglect to help himself liberally from a special bottle of port behind him, nor did he refrain from joining, from time to time, in the conversation.

The fourth person of this group, and who sat at the end of the table facing the Commodore, was a Frenchman,—a very important person, too, you are to know, being Citizen Mutius Scaevola Lasne (formerly Martin), concierge, keeper or head gaoler of the Temple. He was responsible for the safe-keeping of the prisoners with his head. He slept every night with the prison keys under his pillow. He knew where the secret dungeons—the underground cachots and cabanons—were, and what manner of men were in them. He was not a man to be despised.

Citizen Lasne was a very large, fat man, with a small head. Gaolers generally are,—but let that pass. Now there is no medium of character or disposition in large fat men with small heads. They are either intolerably vicious, slowly cruel, stolidly hard-hearted, mischievously stupid, torpidly revengeful, dully selfish, sensual and avaricious, or else they are lazy, good-natured, genial, soft-hearted giants,—mere toasts and butter, giving freely, lending freely, spending freely, always ready to weep at a pitiful tale, to sing the best song they know, to lend you their best umbrella, and to walk wheresoever you wish to lead them. It is the same with bald-headed men who wear spectacles. They are either atrocious villains or amiable philanthropists. The races admit of no mediocrity. Citizen Lasne happened, luckily for his prisoners, to be a large fat man, of the second or soft-hearted category. His exterior was rugged and his moustache was fierce. He was as stupid as the libretto of an opera, and as vain as a dab-chick; but his nature was honest, simple, confiding, and compassionate. He was the foolish, fat scullion of Sterne metamorphosed into a man. He would have spared a flea when he caught him,—a three-bottle flea, drunk with his life blood, and giddy with leaping over his body. He would do anything for a prisoner save allow him to escape,—for, like all slow men, he had a fixed idea, and this fixed idea confirmed him in, and kept continually before him, the conviction that one prisoner the less in the Temple (unless legally discharged), was one head the less upon his own shoulders. This is why he always inspected the bolts, bars, and locks of the doors and windows every night, set the watch, and slept with the keys of the Temple under his pillow.

Citizen Lasne liked drink. For port wine he conceived an immoderate affection. His liking for that beverage was pleasingly gratified, as the Commodore frequently invited him to his table. Misery makes us acquainted

with strange bedfellows, and a gaol makes a man take up with strange boon companions. These eyes have seen the son of an earl hobnobbing at a prison tap with an insolvent boot-closer. On his own quarter-deck, in London, at St. James's, Sir Sidney Smith would doubtless have been as dignified, not to say haughty, as an Englishman and a commodore has a right to be. In the state cabin of his own flag-ship he would decidedly not have hobnobbed with Bob Catskin, the boat-swain's mate. But a prisoner in the Temple, far from home, almost solitary, any companionship was welcome to him. This is why he so often invited Citizen Lasne to dinner and to supper. This is why that fat citizen sat facing him at the table on the golden autumn afternoon I treat of.

The citizen having eaten like an ox (he approved of English cookery much), was now drinking like a fish. He could stand a prodigious quantity of drink,—all fat men can. Only as he drank, his eyes, which were small and round, appeared to diminish still further in volume, for the little penthouses of his eyelids began to droop somewhat, and his round rosy cheeks to puff out upwards and laterally, while the eyes themselves seemed to recede into their orbits, as though they were lazy with repletion, and were throwing themselves back in their easy-chairs.

The table was covered with plates of fruit and decanters of wine, from both of which Citizen Lasne was helping himself largely,—the others in moderation. The citizen drank his old port out of a tumbler,—the starveling and effeminate thimblefuls known as English wine-glasses not having as yet penetrated into the Temple. He persisted on calling the port "a little wine"—*un petit vin délicieux*—meanwhile taking hearty gulps of the libelled liquor; for it is a mighty and generous wine,—yea, that invigorateth the frame, and maketh the hearts of men strong within them. It hath cheered the vigils of great scholars, and armed brave warriors for the fray,—port wine. As the citizen drank, however, it was evident that the fixed idea was anything but dormant within him; for he watched his host's countenance from time to time narrowly, and in the midst of his hilarity and talkativeness there would occasionally flit across his fat face an expression almost of alarm,—for Sir Sidney was taciturn, pensive, evidently pre-occupied, drank little, and leant his head on his hand.

"May I pass for a 'suspect,'" he cried suddenly, laying down his glass, "if I drink another drop."

"What's the matter, Father Latchkey?" asked Mr. Sparkes in French, far too ungrammatical to transcribe here. "Wine gone the wrong way,—swallowed a fly? Why you look as if you saw a file in the bottom of your glass, and a bunch of skeleton keys in the Commodore's face."

"May I sneeze in the sawdust" (when a

person is guillotined, his head falls into a basketful of sawdust) "if the citizen prisoner of war is not thinking of his Three Muses at this very moment."

The "Three Muses" were three royalist ladies, hiding their real names under the fabulous sobriquets of *Thalia*, *Melpomene*, and *Clio*, who had long and successfully evaded the pursuit of the police, and who were notoriously continually conspiring to effect the deliverance of Sir Sidney Smith. It should be known that at this period, notwithstanding the sanguinary severity of the Republican government against the Royalists, France and Paris swarmed with secret emissaries from foreign powers, known as "alarmists," "accapareurs;" but more under the generic name of "agents de l'étranger," and by the populace as "Pitt-et-Cobourgs." There were agents from London, from Vienna, from Berlin, and from Amsterdam. There were agents in the army, the navy, the salons, the public offices, the ante-chambers of the ministry; among the box-openers at theatres, the market-women in the Halle, the coachmen on the stand,—all well supplied with money, all indefatigable in obtaining information, in fomenting re-actionary disturbances, in promoting the escape of political prisoners. I might fill a book with anecdotes of Conrad Kock, the Dutch banker (guillotined); Berthold Proly (guillotined); the two Moravian brothers Frey, and their sister Léopoldine; André-Marie Guzman, the Spaniard, who actually so far ingratiated himself into the confidence of Marat that the last letter the famous terrorist ever wrote was to him; Webber, the Englishman, whose mission it was to obtain plans of French fortified towns, and paid twelve thousand francs for one of Douai; one Greenwood, who was specially employed to give dinners to distressed Royalists; Mrs. Knox; and especially the two famous Pitt-et-Cobourgs, Dickson and Winter, who braved the Terror, the Directory, the Consulate and the Empire, and only gave up business in eighteen hundred and fifteen. It was pretty well known to the police, when our fat friend alluded to the Three Muses, that an intricate and elaborate network of intrigues, plots and counterplots, existed for the release of Sir Sidney Smith; that neither money nor men were wanting to effect this, should an opportunity occur; and that persons secretly powerful were working night and day to bring that opportunity about. This is why the English Commodore had been so particularly recommended to Citizen Lasne, and why the fixed idea I have mentioned was so prominent in that patriot's mind.

"You will pardon me, Citizen Commodore," the gaoler continued, rising, but casting a loving look at the decanters, "but I don't like to see you look thoughtful. Thinking means running. I must go and examine all the locks, and order the night-watch to be doubled."

"A man may be thinking of his home and friends, his King and country, without meditating an escape there and then, my good Lasne," Sir Sidney said with a quiet smile.

"Ah," objected the gaoler, shaking his fat head, "but you've too many friends in Paris, citizen prisoner. Your King sends too many guineas and spies over here. There are hundreds of them between here and the Rue St. Antoine at this moment, I'll be bound. Very kind indeed to think of your friends, but if you should feel inclined to say *bonjour* to them, my only friend would be Charlot (the public executioner)."

If citizen Lasne could have spoken English, and have made a pun, he might have said that that only friend would have cut him. But he was a stupid fat man, and could do neither.

"Make your mind easy, my friend," replied Sir Sidney Smith, "I will promise you not to escape to-night."

"You promise! then it's all right: you promise mind," ejaculated citizen Lasne, joyfully.

"I give you my word."

"Then give me some more wine," cried this merry fat man. "More Porto, Monsieur Sparkes, my dear, ho! ho!"

With which he sat down, and held out his tumbler with his great fat doughy hand, that looked as if it had just been kneaded, and was ready for the bakehouse.

"More port, more port," grumbled or pretended to grumble Mr. Sparkes, filling the bacchanalian's glass to the brim, "What an old forty-stomach it is. He blows his windbags out like a sail. There'll be bellows to mend before long. Here's more port for you."

"'Tis good, my friend, 'tis an exquisite little wine. Yet a little more. A drop—guggl-gl-gl-gl!"—and he continued to drink.

The gaoler knew that Sir Sidney Smith was a man of inflexible honour and integrity; that to him his word as a sailor, a knight, a gentleman, was sacred. So he put the fixed idea out to grass for a time, and drank more port.

But port, though an exquisite little wine, will tell its tale, and have its own way with a man at last, like labour, like age, like death. The citizen Lasne became very talkative indeed, which showed that he was getting on; then he sang a song, which showed that he was getting further on; then he essayed to dance, which showed that he was getting drunk; then he told a story about a pig in the South of France, and cried: which showed that he was very drunk indeed.

"Citizen Commodore," he said all at once, "would you like to take a walk on the Boulevard?"

At this strange proposition Sir Sidney turned his eyes to the barred window. The rays of the setting sun threw the shadows of the bars upon the wall: the bright light was

between. And the gentle breeze of the evening came into the room like the whisper of an angel.

The hum and murmur of the great city came up and smote the captive upon the ear, gently, lovingly, gaily, as though they said, "Come, why tarry? you are invited." And the birds were singing outside upon the gloomy terrace, where the little dauphin used to walk.

"Monsieur Lasne," answered the Commodore, stifling a sigh, "there are subjects upon which it is both unjust and cruel to jest."

"But I'm not jesting."

"But do you really mean to say that you would consent . . ."

"Once more, would you like to take a walk on the Boulevard?"

"Would you like to take a walk on the Boulevard?" bawled Sparkes, applying his mouth to his master's ear, as though he were deaf.

"If you are speaking seriously," Sir Sidney said at last, "I can but accept the offer with the greatest gratitude."

"Seriously, of course I am," replied citizen Lasne, rising, and shaking off the load of port wine from his fat form, as though it were a cloak, and really succeeding in standing straight. "First, though, let us make our little conditions. No attempts at escape."

"Oh, of course not," replied the Commodore.

"No speaking to any one you meet on the road. No Muses; no words, gestures; not a nod, not a wink."

"I promise all this."

"On the word of an honest man."

"On the word of an English gentleman," answered the Commodore firmly.

"Come along then," cried the gaoler, as if perfectly satisfied, linking his arm in that of his prisoner, and moving towards the door: "you shall see of what stuff the boulevards of Paris are made, Citizen Commodore."

Although this fat turnkey had drunk a prodigious quantity of port wine, he did not seem, once on his legs, so very much the worse for liquor. He gave one of his legs a little pat as if to reproach it for having been shaky, and took a last gulp of port by way of a final clench or steadier. Only his little eyes began to flame and sparkle greatly, which from the general dulness of his countenance gave him the appearance of having an evening party inside his head, and having had the windows lighted up.

The pair were going out when Citizen Lasne was aware of Mr. Sparkes, who leaned against the sideboard with his arms folded, looking anything but contented with the general aspect of affairs.

"A citizen who has poured me out so many tumblers of good wine," said the gaoler, graciously, "deserves some little consideration at my hands. Pass your word for him too,

Commodore, and Citizen Spark shall come with us."

"You have my word," Sir Sidney said, laughing. "Sparkes shall make no attempt at escape."

"You might have asked me for *my* word," grumbled Mr. Sparkes. "That would have been quite sufficient. A nice republican you must be to think that the word of a gentleman's servant is not as good as that of a gentleman. Is that your fraternity, or equality, or whatever you call it?"

"Liberty, equality, and fraternity," replied Citizen Lasne, with vinous gravity, "are very pretty to look at on the two-sous pieces; but the heart of man is deceitful. However," he added, "may I pass for a *ci-devant*, Citizen Spark, if I think that you would play me false. Citizen, come along. Citizen Secretary (to Captain Wright) I recommend myself to your distinguished consideration till we return. Au Boulevard!"

He led the Commodore away, and Sparkes followed close at their heels, as a well-bred gentleman's servant should do. A few minutes afterwards the three were outside the great gate of the Temple. The Commodore had taken care to wrap himself in a cloak, and to slouch his hat over his head. As long as the sun remained on the horizon the party wandered about the Dædalus of narrow little streets which then surrounded, and even now to a certain extent surround the Temple. As it grew dark, the Commodore proposed that they should take the promised walk on the Boulevard.

Now Citizen Lasne, in regard to liquor, was somewhat of a spongy nature and temperament. He could suck up an astonishing quantity of moisture, but such moisture was very easily expressed by a few minutes' exercise, and then the citizen was dry, porous, on the alert and ready for more. When Citizen Lasne left the Temple with his prisoners he was considerably more than seven-eighths drunk. He had not been long in the fresh air before the fixed idea began to dominate over his mind with redoubled force. He began to repent of his somewhat too chivalrous confidence in the parole of his captives. He began to repent heartily of his imprudence. He began, finally, like Falstaff, to perceive that he had been an ass; and, worse than all, that he had effected that undesirable metamorphosis himself.

As they walked he scrutinised narrowly the countenances of the passers by to see if any marks of recognition passed between them and his companion. And almost incessantly he glanced over his shoulder to assure himself of the whereabouts of Citizen Spark. That trusty servant was contented with treading most faithfully upon his gaoler's heels, and with saying, when he caught his eye,

"All right, citizen—all right."

If the fumes of the wine had been completely, instead of very nearly, evaporated

from the cerebellum of Citizen Lasne, he would have remarked a little circumstance which might have led him to entertain very grave suspicions concerning the safety of his prisoners. Ever since the party had quitted the Temple, they had been followed, step by step, by a female figure closely shawled and veiled; and Sir Sidney could distinctly hear, though the gaoler from a trifling singing and buzzing in his ears, could not, the sound of steps behind them, regularly keeping time with their own.

The night was dark, and Lasne, determined to keep his word at all hazards, proceeded towards the Boulevard. At the moment when the three were turning the angle of the Rue Charlot a hand was laid on the arm of Citizen Sparkes, and a timid voice whispered—

"Monsieur le Comte."

Sparkes turned his head round, without slackening his pace.

"I saw you start," whispered the veiled female, for she was the owner of the hand and voice. "I have informed my sisters. Rochecotte and De Phélipaux are in readiness. One word and the Commodore shall be rescued from the hands of that wretch."

"But the Commodore will not say that word," answered Citizen Sparkes, in very pure and elegant French.

"And in heaven's name, why?"

"He has given his word, as a gentleman, not to attempt to escape to-night."

"And you——" the veiled figure continued.

"Oh, as for me—the Commodore was security for me—but——"

The night grew darker, and darker, and the three strange companions, with the phantom in the veil, were lost in the tumultuous sea of life upon the great Boulevards.

There was no Boulevard des Italiens then; no Rue de la Paix, no Madeleine, no Asphalte pavements, no brilliant passages, no gas-lamps. But the Boulevards were still the Boulevards, unequalled and unrivalled; the crowds of promenaders and loungers were still the same, though attired in costumes far different from those they wear now. They passed some dozen of theatres, they passed Monsieur Curtius's wax-work exhibition; they passed numberless groups of tight-rope dancers, jugglers, mountebanks, learned dogs and quack doctors. All at once, just as they had arrived at the spot where the Passage Vendôme has since been constructed, Citizen Lasne uttered an exclamation of horror and surprise.

"By heavens!" he cried, "Spark has disappeared!"

It was but too true, the body servant of Sir Sidney Smith was no where to be seen.

In his terror and agitation the unlucky gaoler quite forgot his republican character. He was within a hair's breadth of making the sign of the cross; but remembering that religion had been done away with according to

law long since, he twirled his moustache instead.

"May heaven grant," said the Commodore to himself, "that the poor fellow has really succeeded in making his escape." Then he added, aloud, "Sparkes has no doubt lost us."

"Lost us," cried the concierge, furiously, "lost us!—yes, to find himself in London. I am ruined, destroyed. Citizen, citizen, I am a poor man, the father of a family, I have a head—I know I shall lose it—let us hasten home like the very devil."

He seized the Commodore's arm tightly as he spoke, and quickened his pace; and Sir Sidney had no alternative but to walk as fast as his companion. They ascended the Boulevard, and then rapidly descended the Rue du Temple.

But the tribulations of Citizen Lasne had not yet reached their culminating point. At the top of the Rue Meslay they found the thoroughfare obstructed by a numerous crowd. Men of equivocal appearance hovered about, and formed suspicious groups. Some carts and barrows had been over-turned in the road-way, evidently with the intention of forming a barricade. Lasne cast round him a desperate look. A gaoler, he scented a conspiracy from afar off.

"And where may you be taking this honest man, citizen," asked a man, placing himself directly in Lasne's way. The man wore a coarse blue blouse, but the ill-buttoned collar showed something most suspiciously like a lace shirtfrill beneath.

"Room there!" cried Lasne, to whom despair lent courage.

"You're in a hurry, Citizen Donkey. If I relieve you of the care of that ci-devant who is hanging on your arm, don't you think you could walk faster?"

"Room there!" repeated the gaoler in a hoarse voice. "Room in the name of the Directory, in the name of the Republic——"

"One and indivisible!" interrupted the man in the blouse. "We know all about it. Hallo! attention there!"

The groups closed up. Citizen Lasne felt himself hustled, buffeted, half-strangled. Then he was violently dragged down a byestreet and thrust into a doorway. When he recovered his scattered senses, he was alone—the Commodore had disappeared.

"Oh my children, my poor children," murmured Citizen Lasne, pursuing his solitary walk towards the Temple. "What will become of them? Oh accursed be Pitt and Coburg! O thrice accursed be the wine of Porto!"

A fat man in a fright is not a pleasant sight to see. He always puts me in mind of a pig just poniarded by the butcher, and running about in extremis. The legs of Citizen Lasne quivered under him. A cold perspiration broke out all over him. He felt like a lump of ice in his backbone. The ends

of his hair pricked his forehead; the singing in his ears loudened into a yell. The pores of his flesh opened and shut like oysters; and the whole of his inside became incontinent one mass of molten lead.

As he neared the Temple, the opposite sides of the street formed themselves into a horrible proscenium, and in the middle an infernal drama was being acted. He saw, painted all in red, somebody having the hair at the back of his head shaved off by somebody else hideously like M. Samson, otherwise called Charlot, the public executioner; then somebody being strapped upon a plank and thrust head downwards between two posts, in grooves of which ran a huge triangular axe. And the axe fell with a "thud," and somebody's head fell into a red basket full of sawdust, and the fiends that were yelling in his ear called out "Citizen Lasne, Citizen Lasne, agent of Pitt et Coburg." And the devil danced before the theatre, playing upon a pipe.

The unhappy gaoler reached the Temple gate. He rang and was about to enter, when he heard a voice behind him.

"Will you permit me also to enter, Monsieur Lasne?"

The citizen could hardly believe his ears. Much harder was it for him to believe his eyes, when, turning round, he recognised Sir Sidney Smith.

"May I be consumed," (he used a stronger term than this), cried Citizen Lasne, "if the word of a gentleman is not worth all the bolts and bars in the Temple?"

Notwithstanding his high eulogium upon a gentleman's word, Citizen Lasne did not forget to see the bolts and bars properly secured as soon as he got inside. But a vigorous pressure from without prevented the closing of the great door, and a voice was heard crying,—

"Let me in! let me in! 'Tis I, Sparkes."

"And where the wonder," (he used even a stronger term this time), "do you come from?" asked Citizen Lasne, when the Commodore's body-servant had been admitted.

"Where! why from looking after you to be sure. Do you call this fraternity and equality, locking a man out of his own prison. A pretty country, where, instead of prisoners running away from the gaolers, the gaolers run away from the prisoners."

Citizen Lasne was too delighted at the safe recovery of his prisoners to resent Mr. Sparkes's reproaches. He insisted upon lighting the Commodore to his apartments; he overwhelmed him with compliments and thanks. He positively wanted to embrace him. The Commodore repulsed him gently.

"You owe me nothing, M. Lasne," he said. "I had promised, I have kept my word. But dating from this moment I withdraw my parole."

"Wait till to-morrow," exclaimed Lasne, in a supplicating voice. "Only wait till to-morrow, Commodore, I'm so sleepy."

Mr. Sparkes pinched the arm of Sir Sidney Smith. "Give your word till to-morrow morning," he whispered.

"Well, so be it," pursued the Commodore. "Till to-morrow morning I will give my word to remain quiet. But after that I shall court the Muses as much as I please."

"I wish to-morrow morning were this day month," murmured Citizen Lasne, as he bid the prisoners good night, and left them to their repose.

"To-morrow morning may bring forth great things, Sir Sidney," remarked Mr. Sparkes, suddenly rising from the body-servant into the friend. "You have kept your word in neither escaping nor planning escape. I have kept the word you gave for me in not escaping. We shall see, we shall see."

The historian relates, with what accuracy I know not, that when Citizen Lasne had retired for good for the night, Mr. Sparkes took off no less than five waistcoats, and also relieved his arms and legs from much superfluous padding; that underneath his red hair he had some closely-cropped silky black locks; that the freckles on his face were removable by no stronger cosmetic than ordinary soap and water; and that in less than one quarter of an hour after the departure of the gaoler, the bluff English body-servant had unaccountably assumed the likeness of an accomplished French gentleman.

The next morning, very early, a yellow post-chaise, drawn by four horses, drove up to the great door of the Temple. On the box sat two individuals, who at a glance could be recognised as gendarmes in plain clothes. Two more gendarmes, but in uniform, descended from the chaise, and assisted to alight no less a personage than Citizen Auger, adjutant-general of the army of Paris.

Shortly afterwards, the Commodore was sent for to the prison lodge, and there he was shown an order, signed by the Minister of the Interior, for the transfer of the persons of Sir Sidney Smith and his servant, John Sparkes, Anglais, to the military prison of the Abbaye.

"And many a poor fellow have I seen transferred to the prison of the Abbaye, who has only left it to be shot in the Plaine de Grenelle," murmured Lasne. "However, tout est en règle,—all is correct. I will just enter the warrant in the books, if you will be kind enough to sign a receipt for the bodies of the prisoners, Citizen Auger."

The citizen signed his name to the prison register, "Auger, Adjutant-General," followed by a tremendous paraphe or flourish. He declined the escort of six men which Lasne was kind enough to offer him, saying that the four gendarmes were sufficient, and that, besides, he would depend on the honour of Sir Sidney Smith not to compromise him. The Commodore begged Lasne to accept the remainder of his stock of port wine, shook hands with him, took an affecting leave of poor Captain Wright, and with Sparkes en-

tered the post-chaise. Citizen Auger followed; the two gendarmes in plain clothes mounted the box, and the carriage drove away. For aught Sir Sidney Smith knew, he was riding to his death.

The next morning, the newspapers teemed with accounts of the audacious escape of Commodore Sir Sidney Smith from the prison of the Temple, by means of a forged order of transfer. Citizen Adjutant-General Auger was no other than the proscribed emigré, the Marquis de Rochecotte, and the gendarmes were doubtless agents of the indefatigable Pitt-et-Coburg. As for Mr. John Sparkes, it was subsequently elicited that he was a certain Count de Tergorouac, a nobleman of Brittany, who had resided for a long time in England, and to whom it had luckily occurred, when taken prisoner, to assume the disguise of an Englishman.

The French police performed prodigies of strategy to arrest the fugitives, but all in vain. They reached Calais, crossed the Channel in a smuggling-vessel, and arrived safely in England.

As for Citizen Lasne, he could come to no harm; for, though the order was forged, the signature of the minister appended to it was undoubtedly genuine. It was never known by what stratagem the signature had been obtained. The fat citizen finished the commodore's port wine gaily, and drank his health, and that of "ce digne Spark," in their now unoccupied chambers in the Temple.

CHIPS.

STEALING A CALF'S SKIN.

AUBREY, a gossiping antiquary, who has preserved some curious facts and half-facts, relates of Shakespeare that, when a boy, he exercised his father's trade of a butcher, "and when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style, and make a speech." How the boy Shakespeare addressed a calf as he skinned it, it is not difficult to imagine—perhaps in the King Cambyzes vein (certainly a high style), perhaps in a vein like that in which Burns indulged when he turned up a mouse's nest with his plough (certainly a touching style). What value Shakespeare set upon a calf's skin we may gather from the contemptuous clothing assigned to Austria by Constance and Falconbridge—

And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

But how little could he have foreseen what punishment was to be assigned in this England of his and ours to a poor woman for the crime of stealing a single calf's skin. Had he been possessed of second-sight, he would have felt as the famous John Howard felt, whose active sympathy with a poor woman over-punished for stealing one calf's skin we are enabled to publish for the first time, and in his own words. The case has escaped the

numerous biographers of that benevolent man. The time is the year seventeen hundred and eighty-eight, when George the Third was king, and Howard thus puts her story to the then secretary of state for the home department:—

To the Right Honourable Lord Sydney.

Elizabeth Baker, of the parish of Uffington, in Berkshire, was committed September 1st, 1783, and on the 20th of March, 1786, was convicted of felony for stealing one calf's skin, and sentenced to be transported for seven years. By a letter from Lord Sydney, dated 25th November, 1786, she was ordered to be removed on board the ship *Dunkirk*, at Plymouth; but being then ill, and since becoming a cripple, she still continues in the county gaol at Exeter. This woman has been married near eighteen years, has had fifteen children; six are now alive, one of whom is blind. Her husband, a sober man, works constantly at his trade in the prison, and has uniformly declared he will never leave her.

Now, my lord, from the consideration of these circumstances, I earnestly implore her free pardon.

This petition, I am persuaded, will not be denied me, as amidst the many objects of distress in prisons that I have long been conversant with, this, my lord, is my first application.

(Signed)

JOHN HOWARD.

London, Dec. 12, 1787.

This touching story of overpunished crime, is lying, in John Howard's own manly hand, before us. After many years' knowledge of gaols, in almost every country, this was his first application to the secretary of state in England. No wonder he was roused. Seven months elapse between committal and conviction, and seven years' transportation is adjudged for what is now only punished with three months' imprisonment. The incident of the husband working constantly at his trade in the prison with his wife, and his uniformly declaring that he will never leave her, will bring tears to many eyes. Was John Howard's application acceded to? Did Elizabeth Baker return to Uffington in Berkshire through John Howard's manly appeal to government in her behalf? We hope so. Of the six surviving children some may yet be living, unconscious of the touching story in their parents' lives, or of the interest which Howard took in procuring the free pardon of their mother.

A FEW MORE LEECHES.*

It appears from a report by M. Souberain to the French Academy of Medicine, that some one is trying to do with leeches as others are trying to do with edible fish—culture them or nurse them from the embryo. M. Borne, an inhabitant of St. Arnault, in the Department of Seine-et-Oise, after long study succeeded in establishing a regular leech-factory near his native place. It consists of a sort of bog, two or three acres in extent, surrounded by a trench filled with water. M. Borne found by observation that leeches are wont to deposit

their eggs in small galleries, which they form in the soft earth on the borders of ponds; and, accordingly—on the principle sometimes adopted in society of leading a man by letting him do what he likes—the experimentalist formed a number of zig-zag channels reaching to the edge of the water, and covered them over with the stiff mud which he had removed. He found, by observation that leeches are wont to warm themselves in the sun in winter and lie in the shade in summer; and, accordingly, he constructed small earthen promontories, one facing the south and the other the north, where they might congregate as instinct dictated. His mode of feeding them is this:—He beats a quantity of blood with switches to separate the fibrin, which he has found to injure them; he places a number of leeches in a flannel bag; he plunges the bag into the sanguine fluid, and there he leaves the leeches to have their fill. He seems to know what is good for their health and their age; he takes them out when he judges they have made a judiciously hearty meal, washes them in tepid water, to make them dainty and clean; and restores them to their former habitat. The actual receptacles for the leeches are large pits sunk in the ground, and filled with water. When eggs have been deposited in the little zig-zag channels, the leech-rearer removes them from time to time, and places them in a small pit by themselves, where they are carefully tended during the hatching process. The trench or ditch of water, which surrounds the boggy island, is destined to preserve the leech from enemies, of which he appears to have many. In a little wooden hut lives a man, the bog-king, whose sole duty it is to combat the birds, and the water-rats, and the insects, which would otherwise be likely to make short work with the leeches.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

Dr. Hood, of Bedlam Hospital, in his work on criminal lunacy, shows from indisputable data, that the largest portion of the inmates of our prisons and asylums is contributed by agricultural counties. That there should be less crime and insanity in towns and manufacturing districts, we may at once perceive; because there the poorer classes find within their reach factory schools, mechanics' institutes, and free libraries. Their mental faculties are sharpened and kept in a state of wholesome activity.

It is far otherwise in rural districts. During the long dreary winter evenings the ploughman or the hedger is without resource. Their only refuge is the village ale-house; where, by the abuse of beverages which might, taken in moderation, be no detriment to him, the rustic beclouds his already heavy faculties.

It is certain, therefore, that the best correction for this state of things must be, a

* See Half a Dozen Leeches, Volume x. p. 200.

greater diffusion of rural lending-libraries for such as can read, schools for those who cannot read, and wholesome recreation for all.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN

FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO VARNA.

IF any lady or gentleman should think proper to set out with me for my scamper, I recommend them to be careful in stepping into the crazy little caique which stands moored beside the official residence of the Pasha of Tophana. My imaginary friend must take care to step right in the centre of this rickety little boat, for, I may as well mention, that a stout lady of my acquaintance, who neglected to attend to this precaution after it had been suggested to her by a mutual friend, was only saved from drowning in the Bosphorus by the rotundity of her figure and the swelling circle of a remarkably respectable silk dress.

Our servants and luggage must follow in another crazy little boat, as there is not room for them in ours. So, swift over the sulky December waters then—past many a battered hulk which shows sad signs enough of the wild hurricanes in the Black Sea;—past transport ships by the score, and smug oily commissariat officers, a little the worse for their previous night's entertainment, but keeping good hope of an appetite again by and by at the hospitable board of a contractor—past barges with a score of extremely dirty fellows, gentlemen in fezzes and baggy breeches, labouring at a multitude of oars slowly toiling along towards some ship bound for Sebastopol, there to give up their dismal and disheartened cargo of astounded peasants from the far away interior, and who are bound chiefly against their wills for the good of glory.

Away—past men of war with jovial officers chatting to admiring visitors over the ship's side, and making light of the dangers they bore so nobly but yesterday, and will court again to-morrow. One's very heart warms towards the blue-jackets, and one cannot help contrasting their frank, open, fearless looks with the anxious, sly, shuffling appearance of the commissariat fellow who pulled past us in stealthy talk with a wily trader, just now.

And salutes are firing from the ship and battlement, and gentle ladies of high degree flit swiftly by us in their gilded boats to visit the sick at Scutari. I vow and declare there goes Miss Nightingale, and yonder, in the great official caique, sits kind Lady Stratford and her daughters fair. They are braving wind and weather, as they have been doing ever so long on the same kind errand, to carry to the sad couch of the wounded in a distant land, the meet tribute of Woman's sympathy and admiration. Let us look our last at a scene which has surely grown on my mind like affection for a friend. There stands rambling Scutari—dismal enough, though

the neighbourhood around is beautiful—yonder is Leander's Tower, with its pretty legend of captive beauty and conquering love. There is the rickety old wooden bridge, my favourite walk so long. There go, fussing and puffing away, the busy little steamers for Therapia and the villages of the Bosphorus. And I see through my glass that the shore is as usual crowded with a rabble rout of Greeks, Jews, Armenians, sailors, soldiers, tinkers, tailors, sutlers, gaily dressed young ladies, and all the dirty crowd of a sea-port.

There, some tearful widow who has left her world behind her, on the hard-fought field or the stormy sea, is being assisted into a boat by some kind friend whose stout arm is now perhaps trembling almost as much as her own pale hand, which is laid upon it. She is going aboard yon steamer where the union jack is hoisted, and she will return to her mockery of a home—now lonely ever more—in fatherland. She will keep holy the memory of the brave man whose living love was hers; who died, may be, with her name the last word upon his lips.

There are horses embarking and disembarking, and fat bales of merchandise toiling along, near the smart boats of sea captains and the flashing caiques of Pashas and ministers. Here raves a Frenchman, there roars a German, or yells a Greek; and the shrill boatswain's whistle skims the deep.

Of all the steamers with which it was ever my misfortune to become acquainted, I have not the smallest hesitation in asserting that the Austrian Lloyd boat, the Stamboul, plying between Varna and Constantinople, is the dirtiest and most inconvenient. I scrambled, and tumbled, and slipped through a variety of people and things. At last the decks were cleared of hotel servants, who had been forgotten and who had come to claim some preposterous little account which had been forgotten too, according to the custom of their tribe. The last Greek huckster had given his last wily counsel to his supercargo, and the last Jew had wrangled with the last boatman, who, Greek as he was, wearied soon in the contest—and we were off.

Oh no! We should have been off anywhere but in Turkey. As it was, we beat about for several hours in the cheerfulest and most obliging manner, to wait for some impossible individual; who finally appeared to have changed his mind, and declined making the voyage with us.

It is the dusk of evening when we at last flit rattling down the Bosphorus, and already our keel leaves a bright track of phosphorus light on the darkening sea, like the steps of a water fairy.

Away, past the pretty villages on the shore, where I have wiled away so many an enchanted summer day; away, past tower and fort and sleepy hollow. By the low rambling wooden houses of the great pashas, with their

barred and guarded harems, and by quiet cemeteries with their turbaned dead. By the tomb of the Lesbian admiral, Barbarossa, the conqueror of Algiers; and past the palace of Sardanapalus. Past diplomatic Therapia and cockney Bujukdere. So out into the Black Sea, as the moon rises mournfully and mistily.

The captain, a gaunt, melancholy Don Juan, I see, has been alarmed by the recent accidents: so have we; and therefore it is with some inward satisfaction—though we would scorn to express it—that we see he is making all taut and trim in case of sudden storm in the night. Some light skirmishing clouds to the northward look rather like mischief; but suppose we go down stairs and have some supper? We shall find, to be sure, nothing but a powerful species of cheese. But even that is better than nothing; and a short pipe, with some brandy and water afterwards, will quite warm our noses, which are cold, and I am sorry to say have been so for some time.

And here I wish to improve the occasion, by hinting to the docile traveller that one of the most dangerous things he can allow to occur to himself in Turkey, is in any way to get chilled. I would also suggest that the nose, especially if long, is an excellent natural thermometer, always at hand when you like to touch it. Now, if the temperature of the nose be colder than that of the finger under ordinary circumstances—if it tingles or misconducts itself in any way whatsoever—the possessor of that nose, if a judicious man and willing to be guided by the counsels of experience, will immediately warm it either by active exercise or by means of the most zealous anti-teetotal remedies. I personally am inclined to advise the latter method, supposing the said proprietor of the said nose to have already tired himself on the slippery deck of a Varna steamer, and being otherwise disposed for rest, as we were.

We passed Burgash in the night, and were dashing away merrily enough over waters hardly disturbed by a ripple when I woke in the morning. I was first up of our party; and so I ought to have been, for I had slept in far more agreeable quarters. They had retired uncomplainingly to the dismal little holes in the wall which the steward had obligingly pointed out to them. I, on the contrary, had taken that functionary aside, and held sweet converse with him; till he was thereby induced to make me up a very little bed on one of the sofas in the great cabin, where I had more leg and elbow room, with better smells; though I am bound to confess that the odour of the powerful cheese we had had for supper was perceptible during a part of the night—say till I got used to it, and went to sleep.

We had a pretty good breakfast, the steamer cook being a deacon of his craft; ham, fish, beefsteaks, caviar, macaroni, and the sort of things it requires a traveller's

appetite to put under his waistcoat at ten o'clock in the morning. The steamer library was also remarkably good and very well chosen. There were just the kind of books that give spice and zest to a journey in a half civilised country. Cooper, Scott, Washington Irving (the kindest, gentlest, most amusing of all the rovers that have ever written). There were also Leake's Travels in Greece, and the transactions of some German antiquarian society, for those fond of solid things when sea-sick.

I do not know that anything occurred during our voyage worth notice, except that we met with immense flocks of migratory wild ducks bearing with quivering flight and outstretched bills away for the marshes of Bulgaria and the Principalities. We had a discussion with one of the officers about our fare, however. I note it, because the same thing has occurred to me before on these Lloyd's boats, and cries loudly for notice. We had neglected from want of time to take our passage at Constantinople, and consequently had to pay on board. The officer, an ill-conditioned fellow, if there ever was one, determined to turn this circumstance to account, and mulcted us of precisely two shillings in every Turkish pound above the legal exchange at Varna or Constantinople. This wants sadly looking into; and therefore it is well to be explicit, and add that the officer, whose misconduct was very gross, was not one of the stewards, who are apt enough to do such things, but one of the superior officers appointed by the Company. It has been objected to these kind of details that they show something like a settled intention to complain. Well, so be it, a traveller who only complains of things really complainable cannot complain too much. The fact is, few people will take the trouble to complain, and therefore folks should be the more obliged to those who will.

It is said that Varna has about it a dirtiness peculiarly its own, but I incline rather to the opinion that it is merely Turkish dirtiness, and that there is nothing whatever remarkable about this little military hothouse. We landed not without some difficulty and danger. The note of military preparation was pealing everywhere. Officials belonging to the commissariat, and unused to riding, were holding on to the pomels of their new saddles, and jogging about uncomfortably in many directions. Officers were conversing in groups and in astounding uniforms, supposed to be that of the body guard of his majesty the King of Candy, in whose service they had been, and from whom they had obtained all sorts of impossible ranks and decorations. I never saw so many colonels and generals at once in all my born days.

It was pleasant to see many a rollicking Irishman or canny lad from beyond the Tweed, who had obtained an introduction

to the cutty-stool in early life, and had become the scandal of his elders—it was refreshing, I say, to see them shining away here as pashas, and knights, and generals. They were quite in their element.

There they were, eating and drinking together like gipsies or mossstroopers; drinking brandy and water, to keep off cholera, out of their embroidered caps; and cutting up tough fowls with their doughty sabres. There they were lending money to each other out of purses slender enough probably; disputing with consuls about unpaid tailors' bills for the wonderful uniforms; laughing together; quarrelling together, making it up with tears and assurances "that Jack was the best fellow under the sun, only, hang him, he is always coming the general over me so." There they were, believing in each other, and believing in themselves, talking about their uncles who lived in parks, which were always the finest in the part of the United Kingdom in which they were situated. There they were talking of their sisters, who were all trumps of girls, and who had often helped to pay (perhaps out of a governess's salary) for the wonderful uniforms—when they were paid for, which was not often. There they were, talking of their wives, who had mostly behaved badly. Puncturing their breasts and arms with tattooed letters of the names of splendid women they had left behind at Bucharest, or bold devices like *Erin-go-bragh* or *Rule Britannia*. Many a fine fellow, as he lies stiff and stark beneath the inclement skies of the Crimea, shall be found by some dauntless friend among the thickest of the fallen, wherever glory was to be won, or the wildest valour dared to spur, and he shall be known by those brave words upon his breast, and buried with a tear, which shall not be the last shed over him. Yes, there will be mourners enough for them among bright-eyed women and true men. Among fathers, of whom they were still the pride, and among mothers, who will not be comforted when they hear that their bold sons have fallen. The sons with the open brows and hazel eyes, with the hot tempers and hearts of gold. Sons who, in spite of reckless habits, made little hoards—stolen often from the necessities of life—to send some token of their unaltered and enduring love to far-away homes and relatives, who had looked coldly enough on them; who wrote letters, telling of their brightened fortunes; who wrote letters which had made the old folks stare and hold up their heads again, and given rise to paragraphs in county papers; who wrote letters full of high hopes and honest simple-hearted projects for the future; and who never wrote again.

Then there were sparkling little French officers making jokes about their chances of promotion; and prosy, good-natured soldiers (no one on earth is so prosy as a French private) telling extraordinary stories, per-

fectly unintelligible, of course, to British grenadiers, and Scotch or Irish soldiers listening to them with polite and tipsy gravity. There were doctors hurrying about to and from the hospital, and orderlies galloping hither and thither over the blackened ruins of the Greek fire, for Greek it really does seem to have been. There were army chaplains, with curious recipes for making curry, who stopped obliging linguists in the streets, and wanted to know "the Greek for Cayenne pepper?" There were French and Italian hucksters driving roaring trades; and impromptu hotels cheating many travellers; for the military messes have all been broken up, and even the ex-officers of the King of Candy—usually such sticklers for military etiquette, and capital authorities on culinary matters, as indeed on all others, are obliged to dine by twos and threes.

We adjourned with some of them to the house of the consular interpreter. He was a grandiloquent man, as all Greeks in office are. He immediately took us mentally and bodily into a sort of custody. He implored us, as we trusted in his honour and abilities, to free ourselves from the smallest thought or trouble about anything. We found him, of course, a fearful scamp, and his house seemed merely a windy, wooden, trap, for vermin, and bad smells—the latter coming quite unexpectedly and in stifling gusts. The former absolutely turned us out of bed, descending on us in such countless hosts when we put out the lights, that there was no keeping the field against them.

The food we got here was, of course, bad: the Greeks having no idea of eating and drinking, except on festival days. The bill was so preposterous that it called forth a rather energetic remonstrance from the Almoner of our party.

"Sare," whined the Greek, in defence of his charges, and with all the misplaced pride of his race, "I am not a common man."

"No, faith," replied the Purse-bearer, wincing, "you seem to me a most uncommon rogue."

We were glad to get away, tumbled, bitten, dirty, comfortless, and sleepless, to go plashing along through the lonely moonlight to the sea-shore where a boat was waiting for us.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 260.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1855.

[Price 2d.]

A YARN ABOUT YOUNG LIONS.

WHEN I hear people talking about the decadence of England I generally go for a day or two to Portsmouth. It is so pleasant to see the fleet of a third-rate power big enough, and heavy metalled enough, to hold its own against all other navies whatsoever; and to feel that though we are sunk into insignificance and contempt, it is an insignificance of a very peculiar kind, consisting of a hundred sail at Spithead, mounting upwards of two thousand guns. So sinks a great Lord into poverty when his creditors make him an allowance of a hundred thousand a year; so sinks Lucullus into fasting and abstinence when his table is reduced to four courses and a dessert.

Being very much depressed in spirits last week, after reading some German pamphlets which proved that England was ruined, and several Irish and American newspapers which positively asserted that the sun of tyrannical Albion had sunk for ever, I betook myself to the Boscawen Arms on Portsmouth Hard, which is next door to the Benbow, which is next door to the Cloudesley Shovel, which is next door to the Earl St. Vincent, so that it seems like a set of stout volumes of the Lives of the British Admirals ranged on a library shelf,—and, by means of the smell of tar and salt water, and the sight of a crowded harbour, and the echo of a thousand hammers in the dockyard, I soon got into a more comfortable frame of mind, and began already to believe that we should have a very fair chance against the King of the Two Sicilies, or even Otho of Greece. I don't know how it is, but whenever I am in any part of Portsmouth I always feel as if I could lick any amount of foreigners with the greatest ease; I feel a strange twitching in the shoulders, and a desire to hitch up my lower integuments, as if the braces had broke; and I find myself occasionally trying to expectorate in a free and manly manner, as if I never had a quid out of my right cheek. The manner in which my legs flourish about, evidently believing they are on a quarter-deck in a considerable gale of wind, has often caused me great uneasiness as to the opinion my friends may entertain of the cause of so unsteady a gait; but as everybody in Ports-

mouth seems to heel over and sway from side to side pretty much in the same manner, let me hope they either don't notice the obliquity of my motion, or attribute it to the right cause—a marine sympathy which it is impossible to resist. By the same peculiar action of the sea-breezes, my language becomes almost unintelligible to my friends, and sometimes even to myself. Do you think I could say I was walking down High Street? No; I'd see you in Davy Jones's locker first! I always either steer or bear down High Street, and wouldn't "walk" for the world. I always weigh anchor when I leave a room, and bring up when I sit down to dinner; and yet—would you believe it?—I hate the real thing in spite of this strange, and, I believe, involuntary imitation. I am seasick on the voyage from Gosport to Ryde, and never was on board a man-of-war in my life. In fact I have never been able very distinctly to understand how any body ever got on board a man-of-war, except in dock. It seems to me impossible to clamber up such an immense height with only the help of a rope, and the uncertain footing of the planking seams,—for stairs, I understand, are done away with in blue water, and chairs let down for none but ladies. However, in spite of these drawbacks, I am conscious I have the soul of a Nelson in the body of a land-lubber, and feel positively certain that I would sing Rule Britannia and Hearts of Oak at the point of death. I do it constantly now—or when I don't sing the words I whistle the tunes; "We burn them, and sink them, or drive them on shore; And if they won't fight us what can we do more?" Ah! What, indeed?

The water in the harbour is generally smooth, and I hire a boat by the day, and sail up and down for ever. Past the glorious Victory—past the Excellent—past the huge hulks we go, and up into a city of hooded houses, with port-holes for windows, lying upon their shadows opposite Portchester Castle, and waiting only to be called on to doff their roofs, and stick in their masts, and hoist their sails—and behold the quiet line of sleepy monsters transformed into leviathans afloat, with their bulwarks on the brine, ready for all weathers, and as gay with pennon and streamer as a new made bride! Thirty-six hours would send these vessels at any time to

Spithead in case of necessity—"For you see, sir," said Bill Windus to me, "there's four thousand of us 'long-shore men 'tween S'thampton and Selsey Bill, all old sailors, and with the help of some landmen, we could man a famous fleet for home defence, till our sea-going ships could get at 'em from the Downs and Plymouth." Now, Bill Windus is my boatman, a man of very quick hands in managing a boat, but very slow comprehension in mastering an idea. For instance, all his notion of an enemy whom it would be his duty to oppose is strictly limited to a Frenchman of the old school. It has not yet reached his mind that there may be others whom it behoves us to take or destroy; and whenever he talks even of "them Roosians" he has an invariable habit of chucking his thumb over his right shoulder, in the direction of Cherbourg. Whether he thinks the French have taken a new name, or are masquerading in the dress of Muscovites, as sometimes they painted their frigates like merchantmen to come down upon our homeward bound, unawares, I do not know; but it is very clear that Bill has not yet turned his attention to the fact of our present alliance. He has a deeply-grounded belief that it would be a great stroke of policy to bring the Imperial squadrons as fair captures to Spithead. "'Cause why?" he says, "if they're all so kind and friendly, we can do the work ourselves; and if they're not, it's better to draw their teeth in time, and then they can do no harm."

But Bill is an old Tory, and a bad politician, though he has an excellent boat and handles her like a pilot of the fleet. The last day of my visit he asked permission to take an old chum with us up the harbour, and as I was rather tired of Bill's eloquence I was very glad of a change. A very different person from Bill was Harry Sparks—a man of action—a man of intelligence—a man of few words, and an immense deal of tobacco, with a large mouth filled from side to side with amazingly yellow teeth, and a round close cropped head, that looked very like a sixty-eight pounder, sprinkled slightly over with shreds of oakum. A pleasant man to look at, for he never flinched from your eye, but exposed his ruddy countenance, as if he had never in all his life done anything to be ashamed of. He was almost as great an enthusiast in maritime affairs as myself, and we were friends in a moment. His enthusiasm was shown by a series of well-directed squirts over the side of the boat, when I spoke of the magnificence of our first-rates; and many approving nods with his bullet-shaped head when I dilated on the grandeur of our position as the first of maritime nations, and holding the trident of Neptune, which I explained to him was the sceptre of the world.

"I seen it," he said, "in Plymouth Dock, and a rare good house it is, particular the egg-flip."

We spent a delightful time of it on the water, and, on parting, I gave Harry Sparks

an invitation to a "pipe and can" in the Boscawen Arms. At seven o'clock a knock came to the door, a figure made its appearance in clean shirt and a very loose blue jacket, very wide Russia-duck trousers—the image of Mr. T. P. Cooke in the sailor's hornpipe—and ducked its head three or four times, while it kept it steady by holding on vigorously by a long lock of hair in front. I recognised my friend Harry Sparks in his quarter-deck manners and Sunday clothes.

"Here I am, yer honour, and 'most ashamed of my company, for I ben't used to it."

This, I perceived, in spite of the grammatical construction, was a compliment to my superior rank, and, with the help of a large bottle of Hollands—I prefer that spirit to all other drinks whatever—a large kettle of water, and a couple of stout tumblers, I soon put him at his ease, and the flow of soul began. It was at my expense for a long time. I was educated at a classical academy in Suffolk, and gave him an account of a Carthaginian galley and a Roman trirème. Mr. Sparks would have liked no better fun than to have swept the seas, both of Pompey and the pirates, with a revenue cutter like the Dart, mounting four guns, also a picked crew and a good captain—"For you see, sir, it's a man that makes all the differ." I agreed with him on this point in a very decided manner, and we filled again. "You're right, Harry," I said; "for what's the use of all these noble ships at Spithead, if they are manned by muffs and commanded by an aged pump, fit only to be a churchwarden or a lord chancellor? Now, Harry, you're a man of experience, also of extensive observation, and you, perhaps, can tell us, have we the man we want?"—"Dozens!" said Mr. Sparks, and, with a sound like the Maelstrom engulfing a ship, he engurgitated his grog, till I considered it a great mercy that he did not choke himself with the spoon. "Dozens, sir!" he repeated, dinting his tumbler on the table with a force that nearly broke it; "and, first and foremost, there's old Nero—which some calls him the Lyon—in the Black Sea—which will take Semastys fool, as sure as the Scar of Rooshia has got skin on his nose, afore the summer's begun. I knows him, I do, that 'ere Nero; and he's done harder things afore—'cause I knows 'em very well, though, mayhap, I can't tell 'em so clear as you would, sir. Sir, you're a eloquent gentleman, I must say, and I drink your health again, sir, with many thanks for the same."

By this time our pipes had diffused a dim but very agreeable atmosphere through the apartment: the fire burned cheerily, the water was always hot, as the kettle reated on the hob; and, in a very pleasant frame of mind, I awayed back on the hind legs of my chair, and listened attentively to the anecdote delivered with greatunction by my now communicative friend.

"When old Nero was young—as in course,

he was once—he was first-mate aboard a ship on the India station, which was a prime station at the time, for we was at war with the Dutch, and spices and pepper is the best of prize-money, besides sugars and rum. The whole of that 'ere sea, I've heard say, is spotted over with islands, as if the ocean had the small-pox, and the islands was the pits—and very fine islands they be to look at, for the trees are wonderful large, and the fruits delicious, and the flowers—for them that like such things—the brightest and beautifullest in the world. All this I've only hearn, for I never served beyond the Cape, but I've heard of them so often I seem to have been born and bred among them cedars and camellias and seringas. The Dutch ain't a stupid set of people when left to their own ways, and would never have quarreled with England if it had not been for that 'ere Napoleon Bonaparte which set 'em on like a Highland terrier on a mastiff dog. Howsomever as they showed their teeth it was necessary for us to knock 'em down their throats, and according we did it all the time of the war. Now, one day, says the captain to young Nero, 'You go,' he says, 'in the tender, with twelve men of your choice, and bring us word what the mynheers is a doing on in the island two hundred knots to our eastward, and let me know, d'y'e hear; for it's reported that they've sent a large army from Java, and I daresay the big breeches,' says he, 'are arter some mischief.' So young Nero touched his hat, named his men, and thought himself the king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and all the world beside, when he seen his flag for the first time, and bore away for his destination with all the canvas he could spread. The captain was a very strict man, and had given orders to run no manner of risk, but to be very careful both of vessel and men. So they came late one evening within sight of the island; and high over all the rich trees that crowned all the coast, they saw far inland the Dutch standard a flapping on the flag-post, and even in the still air heard the military band a-playing on the parade ground of the castle, as if it was a playing a welcome to young Nero and his crew. This was remarkable civil in the Dutch, and Nero beckoned Will Hatch and says, 'They don't seem to be much on the look out,' says he, 'or surely they would have seen our sails as we rounded the high point. Now you see, Will,' says he, 'if they're so off their guard, and seem so fond of their fine tunes, it would only be respectful in us to go a little nearer, and pay them the compliment of a call. So tell nine of the lads to take two or three pistols apiece and a cutlass—run us into one of them deep creeks, where the brushwood is higher than our mast—tuck in a precious good supper, and be ready to follow me ashore.' Away through the thick jungle went the ten men, all their ears open, and their forefingers on the trigger; and after struggling through the shrubs, which smelt like

ladies' scent-bottles, all of a sudden they come to a clear space, and found themselves within fifty yards of the castle walls. It was now nearly dark—a heavy sort of a night, as if the air was too thick with heat and perfume to be seen through—in them parts it's never so pitch black as here. At the other side of the fortress either another band was a playing fine Italian music, or it was the same they had heard before, only moved away, perhaps, on their road to the barracks. Well, this was all the information as could be picked up, and Nero didn't think the captain would be satisfied if he only took him back a list of the tunes they played; so he says, 'Come nearer,' he says, 'and make no noise till we get under the guns, for just at this present they could point them to where we stand, and blow us into convulsions.' On tiptoe they hurried for'ard, and when they got close to the wall, they found the drawbridge down and gate open, and just at this time the music ceased, and it seemed as if the whole family had gone to bed and left the big doors of the citadel open to air the town. 'Now's the time, boys,' says young Nero; 'follow me at the run, shoot the first sentinel you find, shout with all your might, fire off your spare pistols, split into parties of twos and threes, but always keep in hearing, and see what our luck will be!' The boys could scarcely keep from laughing, it was such a capital contrived lark; but still they managed not to laugh too loud, and did as they were told. There was firing and shouting in a few minutes all over the place. The sentinels thought five thousand English at least had fallen upon them as the advanced guard of a tremendous expedition, and made off—those that wern't shot—and told the general what they thought. He was a very famous commander, and would do nothing contrary to the rules of war; so he determined to lead his men into the open country and wait for reinforcements to enable him to retake the place. And away they went by the inland gates, which Nero instantly ordered to be closed, and set all hands to work. They spiked the guns—there were sixteen of 'em—and threw them into the moat; they burned the barracks; broke all the arms they found; filled their pockets and hankerschers with anything that took their fancy, and before daylight evacuated the castle in the greatest order, locking the gate behind them, and rasping through the main hinge of the drawbridge by way of preventing pursuit. In as great silence as they had made their approach, they pursued their way through the forest to the creek,—got quietly on board and warped out into deep water. You may guess what fun they had when morning dawned, to see the castle still a smoking, and no flag hoisted on the wall. The Dutch general followed the most scientific plans he could hear of in books, and made his approaches in such a skilful way that it was three days afore

he got into the deserted fortress, and wrote home an account of how he had repulsed nine thousand British soldiers with the loss of three men; for which exploit he was made a baron on, and advanced a step in rank.

"Now, when young Nero got on board his ship the captain asked, why the Wicked he hadn't gone down to that there island, as he had ordered? 'I've been, sir,' said Nero, very sharp, 'and got all the information we require.' Whereupon he told him all, just as I've told it to you, sir. But the captain was a gentleman that didn't approve of things out of the common, and he says, very coldly, 'You have unnecessarily exposed the men's lives, and His Majesty's vessel, and you'll consider yourself under arrest. I will write an account of your behaviour to the admiral, and you will probably be dismissed the service.' So he wrote a full history of all that young Nero had done, tied it all up in the reddest of tape as he had, and was very fain to send him home at once as a dangerous character. But as soon as a fast sailing frigate could come from the admiral—which was a friend of Nelson's, and knew the Nelson touch as well as any man alive—the captain was forced to call young Nero on the quarter-deck and, in the presence of all the ship's company, present him with a acting order to serve as lieutenant, and to join the admiral's ship without delay. All the twelve of the crew wanted to go with him, but he could only get leave for Will Hatch, which has never left him since, and is, at this moment, casting a loving eye on the batteries of Semastysfool, so let that there Sear of Rooshia look out, for Nero will take it as sure as a gun."

Mr. Sparks rewarded himself for this interesting account with a rather copious infusion of fresh matter into his tumbler. And now that the flood-gates of speech were opened he poured forth:—"I s'pose, sir, as I never seen you before, I never told you the story of how young Nero got his ship ashore, and as near as possible lost his commission. Well, sir, here it is—short and straight, for you haven't time to be a listening here all night. You've heard, perhaps, of love, sir,—a many songs have been written about it, and if you never met with it yourself you may know it by the descriptions. It's something like the measles or hooping-cough, sir; everybody must have it once in their lives, and if by chance it comes a second time, it's always exceeding mild. Well, when young Nero was first took with the eruption, he was in command of a sloop, and stood away for where his lady lived, though it was out of the bounds of the station where he was placed. But it was just out of bounds, and he thought by clever handling he might run close in shore, and post with quick horses up to where his sweetheart was, and be back on his station again afore his absence was noticed. His sweetheart was a lady of

high rank, and Bill Hatch, which went with him in the chase, has told me that better liquors was nowhere in England than he had that night in the servants' hall. Oh! there was singing and dancing, and what not in the drawing-room: and I'll be sworn a good specimen of the same in the kitchen, too, for I've heard Bill crack a tumbler by the noise he made in 'Cease rude Boreas;' and as to dancing, he would wear a hole in an oak plank afore he'd give over the shuffle. So, when the gentlefolks was a thinking of going to bed, a little tap comes to the door; and Will Hatch, which was in the middle of the Jolly Young Waterman at that very moment, felt a shock as if something was a going to happen; and a footman goes to the door, and Will hears a voice which said, 'Tell Will Hatch to tell the captain she's bumped, bows on, and will only have five foot water at low tide.' The footman looked surprised, and asked who "she" was; but Will Hatch had gone to the door, discovered the captain of the foretop, and heard it was all true. A message was sent into the drawing-room, and young Nero come out into the passage. What was to be done? It was two o'clock in the morning—the tide would fall for another hour. In five minutes he and Will Hatch and the messenger was on their way: in a hour and a half they was on board. All the ship's company knew the scrape the captain was in. How they worked with the boats; how they lightened the ship; how they landed some of the guns; how they toiled with heart and hand till morning light! And then the tide was still on the rise—higher—higher—and the work of unloading still went on. There was a coast-guard station near, and a line of telegraphs that held palavers over hills and walleys with a great arsenal to the east. If the authorities heard of the accident, there would be a tremendous kick up—salvage—court-martial—dismissal. And still the tide come on! But suddenly went up a cursed straight rod of the telegraph, that meant 'ship'—followed in a moment by a little arm that pointed downwards, and that meant 'ashore.' So in three minutes it was known all over the port as a ship was on shore. Come on! come on! blessed tide! For in an hour and a half the captain of the harbour will be here; and lighters will be here; and reporters for Times newspapers will be here! Well it rose, and it rose, and at last with all the ship's boats a tugging at her stern, she heaved once or twice majestically, and slipt her bows off the land—it was only a spit of sand and no harm done—and glided away into deep water as if nothing had happened. Then the work began. The cargo had to be taken on board, the guns replaced, the disorder rectified; and just when the last stroke was done, and the vessel was fit for service, a long line of craft was seen coming round the point! There was the harbour-master's yacht, and the admiral's

barge, and three or four lighters, and two or three sloops from Lloyd's; and they all backed sail with astonishment as they seen the beautifullest sloop in the Royal Navy, a looking as spick and span as if that moment out of dock. And then she hoisted a signal—Good morrow, gentlemen—and bore quietly out of the narrow into the wide sea. Some of the disappointed salvors went ashore, and gave the telegraph men as good a licking as ever they had in their lives. Well, sir, Nero was tried for the accident, and received a slight reprimand; with such a high compliment for his zeal and activity in getting his ship off again that he got his promotion in a month or two, and took command of a frigate of forty-four guns."

Other stories were told me by Harry Sparks, all tending to the same result; namely, that there really was a MAN on whom the country can rely, with courage and discretion equally mixed. The heat, the tobacco, the grog, the excitement, the glaring eyes of Mr. Sparks, his prodigious mouth, his yellow teeth, his bullety head, all conspired to put me into the highest state of satisfaction with this ruined, weakened, disgraced, and powerless England.

"Sparks," I said, "I was born in an inland county, sir; but, far from the dash of the wild sea I heard the music of Britannia's thunder, and felt that if all the world were to combine against us, we should still our foot-steps insupportably advance, and Britons never never never shall be slaves!—hurrah!"

Mr. Sparks entered fully into my feelings, though perhaps he did not understand the grandeur of my language, which was also rather obscure to myself; and the last thing I remember was his scratching his oakum locks for a minute, and then engulfing his head in the tumbler, after saying, "The same to you, sir, and many happy returns!"

THE ROYAL BALLOON.

BLUEBEARD's wife is a faithful type of our common human nature, male as well as female. The secret chamber is the room we all want to penetrate into. One unburnt book from the Alexandrian library would be more attractive to bibliomaniacs than a whole college-full of learned folios that stand ready-ranged on their dusty shelves. The last volume, spared by the Sibyl, only increased the longing after those that were irrevocably gone. Who would not give a trifle for a peep at some of the treatises which those who used curious arts in the early days of Christianity, brought together and burned before all men? Dr. Young, since grown old, found more pleasure in contemplating an obelisk-side of hieroglyphics, than in running through the London Gazette; doubtless for the simple reason that he could read the one and could not read the other. Herschell's delight was to hunt after stars, invisible or dimly

seen, which seemed to dive deeper into distant space the harder he tried to get a peep at them. We can easily fancy the intense delight of the great modern interpreter of Ninevite literature, when he believes he has inserted the wedge of a lucky guess into a cuneiform inscription, and has a chance of splitting it up into sentences and words. The higher the wall that surrounds a garden, the sweeter, longing mouths and noses suspect, are the fruit and flowers inclosed within. The thick morning mist that veils a landscape makes us the more eager to discover its beauties. The clouds, the glaciers, and the treacherous snow, which ought to render the mountain-top inaccessible, only serve to invite the adventurous spirit to plant his foot where prudence and practicability forbid. What we cannot have, we resolve to have; what we cannot know, we insist upon knowing.

From this craving after forbidden lore I pretend to be no more exempt than my neighbours. A wayside monument has had the same effect upon me, haunting my dreams and fancies by night, and intruding on my waking thoughts by day. It has intrigued me, to borrow a French expression, beyond all bearing.

The churchyard of the village of Wimille, about four miles north of Boulogne-sur-Mer, skirts the imperial road to Calais. Just at the middle of the boundary-wall a stone tablet rises, inscribed with small capitals, and surmounted at the top with something which is very like a petrified cauliflower. It is meant to represent a balloon on fire. The inscription (in French) runs to the following effect:—"In this cemetery are interred Francois Pilâtre de Rosier and Pierre Ange Romain, who, desiring to pass over to England in an air-balloon, in which they had combined the agency of fire and of inflammable air, by an accident whose veritable cause will always remain unknown, the fire having caught the upper part of the balloon, they fell from the height of more than five thousand feet between Wimereux and the sea." The inscription is repeated in a Latin duplicate, for the benefit of travelling strangers who do not understand French. The said travellers are also apostrophised:—"Passers-by, mourn their lot, and pray God for the repose of their souls!" Annual masses for their soul's repose, at the date corresponding to their rapid descent, were founded in the parish church of Wimille; whether or not the ninety-three revolution swept away the masses I cannot say. The Curé would give an answer to those who wish to know. Their lot was mournful; but even stronger than our pity is the feeling which urges us to find out how the deuce it happened. I resolved to try what could be done to that effect, and at last made out a theory which may, or may not, be the true one.

The churchyard memorial was not the only one that was raised to mark the horrible

catastrophe. In the camp of Wimereux, just behind the Café du Petit Caporal, which is next door to the Estaminet du Ballon, a small obelisk of marble from the neighbouring quarries of Ferques, built without any, or with the least possible mortar, and not more than eight or nine feet high, rises on the spot where the *aéronauts* were dashed to the ground. When I first knew it, it stood in solitude in the midst of a grassy, down-like waste, half undermined by moles, and almost pushed off its pedestal by the cattle who used it as a rubbing-post. The parties that seemed to favour it with the longest notice, were the mushrooms who peeped above-ground from time to time, some singly, some in little family groups of three or four, but all apparently considering, under their broad-brimmed hats, whether it would not be an act of charity to the memory of the deceased, to surround their half-ruined monument with a railing. That also bears its record, in French, supplying a few additional particulars: "Here fell from the height of more than five thousand feet, at thirty-five minutes past seven in the morning, the unfortunate *aéronauts* Pilâtre de Rosier and Romain the elder, who started from Boulogne at five minutes after seven, in the morning of the fifteenth of June, seventeen hundred and eighty-five. The first was found dead upon the spot; the second gave a few signs of life during one or two minutes."

The best means, I thought, of solving the problem of their fall, was to find up any persons who had witnessed it. I was more fortunate than might have been expected, with an event occurring sixty years ago. In a hamlet to the north of Wimereux, I found an old woman more than a hundred years old, who had seen the balloon ascend from Boulogne. She was dosing and dreaming over a fire of dry furze, staring at the sparks with her filmy eyes. I wonder whether she could see with those eyes, even after she turned them on me as I entered her hovel.

"What do you want with me?" she said, in a voice that belonged to the other world. "You don't know me, and I don't know you. I'm of no use to anybody, now."

"But I know you," my companion said. And then he began to talk about their acquaintance, and then about the obelisk, and then about Pilâtre de Rosier.

"I saw him and his friend go up," she said, suddenly waking, as if inspired. "I was close to them. He was a handsome man, and looked so smiling. As the balloon rose, he saluted and bowed to all the people, and waved his flags continually in this way, so, until he had mounted quite high in the sky." And then she suited the action to the word, waving her arms in imitation of poor De Rosier. "My arms then were not like this;" she continued, pulling the skin which hung loosely about them. "I had handsome arms once. Yes; he waved his arms so." And then she fell

again into her dreamy state, the precursor of the long sleep of death, from which nothing could rouse her. All the further information we could extract was, that he waved his arms, *comme ça*, and that hers were once handsome arms.

It struck me that the excellent Museum at Boulogne might contain some relics of this tragical tumble. I found them there, and better than them. Monsieur Duburquoy, senior, an intelligent old man, the father of the present well-informed curator of the museum, was at Wimereux when the *aéronauts* fell, and helped to lift them from the ground. He was thirteen years of age at the time. He told me that De Rosier, quite dead, had one of his legs broken, and that the bone pierced through the tight fitting trouser; and that Romain heaved three or four deep sighs, and then expired. He picked up a piece of bread, partially eaten, that fell with them. A bottle of wine, that had been uncorked, and had had a glass or two drunk from it, accompanied them in their fall, and most extraordinarily was not broken.

The museum has the portrait of De Rosier in powdered wig and frilled shirt, besides a coloured medallion in wax. He is styled "the first *aéronaut* of the universe;" to which title there would be nothing to object, if we were but perfectly cognisant of the atmospherical conditions of every other sun, planet, and satellite in the universe. There are besides, his barometer, thermometer, speaking-trumpet, and the wand to which his little waving flag was attached. There is the painted cloth which surrounded the gallery of the Montgolfière, or flying fire-place, which helped him to ascend; there is a little piece of the taffetas or oiled-silk, covered with gold-beater's skin, which contained his float of hydrogen gas; and that is all the material evidence to be found.

Our readers may remember that Pilâtre de Rosier was ambitious to be the first to cross the English channel in a balloon.* He had already the honour of being the first man who ascended in the earth's atmosphere, in a captive balloon as a first experiment, and afterwards in one at liberty to rise and wander whither it would, in which bold excursion he was accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes. The first living creatures that made a balloon ascent, were a sheep, a cock, and a duck, conjointly travellers through the region of clouds. Since then, equestrian ascents have been made by terrified horses, mounted by fool-hardy men. In all these latter cases, it may be believed, that an ass made one of the party.

In crossing the channel, De Rosier was forestalled by his countryman (Blanchard) and our compatriot (Jefferies), who started from Dover and landed in the forest of

* See "Over the Water," vol. vii. p. 453.

Guines on the seventh of January, seventeen hundred and eighty-five. Nevertheless, he had drawn upon government funds; and he still adhered to his purpose of passing in a balloon from France to England, as his more fortunate rival had done from England to France. The latter feat has been several times repeated, the former has never yet been accomplished. De Rosier had given the Comptroller-General of Finances to understand that, if he would pay the expense of the expedition, he (Pilâtre) would execute it. His request was granted; he received forty-two thousand francs (sixteen hundred and eighty pounds sterling) as a first instalment, which was afterwards said to be increased till it amounted to the enormous sum of a hundred and fifty thousand francs. Romain, who then enjoyed a great repute for manufacturing balloons, made an agreement with Pilâtre, by which he bound himself to construct one of thirty feet diameter, or thereabouts, for the sum of three hundred louis-d'ors. Pilâtre, whose business was to find the work-room, obtained from the governor of the Tuileries, the Salle des Gardes, and another apartment. The work, begun at the end of August seventeen hundred and eighty-four, was completed six weeks afterwards. Six hundred ells of white taffeta were employed in fabricating this ill-starred machine.

Romain had strictly kept to himself the secret of rendering taffeta impermeable to gas. He was careful beyond measure to conceal his mode of preparation. He worked in solitude, like an alchemist, and was only known to have one single companion of his studies, who aided him gratuitously in the construction of his balloon. The whole secret consisted in covering the taffeta with a coat of linseed oil made capable of drying by sugar of lead, and in pressing in till it only felt greasy in the hand. Every strip was then covered with gold-beater's skin, that was made to adhere by ordinary size, in which was incorporated a mixture of honey and linseed oil. These ingredients gave suppleness to the size, and prevented the united superficies from cracking. A second and third layer of gold-beater's skin were added; and the balloon, when finished, thirty-three and a half French feet in diameter, and ornamented with tinsel in different parts, weighed three hundred and twenty pounds, including the cylindrical apparatus that helped to fill it. So impermeable was it that it remained distended with atmospheric air for two months, without showing a single wrinkle. If De Rosier had then ascended from Paris, it would have carried him almost whithersoever he would. At the end of two months, the balloon, carefully packed, was transported to Boulogne, which Pilâtre had chosen as his starting-point. Of course, the packing and transport for so long a distance by land-carriage, rendered it still more difficult to preserve uninjured so perishable an article as a

balloon, with the little previous experience of managing it that had been acquired. A montgolfière also travelled with it, twenty feet high, whose cupola was formed of chamois leather. It was tested before its departure for the coast, and its success corresponded to the care that had been bestowed upon it.

The montgolfière, or fire-balloon, was, either accidentally or purposely, directly or indirectly, the immediate cause of Pilâtre's fearful end. He had announced some new combination of the means of ascent, which he shrouded as far as he could in mystery. It seems to have been his idea, that the gas-balloon would be sufficient to carry him, while the fire-balloon would give him great command of equilibrium, by increasing or diminishing the fire in it, so as almost to render him independent of ballast. His confidence in the long-sustaining power of his machine was one means of procuring him pecuniary aid from the government. Whatever might be the aërostatic advantages gained, the danger was increased enormously. Either a gas-balloon or a fire-balloon, alone, was infinitely safer than the two united. To crown the whole rash scheme, the hydrogen gas must necessarily float above the montgolfière. As his friend, Professor Charles, remonstrated with him, "you are putting a chafing-dish under a barrel of gunpowder."

Pilâtre arrived at Boulogne on the twentieth of December, seventeen hundred and eighty-four, followed by the anxious wishes of the subscribers to his scientific Lyceum, and also of numerous ladies of the court, who had requested him to bring back innumerable small articles from England to serve as New Year's Day presents. Two days after his arrival he was informed of the preparations which Blanchard was making in England for a voyage which should compete with his own. He became alarmed. He went to Dover; saw Blanchard; and, for a moment, entertained the hope (on account of the dilapidated condition of the balloon, from which the gas oozed in many places) that the rival ascent could not take place. His anxious fears soon resumed their power; he returned to Boulogne; left there Romain and his brother, who had accompanied him, and went to Paris in a feverish state of mental torture.

Meanwhile, Blanchard and Jefferies ascended from Dover, and reached the Forest of Guines safe and sound. Pilâtre's pride received a mortal wound at failing to be the first to cross the sea. He entreated to be excused attempting the voyage. Some say that the Controller of Finances consented, merely claiming the surplus of what had not been disbursed about the balloon. But the wretched Pilâtre, sure of success, had already spent it in enriching the experimental department of his Lyceum. Others state that when he explained his doubts and apprehensions to M. de Calonne, the minister, he met with a cold and even rough reception.

"We have not spent a hundred and fifty thousand francs," he said, "merely to help you to make an inland trip. You must turn the balloon to some useful account, and cross the channel with it."

However, in the impossibility of fulfilling the first conditions, and under the necessity of at least attempting the second, he returned to Boulogne, prepared for, and evidently expecting, the worst.

It may appear strange that a minister of the crown should be so anxious about the accomplishment of a mere scientific whim,—as the balloon passage from France to England would seem to be,—and should advance so large a sum of money to further it. But there was more than a scientific result in the background, and De Rosier was probably well aware of it. It was the common report of that day, that the grand object of Pilâtre's attempt was to effect the escape of Louis the Sixteenth and his family to Great Britain, by an aerial route, since terrestrial ways, it was instinctively felt, were already closed against their departure. It was already foreseen by acute observers of the signs of the times, that the royal family of France was already doomed. The King's want of energy, Egalité's profligacy, Necker's vanity, the obstinate pride of the aristocracy, and the wrongs and sufferings of the people, all tended to one inevitable catastrophe. The King, even then, had not a will of his own; his house was not his castle, nor his actions free. He was drifting down the stream with that increased rapidity which denotes unmistakably that a cataract is near. No person of ordinary penetration would be surprised to find him not long afterwards a prisoner in the Tuileries, walking in the gardens with six grenadiers of the milice bourgeoise about him, with the garden gates shut in consequence of his presence, to be opened to the public as soon as he entered the palace. He might order a little railed-off garden for his son, the Dauphin, to amuse himself in; but the poor boy could not be permitted to work with his little hoe and rake without a guard of two grenadiers. Louis's most attached friends, as well as his most implacable enemies, foresaw all this, and what followed it. A balloon was one of the schemes to rescue him; and Pilâtre de Rosier was the man pitched upon to manage it.

It was a desperate chance, the most sanguine will admit. Even had they been launched propitiously with a favourable wind, a sudden change of that fickle element might have swept them hopelessly towards the arctic horrors of the North Sea, or to the interminable waters of the Atlantic Ocean. We shudder to imagine such a dreadful fate as possibly awaiting a delicately-nurtured king with his wife and children; we reflect, however, that such a speedy termination to their sufferings, arriving at latest in the course of a few days, would have been mercy

in comparison to what they were afterwards really made to endure.

Pilâtre, then, seriously prepared for his departure. He sent off numerous pilot balloons, which were constantly driven back to the continent by adverse west and north-west winds. All this caused considerable delay, during which the balloon, exposed to the wear and tear of the elements, was considerably damaged; it was even nibbled by rats. Henceforward, the machine on which such care and expense had been bestowed, became leaky and worthless, in consequence of ill-treatment and want of shelter.

A better prospect opened at last; and as the wind was favourable, blowing from the south-east, the departure was fixed for the fifteenth of June. As the weather was exceedingly hot, preparations were commenced at daybreak, and all was ready by seven o'clock. A salute of artillery announced the launch into air. The ascent was majestic. The balloon rose perpendicularly to its greatest elevation; it then sailed in a northerly direction, over the top of the cliff of La Crèche, when a current from the upper regions of the atmosphere, which had been foreseen by sailors best acquainted with Channel navigation, wafted it gently towards the continent. Twenty-three minutes had elapsed since the ropes were loosed which held the machine captive; the acclamations of the spectators had not ceased; every eye was strained to gaze after the aerial voyagers, when, just as the wind drove them back to France, cries of alarm from the united crowd announced the fearful calamity which it witnessed. A bright light burst from the upper balloon; a volume of smoke succeeded it; and then commenced the rapid fall which filled all present with consternation. The scene was frightful; the crowd shuddered with apprehension of what was immediately to follow, and swung backwards and forwards like tempest-tossed waves. After the first shock of terror, a great number of people rushed to Wimereux, in the vain hope of rendering some assistance. They arrived only to find the adventurers past all human aid.

I cannot help entertaining a suspicion that Pilâtre de Rosier perished by suicide; that he wilfully set fire to the balloon when he found there was an end of all his hopes. It is true that the almost fulminating arrangement of his apparatus might have caused the explosion to result from accident or indiscretion; and therefore no more than a suspicion ought to be suggested. But persons who watched the progress of the balloon with telescopes, assert that the valve of the hydrogen balloon was not secured. Pilâtre, too, was a doubly ruined man; ruined in money, and ruined in prestige. Blanchard had robbed him of his crowning ambition; and now an envious puff of wind forbade his ever being allowed to attempt the transportation of the royal family. Pilâtre's coolness,

presence of mind, and faculty of avoiding impending danger, were notorious; so also were his vanity, pride, violence, and recklessness of life. A man who, in prosperity, could fill his mouth with hydrogen gas, and set fire to it there, and who could expose himself repeatedly to be struck dead in hazardous electrical experiments, was not likely to hesitate when he had to choose between disgrace and despair. His friend Charles had threatened to blow his brains out, if the timid king persisted in forbidding him to make an ascent that threatened danger, and which, wisely on his part, was his first and last ascent, or rather two consecutive first and last ascents on one day. We know, too, the immense interest which the court (the queen particularly) felt in Pilâtre's success. These, and numerous other minor scraps of evidence, all lead to the inference that De Rosier's death was even more tragical than has been currently believed. If there be the slightest truth in the notion, Romain is even more greatly to be pitied. He had refused the Marquis of Maisonfort's offer of two hundred louis-d'ors to resign his place.

The spot where they fell is a very, very little way from the sea. The conflagration must have taken place almost immediately after the direction of their course was altered. I have several times asked, of people competent to judge, whether, if they had fallen into the sea, instead of upon the land, they could by any possibility have escaped with life. The answer has been that perhaps they might. Conceive the idea of talking face to face with a man who had fallen from the height of more than five thousand feet!

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

FROM VARNA TO BALAKLAVA.

THE anchor is weighed, and we are standing out to sea. The prospect around is not very cheering. The sky is of a dull heavy lead-colour as if charged with snow and tempests. To the extreme northward a dense mass of cumbrous, fantastically-shaped clouds seem to menace the waters with their wrath, and they have that black, sullen look I have often observed on the eve of a storm. The short waves, which are a peculiar characteristic of the Euxine, chop fitfully against each other, and their angry spray shoots upwards with a hissing sound. A thick mist rises along the coast and soon hides it from our view, then it spreads along the sea, and seems to settle in a thin, penetrating rain which comes in sudden fretful gusts, and then subsides; to return again presently and unexpectedly. It is bitterly cold. That clammy, deadly, cold of these climates, against which no clothes seem able to protect you. It is a cold which is not felt in the chest, nor hands, nor feet, as our cold in Europe is; but it is sure to strike first at the stomach. You were well just now, and, trying

with all the philosophy at your command to be jovial under difficulties, suddenly you are seized with agonising pains just below the chest. In vain you try to make light of it. You are obliged to lean for support against the first thing or person at hand. Your extremities have become chilled and useless—you sit and double yourself up, hoping something from warmth and quiet—at last you lie down and writhe in the intensity of your pain. If you are driven to take brandy (*hot brandy and water is best*) you feel a peculiar sickness for some minutes, and then the pain slowly subsides; but it leaves you stupid and depressed for hours afterwards; and trembling, and nervous. The only way to give yourself a chance of escape is by winding some twenty yards of silken or wollen sash tightly round your loins and abdomen. It is the custom of the country; the dress of the peasant and the prince, and you will soon understand that it has not been adopted without a reason. This was the commencement of that sickness which carried off numbers of our troops. The doctors called it cholera; it was only cold.

Nothing can be much more dreary and dispiriting than our voyage. There is a good deal of brandy-drinking and a brisk consumption of cigarettes and pipes; but it does not mend our spirits much. We know all about the wreck of the Prince and the gallant merchant fleet which carried the winter-clothing for the army. Sad accounts have reached us of the fate of dear friends, and of relatives exposed to melancholy privations. A few among us may be anxious for their own fate when they join the army which has hitherto so vainly beleaguered Sebastopol. See yonder pallid lieutenant. He was sent invalided to the hospital at Scutari. He recovered; care and good-living soon brought him round. Then he begged the doctors so hard to let him rejoin his regiment that they consented. But already he feels the numbing hand of the malady which laid him low before, and he will return soon, or die. There is a fixed and steady light in his eye; such as I can fancy may have been witnessed, though unread, by those who stood round Arthur Conolly when he died at far Bokhara. It is the light which has been seen often in the eyes of true brave men who were prepared to fulfil their duty simply and unflinchingly, whether death stood in the way, or not. Indeed this officer seems to have laid this truth to heart: that he who does not know how to die, if need be, should hardly be a soldier. He tells me this as we talk together over the ship's side, merely expressing what is part of his quiet, noble creed.

We leave the Isle of Serpents, and the mouths of the Danube on the larboard. Now and then we descry a war-steamer paddling up through the haze, with despatches, and there is an exchange of signals between us;

but the ships look shadowy and unsubstantial as phantoms, so that, a moment after they have been signalled, the straining eye searches vainly for them. Still we are glad to make out a friendly sail, or to see the smoke of a funnel. It relieves the weariness of the voyage, and makes the slippery deck, and cumbered hold more cheerful.

We do not make much way, for we are heavily laden. We are carrying all sorts of fresh provisions and stores: yet we know that our burthen will disappear, among so many, like a drop of water in the sand; and this is another reason why we are glad to see other vessels steering toward the same point. At last, however, as we draw near land, the heavy snow-storm which has been brooding so long in the air, descends with an effect that is quite blinding. Then we go below, and try to amuse ourselves as well as we can. It is too dark to read with comfort, except at night, when the candles are lighted; and then we are most of us drowsy. So we play at cards and tell each other stories, quite familiarly; although, wonderful to say, we may not have been acquainted before. It is curious to mark how tolerant we are of each other's little weaknesses; and how closely we seem to be drawn together by the mere tie of national brotherhood. I have never witnessed anything like it before amongst Englishmen.

In about forty hours from the time we left Varna we anchored at Balaklava. We could hear now and then the stray boom of cannon to windward; and we could see the flag of England flying from the heights. We had scarcely cast anchor, when we were boarded by a tumultuous and motley crowd of officers off duty, looking pale and haggard enough. Doctors with anxious faces and hurried looks, brawny boatmen, and lean slovenly servants on foraging expeditions. You could hardly recognise them as the trim smart grooms who had left Constantinople a short time ago. I must own also to some surprise at being accosted by touters, who perceiving, I suppose, by my speculative and abstracted looks, that I was not a military gentleman, obligingly offered to procure me quarters for a consideration. Come, thought I, after all, things cannot be quite so bad as we've heard say, if a young fellow of no account, like this, is able to get me food and shelter. Whereupon I fell into a train of reflections.

Our greatest curse in the Crimea has been our ignorance. We were obliged to do everything in the dark—to feel our way at every step. Thus we knew that the casual visit of a Frenchman about sixty years ago had first given political importance to the Crimea. We knew that the name of that Frenchman had been of course forgotten. We should like to hear the name of the Frenchman who suggested the building of old Westminster Bridge or any other work on which our national pride reposes. I

warrant it would be as hard to come at as that of the founder of Sebastopol.

Then we knew that there was a bay which Strabo called the Ctenus, and a Tartar village by the name of Aktiar (ancient). We knew that the appellation of Sebastopol was altogether an invention of the respectable but lively Catherine. Indeed, there was no end to the things we knew which were not of the smallest importance for anybody to know. Of ancient Cherson, we knew all that Dubois de Montpéroux and Kohl had to say upon the subject, and that I am sure was confusing enough—especially to read when slightly sea-sick. With regard to Balaklava specially, we knew all about the colony of *Symbolum* (the Cembalo of the Genoese); also about Ulysses and the Læstrigonians. We were well up in various matters relating to Diana: her fondness for roasted strangers, the elegance of her temple, and the mysterious functions of her friend Theos; while we need, of course, scarcely allude to Orestes and Pylades, who have been, so to say, old familiar friends of ours these five-and-twenty years. We could have recognised their lodging even by the description of a Zouave, who offered himself as a sort of amateur laquais de place. The imperious Iphigenia was also a lady with whom we were well acquainted by repute, and we were fully instructed about subterranean Inkermann and the Arians. Our education, indeed, like that of most of our clear-headed practical countrymen, had been altogether in this direction—so of course we could not be expected to know anything about the wild wind-gusts which come on unexpectedly here, and one of which absolutely blew our ship's boat bottom upwards, and drifted it away like a straw before we were aware of it—so completely were we taken by surprise in consequence of an event which an officer's Greek servant told me subsequently was quite an every-day occurrence at this season of the year, and a very well-known peculiarity of the climate. The captains of the little Greek boats which ply about these seas in peace time, are always very well prepared on these occasions. Some of these men would have been invaluable as pilots; but it seems the naval authorities are now afraid to employ them—another fine illustration of our far-sighted and able policy towards the Greeks at the outbreak of the war. A little prudent concession would have placed them completely on our side. Now, however, I have no doubt that the naval authorities have good reason for their suspicions, and that many a Greek pilot would risk his life to punish us. Indeed, the melancholy story of the Tiger is proof enough of it.

These thoughts positively haunt me as our boat (recaught and brought back after a good deal of delay) is being hustled forward by a pair of short fat oars towards the shore, and moderately bumped and jockeyed by the

more lively craft going in the same direction. We land at last amid slush, and snow, and slippery loose stones. The sky over our heads is inky black, and the clouds on the verge of the horizon look white. The ships in the pretty harbour (for pretty it is, in spite even of the scowl of winter), are indistinct and shadowy from the thick fall of snow which lies upon every spar, amid the folds of their drooping pennants,—on their paddle-boxes, and their light sticks aloft,—on the rim of the captain's hat, as he paces the deck thoughtfully; wondering, perhaps, if the little worm which eats holes in the bottoms of vessels when at anchor in these seas, is already silently feasting upon his; or perhaps he is too well-educated to know anything about so unclassical a subject as this voracious little worm—a terrible reality, nevertheless.

The doctors have spurred hurriedly away, so have the officers and the foraging servants, though their horses look gaunt and shaggy. In colour they are quite rusty, as if their coat were made of iron wire which had been for some time exposed to the rain.

There is an old, old look about Balaklava; a tumble down air which especially belongs to things and places that were once in the possession of those strange trading Italians of the middle ages. The town, a miserable place, lies at the foot of a range of hills on the east,—and the sea, shut in by the mountains, makes the harbour look almost like a lake. The ruins of an old Genoese fortress frown grimly down upon it, and seem as shadowy and indistinct as the ships in its covering of snow. On the hills towards Baidar lie the tents of the Highlanders and Turks, together with a contingent of marines and some sailors.

We are soon made aware of the near neighbourhood of Turks and sailors.

Sailor (with great contempt, and at the top of his voice). "Blow them Turks! I say, yon bono Johnny,—drat you! ahoy! ahoy! you beggar."

Turkish soldier (with much courtesy). "Bono Johnny! oo, oo, oo, Bono Johnny!" he waves his pipe blandly as he speaks, and assumes an air of puzzled jocularity, as if he was aware that there was some pleasantry going forward, without being clearly able to divine the nature of it.

Sailor (now roaring with tremendous energy). "Ahoy! I say, give us a light! Do you think nobody wants to smoke but yourself, you son of a sea-cook?"

Turk (swaying his head from side to side smilingly). "Bono Johnny! Bono Johnny, oo, oo, oo."

Sailor (speechless with indignation for a moment, as if this were really too much for him). "None of that, or I'm jiggered if I don't spoil your old mug for you. Give us a light. Why don't you come, you beggar? I speak plain enough, and loud enough too, don't I?"

Turk (perceiving at last that there is to be another row with an infidel, though unable to understand why) drops his arms by his side, and looks, blushing and wondering, at the excited seaman. He twiddles his thumbs, he shuffles with his feet, he looks the picture of listless incapacity, like most of his countrymen when in difficulties.

The sailor meantime marches up to him and attempts to light his pipe. The Turk is a petty officer. He has formerly been the aga of a village, and he looks upon this proceeding as a direct insult, an action at variance with all his previous ideas of courtesy and good breeding. It is indeed an action similar to that which eating out of the plate of a stranger or drinking out of his glass, unasked, would be in England.

The Turk withdraws his pipe therefore, and his looks display how deeply he thinks his dignity is wounded.

And the sailor takes him by the ear—by the left ear, for I paid particular attention to the circumstance. He then stands upon one leg, and begins to execute a species of horn-pipe, tugging at that ear to time. It is a singular, though not to me a very agreeable sight, to see the Turk tucking in his two-penny, and following the stout tar in these agile movements. Were he to do otherwise he must make up his mind, I fear, to part with his left ear altogether, for the sailor holds it with a grasp like a vice, and gives satisfactory evidence how far human flesh and how far human patience can stretch.

"Hulloh, Jack! What are you about with that poor fellow?" says a small man smothered in clothes, who now approaches the pair. "Here, I'll give you a light and some baccy too."

"Lord love you, guv'nor, them beggars aint fit for nothing else but monkey's allowance, they aint. Why, I'm blessed, guv'nor, if I wasn't a halloo' to un for an hour, to give us a light, and he wouldn't! How-somedever, they'll larn by and by, how this here is British ground; won't they, sir?"

"Ay, ay, Jack."

The truth was, the sailor was as racy a tar as ever chewed a quid; and the Turk was perhaps as good a Mussulman as any going. But the best folks do not always agree, when they try to force their ideas on each other.

"What! No mustard with your beef, sir?" cried Matthews, stranger, at the coffeehouse. "Confound you, sir, you *shall* have mustard!" How often have I seen that stranger applying his principles to other things than steaks and spices!

On the whole, Balaklava appeared to be "the thing," and it was generally expected of us to express the utmost satisfaction at being there. Every one we met spoke of it in the holiday language used by country cousins who came up to London from the wilds of

Lincolnshire before the invention of railroads. In fact, there seemed an impression that all things might be had here, even to the luxury of something eatable. My companion, therefore, looked at me with considerable surprise, when I told him ruefully, that I had some preserved meats and fruits carefully packed in tin cases somewhere among my luggage (a dreary pile), I did not clearly know where; for my faculties were frozen. "Preserved things in tin cases," said my friend, brightening up when he clearly understood me. "Oh, we can send those on to the camp. Here we have got all sorts of things—salt beef and pork—and pork and beef—and, and—well, not much more, but we are fairly in clover compared with the rest of the fellows."

It was quaint to hear my companion, a regular London swell—whom I remembered very well with nerves, and a damaged digestion—thus lauding the accommodations of Balaklava. It is but a village—a mere collection of huts. In ordinary times it must be inexpressibly dreary; but now the General Post Office ten minutes before closing time is hardly fuller of bustling, and hustling, and scuffling. Rusty, impatient individuals on short leave from other places, flounder about hurriedly, yet with an odd air of business and authority in all they do, which bespeaks the stranger on a hostile soil. They are armed also—needlessly just here—but who among them knows when he may be summoned to the front, and find himself hand to hand with the enemy? It is well, therefore, to ride prepared even when foraging within your own lines. They are strangely altered, some of those bucks and bloods I see stride slouchingly up the broken street, now in a mud hole, now out of it, now sending the splashes from a half-melted snow puddle flying right and left on each side of them. They hardly look the same men who used to step mincingly out of their cabs and strut daintily into their clubs. Barring a few soiled and torn remnants of what was once a uniform, and still looks something like one when you get quite close to it, they might be so many Californian Diggers. They are begrimed, gaunt, grim, famished, and luckless enough. They have the boldest contrivances to keep themselves dry and warm. Wherever an article of fur or wool can be worn by any one who is fortunate enough to possess it, there it is. Round their waists are twisted immense gay-coloured scarfs, bought at fabulous prices. On their feet, are coverings which might be the seven-leagued boots of the giant Blunderbore.

The occupation of almost everybody seems to be connected with eating. Little knots of fellows adjourn for impromptu feasts to all sorts of places, and dispense with knives, and forks, and plates with the utmost readiness. They have at length acquired that branch of Turkish politeness, which consists in eating with the fingers; others more

fortunate have invitations to cosy little things on board some of the ships in the bay. Lucky dogs!

Meantime, I wander about leisurely, nobody minding me—by-and-by, at dinner time, there will be some conversation, but not now. So I get among the hovels near the shore, and enter one, knocking my head distinctly, as I do so. It looks not unlike an all-sorts shop at Wapping. Rolling about in oozy, frozen barrels, is an immense quantity of salt pork—that prime delicacy recommended for its being easier cooked, and keeping better than beef: also recommended, perhaps, because swine's flesh is precisely the sort of meat which is forbidden to be eaten by the inhabitants of those latitudes. Trim kegs of rum, piled up one over the other, look cheerily at us from corners. Something is carefully packed in sacking, and steadily lying in soak as it were between the wet ground and the snow. This, I am told, is part of the fresh supply of warm clothes sent from Constantinople or Bucharest since the loss of the Prince. There are stacks of guns, too, and piles of ammunition, also some cannon. Everything seems in a wretched disorderly plight. Out of doors there is a crowd fully equal to that of Whitechapel on a Saturday night, barring the ladies. There is quite as much shouting and hallooing, however, for provisions are being landed from the transports and then hurried away to the camp. It is not very far off, but the road there is "too bad, sir, entirely!" as an Irishman has just told me. Neither horse nor man can make sure of reaching it when he goes hence, and a pound weight difference to their burthen may render the journey impossible to either.

Wandering about, I find that Balaklava boasts a low wall, singularly useless and ill-built; down a break-toe street also is a well, quite impregnable, I should say, from the difficult and ancle-wrenching nature of its natural fortifications. Farther on, are some melancholy hypochondriacal trees, four of them, I think, as straight and dull as so many gigantic vegetable policemen. Balaklava possesses also a good-for-nothing old Genoese fortress, a church of no account, and a brisk colony of a small Crimean insect which seems to have a wonderful partiality for fresh stranger considered in an alimentary point of view. This energetic little race provides me with considerable occupation: it is with satisfaction also that I notice several other persons furnished with employment similar to mine, and performing their allotted task with much diligence and apparent pleasurable feeling.

Yes; Balaklava is a wretched little place enough; yet I dare say there are some who would rather not ride away from it through the fast falling snow to-night; and I feel that many a bold fellow must turn longing glances at the lights which glow out of the snug cabin windows, and the blazes seen through

the open doorway as his friends bid him good bye, and his lank horse plods wearily campwards.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

RALPH THE NATURALIST.

A STRANGE dreamy fellow was Ralph Jessett, always wandering about the woods and fields by himself, and finding out more secrets of nature, in his queer shambling way, than he would have ever learnt from science had he gone through all the triposes of Cambridge. He knew where almost every nest in the garden was, from the tomtit's, in the wall of the old arbour, to the shy linnet's, hidden low among the shrubby trees; and the sitting birds never flew away from Ralph Jessett's looking at them. They seemed to know that he was a friend, and would not harm them. He would tell marvellous stories of the intelligence of all creation, from snails to dogs; and as for spiders, and earwigs, and centipedes, and all manner of creeping, crawling, wriggling creatures, why to hear him, you would think that Newton and Shakespeare were mere humbugs compared to them. He had no antipathies either. It was quite curious to see the unconcern with which he would handle slugs, toads, water-

newts,—every kind of entomological abomination; saying, with his sweet smile and embarrassed humility, "The more one knows, the more one loves all things in nature." And then he would give long accounts of the love-worthiness of these creatures, the very mention of which would have made many a young lady scream and shudder; but after hearing Ralph's biographies, one felt quite respectfully towards efts, and cleggs, and stag-beetles, and hundred-legs of every race, and almost ashamed somehow of being a man, and not an insect.

He had always been queer, this poor relation of the rich Temples of Manor House. His mother used to fret about him a great deal before she died; for she fancied he was not quite "canny," as the Scotch say, and that he would never make his way in the world, left as he was without fortune, and with such unprofitable tastes only. For he cared only for natural history, and only for that experimentally, not scientifically. When quite a little fellow—and obliged to stop at home alone, and not take part in any sort of game or play, because he was so sickly—he might be heard talking to the butterflies and birds flying low about him, holding long conversations with them, and telling them that he loved them,—oh! far better than anything else in the world; which he did, excepting his dear mother.

In the days of witchcraft and fairy-folk, Ralph would have been thought an elf-child to begin with, and a wizard as he went on. As it was, he was such a withered, quaint, odd-looking creature, with so much irregular learning, and so much simplicity of character, that it was a puzzle to many whether he were 'cute or simple, as the country people say. And when he went to live at Manor House, on his mother's death, it was thought quite a charity in Mr. Temple to take him, (though he received payment for his education and maintenance), and a very great honour for Ralph to be admitted to his establishment. They were cousins though; and in early life Ralph's father had been of infinite service to Mr. Temple. But Ralph thought it an honour with the rest, and said so loudly; for he had not a very exalted notion of his own dignity, and was far more inclined to gratitude than to self-assertion. His birds and insects taught him humility, he used to say.

The Temples were very kind, in their way, to Ralph. Mrs. Temple took great interest in him, and supplied him with books, and encouraged his tastes, so far as she could. For she was a sweet, placid, fair-faced woman,—one of those women who go upstairs very slowly, and who breathe very hard while they are doing so,—an indolent gentlewoman, who was never seen to run since her teens, and who was never known to be cross since she cut her teeth,—a woman whose most positive acts were those that should make

other people happy, and whose only incentive to exertion was that she would do a kindness to another. She petted Ralph a good deal. Her husband—a hard pompous man, who carried everything before him in the parish by dint of quickness in figures and a deep voice—said she spoilt the boy. He did not approve of poor relations with quaint tastes and inquiring minds. He thought they ought to be practical,—“fit for clerkships and counting-houses, sir; not always living in snail-shells and dog-kennels.” But now he was obliged to confess that patronage might be worse bestowed than on that “loose-jointed awkward fool of a fellow, who, by Jove, sir, would not kill the slugs off my peach-trees, nor shoot the blackbirds in the cherry-trees, nor take the crows’-nests, nor shoot the sparrows,—who would not even chop up a worm when he was digging in the garden!” But at last he got accustomed to Ralph and his odd ways; and, partly perhaps because all his energies were absorbed in opposing an obnoxious churchwarden whom he used to call a viper and a traitor to the blessed constitution, he let him alone, and allowed his wife to dispense her sweet charities at her will. So Ralph wandered about, looking after grubs and caterpillars, or sat by the fire reading about ants, and emmets, and song-birds, and dormice, till he knew as much about them as one of themselves,—and perhaps more.

Little Miss Temple and Ralph Jessett were great friends. She was a little lady of about five or six years old when Ralph came to Manor House,—he a boy of eighteen or nineteen; and they soon became the firmest and fastest allies possible. The way in which the little thing used to cling to him, follow him about the garden, and perch on his knee to hear his stories about creeping things, was quite beautiful. All the servants said that Master Ralph was the only one in the world who could manage Miss Letty,—“the plague of the whole house,” they used to add savagely, and truly; for that she was this domestic inconvenience there is no denying, I fear. What can a healthy well-organised child be but a plague, if all her youth and energy of life be placed under the harrow of conventionality? Miss Letty was no exception to the rule that force must have an object, and that energy must be expanded; still less to that which makes healthy children of high spirits family torments, unless they are allowed to live somewhat according to the necessities of their being. However, she was very good to Ralph, and did not tease him much. And Ralph, in return for her patronage, instructed her in a great deal of insect lore, and taught her the names of birds, and the habits of fishes, and the wonderful virtues of plants,—Letty sitting on his knee down in the old arbour, where the tomtit’s nest was, wondering if she should ever be as clever as Ralph Jessett, and what

a pity it was her doll could not hear him as well as she did. So Ralph and Letty were great cronies, and believed in each other implicitly.

Time gradually unfolded one after another of his huge iron books of years; till the little Letty had grown into a fine handsome girl of eighteen, with eyes as blue as the sky on a hot summer’s day, and hair as golden as the sun’s. She was a magnificent specimen of a Saxon girl, with perhaps more animation in that fresh, round face of hers than many of the Saxon race “pure blood,”—with a pair of large round shoulders as white as snow, and arms and hands that would have made the fortune of a modeller, if he could have copied them correctly. Her lips were as fresh and red, and her skin was as white as human flesh may be; and altogether she was as superb a being as you would see anywhere in England, and was consequently a great pride to the parents, and the acknowledged beauty of the county. She herself quite conscious too, in a good-tempered way, that she was beautiful and admirable,—vain as a high-bred hunter would have been vain, if conversant with his own peculiar points of beauty,—not like a peacock, but in a free, half-laughing, gallant manner, quite content to admire herself, but not fretting after the admiration of all the world beside; perhaps because she had it. And all the time she had been developing into this grand creature—all the time she had been growing stronger and handsomer, and fuller of life and more powerful—Ralph Jessett had shrunk and shrunk, till now, at a little more than thirty, he was bald and gray, and withered and wrinkled; shyer and more awkward than ever; a better naturalist certainly, but stranger, more shambling and less worldly than he was when, as a boy of eighteen, he first came to Manor House as Mr. Temple’s poor relation,—more loved than ever by everybody. Even the squire sometimes condescended to exchange a few kindly words with him, and sweet Mrs. Temple, stouter and lazier than in olden times, smiling on him placidly, as she kept him holding skeins for her to wind off his hands, by the hour together; Miss Letty only changing somewhat in her demonstrations, eschewing now that particular form of friendship which she and her doll used to indulge in, ten years ago, down in the tomtit’s arbour, but capital friends still with Ralph, although she did no longer sit on his knee, and try to poke out his eyes; but counting him as entirely her property and creature as Dido, her spaniel, or Frisk, her pony,—Ralph nothing loth to be so classed, as much for love of his co-subjects as for their queen.

As Miss Letty grew out into this brilliant womanhood, Ralph’s manners were observed to change. Always respectful, even to the little girl, he became reverential to the young lady; and while his anxiety to please

her increased tenfold, his embarrassment and shyness increased tenfold as well. She herself saw it at last, and scolded Ralph soundly, for she was a free-spoken, free-hearted girl, and hated mysteries and misunderstandings. She told Ralph once, that if he was dissatisfied with her, and spoke to her in that ridiculous way—why she wasn't an eastern princess!—he had better go; for she hated people to be unhappy because of her, and what had she done to make him so cool and reserved? A speech which made Ralph cry as if his heart was breaking; partly from distress at having offended her, and partly from gratitude at her condescension in taking any notice of his manners at all. At which Miss Letty said, she thought he must be really half an idiot—Ralph looking as delighted as if she had called him an angel—for how could people have been brought up together without getting fond of each other, and had they not been good friends all their lives? so why shouldn't she care for him like her own brother now? Which was such a pleasant ending to their quarrel, that Ralph had no sleep all night in consequence.

About this time Mr. Temple took it into his head that Ralph Jessett should "commence a career of usefulness." He had his choice of every profession under the sun, said the squire; but choose one he must. So Ralph, after a great deal of hesitation, chose that of an analytical chemist, which, at least, was a branch of natural science, he said. People laughed at the notion of such an awkward fellow ever making delicate experiments. "Why he would be frightened at his own chemicals," they all said; but Ralph blushed and fidgetted, and told them he should get over that, perhaps, if it were necessary; at any rate he would try. Good Mrs. Temple aided him in the way he was going as usual; and Miss Letty, too, said he was right to obey papa, and do as he told him; but she cried when the time came for him to go, and pouted a great deal. Ralph went almost beside himself at the sight of her tears, and was nearly giving up the plan, and bearding Mr. Temple in his den—the library—in a fit of enthusiastic rebellion, had he not been afraid of Mrs. Temple, who fortunately was in the room at the moment. But it was dreadful. He used to wonder afterwards at his own firmness, and always felt like a murderer whenever he thought that he had once made Miss Letty cry. However, Letty dried her eyes, which began to smart, and old Ralph went away to a chemist's in Edinburgh; and in a short time Miss Letty grew accustomed to his absence, and gradually reorganised her life without him. For she was not a very reflective young lady; nor one whose affections went much beyond the limit of her vision. A joyous, red-lipped, white-armed girl, life was all before her, and pleasure for the present, hope for the

future, but no regret for the past, bound her in a silver chain, strung through with flowers. So, while Ralph studied the properties of gases, and dreamed of Miss Letty by turns, the foot-prints of the past were being slowly effaced from that young lady's heart by the rising waves of new associations.

Miss Letty went a visiting. To the Delaforces, of Delaforce House,—an old French emigrant family, which, by intermarriage with English heiresses, had gradually raised themselves to opulence and consideration. There was one son now in the family, a young man just of age, owning a dog-cart and a pair of moustachios. There was also a daughter of Letty's own age; who, as often chances with sisters, possessing handsome brothers, was the especial darling of all the young ladies in the place, and chief of all with Letty Temple, the heiress of Manor House. When Letty went, she was gay; when Letty came back, she was dull. Her father and mother both saw the change, and asked the reason; but Letty pouted or laughed, according to her humour, and refused to give any. "There was none," she said, "it was all papa's fancy;" and then she ran away down into the shrubbery at the end of the garden, where she had half-a-dozen hiding-places no one but Ralph and herself knew of; and there they were obliged to leave her, till she chose to emerge of her own accord. And as in a short time she forgot to be quite so dull as when she first came home, and as she looked well, and eat well, and slept well, and was only rather cross at times, her father and mother ceased to ask her any questions on the subject, or, indeed, to think of her changed manner at all. Mrs. Temple only said, sometimes, "My love, I am sure you are bilious to-day."

Miss Letty was in love. The reader knows that, though the squire did not. But young Mr. Delaforce, who had had a love in London, had declared to his sister Julia, that "Miss Temple was not at all his style of beauty, and that he did not admire her the least in the world." Which complicated matters not a little.

In the mean time Ralph came home for a vacation from his gases and retorts, and soon Letty and he were on their old terms of confidence together. Letty told him all that moved in her world, and he told Letty all that he thought and felt in his. But as yet the name of Montague Delaforce had not been mentioned between them.

"Ralph," said Letty, suddenly. They were in the arbour together, at the bottom of the garden; the arbour in the shrubbery, where the old tomtit's nest used to be, when Letty was a child. "Ralph, do you think me pretty?" She did not look merely pretty when she asked that question, but superbly handsome.

"Yes," said Ralph, nervously, "I do, Miss Letty: very pretty," with emphasis.

"Would every one, Ralph?"

"I should think so, Miss Letty, every one who had eyes, and knew what beauty was when they saw it."

Letty appeared to reflect; her thoughts were never very profound, but this time she did think. And then she said, suddenly, "Then, Ralph, why does not Mr. Delaforce like me better?"

A question poor Ralph was quite unable to answer; excepting by a vague invective against Mr. Delaforce, for daring to have any thought about Miss Letty Temple but one of reverence and awful admiration.

"I wish you would tell him all that," said Letty, when he had ended.

"Why, Miss Letty?"

"Because he does not like me," said Letty, bluntly; "and I wish he did."

Ralph was indignant at Miss Letty's holding herself so cheap. He thought she ought to be indifferent to Mr. Delaforce, and every other Mr. in the world. Why, there was not one fit to tie her very shoe-strings, he said angrily—quite savagely, for him—and why did she care for Mr. Delaforce or any one like him? A set of senseless puppies that wanted cropping—what was there to care about in them?

"But I do care," persisted Letty. "And I don't like Mr. Montague to slight me as he does; it is not pleasant. So, dear old Ralph, you must make him think better of me; for I am so fond of Julia, that it is quite disagreeable her brother hating me as he does," she added, almost crying. And I daresay she thought she did care as much for Julia as she did for Julia's brother.

Of course Ralph could only do as he was bid, and further his young queen's wishes to the utmost. So now, whenever he saw the Delaforces; which, owing to Miss Letty's excessive attachment to Miss Julia, was frequent, he lost no opportunity of extolling that young lady's perfections; especially before Mr. Montague, though it almost choked him to do so, to gain the admiration of such a puppy as that for his sovereign mistress. In which process of exaltation Ralph grew sadder and paler daily, though he could not himself have told what was the matter with him.

One particularly fine day in Spring, Mr. Montague's love in London married Captain Wilkie of the Blues. They had been engaged for the orthodox time, unknown to Mr. Montague Delaforce; who, being an heir to a good estate, the young lady—a practised politician—had kept in her train lest Captain Wilkie should desert. But he came to the point after a great deal of by-play, and so the young civilian was dismissed; whereupon Mr. Montague the heir came down to Delaforce House in a rage, and buried himself among the elms and the oaks in the park, like a Bond Street Timon as he was. To divert the heir from his misanthropy, or rather from his misogyny, and to retune his

mind to social harmonies again, and make him fling off his mud boots and shave, the Delaforces thought of Miss Letty Temple; to whom an invitation was sent on the plea of Miss Julia's ardent affection, and the necessity that young lady was under of teaching her a new pattern in crochet. A necessity Miss Letty fully accepted, though she handled a crochet-needle about as deftly as an Amazon would, in the days of Theseus and his Athenians.

The scheme seemed about to fail. Mr. Montague, full of that London love with black eyes, found no solace in those large liquid blue eyes which looked so frankly into his. He was even profane enough to call them like boiled gooseberries, in his eagerness of admiration for Mrs. Captain Wilkie of the Blues. Her hair he called like flax—like tow he meant—and then raved frantically about the "beauty of ebony tresses; which spoil an educated eye," he added disdainfully, "for anything so fade as Miss Temple."

Of course Letty knew nothing of all these disparaging comparisons. She only thought that Mr. Delaforce was very cold to her, and that she wished he was kinder; but she did not know that he positively despised her handsome face and noble carriage, and that he preferred a little dark Celtic creature, as Mrs. Wilkie was, to her large Saxon loveliness, which a savage would have thought came direct from heaven. I don't know what this large-eyed, white-shouldered girl would have done, if she had known the truth. Most probably offended pride would have driven every other feeling out of her head. So perhaps it was a pity she did not know. But a change came about. In this wise.

One evening Miss Letty was asked to sing. She sang one of those delicious songs one sees advertised with pathetic titles, that make young ladies violently sentimental. It was something about loving for ever; and "Forget thee, no!" Miss Letty sang it with emphasis, looking as if she had really a lover whom she was called on to abide by, or to renounce. This song touched the sore place in Mr. Delaforce's heart. It has been credibly affirmed that tears came into his eyes; for he was thinking of that London love of his, who once had given him her bouquet, and once had pressed his hand—he was sure of it—when he pressed hers, in the quadrille chaine des dames; and he felt grateful to Miss Letty for bringing his woe so soothingly before him. When she had ended, he went and sat down on the sofa by her, and began to talk sentiment; which being sad trash, we shall not attempt to transcribe. It broke the ice between them, however; and made poor Letty very happy—silly child!—for she thought his romantic commonplaces the highest point to which the poetry of human feeling could go, and she began to cherish an intellectual esteem, as well as a personal admiration, for Mr. Mon-

tagne Delaforce, which would have astonished none more than that young gentleman himself, had he known it. He had been twice plucked at Cambridge for his little-go.

In the midst of this incipient love-making, Ralph Jessett came shambling over with a sad face, to tell Miss Letty that her father was ill, and she must go home. The carriage would come for her in a few minutes; and Miss Letty had better pack up her things before it did come, for they wanted her back directly.

As Letty was an affectionate daughter, she began to cry violently on receiving this news. Ralph was overwhelmed at the sight of her grief. He had never known that she was so fond of her father; and he called himself all sorts of names, like dolt and idiot, because he had told her too suddenly, and had shocked and scared her. Letty only sobbed the more, as she turned her back full on poor old Ralph, and clung round Julia's neck, as if Julia had been her guardian angel entering on a term of banishment. And Julia cried too, and said, "ssh! ssh!" patting Miss Letty's back with both her hands. It was a formula of consolation that had not much effect on the patient. And then the carriage came, and the fatal moment; and poor Miss Letty was obliged to say farewell; Mr. Montague looking the deepest tragedy as he handed her into the barouche; and Ralph feeling somehow that he had incurred everybody's displeasure, and stood at that moment in the position of a moral Ishmael; which position Miss Letty kept him in all the way home—it was eight miles—not deigning to look at him nor speak to him once during that whole drive, but making him profoundly sensible that she considered herself injured by him, and that she was his victim and his prisoner.

"Ralph," she said the next day, "I behaved very ill to you yesterday."

"No, Miss Letty; not ill to me. You were only unhappy, and so behaved ill to yourself."

"Nonsense, Ralph; you know that I did. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, Miss Letty, if you did; but"—

"Well, never mind buts. Will you walk over to Delaforce House for me, this afternoon?" She spoke very quickly, and looked down.

"Yes, Miss Letty."

"And take a letter from me to Julia? I want to tell her that papa is better, and that it is nothing catching."

"But who ever said it was?" asked Ralph, in astonishment. "I did not bring that message yesterday."

"Never mind," retorted Letty; "take the letter, and don't ask questions."

Which closed Ralph's mouth at once.

So the letter was written, and Ralph set out through the woods to Delaforce House; miserably unhappy, and with the kind of

feeling he would have had if there had come stealing on a perpetual eclipse of the sun. But he got to the house at last, and delivered his credentials; and Miss Julia made her ringlets dance as she ran off to Montague, saying, "Oh, Monty, we can go to the Manor when we like!" A piece of news that made that young gentleman smile below his moustache gaily; and declare his intention of riding over to-morrow. And when his sister had embodied that intention in a small three-cornered note, Ralph was sent home again, dimly conscious that he had been instrumental in a plot, he did not know how.

But the plot went on, under the same instrumentality. Ralph Jessett was soon installed regular postman between the Manor House and the Delaforces; and did actually go twice in one day to please Miss Letty. He walked thirty-two miles on a hot summer's day, to the end that Mr. Montague Delaforce should know the right meaning of this phrase: "You are very cruel to doubt me. If I tell you to wait until papa is better, it is not that I am indifferent to your feelings, but only more careful of the future than you are;" which, Mr. Montague—being a youth more gifted with beauty than with brains, and being moreover one of those sensitive people who are always taking offence at nothing—considered to be a phrase wounding to his dignity and common sense; requiring explanation before things could go on any farther. And thus matters continued. When Mr. Temple grew better, the plot exploded, the mystery was dissolved, and Mr. Montague Delaforce, asking for the honour of Miss Temple's hand, and accepted, opened Ralph's eyes as with the touch of a magic wand. And, amidst a storm of agony and grief such as one would not have imagined that such a gentle creature as he could have felt, he came to the knowledge suddenly that he had been unconsciously the instrument of his own sorrow—the innocent suicide of his own happiness. So long as Miss Letty was unmarried, and he, Ralph Jessett, could live near her and with her; could read to her, wait on her, do her pleasure, attend to her commands, devote his whole life to her, and live as a slave in the shadow of the altar, he would have been quite as blessed as he desired—and, as he thought, deserved—in his unconscious love and unselfish adoration. For, Ralph thought it was joy and honour enough for him to be allowed to love Letty in his own way. But now—taken from him, and married to a man he thought as little worthy of her, in spite of his curling hair and grand moustache, as if he had been a blackamoor from Africa: it was more like his own death than her marriage. If Mr. Montague had been better; if he had been wiser, and older, and steadier—then indeed; but as it was! Oh! his queen, his darling, his little Letty, who used to sit on his knee, and ask

him for stories by the hour; his gracious young lady who had always been so good and condescending to him! Ralph could not bear it. With a wailing stifled cry he fell back against the old oak tree; and, for a long time, all nature and all grief alike were shut out from him. But when the faintness passed, and he was obliged to remember again, he turned away with a breaking heart from the blank of his future; feeling that his life without Miss Letty as its queen and guiding star, would be a mere desert without shade or verdure. Even his earwigs and his emmets lost their charm: chemistry seemed a mere phantasmagoria of flitting vapours, without form or object.

He would go away again, he said. His vacation was over, and he would go back to Edinburgh. He was of no use here: a queer fellow like himself was out of place in such times as weddings. He looked so ill and worn when he said this, that Mrs. Temple noticed it, and asked him, breathingly, what was the matter with him? So did Miss Letty, even in the midst of all her rose-coloured excitement and most fervent girlish love. She went to him, after breakfast, and pouted in her old way of command, and told him, for the thousandth time in their joint lives together, that he was an idiot and an old baby, and asked what was wrong now?

"Oh, Miss Letty!" began Ralph; but he could get no farther. He gave a loud sob, and rushed from the room, down the garden to that favourite retreat the shrubbery, where he burrowed in among the trees, and remained all the day. He was a little consoled by finding a new red fungus and a variety of ladybird.

"Can Ralph be jealous?" thought Miss Letty, with her blue eyes very wide open.

However, Ralph was not allowed to go away before the wedding. Letty, who, of course, had no idea of the truth, insisted on his staying. She should not feel happy; she should not feel married, she said; unless Ralph was there. So Ralph smothered his own feelings and obeyed her, and found a certain amount of happiness for the time, as usual, in his obedience. It was something to suffer at her command! But, when the wedding-day came, and he had seen her given away, his pride, his joy, his life, his own soul—given away to the keeping of a handsome, foolish, petulant fop—when there was no longer any joy on earth for him, no longer any hope, even of the moonlight pleasure of his life—when, standing in the dusty road to see her pass, taking off his hat as to a queen, and letting his long gray hair stream in the summer breeze as he gazed his last look at her, lying back in the carriage in all her white wedding loveliness and glory—when, on her turning back again and again, leaning out to see him so long as she could, and waving her hand and handkerchief to him kindly, she saw him still standing there, like a statue

without life or motion—and when the carriage finally disappeared behind the trees—then Ralph plunged wildly into the woods, and wandered away from Manor House for ever. Wandering through the world in poverty and privation, a gentle, harmless, half-crazed naturalist, who knew the haunts and habits of every tiny creature to be found in England, and who sometimes in his restless sleep—large tears rolling quietly down his withered cheeks—murmured plaintively, "Miss Letty!" and "Lost! lost!"

OUR BEDFORDSHIRE FARMER.*

It was harvest-time when we went down on our first visit to the friend whom for anonymous distinction we will call the Bedfordshire farmer. We travelled by railroad of course, and were set down on a platform almost within sight of his hospitable chimney. In this roadside station, which is in effect an inland iron port, to a purely rural district, we have a specimen of one of the mechanical revolutions of modern agriculture. The fat beasts and sheep of this parish formerly required four days to travel along the road to market, at a loss of many pounds of flesh, beside growing feverish and flabby with excitement and fatigue; they now reach the same market, calm and fresh, in four hours. If news of a favourable corn-market have arrived by the morning's post, fifty quarters of wheat can be carried from the stack, thrashed out by steam-driven machinery, sold, and the money returned in much less time than it would have taken merely to thrash out fifty quarters by the hand-flail.

The farmer himself met us on the platform—a disappointing personage, considering that he had been more than twenty years getting a living by growing corn and sheep; for he had not an atom of the uniform associated from time immemorial with the British farmer—no cord-breeches, no top-boots, not even gaiters, no broad-brimmed hat, not a large red face or ample corporation—in fact, was not half so much like the conventional farmer as my friend and fellow-traveller Nuggets, of the eminent firm of Nuggets and Bullion, who cultivates eight and a half acres at Brixton, on the most scientific principles, at an annual loss of about twenty pounds an acre. The Bedfordshire farmer looked and was dressed very much like any other gentleman not obliged to wear professional black and white. His servant, too, who shouldered our carpet bags, wore neither smock-frock nor hob-nailed shoes; he might have been the groom of a surgeon or a parson.

The Grange presented what amateurs in French would call more disillusionment. A modern villa-cottage, with one ancient gable and one set of Elizabethan chimneys, planted

* See Beef, Mutton, and Bread, page 113 of the tenth volume.

in the midst of a well-kept garden, with the regular three sitting-rooms of a suburban villa, reminded us that times were changed since Bakewell received crowds of visitors of the highest rank, including royalty, "clad in a brown metal-buttoned coat, a red waistcoat, leather breeches, top boots, sitting in the chimney corner of his one keeping room, hung round with dried and pickled specimens of his famous beasts." The book-shelves in one of our friend's rooms are filled not only with works on agriculture, but with histories, biographies, novels, and poems. The windows, fringed with monthly roses, look out upon the gardens, across a fence to where a steep hill of pasture rises, once a deer park, still studded over with fine trees. There Suffolk horses, a long-tailed gray mare, some dairy cows, and Southdown sheep are feeding, and are chewing the cud in the shade.

Our first visit was to the farm buildings, divided by a road from the nag stables and offices of the house, which therefore is not troubled with either the smell or the dirt of the farm-yard. A picturesque untenanted dovecote, half-covered with ivy, is the only remaining monument of the farming days when five year-old mutton was fed, and wooden ploughs were used. Pigeons don't pay in cultivated countries. On one side of the occupation road leading to the first field of the farm, were the sheds for carts and implements; on the other the cattle yards, the feeding houses, the cart stables, the cow-house, and the barn-machinery and steam-engine. One-horse carts were the order of the day, a system far preferable to waggons, when each horse is well up to his work. Our friend's horses are always in good condition. The implements made a goodly display, eight or nine of Howard's iron ploughs, light and heavy, harrows to match the ploughs, a cultivator to stir the earth, and a grubber to gather weeds, drills and manure distributors, and horse-hoes, a Crosskill's clod-crusher, and a heavy stone-roller, a haymaking-machine and horse-rakes. These were all evidently in regular use; some for strong clay, others for light sand.

The cattle yards form three-sided squares, the open side facing the road and the sun, the other three sides bordered with covered feeding-sheds, or verandahs, about which there was nothing remarkable, except that the roofs were all carefully provided with spouts, by which the rain that would otherwise flow into the cattle yards and saturate the straw, was effectually carried away into the main drains. The floors of these yards are dish-shaped, slightly hollow. In winter a thin layer of mould, covered daily by fresh straw, imbibes every particle of liquid manure. Under the treading of the beasts, which are turned in as soon as grass fails, there to feed on hay, turnips, and mangold wurzel, or corn, or cake, in turn, according to relative price and

supply of the last—nothing is cheaper than oil-cake when it can be bought at a penny a pound—the straw made on the farm is converted into manure of the richest quality, which is in due time returned to the fields.

In every yard was an iron tank filled with pure clean water, by a tap and ball, which regulated a constant supply from a spring-filled reservoir, established on the hill that overlooked the Grange. These iron tanks were substitutes for those foul inky ponds, to be found as the only drinking places on too many old-fashioned farms. In the stable, which was carefully ventilated, we found a team that had done a day's work of ploughing, munching their allowance of clover and split beans. They were powerful, active, clean-legged animals, as unlike drayhorses as possible; the harness of each was neatly arranged in a harness-room, not tumbling above the dirty stable, as too often seen. The feeding house, where twenty-five beasts could be tied up and fed, was placed conveniently near the granary, and here again at every beast's chain-pole a perpetually full tank was to be found. The doors opened, so that the manure of the feeding houses could straightway be added to the accumulation of the yard.

Our Bedfordshire farmer does not indulge in fancy, in purchasing his cattle. Noblemen and owners of model farms adhere rigidly to some one breed, Devons, Herefords, or Scots, and have to pay an extra price to make up their number. He purchases every spring or summer, at the fairs where cattle are brought from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Devonshire, Herefordshire, and Yorkshire, for the purpose, one hundred good two-year-old Devons, Herefords, or Short-horns, or three-year-old Scots or Anglesea runts. These he runs on the inferior sward until winter; then takes them into the yards and stalls, and feeds them well with hay and roots—not exceeding a hundred-weight of turnips a day—more would be wasted; to this he adds from time to time linseed and barley meal, in preference to oil-cake, which he generally reserves for sheep. He has experimented with cooked food, but has not found the result in weight pay the cost and trouble. In the spring these beasts are put on the best grass, and sent off to market as fast as they become ripe, having left behind them in the yards a store of manure available for all the land within easy carting distance.

On our autumn visit we saw in the empty yards, and in the styes a few pigs of no particular breed, but all of that egg-shape which betokens rapid fattening. As there is no dairy, the Beds farmer finds it does not pay to breed pigs or feed more than just enough to consume what would otherwise be wasted.

Lastly, we came to a compact building forming the one side or wing of the cattle yards, marked by a tall chimney: here was a high-pressure steam-engine of six-horse

power, under the care of a ploughboy, which put in motion the barn machinery, thrashed and winnowed the corn, separated it into wheat, first and second, tailings, cavings, and chaff, and carried the straw into the straw house, and the wheat into the granary. The same engine also put in motion stones for grinding corn or linseed, or crushed beans, and worked a chaff-cutter.

The steam-driven barn apparatus has more advantages, and creates more profit to the farmer, than can be explained in a few words. Under the hand flail system, a great barn was needed, where it was necessary to thrash, not when you wanted to send to market, but when thrashers could be had, and then very slowly, with great loss by imperfect thrashing and systematic pilfering. Our Bedfordshire farmer having had the building provided by his landlord, put up the steam-engine and machinery himself, at a cost of five hundred pounds; and now, with coals costing fifteen shillings per ton, his steam-engine thrashes and dresses two hundred bushels of wheat in one day, at a cost of one penny a bushel, which, with horse-power, would cost fourpence, and with flail thrashing, sixpence a bushel. Besides this economy in time and money, there is an economy in space, as the corn can remain in the rick in the field, until wanted.

Some very pretty things have been said about the flail; and thrashing does make a very pretty picture, although it is a most soul-deadening occupation. But to a thoughtful mind, there is something much more beautiful in the regularity with which the sheaves, delivered from the cart, are consumed and distributed. The steam-driven barn machinery was not a complete piece of work until linked, by the railway, with the corn-market. In Scotland machine-thrashing has long been universal, but in England it makes way slowly, and is introduced with excuses in some counties—our poor-laws having been in the way.

We next mounted our friend's hacks and climbed the hill to take a bird's-eye view of the farms before descending into details.

On our way we crossed a broad belt of grass fields which surround the house and garden, and are always mowed, other fields farther off being always grazed; by this arrangement it is thought that the best kinds of grass for feeding are cultivated on the one, and the best for mowing on the other; while the hay so grown near the yards where it is to be consumed, and near the manure heaps which restore fertility to meadows. Meadows round a house are, it must be admitted, much more agreeable than ploughed land, besides having the advantage of keeping the cattle and horses grazing within an easy distance if not within sight. After ascending a hill, considered steep in the midland counties, we stood upon a sort of inland promontory, marking the division of the farm, all above being sand-land of the character

well known as Woburn sand, and nearly all below stiff clay, being part of the rich valley which runs on to the sea at King's Lynn in Norfolk.

From this promontory we could review, as in a panorama, the farmer's crops—wheat in great fields of forty, fifty, and sixty acres—a golden sea, fast falling before the scythe and the sickle; barley not so ripe, some of it lying here and there in rucks as if a great flood had rolled over it; too much manuring swelled the ears without stiffening the straw enough, and so anxiety to raise a large crop had defeated itself. There were oats too, verdant and feathery; beans, dark ugly patches on the landscape; mangold, with rich dark green luxuriant leaves; and fields of something that was not grass, though like it in the distance, being, what is called in farmer's phrase, seeds, that is to say, artificial grasses, such as Italian rye grass, red clover, or white clover and trefoil mixed, which form a rotation crop only to be grown once in four or in eight years, according to the soil.

Experience and scientific investigation have but slightly and slowly added any new crops for the use of the farmer. When any one loudly announces a new crop, which will supersede all others in utility and profit, we may as safely set him down as a quack as if he announced a universal medicine. For England wheat, barley, and oats, are the best cereal crops; rye, except green to feed stock, is not in demand; wheat in many varieties fits itself to suitable soils, the finest kinds cannot always be carried to a distant country without degeneration. The finest barley for malting is grown in a few counties on light soil, while oats attain a perfection in Scotland and Ireland rarely to be found in districts where oatmeal is not the food of the people.

The proportions which a farmer should grow of each crops will depend on his soil and on his market, supposing always that the landlord is, like our friend's landlord, sufficiently intelligent to allow his tenant to make the best of his land. For instance, having six fields on his clay land of about fifty acres each, he has found it convenient to adopt the following rotation:—First year, either a fallow or a fallow crop, such as cole-seed, tares, early white turnips, mangold, &c.; second year, wheat; third year, beans; fourth year, barley; fifth year, clover; sixth year, wheat, instead of the Scotch rotation, in which beans stand fifth, and the land becomes too full of weeds for a good crop. On the sand land the rotation is—first, turnips; second, barley; third, clover; and fourth, wheat; white and red clover being used alternately.

It will be observed that root crops form the foundation of this style of farming. Root crops do two things for the farmer; they prepare the land for corn crops, and they supply

food for a great number of lambs and sheep. Under the old system, two hundred acres of this farm were poor grass pasture. Under the rotation named they feed more live stock than before, in addition to the crops of wheat twice in six years. Of course on six fields two are always in wheat. But on hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile *under-rented* land, the intelligent cultivation of roots is quite unknown; indeed, without security of tenure in lease or agreement, it cannot be practised, because it takes six years to complete a never-ending circle of improvement. There are landed baronets, who having gone so far ahead as to adopt the short-horn, which superseded their grandfathers' long-cherished, long-horned, thick-skinned, Craven beasts, still look askance at guano and superphosphate—the best food for root crops—as condiments of revolutionary origin; and as for leases, you may as well speak of confiscation at once.

As we looked down the beautiful fertile valley, and gossiped over the cardinal principles of good farming, we could see the marks in the shades of vegetation, and here and there a land-mark in a stately tree, where four miles of fences had seven years previously been cleared away, and superseded wherever fences were needed at all, by double ditches, and rails arranged with mathematical regularity to protect growing thorns from the assaults of the beasts and sheep feeding around. Before coals came by canal and railway, hedges gave faggots for winter fires.

Turning our nags' heads upwards, we next traversed the sand half of the farm, an undulating four hundred acres, sprinkled over with many pretty wooded dells and bordered deep belts of plantation, where our friend, having the game in his own hands, kept up a fair head of pheasants and hares. Farmers seldom object to the game they may shoot themselves.

On the sand we found a different rotation, viz., turnips, barley, clover, and wheat; neither mangold or beans.

The prettiest sight was our farmer's breeding flock of South Downs, feeding on a hill of seeds: four hundred black-faced, close-fleeced, firkin-bodied, flat-backed, short-legged, active animals, without a hollow or a bump on any part of their compact bodies, as like each other as peas, and as full of meat.

They were under the amiable care of an old shepherd, a boy, and a dog of great discretion—a real Scotch colley, who also attend to the whole sheep stock. It had cost our farmer twenty years of constant care to bring this flock to their present perfection, during which time he has tried and given up the long-woolled Leicester, of which half his sheep stock formerly consisted, finding the South Down more hardy and profitable on his land and with his market. The total sheep stock always kept on this farm amounts to one

thousand head, of which what are not bred on the farm are bought. Thus in the course of the year about one thousand sheep and lambs, and one hundred and fifty bullocks, are sent to market.

Now we had seen all the raw material for growing corn and wool.

Bullocks fed in yards in autumn and winter, on roots grown on well-drained, and hay on well-manured land, with corn and cake to finish them—these produce while getting fat, and tread down and solidify manure which is ready in the spring to be carted out where wanted, for growing more roots for green or hay crops. On the other hand, light land is consolidated and enriched by a flock penned upon it, and there feeding with turnips, corn, or pulse and cake. If they are store-sheep they are allowed to gnaw the turnips on the ground for part of the year; if they are young and to be fattened, the turnips are drawn, topped, and tailed, and sliced for them by a boy with a portable machine—a simple affair, and yet one of the most valuable of agricultural inventions. Thus, feeding in the day, and penned successively over every part of a field at night, the sheep fertilise, and with their feet compress more effectively than any roller, light, blowing sand, and prepare soil which once would scarcely feed a family of rabbits on an acre for such luxuriant corn crops as we saw waving around.

What neither farm-yard manure nor sheep-treading will do toward stimulating vegetation and supply the wants of an exhausted soil, is done with modern portable manures, which do not supersede, but aid the home-made fertilisers of our forefathers.

Cantering on, now pausing to examine a root crop, then pushing through a pheasant cover, then halting to chat with the reapers, we came to a field of wheat on sand inferior to the rest. The choicest seed from the Vale of Taunton Dean had been used; but it seemed that, in this instance, what suited a Somersetshire valley did not thrive on a Bedfordshire hill. Such special experience a good farmer is continually collecting. Again: repeated trials had convinced the farmer that guano, the most valuable of all portable manures, was wasted on the sand; as, in the event of a dry season, the fertilising powers were evaporated and entirely lost. On another fifty-six acres of wheat a most wonderful crop was being mowed, estimated at six quarters to the acre. The extra weight could only be accounted for by the field having been rolled with more than ordinary care with a heavy iron roller. Nevertheless, amateurs must not rush off to roll their wheat fields, because on a plastic soil it would be total ruin to reduce a field after rain to the consistence of smooth mortar.

I have advisedly said, mow, not reap, several times in this narrative. The Bedfordshire farmer has no doubt of the superior

advantages of the former plan. Nevertheless, he reaps a few acres as shelter for the partridges. Mowing is done by piece-work, at per acre. Formerly the harvesters received so much money per acre, and five pints of beer for a day; but the farmer having one July day expressed his discontent to a party of mowers snugly lying in the shade, pipe in mouth and beer-can in hand, at the slow progress of the work, was answered with fatal candour by a jolly foreman—"Maister, we come here to drink your good beer, and as long as you gie us five pints a day we beant agoin' to hurry the work." From that season an additional shilling per acre replaced the five pints of the mowing charter; and there is no lagging. Mowers are not the only people who like idleness and five pints of beer a day.

It was brilliant weather on the second day of our visit. Carts, each drawn by one cleaned-legged horse, were at work at a pace that would have choked the old hairy-legged breed. The picturesque wagon, with its long team, is disappearing fast from modern harvest-fields. The horse-rake, following the binders, leaves little for the gleaners.

While the carts were at work in one field and the mowers and binders in another—for there were two hundred acres of wheat on this farm—in a fallow-field a party of boys were cross-ploughing with some of Howard's beautiful wheel ploughs, which can be managed by boys of thirteen, for such work the object being only to pulverise the land. On almost any land the superiority of the iron-wheel plough is incontestable.

We rode back through a great grass field, well dotted with shady trees, under which shorthorns, Devons, Herefords, and black Anglesea runts were comfortably chewing the cud; all the different breeds being found profitable to feed when bought at a proper price, as the account-books of our friend, carefully kept for twenty years, distinctly show. From the horned stock and the sheep, a draught of the fittest and fattest were sent to Smithfield every week from May to the following March, and replaced by fresh purchases from the neighbouring fairs.

After dinner, while looking out between rosebushes at the cattle on the hills, we talked, of course of farming past and present—of what practice and science had done, and what it could and could not do for farmers.

In what we had seen there was nothing startling, although the results, as to quantity of produce in corn and meat in a year, would have been incredible if foretold to any brown-coated farmer in seventeen hundred and fifty-four. There was no land wasted by fences or devoured by weeds; there was no time lost—one crop prepared the way for another; there was no labour lost—horses and men and boys were fully employed. The live stock for market was always full fed;

the breeding-stock was kept up by retaining only the best-shaped ewe lambs, and hiring or buying the best rams from skilled South-down breeders. So the farm was continually sending to market a succession of lamb, mutton, and beef.

All this requires for success some considerable skill and experience, and not a little expense. Twelve or thirteen hundred pounds a-year for rent, and as much more for wages; two hundred a-year poor's-rates, no tithes; three hundred a-year for corn and cake purchased; one hundred and fifty pounds for portable manures. A capital laid out in two hundred store beasts, which cannot be bought for less than ten pounds each, and four hundred breeding ewes, worth two pounds ten shillings each—also thirty carthorses, worth forty pounds a-piece on the average, and all the agricultural implements, too. So, in round numbers there was evidently, without asking impertinent questions, some ten thousand pounds invested.

The labour of this farm would in its number astonish a farmer of the old school of anti-guano and anti-steam-engine prejudices, as much as the implements. It consists of about twenty men and thirty boys. Of these, six men are ploughmen, and have the care of four horses each, being assisted by eight ploughboys. The boys are divided into two sets, of which the younger consists of fifteen boys between the ages of eleven and thirteen, who are under the command of a steady experienced farm-labourer. He never has them out of his sight; under his orders they do all the hand-hoeing of wheat, thin out turnips, spud thistles out of grass-land, gather the turnips into heaps for tailing, carry away the straw from the threshing-machine, bring the sheaves from the stack to the man who feeds the machine, and do other work suited to their strength. When the harvest is off, and repeated ploughings have brought the couch-grass roots to the surface, they gather it in heaps and burn it. A great bare field dotted over with heaps of this troublesome weed, each on fire, and each industriously fed and tended by an active little boy, presented a very amusing sight to us in a second visit to Bedfordshire, in October.

Thus these boys are trained to work regularly at all kinds of farm-labour, and form a regiment of militia from which the regular army of the farm is recruited. The most intelligent are promoted to be ploughboys, and grow up to be very useful men.

They receive three shillings a-week wages, and every week, if well-behaved, a sixpenny ticket, which, once a year, in September, is converted into money to be laid out in clothes. The stoppage of a ticket—a very rare occurrence—is considered not only a loss, but a disgrace. In harvest time they receive double wages, and double tickets.

Such is a short view of the system on a well-managed corn and wool farm.

If able to lay out the needful capital skilfully, and manage the men, boys, and horses needed for a thousand acres of average corn and sheep land, the farmer, on an average of years, can reap a fair return for his risk and labour. He cannot under ordinary circumstances, expect to make a fortune except by saving out of ordinary income; for there are no patents, or secrets, or special undiscovered markets for farmers, as there are for clever manufacturers. Those who undertake to do wonderful things in agriculture invariably sacrifice profit to glory. But the skilful farmer is not tied to a day, a week, or even a month, except at harvest or seed time; he lives among pleasant scenes, socially and hospitably, and runs not the risks and endures not the sleepless nights of the manufacturer, whose fortune depends on the temper of a thousand hands, and the honesty or good fortune of debtors on the other side of the globe.

FATALISM.

ONE of the popular tales current among the Servians—which we take from a collection made by Wuk Stephanovitch Karadschitsch—emphatically illustrates a well-known oriental doctrine, and suggests how stern a curse such doctrine becomes to the people among whom it is once admitted.

Once upon a time there were two brothers who lived together. One was industrious and did everything, the other was lazy and did nothing except eat and drink. Their harvests were always magnificent, and they had plenty of oxen, horses, sheep, pigs, bees, and all else. The brother who did everything said to himself one day, "Why should I work for this idler? It is better that we should part." He said, therefore, "My brother, it is not just that I should do everything, whilst thou doest nothing but eat and drink. I have decided, therefore, that we ought to part." The other sought to turn him from his purpose, saying, "Brother, let not that be so; we prosper as we are, and behold all things are in thy hands, as well those which belong to me, and those which are thine. Thou knowest also that whatever thou wilt thou doest, and I am content." But the elder persisted in his resolution, and the younger yielded, saying, "If it must be so, yet I will have no part in this act. Make the division as thou wilt." The division was then made, and each brother took what was his portion.

Then the idler hired a herdsman for his cattle, and a shepherd for his sheep, another herdsman for his goats, a keeper for his swine, and yet another for his bees; and said to them all, "I entrust my property to you, and may God keep you." Having done that, he continued to live as before.

The worker, on the contrary, continued to exert himself as he had always done. He kept no servants, but himself attended to his own affairs. Nevertheless all went wrong with him, and he became poorer every day, until at last he did not possess even a pair of shoes, and was obliged to walk about barefooted. Then he said to himself, "I will go to my brother and see how it is now with him."

His way was over land covered with grass. He saw a flock of sheep feeding there unattended by a shepherd. Near them sate a beautiful girl, who was sewing with a golden thread. After having saluted her, he asked to whom the flock belonged; and she answered, "To whom I belong, these sheep also belong."

"And who art thou?" he inquired.

She replied, "I am the Genius of thy brother."

Then was this man's soul filled with rage and envy, and he said to her, "But my Genius, where is she?"

The girl said, "Ah! she is far from thee."

"Can I find her?" he asked.

She answered, "Yes; after long travel."

And when he heard this, he went straightway to his brother; who, when he saw his wretched state, was filled with grief, and, bursting into tears, said to him, "Where hast thou been so long?" And when he had heard all, and knew that his brother wished to go in search of his far-distant Genius, he gave him money and a pair of shoes.

After the two brothers had remained some days together, the elder one returned to his own house, threw a sack upon his shoulders, into which he put some bread, took a stick in his hand, and set out to walk through the world to seek his Genius. Having travelled for some time, he found himself at last in the midst of a great wood, where he saw, asleep under a bush, a frightful hag. He strove long to awaken her, and at last in order to do so put a snake down her back; but even then she moved with difficulty, and only half unclosing her eyes, said to him, "Thank Heaven, man, that I am sleeping here; for had I been awake thou wouldst not have possessed those shoes."

He said, "Who then is this that would have prevented me from having on my feet these shoes?"

And the hag replied, "I am thy Genius."

When the man heard that, he smote himself upon the breast, and cried, "Thou! Thou my Genius! May Heaven exterminate thee! Who gave thee to me?"

And the hag replied, "It is Fate."

"And where is Fate?" he asked.

The answer he received was, "Go and search for him." And the hag disappeared.

Then the man went in search of Fate. After a long, long journey, he again entered a wood; and, in this wood, found a hermit, whom he asked whether he could tell where Fate was to be found. The hermit said, "Go up that

mountain, my son, and thou wilt reach his castle; but, when in his presence, do not speak to him. Whatever thou shalt see him do, that do thou, until he questions thee." The traveller having thanked the hermit, took the road which led up the mountain.

But, when he had arrived at the castle, he was much amazed at its magnificence. Servants were hurrying in all directions, and everything around him was of more than royal splendour. As for Fate, he was seated at a table quite alone; the table was spread, and he was in the act of supping. When the traveller saw that, he seated himself, and ate with the master of the house. After supper, Fate went to his couch, and the man retired with him. Then, at midnight, there was heard the rushing of a fearful sound through all the chambers of the castle; and, in the midst of the noise a voice was heard crying aloud "Fate! Fate! To-day such and such souls have come into the world. Deal with them according to thy pleasure!" Then, behold, Fate arose, and opened a gilt coffer full of golden ducats, which he sowed upon his chamber floor, saying, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives!"

At the break of day, the beautiful castle vanished; and, in its place, stood an ordinary house; but a house in which nothing was wanting. When the evening came Fate sat down to supper, and his guest sat by his side; but not a word was spoken. When they had done supper they went to bed. At midnight the rushing sound was heard again; and, in the midst of the noise, a voice cried, "Fate! Fate! Such and such souls have seen the light to-day. Deal with them according to thy pleasure!" Then, behold, Fate opened a silver coffer; but there were no ducats therein, only silver money, with a few gold pieces mingled. And Fate sowed this silver on the ground, saying, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives!"

At break of day this house also had disappeared; and, in its place, there was one smaller still. Every night the same thing happened, and every morning the house became smaller and poorer, until at last it was nothing but a miserable hovel. Then Fate took a spade and dug the earth, the man doing the same. And they worked all day. In the evening Fate took a piece of bread and broke it in two pieces, and gave one to his guest. This was all they had to eat; and, when they had eaten it, they went to bed. During all this time, they had not exchanged a word.

At midnight the same fearful sound was heard, and the voice which cried, "Fate! Fate! Such and such souls have come into the world this night. Do unto them according to thy pleasure!" And, behold, Fate arose, and opened a coffer, and took out of it stones, and sowed them upon the earth, and among the stones were small pieces of money.

This he did, repeating at the same time, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives."

When morning returned the cabin had disappeared, and the palace of the first day had come back again. Then, for the first time, Fate spoke to his guest, and said, "Why camest thou here?" The other told him truly all the story of his journey, and its cause, namely, to ascertain why Fate had awarded to him a lot so unhappy. And Fate answered, "Thou didst see how, on the first night, I sowed ducats, and what followed. Such as I am in the night wherein a man is born, such will that man be during all his life. Thou wert born on a night when I was poor, and thou wilt remain poor all thy days. As for thy brother, he came into the world when I was rich, and rich will he be ever. Yet, because thou hast laboured hard to seek me, I will tell how thou mayst aid thyself. Thy brother has a daughter named Miliza, who was born in a golden hour. When thou returnest to thy country take her for thy wife. Only take heed that of whatsoever thou shalt afterwards acquire, say that it is hers,—call nothing thine."

And the man, thanking Fate, departed. When he had come back to his own country, he went to his brother, and said, "Brother, give me Miliza; for thou seest that without her I am alone." The brother answered: "I am glad at thy request. Take her, for she is thine." Therefore he took her to his house; and, from that time, his flocks and herds began to multiply, so that he became rich. But he was careful to exclaim aloud, every day, "All that I have is Miliza's!"

One day he went to the field to see his crops, which were all rustling and whispering to the breeze songs of plenty; when, by chance, a traveller passed by, who said to him: "Whose crops are these?" And he, without thinking, replied, "They are mine." Scarcely had he finished speaking, when, behold, the harvest was on fire and the flames leapt from field to field. But, when he saw this he ran with all his speed after the traveller, and shouted, "Stop, brother! I told you a lie. These crops are not mine, they are my wife's!" The fire went out when he had spoken, and from that hour he continued to be—thanks to Miliza—rich and happy.

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FAST AND LOOSE.

IF the Directors of any great joint-stock commercial undertaking—say a Railway Company—were to get themselves made Directors principally in virtue of some blind superstition declaring every man of the name of Bolter to be a man of business, every man of the name of Jolter to be a mathematician, and every man of the name of Polter to possess a minute acquaintance with the construction of locomotive steam-engines; and if those ignorant Directors, so managed the affairs of the body corporate, as that the trains never started at the right times, began at their right beginnings, or got to their right ends, but always devoted their steam to bringing themselves into violent collision with one another; and if by such means those incapable Directors destroyed thousands of lives, wasted millions of money, and hopelessly bewildered and conglomerated themselves and everybody else; what would the shareholding body say, if those brazen-faced Directors called them together in the midst of the wreck and ruin they had made, and with an audacious piety addressed them thus: "Lo, ye miserable sinners, the hand of Providence is heavy on you! Attire yourselves in sackcloth, throw ashes on your heads, fast, and hear us condescend to make discourses to you on the wrong you have done!"

Or, if Mr. Matthew Marshall of the Bank of England, were to be superseded by Bolter; if the whole Bank parlour were to be cleared for Jolter; and the engraving of bank-notes were to be given as a snug thing to Polter; and if Bolter Jolter and Polter, with a short pull and a weak pull and a pull no two of them together, should tear the Money Market to pieces, and rend the whole mercantile system and credit of the country to shreds; what kind of reception would Bolter Jolter and Polter get from Baring Brothers, Rothschilds, and Lombard Street in general, if those Incapables should cry out, "Providence has brought you all to the Gazette. Listen, wicked ones, and we will give you an improving lecture on the death of the old Lady in Threadneedle Street!"

Or, if the servants in a rich man's household were to distribute their duties exactly as the

fancy took them; if the housemaid were to undertake the kennel of hounds, and the dairymaid were to mount the coachbox, and the cook were to pounce upon the secretaryship, and the groom were to dress the dinner, and the gamekeeper were to make the beds, while the gardener gave the young ladies lessons on the piano, and the stable-helper took the baby out for an airing; would the rich man, soon very poor, be much improved in his mind when the whole incompetent establishment, surrounding him, exclaimed, "You have brought yourself to a pretty pass, sir. You had better see what fasting and humiliation will do to get you out of this. We will trouble you to pay us, keep us, and try!"

A very fine gentleman, very daintily dressed, once took an uncouth creature under his protection—a wild thing, half man and half brute. And they travelled along together.

The wild man was ignorant; but, he had some desire for knowledge too, and at times he even fell into strange fits of thought, wherein he had gleams of reason and flashes of a quick sagacity. There was also veneration in his breast, for the Maker of all the wondrous universe about him. It has even been supposed that these seeds were sown within him by a greater and wiser hand than the hand of the very fine gentleman very daintily dressed.

It was necessary that they should get on quickly to avoid a storm, and the first thing that happened was, that the wild man's feet became crippled.

Now, the very fine gentleman had made the wild man put on a tight pair of boots which were altogether unsuited to him, so the wild man said:

"It's the boots."

"It's a Rebuke," said the very fine gentleman.

"A WHAT?" roared the wild man.

"It's Providence," said the very fine gentleman.

The wild man cast his eyes on the earth around him, and up at the sky, and then at the very fine gentleman, and was mightily displeased to hear that great word so readily in the mouth of such an interpreter on such an occasion; but, he hobbled on as well as he could without saying a syllable, until they had gone a very long way, and he was hungry.

There was abundance of wholesome fruits and herbs by the wayside, which the wild man tried to reach by springing at them, but could not.

"I am starving," the wild man complained. "It's a Rebuke," said the very fine gentleman.

"It's the handcuffs," said the wild man. For, he had submitted to be handcuffed before he came out.

However, his companion wouldn't hear of that (he said it was not official, and was unparliamentary), so they went on and on, a weary journey; and the wild man got nothing, because he was handcuffed, and because the very fine gentleman couldn't reach the fruit for him on account of his stays; and the very fine gentleman got what he had in his pocket.

By and by, they came to a house on fire, where the wild man's brother was being burnt to death, because he couldn't get out at the door: which door had been locked seven years before, by the very fine gentleman, who had taken away the key.

"Produce the key," exclaimed the wild man, in an agony, "and let my brother out."

"I meant it to have been here the day before yesterday," returned the very fine gentleman, in his leisurely way, "and I had it put a-board ship to be brought here; but, the fact is, the ship has gone round the world instead of coming here, and I doubt if we shall ever hear any more about it."

"It's Murder!" cried the wild man.

But, the very fine gentleman was uncommonly high with him, for not knowing better than that: so the brother was burnt to death, and they proceeded on their journey.

At last, they came to a fine palace by a river, where a gentleman of a thriving appearance was rolling out at the gate in a very neat chariot, drawn by a pair of blood horses, with two servants up behind in fine purple liveries.

"Bless my soul!" cried this gentleman, checking his coachman, and looking hard at the wild man, "what monster have we here!"

Then the very fine gentleman explained that it was a hardened creature with whom Providence was very much incensed; in proof of which, here he was, rebuked, crippled, handcuffed, starved, with his brother burnt to death in a locked-up house, and the key of the house going round the world.

"Are *you* Providence?" asked the wild man, faintly.

"Hold your tongue, sir," said the very fine gentleman.

"Are *you*?" asked the wild man of the gentleman of the palace.

The gentleman of the palace made no reply; but, coming out of his carriage in a brisk business-like manner, immediately put the wild man into a strait-waistcoat, and said to the very fine gentleman, "He shall fast for his sins."

"I have already done that," the wild man protested weakly.

"He shall do it again," said the gentleman of the palace.

"I have fasted from work too, through divers causes—you know I speak the truth—until I am miserably poor," said the wild man.

"He shall do it again," said the gentleman of the palace.

"A day's work just now, is the breath of my life," said the wild man.

"He shall do without the breath of his life," said the gentleman of the palace.

Therewith, they carried him off to a hard bench, and sat him down, and discoursed to him ding-dong, through and through the dictionary, about all manner of businesses except the business that concerned him. And when they saw his thoughts, red-eyed and angry though he was, escape from them up to the true Providence far away, and when they saw that he confusedly humbled and quieted his mind before Heaven, in his innate desire to approach it and learn from it, and know better how to bear these things and set them right, they said "He is listening to us, he is doing as we would have him, he will never be troublesome."

What that wild man really had before him in his thoughts, at that time of being so misconstrued and so practised on, History shall tell—not the narrator of this story, though he knows full well. Enough for us, and for the present purpose, that this tale can have no application—how were that possible!—to the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five.

A GHOST STORY.

I WILL relate to you, my friend, the whole history, from the beginning to nearly the end.

The first time that—that it happened, was on this wise.

My husband and myself were sitting in a private box at the theatre—one of the two large London theatres. The performance was, I remember well, an Easter piece, in which were introduced live dromedaries and an elephant, at whose clumsy feats we were considerably amused. I mention this to show how calm and even gay was the state of both our minds that evening, and how little there was in any of the circumstances of the place or time to cause, or render us liable to—what I am about to describe.

I liked this Easter piece better than any serious drama. My life had contained enough of the tragic element to make me turn with a sick distaste from all imitations thereof in books or plays. For months, ever since our marriage, Alexis and I had striven to lead a purely childish, common-place existence, eschewing all stirring events and strong passions, mixing little in society, and then, with one exception, making no associations beyond the moment.

It was easy to do this in London; for we had no relations—we two were quite alone

and free. Free—free! How wildly I sometimes grasped Alexis's hand as I repeated that word.

He was young—so was I. At times, as on this night, we would sit and laugh like children. It was so glorious to know of a surety that now we could think, feel, speak, act—above all, love one another—haunted by no counteracting spell, responsible to no living creature for our life and our love.

But this had been only for a year—I had thought of the date, shuddering, in the morning—for a year, from this same day.

We had been laughing very heartily, cherishing mirth, as it were, like those who would caress a lovely bird that had been frightened out of its natural home and grown wild and rare in its visits, only tapping at the lattice for a minute, and then gone. Suddenly, in the pause between the acts, when the house was half-darkened, our laughter died away.

"How cold it is," said Alexis, shivering. I shivered too; but it was more like the involuntary shudder at which people say, "Some one is walking over my grave." I said so, jestingly.

"Hush, Isabel," whispered my husband, reprovingly; and again the draught of cold air seemed to blow right between us.

We sat, he in the front, I behind the curtain of our box, divided by some foot or two of space and by a vacant chair. Alexis tried to move this chair, but it was fixed. He went round it, and wrapped a mantle over my shoulders.

"This London winter is cold for you, my love. I half wish we had taken courage, and sailed once more for Hispaniola."

"Oh, no—oh, no! No more of the sea!" said I, with another and stronger shudder.

He took his former position, looking round indifferently at the audience. But neither of us spoke. The mere word Hispaniola was enough to throw a damp and a silence over us both.

"Isabel," he said at last, rousing himself, with a half-smile, "I think you must have grown suddenly beautiful. Look! half the glasses opposite are lifted to our box. It cannot be at me, you know. Do you remember telling me I was the ugliest fellow you ever saw?"

"Oh, Alex!" Yet it was quite true—I had thought him so, in far back, strange, awful times, when I, a girl of sixteen, had my mind wholly filled with one ideal—one insane, exquisite dream; when I brought my innocent child's garlands, and sat me down under one great spreading, magnificent tree, which seemed to me the king of all the trees of the field, until I felt its dews dropping death upon my youth, and my whole soul withering under its venomous shade.

"Oh, Alex!" I cried, once more, looking fondly on his beloved face, where no unearthly beauty dazzled, no unnatural calm repelled; where all was simple, noble, manly, true.

"Husband, I thank heaven for that dear 'ugliness' of yours. Above all, though blood runs strong, they say, that I see in you no likeness to—"

Alexis knew what name I meant, though for a whole year—since God's mercy made it to us only a name—we had ceased to utter it, and let it die wholly out of the visible world. We dared not breathe to ourselves, still less to one another, how much brighter, holier, happier, that world was, now that the Divine wisdom had taken—*him*—into another. For he had been my husband's uncle; likewise, once my guardian. He was now dead.

I sat looking at Alexis, thinking what a strange thing it was that his dear face should not have always been as beautiful to me as it was now. That loving my husband now so deeply, so wholly, clinging to him heart to heart, in the deep peace of satisfied, all-trusting, and all-dependent human affection, I could ever have felt that emotion, first as an exquisite bliss, then as an ineffable terror, which now had vanished away, and become—nothing.

"They are gazing still, Isabel."

"Who, and where?" For I had quite forgotten what he said about the people staring at me.

"And there is Colonel Hart. He sees us. Shall I beckon?"

"As you will."

Colonel Hart came up into our box. He shook hands with my husband, bowed to me, then looked round, half-curiously, half-un-easily.

"I thought there was a friend with you."

"None. We have been alone all evening."

"Indeed! How strange."

"What! That my wife and I should enjoy a play alone together?" said Alexis, smiling.

"Excuse me, but really I was surprised to find you alone. I have certainly seen for the last half-hour a third person sitting on this chair, between you both."

We could not help starting; for, as I stated before, the chair had, in truth, been left between us, empty.

"Truly our unknown friend must have been invisible. Nonsense, Colonel; how can you turn Mrs. Saltram pale, by thus peopling with your fancies the vacant air?"

"I tell you, Alexis," said the Colonel (he was my husband's old friend, and had been present at our hasty and private marriage), "nothing could be more unlike a fancy, even were I given to such. It was a very remarkable person who sat here. Even strangers noticed him."

"Him!" I whispered.

"It was a man, then," said my husband, rather angrily.

"A very peculiar-looking, and extremely handsome man. I saw many glasses levelled at him."

"What was he like?" said Alexis, rather sarcastically. "Did he speak? or we to him?"

"No—neither. He sat quite still, in this chair."

My husband turned away. If the Colonel had not been his friend, and so very simple-minded, honest, and sober a gentleman, I think Alexis would have suspected some drunken hoax, and turned him out of the box immediately. As it was, he only said:

"My dear fellow, the third act is beginning. Come up again at its close, and tell me if you again see my invisible friend, who must find so great an attraction in viewing, gratis, a dramatic performance."

"I perceive—you think it a mere hallucination of mine. We shall see. I suspect the trick is on your side, and that you are harbouring some proscribed Hungarian. But I'll not betray him. Adieu."

"The ghostly Hungarian shall not sit next you, love, this time," said Alexis, trying once more to remove the chair. But possibly, though he jested, he was slightly nervous, and his efforts were vain. "What nonsense this is! Isbel, let us forget it. I will stand behind you, and watch the play."

He stood. I clasping his hand secretly and hard. Then, I grew quieter; until as the drop-scene fell, the same cold air swept past us. It was as if some one, fresh from the sharp sea-wind, had entered the box. And, just at that moment, we saw Colonel Hart's, and several other glasses levelled as before.

"It is strange," said Alexis.

"It is horrible," I said. For I had been cradled in Scottish, and then filled with German superstition; and my own life had been so wild, so strange, that there was nothing too ghastly or terrible for my imagination to conjure up.

"I will summon the Colonel. We must find out this," said my husband, speaking beneath his breath, and looking round, as if he thought he was overheard.

Colonel Hart came up. He looked very serious; so did a young man who was with him.

"Captain Elmore—Mrs. Saltram. Saltram, I have brought my friend here to attest that I have played off on you no unworthy jest. Not ten minutes since he, and I, and some others saw this same gentleman sitting in this chair."

"Most certainly—in this chair," added the young captain.

My husband bowed; he kept a courteous calmness, but I felt his hand grow clammy in mine.

"Of what appearance, sir, was the unknown acquaintance of my wife's and mine, whom everybody appears to see, except ourselves?"

"He was of middle-age, dark-haired, pale. His features were very still, rather hard in expression. He had on a cloth cloak with a fur collar, and wore a long, pointed Charles-the-First beard."

My husband and I clung hand to hand with an inexpressible horror. Could there be

another man—a living man, who answered this description?

"Pardon me," Alexis said faintly. "The portrait is rather vague; may I ask you to repaint it as circumstantially as you can."

"He was, I repeat, a pale, or rather a sallow-featured man. His eyes were extremely piercing, cold, and clear. The mouth close-set—a very firm but passionless mouth. The hair dark, seamed with gray—bald on the brow—"

"O heaven!" I groaned in an anguish of terror. For I saw again—clear as if he had never died—the face over which, for twelve long months, had swept the merciful sea waves, off the shores of Hispaniola.

"Can you, Captain Elmore," said Alexis, "mention no other distinguishing mark? This countenance might resemble many men."

"I think not. It was a most remarkable face. It struck me the more—because—" and the young man grew almost as pale as we—"I once saw another very like it."

"You see—a chance resemblance only. Fear not, my darling," Alexis breathed in my ear. "Sir, have you any reluctance to tell me who was the gentleman?"

"It was no living man, but a corpse that we picked up off a wreck, and again committed to the deep—in the Gulf of Mexico. It was exactly the same face, and had the same mark—a scar, cross-shape, over one temple."

"Tis he! He can follow and torture us still; I knew he could!"

Alexis smothered my shriek on his breast.

"My wife is ill. This description resembles slightly a—a person we once knew. Hart, will you leave us? But no, we must probe this mystery. Gentlemen, will you once more descend to the lower part of the house, whilst we remain here, and tell me if you still see this figure sitting in this chair."

They went. We held our breaths. The lights in the theatre were being extinguished, the audience moving away. No one came near our box; it was perfectly empty. Except our own two selves, we were conscious of no sight—no sound. A few minutes after Colonel Hart knocked.

"Come in," said Alexis, cheerily.

But the Colonel—the bold soldier—shrunk back like a frightened child.

"I have seen him—I saw him but this minute, sitting there."

I swooned away.

It is right I should briefly give you my history up to this night's date.

I was a West Indian heiress—a posthumous, and soon after birth, an orphan child. Brought up in my mother's country, until I was sixteen years old;—I never saw my guardian. Then he met me in Paris, with my governess, and for the space of two years we lived under the same roof, seeing one another daily.

I was very young; I had no father or brother; I wished for neither lover nor hus-

band; my guardian became to me as the one object of my existence.

It was no love-passion; he was far too old for that, and I comparatively too young, at least too childish. It was one of those insane, rapturous adorations which young maidens sometimes conceive, mingling a little of the tenderness of the woman with the ecstatic enthusiasm of the devotee. There is hardly a prophet or leader noted in the world's history who has not been followed and worshipped by many such women.

So was my guardian, Anastasius—not his true name, but it sufficed then and will now.

Many may recognise him as a known leader in the French political and moral world—as one who, by the mere force of intellect, wielded the most irresistible and silently complete power of any man I ever knew, in every circle into which he came; women he won by his polished gentleness,—men, by his equally polished strength. He would have turned a compliment and signed a death-warrant, with the same exquisitely calm grace. Nothing was to him too great or too small. I have known him, on his way to advise that the President's soldiers should sweep a cannonade down the thronged street—stop to pick up a strayed canary-bird, stroke its broken wing, and confide it with beautiful tenderness to his bosom.

O how tender!—how mild!—how pitiful!—could he be!

When I say I loved him, I use for want of a better, a word which ill expresses that feeling. It was—Heaven forgive me if I err in using the similitude—the sort of feeling the Shunamite woman might have had for Elisha, Religion added to its intensity; for I was brought up a devout Catholic; and he, whatever his private dogmas might have been, adhered strictly to the forms of the same church. He was unmarried, and most people supposed him to belong to that order called—Heaven knows how unlike Him from whom they assume their name—the Society of Jesus.

We lived thus—I entirely worshipping, he guiding, fondling, watching, and ruling by turns, for two whole years. I was mistress of a large fortune, and, though not beautiful, had, I believe, a tolerable intellect, and a keen wit which he used to play with, as a boy plays with fireworks, amusing himself with their glitter—sometimes directing them against others, and smiling as they flashed or scorched—knowing that against himself they were utterly powerless and harmless. Knowing, too, perhaps, that were it otherwise, he had only to tread them out under foot, and step aside from the ashes, with the same unmoved, easy smile.

I never knew—nor know I to this day, whether I was dear to him or not. Useful I was, I think, and pleasant, I believe. Possibly he liked me a little—as the potter likes his clay, and the skilful mechanic likes his

tools—until the clay hardened, and the fine tools refused to obey the master's hand.

I was the brilliant West Indian heiress. I did not marry. Why should I? At my house—at least it was called mine—all sorts and societies met, carrying on their separate games; the quiet, soft hand of M. Anastasius playing his game—in, and under, and through them all. Mingled with this grand game of the world was a lesser one—to which he turned sometimes, just for amusement, and because he could not cease from his métier—a simple, easy, domestic game, of which the battledore was that said white hand, and the shuttlecock my foolish child's heart.

Thus much have I dilated on him, and my own life in the years when all its strong, wild current flowed towards him; that, in what followed when the tide turned, no one may accuse me of fickleness, or causeless aversion, or insane terror of one who after all was only man, “whose breath is in his nostrils.”

At seventeen I was wholly passive in his hands; he was my sole arbiter of right and wrong—my conscience—almost my God. As my character matured, and, in a few things, I began to judge for myself, we had occasional slight differences—begun, on my part, in shy humility, continued with vague doubt, but always ending in penitence and tears. Since one or other erred, of course it must be I. These differences were wholly on abstract points of truth or justice.

It was his taking me to the ball at the Tuileries, which was given after Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had seized the Orleans property, and it was my watching my cousin's conduct there, which made me first question, in a trembling terrified way—like one who catches a glimpse of the miracle-making priest's hands behind the robe of the worshipped idol—whether, great as M. Anastasius was as a political ruler, as a man of the world, as a faithful member of the Society of Jesus, he was altogether so great when viewed beside any one of those whose doctrines he disseminated, whose faith he professed.

He had allowed me the New Testament, and I had been reading it a good deal lately. I placed him, my spiritual guide, first in venerating love, then, with a curious marveling comparison, beside the fishermen of Galilee, beside—reverently be it spoken—beside the Divine Christ.

There was a certain difference.

The next time we came to any argument—always on abstract questions,—for my mere individual will never had any scruple in resigning to his—instead of yielding and atoning, I ceased the contest, and brought it afterwards privately to the one infallible rule of right and wrong.

The difference grew.

Gradually, I began to take my cousin's wisdom—perhaps, even his virtues—with

certain reservations, feeling that there was growing in me some antagonistic quality which prevented my full sympathy with both.

"But," I thought, "he is a Jesuit; he follows only the law of his order, which allows temporising, and diplomatizing, for noble ends. He merely dresses up the Truth, and puts it in the most charming and safest light, even as we do our images of the Holy Virgin, using them for the adoration of the crowd, but ourselves worshipping them still. I do believe, much as he will dandle and play with the Truth, that, not for his hope of Heaven, would Anastasius stoop to a lie."

One day, he told me he should bring to my saloons an Englishman, his relative, who had determined on leaving the world and entering the priesthood.

"Is he of our faith?" asked I indifferently.

"He is, from childhood. He has a strong, fine intellect; this, under fit guidance, may accomplish great things. Once of our Society, he might be my right hand in every Court in Europe. You will receive him?"

"Certainly."

But I paid very little heed to the stranger. There was nothing about him striking or peculiar. He was the very opposite of M. Anastasius. Besides, he was young, and I had learnt to despise youth—my guardian was fifty years old.

Mr. Saltram (you will already have guessed that it was he) showed equal indifference to me. He watched me sometimes, did little kindnesses for me, but always was quiet and silent—a mere cloud floating in the brilliant sky, which M. Anastasius lit up as its gorgeous sun. For me, I became moonlike, appearing chiefly at my cousin's set and rise.

I was not happy. I read more in my Holy Book and less in my breviary: I watched with keener, harder eyes my cousin Anastasius, weighed all his deeds, listened to and compared his words; my intellect worshipped him, my memoried tenderness clung round him still, but my conscience had fled out of his keeping, and made for itself a higher and diviner ideal. Measured with common men, he was godlike yet—above all passions, weaknesses, crimes; but viewed by the one perfect standard of man—Christian man—in charity, humility, single-mindedness, guilelessness, truth—my idol was no more. I came to look for it, and found only the empty shrine.

He went on a brief mission to Rome. I marvelled that, instead of as of yore wandering sadly through the empty house, its air felt freer for me to breathe in. It seemed hardly a day till he came back.

I happened to be sitting with his nephew Alexis when I heard his step down the corridor—the step which had once seemed at every touch to draw music from the chords of my prostrate heart, but which now made it shrink into itself, as if an iron-shod footfall had passed along the strings.

Anastasius looked slightly surprised at

seeing us together, but his welcome was very kind to both.

I could not altogether return it. I had just found out two things which, to say the least, had startled me. I determined to prove them at once.

"My cousin, I thought you were aware that, though a Catholic myself, my house is open, and my friendship likewise, to honest men of every creed. Why did you give your relative so hard an impression of me? And why did you not tell me that Mr. Saltram has, for some years, been a Protestant?"

I know not what reply he made; I know only that it was ingenious, lengthy, gentle, courteous—that for the time being it seemed entirely satisfactory, that we spent all three together a most pleasant evening. It was only when I lay down on my bed, face to face with the solemn Dark, in which dwelt conscience, truth, and God, that I discovered how Anastasius had, for some secret—doubtless blameless, nay, even justifiable purpose, told of me, and to me, two absolute lies!

Disguise it as he might, excuse it as I might, and did, they were lies. They haunted me—flapping their black wings like a couple of fiends, mopping and mowing behind him when he came—sitting on his shoulders, and mocking his beautiful, calm, majestic face—for days. That was the beginning of sorrows; gradually they grew until they blackened my whole world.

M. Anastasius' whole soul was bent, as he had for once truly told me, on winning his young nephew into the true fold, making him an instrument of that great purpose which was to bring all Europe, the Popeedom itself, under the power of the Society of Jesus and its future head—Anastasius.

The young man resisted. He admired and revered his kinsman; but he himself was very single-hearted, staunch, and true. Something in that strong Truth, which was the basis of his character, struck sympathy with mine. He was very much inferior in most things to Anastasius—he knew it, I knew it—but, through all, this divine element of Truth was patent, beautifully clear. It was the one quality I had ever worshipped, ever sought for, and never found.

Alexis and I became friends—equal, earnest friends. Not in the way of wooing or marriage—at least, he never spoke of either; and both were far, oh how far! from any thought—but there was a great and tender bond between us, which strengthened day by day.

The link which riveted it was religion. He was, I said, a Protestant, not adhering to any creed, but simply living—not preaching, but living the faith of Our Saviour. He was not perfect—he had his sins and shortcomings, even as I. We were both struggling on towards the glimmering light. So, after a season, we clasped hands in friendship, and with eyes steadfastly upwards,

determined to press on together towards the one goal, and along the self-same road.

I put my breviary aside, and took wholly to the New Testament, assuming no name either of Catholic or Protestant, but simply that of Christian.

When I decided on this, of course I told Anastasius. He received the tidings calmly. He had ceased to be my spiritual confessor for some time; yet I could see he was greatly surprised, afterwards he became altogether changed.

"I wish," said I, one day, "as I shall be twenty-one next year, to have more freedom. I wish even"—for since the discovery of my change of belief he had watched me so closely, so quietly, so continually, that I had conceived a vague fear of him, and a longing to get away—to put half the earth between me and his presence—"I wish even, if possible this summer, to visit my estates in Hispaniola?"

"Alone?"

"No; Madame Gradelle will accompany me. And Mr. Saltram will charter one of his ships for my use."

For, I should say, Alexis was, far from being a Roman Catholic priest, a merchant of large means.

"I approve the plan. It will be of advantage to your health. But Madame Gradelle is not sufficient escort. I, as your guardian, will accompany and protect you."

A cold dread seized me. Was I never to be free? Already I began to feel my guardian's influence surrounding me—an influence once of love, now of intolerable distaste, and even fear. Not that he was ever harsh or cruel—not that I could accuse him of any single wrong towards me or others: but I knew I had thwarted him, and through him, his cause—that cause whose strongest dogma is that any means are sacred, any evil good, to the one great end—Power.

I had oppressed him, and I was in his hand—that hand which I had once believed to have almost superhuman strength. In my terror I believed it still.

"He will go with us—we cannot escape from him," I said to Alexis. "He will make you a priest and me a nun, as he planned—I know he did. Our very souls are not our own."

"What, when the world is so wide, and life so long, and God's kindness over all—when too, I am free, and you will be free in a year—when?"

"I shall never be free. He is my evil genius. He will haunt me till my death."

It was a morbid feeling I had, consequent on the awful struggle which had so shaken body and mind. The sound of his step made me turn sick and tremble; the sight of his grand face—perhaps the most beautiful I ever saw, with its faultless features, and the half-melancholy cast given by the high bald forehead and the pointed beard—was to me more terrible than any monster of ugliness the world ever produced.

He held my fortune—he ruled my house. All visitants there came and went under his control, except Alexis. Why this young man still came—or how—I could not tell. Probably because in his pure singleness of heart and purpose, he was stronger even than M. Anastasius.

The time passed. We embarked on board the ship *Argo*, for Hispaniola.

My guardian told me, at the last minute, that business relating to his order would probably detain him in Europe—that we were to lie at anchor for twelve hours, off Havre—and, if he then came not, sail.

He came not—we sailed.

It was a glorious evening. The sun, as he went down over the burning seas, beckoned us with a finger of golden fire, westward—to the free, safe, happy West.

I say us, because in that evening we first began unconsciously to say it too—as if vaguely binding our fates together—Alexis and I. We talked for a whole hour—till long after France, with all our old life therein, had become a mere line, a cloudy speck on the horizon—of the new life we should lead in Hispaniola. Yet all the while, if we had been truly the priest and nun he wished to make us, our words, and I believe our thoughts, could not have been more angel-pure, more free from any bias of human passion.

Yet, as the sun went down, and the sea-breeze made us draw nearer together, both began, I repeat, instinctively to say we, and talk of our future as if it had been the future of one.

"Good evening, friends!"

He was there—M. Anastasius! I stood petrified. All the golden finger of hope had vanished. I shuddered, a captive on his compelling arm—seeing nothing but his terrible smiling face and the black wilderness of sea. For the moment I felt inclined to plunge therein—I had often longed to plunge into the equally fearsome wilderness of Paris streets—only I felt sure he would follow me still. He would track me, it seemed, through the whole world.

"You see I have been able to accomplish the voyage; men mostly can achieve any strong purpose—at least some men. Isabel, this sea-air will bring back your bloom. And, Alexis, my friend, despite those close studies you told me of, I hope you will bestow a little of your society at times on my ward and me. We will bid you a good evening now."

He gave his nephew my powerless hand; that of Alexis, too, felt cold and trembling. It seemed as if he likewise could not resist the fate which, born out of one man's indomitable will, dragged us asunder. Ere my guardian consigned me to Madame Gradelle, he said, smiling, but looking through me with his eyes,

"Remember, my fair cousin, that Alexis is to be—must be—a priest."

"It is impossible!" said I, stung to resistance. "You know he has proved the falseness of your creed; he will never return to it. His conscience is his own."

"But not his passions. He is young—I am old. He will be a priest yet."

With a soft hand-pressure, M. Anastasius left me.

Now began the most horrible phase of my existence. For four weeks we had to live in the same vessel; bounded and shut up together,—Anastasius, Alexis, and I; meeting continually, in the soft bland atmosphere of courteous calm; always in public—never alone.

From various accidental circumstances, I knew how, night and day, M. Anastasius was bending all the powers of his enormous intellect, his wonderful moral force, to compass his cherished ends with regard to Alexis Saltram.

An overwhelming dread took possession of me. I ceased to think of myself at all—my worldly hopes, prospects, or joys—over which this man's influence had long hung like an accursed shadow; a sun turned into darkness,—the more terrible because it had once been a sun. I seemed to see M. Anastasius only with relation to this young man, over whom I knew he once had so great power. Would it return—and in what would it result? Not merely in the breaking off any feeble tie to me. I scarcely trembled for that, since, could it be so broken, it was not worth trembling for. No! I trembled for Alexis' soul.

It was a soul, I had gradually learnt—more than ever perhaps in this voyage, which every day seemed a brief life, so full of temptation, contest, trial—a soul pure as God's own heaven, that hung over us hour by hour in its steady tropic blue; deep as the seas that rolled around us. Like them, stirring with the lightest breath, often tempest-tossed, liable to adverse winds and currents; yet keeping far, far below the surface a divine tranquillity,—diviner than any mere stagnant calm. And this soul full of all rich impulses, emotions, passions,—a soul which, because it could strongly sympathise with, might be able to regenerate its kind, M. Anastasius wanted to make into a Catholic Jesuit priest,—a mere machine, to work as he, the head machine, chose!

This was why (the thought suddenly struck me, like lightning) he had told each of us severally those two lies. Because we were young, we might love—we might marry; there was nothing externally to prevent us. And then what would become of his scheme?

I think there was born in me—while the most passive slave to lawful, loving rule—a faculty of savage resistance to all unlawful, unjust power; also a something of the female wild-beast, which, if alone, will lie tame and cowed in her solitary den, to be shot at by any daring hunter; whereas if she be *not* alone—if

she have any love-instinct at work for cubs or mate—her whole nature changes from terror to daring, from cowardice to fury.

When, as we neared the tropics, I saw Alexis' cheek growing daily paler, and his eye more sunken and restless with some secret struggle, in the which M. Anastasius never left him for a day, an hour, a minute, I became not unlike that poor wild-beast mother. It had gone ill with the relentless hunter of souls if he had come near me then.

But he did not. For the last week of our voyage, M. Anastasius kept altogether out of my way.

It was nearly over,—we were in sight of the shores of Hispaniola. Then we should land. My estates lay in this island. Mr. Saltram's business, I was aware, called him to Barbadoes; thence again beyond seas. Once parted, I well knew that if the power and will of my guardian could compass anything—and it seemed to me that they were able to compass everything in the whole wide earth—Alexis and I should never meet again.

In one last struggle after life—after the fresh, wholesome, natural life which contact with this young man's true spirit had given me—I determined to risk all.

It was a rich tropic twilight. We were all admiring it, just as three ordinary persons might do who were tending peacefully to their voyage-end. Yet Alexis did not seem at peace. A settled, deadly pallor dwelt on his face,—a restless anxiety troubled his whole mien.

M. Anastasius said, noticing the glowing tropic scenery which already dimly appeared in our shoreward view,

"It is very grand; but Europe is more suited to us grave Northerners. You will think so, Alexis, when you are once again there."

"Are you returning?" I asked of Mr. Saltram.

My cousin answered for him, "Yes, immediately."

Alexis started; then leaned over the poop in silence, and without denial.

I felt profoundly sad. My interest in Alexis Saltram was at this time—and but for the compulsion of opposing power, might have ever been—entirely apart from love. We might have gone on merely as tender friends for years and years,—at least I might. Therefore no maidenly consciousness warned me from doing what my sense of right impelled towards one who held the same faith, and whose life seemed strangled in the same mesh of circumstances which had nearly paralysed my own.

"Alexis, this is our last evening; you will sail for Europe—and we shall be friends no more. Will you take one twilight stroll with me?"—and I extended my hand.

If he had hesitated, or shrunk back, one second, I would have flung him to the winds, and fought my own warfare alone; I was strong enough now. But he sprang to me,

clung to my hand, looked wildly in my face, as if there were the sole light of truth and trust left in the world; and as if, even there, he had begun to doubt. He did not, now.

"Isabel, tell me! You still hold our faith—you are not going to become a nun?"

"Never! I will offer myself to Heaven as Heaven gave me to myself—free, bound by no creed, subservient to no priest. What is he, but a man that shall die, whom the worms shall cover?"

I said the words out loud. I meant M. Anastasius to hear. But he looked as if he heard not; only when we turned up the deck, he slowly followed.

I stood at bay. "Cousin, leave me. Cannot I have any friend but you?"

"None, whom I believe you would harm and receive harm from."

"Dare you?"

"I dare nothing; there is nothing which my church does not dare. Converse, my children. I hinder you not. The deck is free for all."

He bowed, and let us pass, then followed. Every sound of that slow, smooth step seemed to strike on my heart like the tracking tread of doom.

Alexis and I spoke little or nothing. A leaden despair seemed to bind us closely round, allowing only one consciousness, that for a little, little time, it bound us together! He held my arm so fast that I felt every throbbing of his heart. My sole thought was now to say some words that might be fixed eternally there—so that no lure, no power might make him swerve from his faith, the faith which was my chief warrant of meeting him—never, oh never in this world! but in the world everlasting.

Once or twice in turning we confronted fully M. Anastasius. He was walking, in his usual slow pace, his hands loosely clasped behind him—his head bent, a steely repose, even pensiveness, which was his natural look—settled in his grave eyes. He was a man in intellect too great to despise, in character too spotless to loathe. The one sole feeling he inspired was that of unconquerable fear. Because you saw at once that he feared nothing either in earth or Heaven, that he owned but one influence, and was amenable but to one law, which he called "the Church," but which was, himself.

Men like M. Anastasius, one-idea'd, all-engrossed men, are, according to slight variations in temperament, the salvation, the laughing-stock, or the terror of the world.

He appeared in the latter form to Alexis and me. Slowly, surely came the conviction that there was no peace for us on God's earth while he stood on it; so strong, so powerful, that at times I almost succumbed to a vague belief in his immortality. On this night, especially, I was stricken with a horrible—curiosity, I think it was—a wish to see whether he could die,—whether the grave could swallow

him, and death have power upon his flesh, like that of other men.

More than once, as he passed under a huge beam, I thought—should it fall! as he leaned against the ship's side—should it give way! But only, I declare before Heaven, in a frenzied speculative curiosity, which I would not for worlds have breathed to human soul; especially to Alexis Saltram, who was his sister's son, and whom he had been kind to as a child.

Night darkened, and our walk ceased. We had said nothing,—nothing, except that on parting, with a kind of desperation Alexis buried my hand tightly in his bosom, and whispered, "To-morrow!"

That midnight a sudden hurricane came on. In half-an-hour all that was left of the good ship Argo was a little boat, filled almost to sinking with half-drowned passengers, and a few sailors clinging to spars and fragments of the wreck.

Alexis was lashed to a mast, holding me partly fastened to it, and partly sustained in his arms. How he had found and rescued me I know not; but love is very strong. It has been sweet to me afterwards to think that I owed my life to him—and him alone. I was the only woman saved.

He was at the extreme end of the mast; we rested, face to face, my head against his shoulder. All along, to its slender point, the sailors were clinging to the spar like flies, but we two did not see anything in the world, save one another.

Life was dim, death was near, yet I think we were not unhappy. Our Heaven was clear; for between us and Him to whom we were going came no threatening shadow, holding in its remorseless hand life, faith, love. Death itself was less terrible than M. Anastasius.

We had seen him among the saved passengers swaying in the boat; then we thought of him no more. We clung together, with closed eyes, satisfied to die.

"No room—off there! No room!" I heard shouted, loud and savage, by the sailor lashed behind me.

I opened my eyes. Alexis was gazing on me only. I gazed, transfixed, over his shoulder, into the breakers beyond.

There, in the trough of a wave, I saw, clear as I see my own right hand now, the up-turned face of Anastasius, and his two white, stretched-out hands, one of which had the well-known diamond-ring—for it flashed that minute in the moon.

"Off!" yelled the sailor, striking at him with an oar. "One man's life's as good as another's. Off!"

The drowning face rose above the wave, the eyes fixed direct on me, without any entreaty in them, or wrath, or terror—the long-familiar, passionless, relentless eyes.

I see them now; I shall see them till I die. Oh, would I had died!

For one brief second I thought of tearing off the lashings and giving him my place; for I had loved him. But youth and life were strong within me, and my head was pressed to Alexis' breast.

A full minute, or it seemed so, was that face above the water; then I watched it sink slowly, down, down.

We, and several others, were picked up from the wreck of the *Argo* by a homeward-bound ship. As soon as we reached London I became Alexis' wife.

That which happened at the theatre was exactly twelve months after—as we believed—Anastasius died.

I do not pretend to explain; I doubt if any reasoning can explain a circumstance so singular—so impossible to be attributed to either imagination or illusion. For, as I must again distinctly state, we saw nothing. The apparition, or whatever it was, was visible only to other persons, all total strangers.

I had a fever. When I arose from it, and things took their natural forms and relations, this strange occurrence became mingled with the rest of my delirium, of which my husband persuaded me it was a part. He took me abroad—to Italy—Germany. He loved me dearly! He was, and made me, entirely happy.

In our happiness we strove to live, not merely for one another, but for all the world; all who suffered and had need. We did—nor shrunk from the doing—many charities which had first been planned with Anastasius—with what motives we never knew. While carrying them out, we learnt to utter his name without trembling—remembering only that which was beautiful in him, and which we had both so worshipped once.

In the furtherance of these schemes of good, it became advisable that we should go to Paris, to my former house, which still remained empty there.

"But not, dear wife, if any uneasiness, or lingering pain, rests in your mind in seeing the old spot. For me, I love it! since there I loved Isabel, before Isabel knew it, long."

So I smiled; and went to Paris.

My husband proposed, and I was not sorry, that Colonel Hart and his newly-married wife should join us there, and remain as our guests. I shrunk a little from re-inhabiting the familiar rooms, long shut up from the light of day; and it was with comfort I heard my husband arranging that a portion of the hotel should be made ready for us, namely, two salons en suite, and leading out of the farther one of which were a chamber and dressing-room for our use—opposite two similar apartments for the Colonel and his lady.

I am thus minute for reasons that will appear.

Mrs. Hart had been travelling with us some weeks. She was a mild sweet-faced

English girl, who did not much like the Continent, and was half shocked at some of my reckless foreign ways, on board steamboats and on railways. She said I was a little—just a little—too free. It might have seemed so to her; for my southern blood rushed bright and warm, and my manner of life in France had completely obliterated early impressions. Faithful and tender woman, and true wife, as I was, I believe I was unlike an English woman or an English wife, and that Mrs. Hart thought so.

Once—for being weak of nature and fast of tongue, she often said things she should not—there was even some hint of the kind dropped before my husband. He flashed up—but laughed the next minute; for I was his, and he loved me!

Nevertheless, that quick glow of anger pained me—bringing back the recollection of many things his uncle had said to me of him, which I heard as one that heareth not. The sole saying which remained was one which, in a measure, I had credited—that his conscience was in his hand, "but not his passions."

I knew always—and rather rejoiced in the knowledge—that Alexis Saltram could not boast the frozen calm of M. Anastasius.

But I warned tame Eliza Hart, half jestingly, to take heed, and not lightly blame me before my husband again.

Reaching Paris, we were all very gay and sociable together. Colonel Hart was a grave honourable man; my husband and I both loved him.

We dined together—a lively *partie quarrée*. I shut my eyes to the familiar things about us, and tried to believe the rooms had echoed no footsteps save those of Mrs. Hart and the Colonel's soldierly tread. Once or so, while silence fell over us, I would start, and feel my heart beating; but Alexis was near me, and altogether mine. Therefore, I feared not, even here.

After coffee, the gentlemen went out to some evening amusement. We, the weary wives, contented ourselves with lounging about, discussing toilettes, and Paris sights, and the fair Empress Eugénie—the wifely crown which my old aversion Louis Bonaparte had chosen to bind about his ugly brows. Mrs. Hart was anxious to see all, and then fly back to her beloved London.

"How long is it since you left London, Mrs. Saltram?"

"A year, I think. What is to-day?"

"The twenty-fifth—no, the twenty-sixth of May."

I dropped my head on the cushion. Then, that date—the first she mentioned—had passed over unthought of by us. That night—the night of mortal horror when the *Argo* went down—lay thus far buried in the past, parted from us by two blessed years.

But I found it impossible to converse

longer with Mrs. Hart; so about ten o'clock I left her reading, and went to take half an hour's rest in my chamber, which, as I have explained, was divided from the salon by a small boudoir or dressing-room. The only other entrance was from a door near the head of my bed, which I went and locked.

It seemed uncourteous to retire for the night; so I merely threw a dressing-gown over my evening toilette, and lay down outside the bed, dreamily watching the shadows which the lamp threw. This lamp was in my chamber; but its light extended faintly into the boudoir, showing the tall mirror there, and a sofa which was placed opposite. Otherwise, the little room was dusky, save for a narrow glint streaming through the not quite closed door of the salon.

I lay broad awake, but very quiet, contented, and serene. I was thinking of Alexis. In the midst of my reverie, I heard, as I thought, my maid trying the handle of the door behind me.

"It is locked," I said; "another time."

The sound ceased; yet I almost thought she had opened the door, for there came a rift of wind, which made the lamp sway in its socket. But when I looked, the door was closely shut, and the bolt still fast.

I lay, it might be, half an hour longer. Then, with a certain compunction at my discourtesy, I saw the salon door open, and Mrs. Hart appear.

She looked in, drew back hurriedly, and closed the door after her.

Of course I immediately rose to follow her. Ere doing so, I remember particularly standing with the lamp in my hand, arranging my dress before the mirror in the boudoir, and seeing reflected in the glass, with my cashmere lying over its cushions, the sofa, unoccupied.

Eliza was standing thoughtfully by the stove.

"I ought to ask pardon of you, my dear Mrs. Hart."

"Oh, no,—but I of you. I did not know Mr. Saltram had returned. Where is my husband?"

"With mine, no doubt! We need not expect them for an hour yet, the renegades."

"You are jesting," said Mrs. Hart, half offended. "I know they are come home. I saw Mr. Saltram in your boudoir not two minutes since."

"How?"

"In your boudoir, I repeat. He was lying on the sofa."

"Impossible!" and I burst out laughing. "Unless he has suddenly turned into a cashmere shawl. Come and look."

I flung the folding doors open, and poured a blaze of light into the little room.

"It is very odd," fidgetted Mrs. Hart; "very odd, indeed. I am sure I saw a gentleman here. His face was turned aside,—but of course I concluded it was Mr. Saltram. Very odd, indeed."

I still laughed at her, though an uneasy feeling was creeping over me. To dismiss it, I showed her how the door was fastened, and how it was impossible my husband could have entered.

"No; for I distinctly heard you say, 'It is locked—another time.' What did you mean by another time?"

"I thought it was Fanchon."

To change the subject I began showing her some parures my husband had just bought me. Eliza Hart was very fond of jewels. We remained looking at them some time longer, and then she bade me good night.

"No light, thank you. I can find my way. The boudoir is not dark. Good night. Do not look so pale to-morrow, my dear."

She kissed me in the friendly English fashion, and we parted.

She went through rapidly, shutting my bed-room door. A minute afterwards she re-appeared, breathless, covered with angry blushes.

"Mrs. Saltram, you have deceived me! You are a wicked French woman."

"Madam!"

"You know it,—you knew it all along. I will go and seek my husband. He will not let me stay another night in your house!"

"As you will,"—for I was sick of her follies. "But, explain yourself."

"Have you no shame? Have you foreign women never any shame? But I have found you out at last."

"Indeed!"

"There is—I have seen him twice with my own eyes—there is a man lying this minute in your boudoir,—and he is—*not* Mr. Saltram!"

Then, indeed, I sickened,—A deadly horror came over me. No wonder the young thing, convinced of my guilt, fled from me, appalled.

For, I knew now whom she had seen.

Hour after hour I must have lain where I fell. There was some confusion in the house—no one came near me. It was early daylight when I woke and saw Fanchon leaning over me, and trying to lift me from the floor.

"Fanchon,—is it morning?"

"Yes, Madame."

"What day is it?"

"The twenty-sixth of May."

It had been *he*, then. He followed us still. Shudder after shudder convulsed me. I think Fanchon thought I was dying.

"Oh, Madame! oh, poor Madame! And Monsieur not yet come home."

I uttered a horrible cry—for my soul foreboded what either had been, or would be.

Alexis never came home again.

An hour after, I was sent for to the little woodcutter's hut, where he lay dying.

My noble husband had in him but one thing lacking—his passions were "not in his hand." When Colonel Hart, on the clear testimony of

Eliza, impugned *his* wife's honour, Alexis fought and fell.

It all happened in one night, when their blood was fiery hot. By daylight, the Colonel stood, cold as death, pale as a shadow, by Alexis' bedside. He had killed him, and he loved him!

No one thought of me. They let me weep near him—unconscious as he was—doubtless believing them the last contrite tears of an—adulteress! I did not heed or try to deny that horrible name—Alexis was dying.

Towards evening he became stronger, and his senses returned. He opened his eyes and saw me, but they closed with a shudder.

"Alexis—Alexis!"

"Isbel, I am dying. You know why. In the name of God—are you?"

"In the name of God, I am your pure wife, who never loved, even in thought, any man but you."

"I am satisfied."

He looked at Colonel Hart, faintly smiling; then opened his arms and took me into them, as if to protect me with his last breath.

"Now," he said, still holding me, "my friends, we must make all clear. Nothing must harm her when I am gone. Hart, fetch your wife here."

Mrs. Hart came, trembling violently. Woman-like, seeing my misery, even she caught my hand and wept. My husband addressed her.

"Who did you see? Answer, as to a dying man who to-morrow will know all secrets. Who was the man you saw in my wife's chamber?"

"He was a stranger. I never met him before, anywhere. He lay on the sofa, wrapped in a fur cloak."

"Did you see his face?"

"Not the first time. The second time I did."

"What was he like? Be accurate, for the sake of more than life—honour."

My husband's voice sank. There was terror in his eyes, but not *that* terror—he held me to his bosom still.

"What was he like, Eliza?" repeated Colonel Hart.

"He was middle-aged; of a pale, grave countenance, with keen, large eyes, high forehead, and a pointed beard."

"Heaven save us! I have seen him, too," cried the Colonel, horror-struck. "It was no living man you saw, Eliza."

"It was M. Anastasius!"

My husband died that night. He died, his lips on mine, murmuring how he loved me, and how happy he had been.

For many months after then I was quite happy, too; for my wits wandered, and I thought I was again a little West Indian girl, picking gowans in the meadows about Dumfries.

The Colonel and Mrs. Hart were, I believe, very kind to me. I always took her for a little playfellow I had, who was called Eliza. It is only lately, as the year has circled round again to the spring, that my head has become clear and I have found out who she is, and—ah, me!—who I am.

This coming to my right senses does not give me so much pain as they thought it would; because great weakness of body had balanced and soothed my mind.

I have but one desire: to go to my own Alexis;—and before the twenty-fifth of May.

Now I have been able to complete nearly our story. Reader, judge between us—and him. Farewell.

ISBEL SALTRAM.

Post-Scriptum.—I think it will be well that I, Eliza Hart, should relate, as simply as veraciously, the circumstances of Mrs. Saltram's death, which happened on the night of the twenty-fifth of May.

She was living with us at our house, some miles out of London. She had been very ill and weak during May, but towards the end of the month she revived. We thought if she could live till June she might even recover. My husband desired that on no account might she be told the day of the month—she was indeed purposely deceived on the subject. When the twenty-fifth came she thought it was only the twenty-second.

For some weeks she had kept her bed, and Fanchon never left her. Fanchon, who knew the whole history, and was strictly charged, whatever delusions might occur, to take no notice whatever of the subject to her mistress. For my husband and myself were again persuaded that it must be some delusion. So was the physician, who nevertheless determined to visit us himself on the night of the twenty-fifth of May.

It happened that the Colonel was unwell, and I could not remain constantly in Mrs. Saltram's room. It was a large but very simple suburban bedchamber, with white curtains and modern furniture, all of which I myself arranged in such a manner that there should be no dark corners, no shadows thrown by hanging draperies, or anything of the kind.

About ten o'clock Fanchon accidentally quitted the room, sending in her place a nursemaid who had lately come into our family.

This girl tells me that she entered the room quickly, but stopped, seeing, as she believed, the physician sitting by the bed, on the further side, at Mrs. Saltram's right hand. She thought Mrs. Saltram did not see him, for she turned and asked her—"Susan, what o'clock is it?"

The gentleman, she says, appeared sitting with his elbows resting on his knees, and his face partly concealed in his hands. He wore a long coat or cloak—she could not distinguish

which, for the room was rather dark, but she could plainly see on his little finger the sparkle of a diamond ring.

She is quite certain that Mrs. Saltram did not see the gentleman at all, which rather surprised her, for the poor lady moved from time to time, and spoke, complainingly, of its being "very cold." At length she called Susan to sit by her side, and chafe her hands.

Susan acquiesced—"But did not Mrs. Saltram see the gentleman?"

"What gentleman?"

"He was sitting beside you, not a minute since. I thought he was the doctor, or the clergyman."

And the girl, much terrified, saw that now, there was no one there.

She says, Mrs. Saltram did not seem terrified at all. She only pressed her hands on her forehead; her lips slightly moving—then whispered: "Go, call Fanchon and them all, tell them what you saw."

"But I must leave you. Are you not afraid?"

"No. Not now—not now."

She covered her eyes, and again her lips began moving.

Fanchon entered, and I too, immediately.

I do not expect to be credited. I can only state on my honour, what we both then beheld.

Mrs. Saltram lay, her eyes open, her face quite calm, as that of a dying person; her hands spread out on the counterpane. Beside her sat erect, the same figure I had seen lying on the sofa in Paris, exactly a year ago. It appeared more life-like than she. Neither looked at each other. When we brought a bright lamp into the room, the appearance vanished.

Isbel said to me, "Eliza, he is come."

"Impossible! You have not seen him?"

"No, but you have?" She looked me steadily in the face. "I knew it. Take the light away, and you will see him again. He is here, I want to speak to him. Quick, take the light away."

Terrified as I was, I could not refuse, for I saw by her features that her last hour was at hand.

As surely I write this, I, Eliza Hart, saw, when the candles were removed, that figure grow again, as out of air, sitting by her bedside.

She turned herself with difficulty, and faced it. "Eliza, is he there? I see nothing but the empty chair. Is he there?"

"Yes."

"Does he look angry or terrible?"

"No."

"Anastasius." She extended her hand towards the vacant chair. "Cousin Anastasius!"

Her voice was sweet, though the cold drops stood on her brow.

"Cousin Anastasius, I do not see you, but you can see and hear me. I am not afraid of

you now. You know, once, I loved you very much."

Here—overcome with terror, I stole back towards the lighted door. Thence I still heard Isbel speaking.

"We erred, both of us, Cousin. You were too hard upon me—I had too great love first, too great terror afterwards, of you. Why should I be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man, whose breath is in his nostrils? I should have worshipped, have feared, not you, but only God."

She paused—drawing twice or thrice heavily, the breath that could not last.

"I forgive you—forgive me also. I loved you. Have you anything to say to me, Anastasius?"

Silence.

"Shall we ever meet in the boundless wide spheres?"

Silence—a long silence. We brought in candles, for she was evidently dying.

"Eliza—thank you for all! Your hand. It is so dark—and"—shivering—"I am afraid of going into the dark. I might meet Anastasius there. I wish my husband would come."

She was wandering in her mind, I saw. Her eyes turned to the vacant chair.

"Is there any one sitting by me?"

"Dear Isbel; can you see any one?"

"No one—yes"—and with preternatural strength she started right up in bed, extending her arms. "Yes! There—close behind you—I see—my husband. I am quite safe—now!"

So, with a smile upon her face, she died.

SPRING LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

THE breeze and showers of coming Spring

Will waken many sighs and tears,

Her early blossoms cannot bring

The old delights of peaceful years;

The primrose colour of her sky,

Th' aroma of her budding bowers,

Will but recall the joys gone by,

While Grief is sitting 'mid the flowers.

Beside the rusted cannon-ball

On daisied slopes the lamb will sleep,

Beneath the shelled and battered wall

The deep blue violet upward peep.

In Inkermann sweet buds will blow:—

On Balaklava's blood-stained clay,

Where England's sons rode down the foe,

Children amid the wildflowers play.

Spring-flowers again will deck the sod,

Which heavy-wheeled artillery crushed;

Bloom where the fiery war-horse trod,

And wave where marching columns rushed:

On mountain height, in deep ravine,

Will be in all their beauty found,

As if the silence of the scene

Had ne'er rung back War's trumpet-sound.

Along highways where warriors went,

Last bluebell-time, with life and drum,

Spring-flowers will throw their sweetest scent,

And belted bees amid them hum.

Where muskets sang the funeral hymn,
They'll show no traces of the dead,
Unless the daisy's silver rim
Be dappled with a deeper red.

Laburnums their gold chains will swing,
Hawthorns in star-like May be 'rayed,
Lilacs their early perfumes bring,
Roses the wildbrier branches braid.
And lovely forms amid them mourn,
Who fondly hoped, when they should bloom,
He—crowned with victory—would return,
Who now sleeps in a soldier's tomb.

Some with the swallow o'er the sea,
To cottage-homes in tranquil dells
Will come—and 'neath the orchard-tree,
Once more hear the sweet village bells.
And as the Spring her gentle rain
Sheds on the bending buds below,
Their thoughts will stray to comrades slain,
Who sleep where other wildflowers blow.

Spring's gathered blossoms soon will throw
Their light shapes on the rustic floor,
Bees through the open casement go,—
While in the sunshine at the door
The childless sire will sit for hours,
A statue in his deep distress:—
Where his loved boy once gathered flowers
There will not be a bud the less.

Through the dim golden mists of dawn,
And the blue twilight's dewy fall,
Loved eyes will look across the lawn—
From the bay-windows of the hall—
For him whose shadow never more
Along the pathway quaint and trim,
Will send his likeness on before,
To call them out to welcome him.

Nor morning red, nor ev'ning grey,
That presence dear shall ever bring.
Nor starry night, nor sunny day,
Nor all the bright hopes of the Spring.
Many lost shadows lengthen'd out
Into a gloom profound and grand,
From the far East will close about—
A shadow upon all the Land.

HOUSES IN FLATS.

Of course, where there are mills there are millowners and operatives; where there are ships there are sailors; where there are houses built there are people to tenant them: but, just as you may have Edwin and Emma—foolish and fond pair—doubling each other's bliss in a hard stone house in the High Street, and Thumbscrew the usurer at Woodbine Retreat in the suburbs, buried among roses and laurustinuses, so you may have practical town-populations shelled in romance, and highly imaginative communities with nothing but a dull crust over them. You can no more tell what is in a town than you can tell what is in a pie, till you begin your diggings into it. We have been woefully deceived by pies, and by towns also.

For example, we have been deceived by London. The bachelor, or any other man whose domestic wants happen to be limited,

has a right when he comes to London to believe—if faith can be put in town exteriora—that he has come to a matter-of-fact place, in which he may settle down methodically, get what he wants, and never be perplexed by any nonsense. Oxford Street, Cheapside, and the Strand, are manifestly mere places of business. It is impossible to give rein to the fancy and become sentimental in presence of Somerset House. The strongest emotion it can excite is by reminding one of a half-year's income-tax which has to be paid. But how dreadful a mistake will the young bachelor have made, who judges Londoners by London in this way!

Let him attempt to settle down among them. How will he live? He will go into lodgings, or he will take a house. Perhaps the gentleman is not a bachelor, but a man with a small family, and an income not particularly large. He would prefer a house, and looks about accordingly. Soon he discovers that the great bulk of the professional and trading classes must be particularly well to do; for house-agents laugh at the possibility of any one who is able to keep decent broadcloth on his back paying less than forty pounds a year for house-rent, exclusive of taxes. Far out of town, and in some suburbs of equivocal respectability, thirty-five pound houses may be found, in which a government clerk, a retired tradesman, or anyone holding a like position, could, by chance, get a dwelling suited to his circumstances. But, unless it be distant enough from town to cease to be a London residence, even the occasional house offered at that rent to a tenant from the middle classes of society, is scantily supplied with the things necessary to a civilised existence. It contains but an imitation of a kitchen, probably no pantry, and a little nook for coals under the bed-room stairs. Its cistern holds only water enough to make a little scrubbing possible after the kettle has been supplied, and enough water taken for the washing of a few hands and faces. As for the washing of bodies by a free use of the bath daily, no such thing can be attempted in a thirty-five pound house. The majority of houses at this rent, and nearly all houses at a lower price in London, are intended for the tenancy of people, who pay for them at a rate above their means; small milliners, journey-men carpenters, bricklayers' foremen, working shoemakers, chimney-sweeps, and so forth. They do what the young surgeon does, who screws his brass plate on a door in some street leading from a square, and pays upwards of a hundred pounds of rent and taxes out of ninety pounds of income,—each, "having a larger house than he requires, desires to let a portion." The streets of London and its suburbs, are in fact, except in a few quarters, lines of make-believe. They are full of houses which are in no degree proportioned to the incomes of their tenants. The master and mistress of a house often

pass strange boots on their way to bed, have too often the smell of strangers' dinners steaming from their kitchen, and the hats of men who despise them, hanging in their hall. The master or the mistress of the house is, in three instances out of four, more justly to be called its servant. For the most part the house of the Londoner is not his castle; the home of the Londoner is not a refuge from the world; it is no haven of peace; but the ring in which landlord, or landlady, spars with lodger from sunrise until after sunset.

There is an incessant tax upon the fancy. Mr. Watson is the renter of a dwelling, and his friends are to suppose that the house is his. Watson himself thinks so, though he lets the drawing-room floor to the Mopsons, and sells to them with it, the command over his kitchen. Also, notwithstanding that he has lodged Mr. Kinderbogie, a despotic foreigner, in his front parlour, and in his most cozy bed-room, Kinderbogie's friends are required to suppose, when they visit Kinderbogie, that they see him in his house; and there can be no doubt that the Mopsons, who are polite people, would forfeit a month's hire, and quit their apartments instantly, if Watson, who pays the rent for his house, were to assert his right to it, by putting his own name on the front door. As for a row of bell-handles with Watson, Mopson, Kinderbogie, under each, respectively, not one of the three would submit to it. There is the make-believe of the whole house for each, one bell labelled "visitors," and one ditto "servants," for them all, one slovenly and weary maid of all-work waiting upon them all.

Furthermore, we need only mention the vast calls upon the fancy made in such houses in connexion with the most matter-of-fact things,—the ghostly disappearances of tea and sugar,—the magical transformation to which hams are often subject between breakfast-time and breakfast-time; the miraculous loss of power suffered by eggs, which go by scores into puddings, and there leave no trace of their existence; the mysterious book of the landlady, with which she conjures in a way bewildering to ordinary business men. No more of this:

"For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not matter for a breakfast."

We hold it to be, beyond doubt, that London lodging-letting is the black art of the nineteenth century, and it is dreadful to know, as it is known by the statistical, that in no less than three out of four of all the houses in London this art is practised. Thus London streets tell nothing of the truth of London life; and the housekeeping of the majority of Londoners is simply and entirely fiction.

Weary of one British capital, let the same bachelor betake himself, or the same small family betake itself, to another. Try Edinburgh. There the case is reversed. Out of doors all is romance. In the Old Town,

houses of stone, piled as by a dreamer, story over story; a High Street, full of fantastic pictures, lined with shops that rarely are content with simple labelling, but crowd the way with emblems to the right hand and the left. Mambrino's helmet, the very same brass basin that was precious in Don Quixote's eyes, is represented over every barber's door; the golden fancy of the chemist is pestle and mortar; and the watchmaker hangs out a vast gold watch, that clearly belongs by natural right to a pantomime, and dangles of course, at the door, for a clown to pocket. At the top of this dreamy hill, is Edinburgh Castle, open freely to all comers, where Mons Meg occupies a place of honour, and the crown and sceptre worn by Scottish kings and queens in the old days of chivalry glitter mysteriously in an illuminated vault. There, the kilted Highlander, off duty, will point up to the window of Queen Mary's room, and tell how a young prince was let down in a basket from that window long ago, hundreds of feet down, by the steep side of the rocks. At the bottom of the steep, fantastic street, Holyrood Palace and the ruins of the chapel are almost as free to all comers as the castle. For a sixpenny fee one may have all the story of it told, be shown the stairs in the wall by which the conspirators went up to murder Rizzio, the very tapestry from behind which they entered Mary's room, the bed on which Queen Mary slept, the bower in which she dressed, the glass by which her features were reflected, the antechamber,—a grim cupboard now half filled with Darnley's armour,—in which she was supping with Rizzio when the murderers entered, the (apocryphal) stain on the floor made by the soaking all night through it of Rizzio's blood, let out by six and thirty wounds. Bridges leap across a valley edged with gardens, to connect the old town with the new, and in the valley live the great steam dragons. Then there is the new town, an idea in stone, without a crook in one of its straight lines, or a flaw in one of its circles,—no twisting hither and thither in obedience to this interest and that; but broad, straight, uniformly intersecting streets, that seem to have sprung up together in the same hour, at the touch of an enchanter's wand. There is the Calton Hill, littered over with waste fancies—a rubbish heap of the imaginative architecture—a hill to be looked from, with an elevation of the spirit, but to be looked at with an elevation of the nose. And finally to press the seal down tightly on the impression of Edinburgh as a city of romance, there is the newest glory of the town,—a monument which dwarfs the proportions of the Castle Hill,—to Walter Scott, the citizen of whom the city is most proud—a mere writer, my English lords and gentlemen, of romances.

But, our bachelor who, judging from all these appearances, makes up his mind that he has found his way to a community of imaginative, unbusinesslike people, very soon

becomes aware of his mistake. He finds that the romance is out of doors, and that within-doors everything is adapted in a straightforward way to the wants of the various sections of a middle-class community. We say nothing of the poor in wynds and closes, as we have said nothing of the tenants of the London alleys. In London, it is not only the poor whom housebuilders neglect. In Edinburgh, there is no other class left unconsidered. A large division of the townspeople is composed of what are termed in a material sense, respectable persons, who soon reach the limits of their income. It is judged in Edinburgh more proper to furnish such people with dwelling-places of the character and price required by them, than to force them into the tenancy of houses priced above their means, and to compel them to destroy all their domestic comfort by going into slavery to lodgers, in order that they may pay out of artificial income, artificial rent.

In Edinburgh, as in some continental towns, this problem is solved by the adoption of a system of house-building which is refused to the inhabitants of London—the system of building in flats. There are complete houses of two, three, four, or even ten stories, for those who require them, cheaper, of course, proportionately than in London. For those who require less than this, there are the flats, which are, generally speaking, to be defined as one-storied houses, built one over the other, and because they are so built, the street by which they are approached takes, of course, the form of a stone flight of stairs. One of these independent flats sometimes includes two storeys, in which case it has its domestic staircase perfectly distinct from the common-stair, which is in truth, as before said, a form of street. Each flat is, in every respect, a private dwelling, and contains, or should contain, every requisite convenience. It may consist of four, five, six, or more rooms; and by renting a flat suited to his wants, a bachelor, a married couple without children, or a small family, may secure absolute independence and retain any degree of social standing as the occupant of a home containing what is wanted in it, and no more, and which, at the same time, costs only what can be afforded.

The common-stair is at night well lighted with gas. It is sometimes quite open below to the street, sometimes closed by a door which corresponds to the gate often set up at the opening to private streets in London. It is not usual in Edinburgh, as in Paris, to give custody of this entrance to a porter. Bell-handles communicating with each flat are fixed in the street, and to each bell-handle is attached the name of the person with whose house it communicates. The servant of the person whose bell is rung, is at the trouble of opening the great entrance door, not by going down to it; but by machinery like that used often in London offices for causing front doors

to fly open, as if of their own accord. The visitor, thereupon, ascends the private street of stone steps until he comes to the house of his friend, and enters.

It is much more a matter of necessity in London than in Edinburgh and Paris, that many of the inhabitants should live over their neighbours' heads, and not merely side by side with them. Already we do so in a wretched way by occupying one another's houses, interfering with each other's privacy and comfort. It is a wretched thing to be a London lodger; but it is yet a more wretched thing to be a London letter of lodgings. Already the size of London causes the distances traversed in the course of business to consume a serious amount of time. The cost of ground-rents also rises. Why do our builders then refuse to entertain this idea—anything but a new-fangled one—of building in flats one-storied houses, solidly constructed and piled one over the other, so that they may reduce ground-rent to a trifle as they rise, and are capable of being let at rentals varying from twenty pounds to forty. Tens of thousands who have been thrust into a false position by the want of properly constructed homes of this description would be eager to become their tenants.

They would need to be well built, with good material, and that is no doubt one of our great difficulties. The builder should work solidly on solid means, but the number of substantial builders seems in London to be yearly lessening. We have been credibly informed that in and about London the race of bricklayers has been demoralised by the immense preponderance of flimsy, slovenly erections, and that it is not very easy to get men capable of executing brickwork of the best description. Men without capital speculate successfully in bricks, and look no farther than the present speculation. We have had occasion to observe, how, with a capital of fifty pounds, a terrace may be built, by mortgaging, and selling now and then, and building house after house so rapidly as to get rentals soon, from which to pay a trifle on account of future bills for brick and timber.* The terrace is soon built and sold; out of the fifty pounds have been made several thousands, and the public has been furnished with residences which it is not likely to enjoy.

It may be that houses built in this fashion can be offered for sale at a price which deters many honest men from venturing on building speculations. We do not know how that may be. We have a strong conviction that if district surveyors did all that they are bidden to do by the Building Act, and were not—as they now seem to be—ashamed of being active, houses would not tumble down as they do, and often would not tumble up as they do. We fancy that we could be more grateful than we sometimes feel towards the whole profession of surveyors, if it would

* See Vol. viii. p. 217.

but effect all that it can effect for the promotion of the public health and safety. But it is no easy thing to affirm surely of any given surveyor or civil engineer that he has not performed his duty. It very commonly appears upon inquiry that he has done all for which he held himself responsible. We are reminded, for example, of a case in which we undertook to be particular, that of the Croydon Drainage. There were some awkward errors made in the first execution of the work; a Blue Book whispered grave hints implying stupidity in the surveyor under the Local Board at Croydon; and from a grave authority came more than a hint that he owed his appointment to some undue influences. These charges were embodied in a particular statement on the subject in a former article,* but, inasmuch as we have since found that portion of them to be untrue, which contains the more than hint (which should have been no hint at all) of jobbery in the appointment, and find as to other matters a great shifting to and fro of the responsibilities in question, what can we do better than unsay all that we have said, so far as it weighs upon the individual referred to in our statement?

Let us take up again our tale of bricks. Given a capitalist, who is disposed to be a benefactor to the London race with profit to himself, let him set to work about the building of a perpendicular street or two with some such notions as the following. The doors on each side of the street (which is, of course, a spacious staircase) are to be understood as opening not from so many floors of a house, but from so many distinct houses: the ceiling of one being the foundation of the other. Every such house is to be parted from the one below it and the one above it, not by mere timber, lath, and plaster, but by brickwork—hollow bricks being the best for use in such positions—or some solid combination of iron with concrete or plaster, that shall be at least as fireproof as an ordinary parting wall. This also will stop a little more effectually than many of our parting walls now do, the passage of sound from one tenement into another. Which is essential, be it observed, to the comfort, honesty, and success of such an enterprise.

The same capitalist must, in the next place, take counsel for the ventilation of each set of premises. Although immeasurably superior to the London plan of parcelling a house that has only conveniences for one family into residences for two, three, or four separate establishments, the Edinburgh system of flats is yet by no means entirely perfect. The staircase in an ordinary London house goes far to make it airy. In the flat there is no shaft of this kind communicating by a hall-door with the street; and it needs much opening of windows to secure fresh air to the tenants, if no special means are employed

to secure its circulation through the building. But it is not difficult to connect the kitchen fires all the way up with a ventilating shaft, that shall be set in action by them, and maintain a constant upward current of spoiled air, for which compensation can be provided by a shaft for the introduction of pure air, that can be also warmed, if necessary. Provision of this kind for a pile of flats would not by any means be costly; and it should not be left out of any attempt to introduce the flat system into London. Also, to save much bodily labour, there should be a moveable stage for the lifting up of coals or heavy supplies to the level of any of the landings.

There has been sent to us a pamphlet by two architects and civil engineers—Messrs. Ashpitel and Whichcord—on the erection of fire-proof houses in flats, which pays all proper attention to these points, contains profit and loss calculations, and plans for the construction of flats in a way suitable to the requirements of those to whom it is of importance whether they pay twenty, thirty, or forty pounds of rent. We may say that the lowest price at which these gentlemen consider it possible to supply in London, in the form of flat, a living-room and three bedrooms, with scullery, and all the necessary accommodation suitable for the family of a person in receipt of good wages or small salary, is sixteen pounds ten shillings a-year. This payment covers—not rent only, but also rates and taxes, with the cost of a free supply of gas and water. Its yield to the capitalist would be eight per cent. upon his outlay.

The pamphlet suggests that Londoners would not freely adopt the Paris system of a gradation of rank in the character of the flats, as one ascends the common stair. Therefore they would give equal accommodation to all the eight or ten houses opening on each little street of staircase. Then the degree of climbing necessary to get home would indeed be considered in the rent; but not to an extent great enough to make any serious difference in the rank of persons living over the same plot of ground. This mounting to one's house-door, be it remembered, is an exchange for all the climbing daily done indoors under the present system; not the imposition of an extra task.

The architects to whom we have referred illustrate their ideas freely by a set of plans appended to their pamphlet, which are certainly worth the attention of any person practically interested in this subject. And who is not? They suggest very agreeable methods of turning to account, plots of ground yet vacant in or near town, by grouping sets of flats into handsome little squares, with private dwellings approached from and looking out upon a garden plot, and with shops fronting the street. At the entrance to the garden within such a square they would establish a porter. The centre of such a plot, surrounded by the houses

* See Omission and Commission, Vol. x. No. 323.

of mechanics, might contain a small building capable of being used as a reading-room, with baths and wash-houses.

There is no good reason why residence in flats should not become popular among us, and being popularised, become even to be recognised by fashion. The Albany is but a set of first-class flats, spread out upon the ground, and since we have no longer ground to waste, and the business or the pleasure of the Londoner is already interfered with by the necessity of constant walking or riding over all the miles of ground we occupy at present, why may we not change our tactics, and have little Albanies built up into the air?

Still there will be letters of apartments, because furnished lodgings are a necessary town accommodation. But one need go no farther than Edinburgh to find out how the flat system operates on the subletting of apartments, furnished or unfurnished. The woman who in London takes a presentable house, and pays a hundred a year for it, in rent and taxes; besides struggling very hard to get the furniture together, is to be half forgiven if she preys upon the public. She has so much to do to find herself in bread and butter, that she may well be tempted to eke out her dinner from her tenant's meat. In Edinburgh, lodging-letting is a business of a much less speculative kind. A flat may be taken and all rooms but two sublet. The speculation is not great, and the return tolerably certain. When it appears prudent and safe to extend the business, a second flat can easily be added to the first. The landlady, in fact, attempts only what she can do, and, being sure enough of the power to live honestly, is all the less disposed to cheat. The price of furnished apartments in London would fall by one-third if the flat system were extensively adopted, and the lodging-letters would nevertheless be better off than they are now.

And, after all, one of the best advantages of the change, would be the banishing from London of a swarm of social fictions which tend to demoralise society. Our false method of house tenancy has much to do with the trouble given themselves by so many people in this town to enlarge the world's opinion of their incomes. It is connected with a false system of balls and dinner parties, which are admirable things in themselves, and in their season, but which become unseasonable always when, instead of being honest gatherings of friends, they are mere shows painfully got up to cheat a little public of acquaintances. In this matter, too, London may learn wisdom from Edinburgh, where not only house-keeping but hospitality is set upon its most natural footing. In each case the thing itself becomes more real as well as more habitual. We believe that in Edinburgh the proportion of domestic servants to the population, is greater than in any other town in the three kingdoms; this being caused mainly by the ease with which

every person of moderate means establishes for his own household—thanks to the flats—a comfortable home.

TOM D'URFEY.

ONE of the oddest epitaphs in London is to be seen on the south wall of the church of Saint James's, Piccadilly. Sculptural character it has none. It is at the best a common piece of Yorkshire flag, with a very brief inscription:—

Tom D'Urfe
Dyed Feby^r 26th, 1723.

We have a kind of Old Mortality interest in this monument, paying periodical visits to it—not from any particular admiration for the poor inhabitant it seeks to commemorate—but purely from a desire that some architect may not remove it as unsightly, or some churchwarden destroy it as of no manner of use.

These periodical visits to Tom D'Urfe's tomb extend over a quarter of a century. Many have looked at it besides ourselves. Some few have evidently known "all about" Tom D'Urfe. Some have a rude guess that he was a clever and companionable fellow. Some have shrugged their shoulders before it, and passed on with a "Well, I'm sure—brief enough for any residuary legatee." Others have laughed before it, and cried "Poor Tom's a-cold;" and it was but the other day that we detected a charity-boy trying a hard ball against Tom's crumbling tablet, thinking perhaps it would have been a good bit of fun to have "done for the old buffer." We have a liking for Tom, and have actually dived into Tom's history, and collected what no bookseller has yet collected—Tom D'Urfe's works.

Tom was half a Frenchman, half an Englishman. His uncle was that D'Urfe who wrote the romance of *Astree*—a kind of French *Arcadia* and New *Atantis*—which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu delighted to read, and was we suppose the last woman who did delight to read. His father, the son of a Frenchman, was married to a gentlewoman of Huntingdonshire, of the family of the Marmions; and Tom was born, it is believed, in Exeter, in the year sixteen hundred and forty-nine.

He was intended for the law, but Coke upon Littleton had no attractions for so volatile a student; and the two theatres existing when Tom was a boy, in Drury Lane and Dorset Gardens, tore him away from Plowden and the Inns of Court. "My good or ill stars," he says, "ordained me a knight-errant in the fairy land of poetry." We first hear of him in sixteen hundred and seventy-six, in his twenty-seventh year, when he produced at the King's Theatre a tragedy, full of bombast and fustian, called "The Siege of Memphis; or, the Nubian Queen."

The work bearing this alarming title was his first work, and for the next six-and-forty years Tom was a constant caterer for the London stage and country squires. He tried his hand at tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce, and found favour with the public in all four. Great actors and actresses played in many of his pieces—Hart, Betterton, Doggett, and Mrs. Bracegirdle. It was in a play by D'Urfe that Doggett was first pre-eminently distinguished as a great actor.

Tom lived and died a bachelor. He was poor to marry, and the life he led was not one particularly adapted to the state of matrimony. He existed, we might say flourished, for forty-six years and more on the chance profits of the stage, on benefit nights, on the money any bookseller would give for his copy, on the sale of his songs, and on the bounty of many patrons, from King Charles the Second and Queen Anne, to the witty Earl of Dorset and the mercurial Duke of Wharton. He was a welcome guest wherever he went; for Tom was funny and could stand a jest. And though he stuttered, he could sing a song as well as any one of the twenty-four fiddlers in whose music the merry monarch took such rapturous delight.

We have said that Tom stuttered, and we have two anecdotes to offer in illustration of what we state. Tom was cheapening a shoulder of mutton in Clare Market (long the resort of English actors), but the butcher was immovable—he would not take a penny off. Tom was importunate, the butcher still deaf. At last, as if to get rid of a customer he did not care for, the butcher said he should have it for nothing if he would ask for it without stuttering. Whereupon, Tom—who had words and music at will—asked for the shoulder in an extempore song, which came from his tongue without a single stammer or even a rough note. The astonished butcher surrendered the mutton, and Tom left Clare Market triumphant. This is told by Goldys.

"There's nothing," says Tom Brown, "like bearing an injury or a jest, heroically."

"The town may da-da-damn me for a poet," said D'Urfe, "but they si-si-sing my songs for all that."

It is Tom (now of St. James's churchyard), who gave us that very agreeable collection of songs, in six volumes, called *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. He was long the poet, as Pope tells Cromwell, of tolerable reputation among country gentlemen; and Pope significantly adds, "Dare any one despise him who has made so many men drink?"

When Rowe died, Arbuthnot wrote to Swift, that his place as Poet Laureate should be filled up thus suitably,—*"I would fain have Pope get a patent for the place, with a power of putting in D'Urfe as deputy;"* and Tom would really have made a good Poet Laureate—of the kind—when required; for Tom knew the humour of the town and what

was proper for diversion. His *Joy to Great Caesar* would have swelled the chapel-royal throat in a true Laureate-like manner.

The muse of D'Urfe was not confined to Whitehall; on court occasions it went into the city; and Tom accompanied Charles the Second to a Guildhall banquet, and sung a song about an Ignoramous Jury and a Loyal Lord Mayor.

Queen Anne was diverted with his witty catches and songs of humour suited to the spirit of the times, and gave him fifty guineas for singing a song against the Princess Sophia, then the heir apparent to her throne.

The crown is too weighty
For shoulders of eighty.

For Anne delighted in any compliment to her own youth at the expense of her expectant but more aged successor. It was, however, at Newmarket that Tom was heard to the greatest advantage. There, as Gay observes, he ran his muse with what was long a favourite racing song,—

To horse, brave boys, to Newmarket to horse,
You'll lose the match by longer delaying.

But the three houses in which Tom D'Urfe was happiest, were Knowle, in Kent, the princely seat of the witty Earl of Dorset; Leicester House, in Leicester Square; and Winchendon, in Bucks, the stately residence of the able but licentious Philip, Duke of Wharton. Dorset frequently put newly-minted guineas under the plates of the poets he invited to his table; Lord Leicester, when in town, set Saturday apart for the entertainment of poets; and Wharton, in his garden at Winchendon, erected a banqueting-house, called Brimmer Hall, where D'Urfe was a favourite guest. "Many an honest gentleman," says the Tatler, "has got a reputation in this country by pretending to have been in company with Tom D'Urfe. Many a present toast, when she lay in her cradle, has been lulled asleep by D'Urfe's sonnets." "Any man of any quality," says Pope, "is heartily welcome to the best toping table who can roar some rhapsodies from his works."

It was the fashion to laugh at D'Urfe's dramatic efforts, and certainly his tragedies and comic operas afford fit material for contempt. He made Don Quixote the hero of a piece in two parts, and, in a sad extravaganza, called *Wonders in the Sun*, introduced comical dances of blackbirds and parrots, and seems to have dressed them and to have made them sing in character. When a gentleman, on returning from one of D'Urfe's plays, the first night it was acted, observed inquiringly to Dryden, "Was there ever such stuff? I could not imagine even this author could have written so ill." "O sir," replied Dryden, "you don't know my friend Tom so well as I do; I'll answer for him, he shall write worse yet."

Pope wrote a drolling prologue for what was said to be his last play; and Johnson has

immortalised him in his well-known prologue, spoken by Garrick, at the opening of the Drury Lane Theatre :—

Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new D'Urfey's yet remain in store.

New D'Urfey's ! We have in our own time dramatic productions in every way as low as D'Urfey's ; indeed, if we compare them, and may be allowed one of Tom's own Newmarket similes, Tom would distance many competitors by a length and more.

When Tom D'Urfey represented the lyric muse of England, Pindarics were at their highest, and the ever-ready Tom perpetrated and published Pindarics. He rode, it is true, a jaded muse, whipt with loose reins, but he got over a deal of ground notwithstanding, and received as high fees for what he did from the patrons of poetry, as the best of the Pindaric batch. His contemporaries envied his success, and one (it is said Tom Brown) wrote the following epigram upon him :

Thou cur, half-French, half-English breed,
Thou mongrel of Parnassus,
To think tall lines run up to seed,
Should ever tamely pass us.

Thou write Pindarics, and be damned,
Write epigrams for cutlers ;
None with thy lyrics can be sham'd,
But chamber-maids and butlers.

In t'other world expect dry blows ;
No tears can wash thy stains out ;
Horace will pluck thee by the nose,
And Pindar beat thy brains out.

Tom's consolation was no doubt the same as with his plays—"The town may da-da-damn my Pindarics, but they si-si-sing my songs for all that."

We have said that Tom subsisted in part by the dedications to his books. Two anecdotes are told of his doings in this way. He is said to have celebrated a certain lord for the greatest poet and critic of the age, upon a misinformation in a newspaper that his noble patron was made lord chamberlain. But this dedication we cannot find. Of the other anecdote we have evidence before us. One of his dedications is to the then Lord Morpeth, whom he addresses in print as "My dear Lord." For this familiarity he was sadly abused—as Pope was ridiculed not long after for calling himself in a printed letter to Lord Burlington his lordship's *affectionate* humble servant. Anecdotes, slight even as these are, illustrate the manners and breeding of our forefathers.

When old age crept on Tom, and he was no longer able to cater towards the amusements of the town, the good-natured Steele stepped in to his assistance, and recommended his claims to the public, in the *Tatler*, the *Guardian*, and the *Lover*. Steele had then the ear of the town, and Tom by the *Tatler's* influence obtained some benefits of importance to his

ways and means. There are few pleasanter papers by Steele than those in which he shows his interest for Tom D'Urfey. Tom was naturally fond of Steele, though I can find no mention of Sir Richard in his works. The common story is, that Tom was buried at the expense of Steele, but this is not the case ; he was buried near the stone which suggested this paper, at the expense of the Duke of Dorset,—the son of his patron—the duke to whom Prior has addressed so readable a dedication of his poems. To Steele, Tom D'Urfey left his gold watch and chain ; and Steele followed his friend Tom to this very grave in St. James's, Westminster.

Tom's familiar face and appearance were missed by many in the cities of London and Westminster. That his face was not of the willow-pattern type we may readily gather from his portrait among the poets at Knowle. That his appearance was remarkable we may infer from his being followed in the streets by a servant under age—for Tom, so we are told in the notes to the *Dunciad*, was the last English poet who appeared in the streets attended by a page. Few poets have had an attendant of the kind : we read of Mr. Dryden's boy, and Mr. D'Urfey's page, and of these only.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS.

WE have, previously,* given some account of the Wind-roads of the world, as traced by that indefatigable navigator and philosopher Lieutenant Maury, of the United States navy. We are taught by modern science to regard the wind no longer as the fickle element we were once wont to consider it, but as a beautiful and wonderful agent in the great economy of our system, controlled and guided by laws as fixed as those which regulate the starry firmament, or the movements of our own globe.

When it is remembered that, according to the shipping records at Lloyd's, there are, on an average, fifty vessels annually, of which no tidings are ever received ; eight hundred total wrecks, and between three and four thousand casualties of various kinds, amongst the registered shipping, involving a yearly loss of from four to five millions sterling, it must be at once apparent how deeply interesting the labours of those who are spending a large portion of their lives in the investigation of the law of storms must be.

Colonel Reid of the Royal Engineers, and Mr. Redfield, of New York, were, we believe, the earliest labourers in this field of research. They were followed by Mr. Piddington of Calcutta, who has published a *Sailor's Horn-book* of the Law of Storms, in which the plainest instructions are given for the navigation of ships through the dangerous cyclones of the Indian seas. So great have been the advantages already derived from the study of this sub-

* See "Air Maps," vol. viii. p. 123.

ject; and so important is a better study of it considered, that in the autumn of eighteen hundred and fifty-three, a Maritime Conference was held at Brussels, by delegates from the leading nations of Europe and the United States, for the purpose of devising some general and uniform system of observation at sea, to be carried on by the public and private ships of all countries. Already, however, much has been accomplished. Our present acquaintance with the Wind-roads, and the Law of Storms, has been the means of shortening ship's passages in most parts of the world to an astonishing extent, aided, no doubt, by the progressive science of the ship-builder; so much so, indeed, that our Liverpool clipper-ships are beating steam-vessels on the Australian voyage. It is scarcely possible to say how many valuable ships, or how much human life has been saved.

In the high northern latitudes in which we live, storms such as sweep over many parts of the earth and sea, are unknown. At certain seasons of the year, our islands are visited with severe gales of wind, which cause much havoc amongst our coasting vessels, and some damage to property on land; but this is nothing compared with the terrible effects of a cyclone, a typhoon, or a hurricane in the Bay of Bengal, the China Seas, or amongst the West India Islands?

The fearful rotary storms of wind which frequently occur within the tropics, lose much of their violence in passing over the land; yet, the ruin and devastation occasioned by them there, is of a terrible character. In one hurricane which passed over Madras a few years since, a thousand houses were injured or destroyed, many lives lost, nine thousand sheep, and nearly three thousand horses and cattle perished, besides several villages which were entirely swept away, leaving no records whatever. A similar calamity happened at Coringa in eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, when twenty thousand of the inhabitants were said to have perished, besides an incredible number of cattle and stock. Sixty native vessels at anchor in the roads disappeared within half-an-hour, with all their crews, whilst one or two sloops were carried by the united force of the wind and waters to a distance of five miles inland. In eighteen hundred and fifty-three one of these cyclones swept over a portion of Bengal, marking its comparatively narrow track with the ruins of many villages and the bodies of hundreds of natives. The houses were smashed into minute fragments: there was scarcely anything left as large as a brick; and it seemed as though the car of Juggernath had passed its ponderous wheels over those ill-fated villages. Men were found with their brains dashed out against trees or rocks. Some had been blown against broken bamboos and impaled on their sharp points. Women and children were torn limb from limb, as though by wild beasts; whilst doors, furniture, and

other wooden articles, were shivered and splintered into fragments as completely as though cut up by axes. All this was wrought by the mere force of the wind. It occurred many miles inland, away from any sea or river. At the Mauritius, hurricanes are of almost annual occurrence during the first four months of the year. The effect of some of these has been very remarkable. A ship of eight hundred tons burthen, loaded with cargo, was *blown* high and dry upon land, many yards from the influence of the sea. Portions of iron machinery, weighing many hundred weights, were in like manner hoisted from their positions and flung through the air for a hundred yards. Cattle were lifted from their legs, caught up in the whirlwind, and carried across many fields.

These hurricanes are not only more violent on the open seas: but present themselves there with more terrific features. We have, in our time, been in two of these fearful storms. In one the sky and sea took a blood-red tinge, although the hurricane had then well nigh passed over. In the other, near the Bay of Bengal, a ship under bare poles, was laid on her beam ends; the wind roared like one continuous peal of thunder, whilst the air was filled with the foaming crests of many waves torn into blinding spray. We have heard of a ship having its foremast snapped off at the deck, carried aloft by the whirl of the cyclone, and then dropped upon the fore-hatch through which it forced its way, and so became fixed tightly during the rest of the gale. It is not uncommon to hear of ships' boats being blown away from their fastenings and carried aloft into the rigging; or of poop-ladders torn from their staples and smashed; or sails whilst closely furled, being blown away from their yards in shreds.

If these cyclones are to be dreaded in the midst of the open ocean, how much more dangerous must they be to ships in a roadstead, or under a lee-shore—that is to say, with the first burst of the gale blowing dead on the land. There is the record of a typhoon in the China seas in which every native craft along the coast was lost except one. Not fewer than a hundred thousand persons perished afloat and ashore.

Fortunately for navigators, the barometer gives timely warning of the approach of such storms; and in all open ports or harbours in hurricane countries frequented by British shipping the captains of vessels in the roads have early intimation of any signs of bad weather. Signals are hoisted on shore either to make all snug and let go a second anchor, or to slip cable and put to sea, in order to get clear of the coast before it be too late. In this way, and with the invaluable assistance of the Horn-book of Storms, hundreds of fine ships are annually saved which would, otherwise, have been lost or seriously damaged.

The combined labours of Redfield, Reid, Maury and others have demonstrated beyond a doubt that the hurricanes, tornadoes, typhoons and other named storms, are nearly identical in character, being in fact, vast whirlwinds moving onward by a fixed law, from east to west. It is known, also, that these whirlwinds revolve in contrary directions on opposite sides of the equator: in the southern hemisphere they move round in the same direction as the hands of a watch, from left to right, whilst, in the northern seas, they revolve from right to left. Thus the side of one of these cyclones nearest the equator, in either hemisphere, will be a westerly gale, whilst, on its polar margin, the storm will be from the east.

These cyclones, as they are now termed, do not move in a due westerly direction alone; but attain a polar inclination as they progress, and, towards their termination, recede somewhat to the eastward, so that they form the figure of a section of a circle, gyrating in curves more or less extended according to the rate of progress of the storm. The speed at which these cyclones travel, varies continually between two miles and forty-three miles an hour: at times they have even been known to remain stationary for a considerable period. The gyration of these progressive storms may be fairly represented by an ordinary coil of rope, somewhat opened out, and spread in a quarter circle.

Mr. Redfield's explanations of the cause of the rise and fall of the mercury during these gales, tells us that one of these cycloidal storms which sets a considerable portion of the atmosphere in a state of rapid revolution, diminishes its pressure over that particular track, and most of all so towards the centre of the whirl. Consequently the depth of the superincumbent column of air will be least at the centre; and its weight will be diminished in proportion to the strength of the wind.

This idea may be illustrated by means of a tumbler half filled with water, and put in rapid motion by passing a rod round the inside of the vessel. On looking at the contents of the tumbler it will be perceived that the surface of the water is depressed at the centre, and rises against the side. The centrifugal force exerted, causes this heaping up at the sides of the glass, but the reverse in the case of whirlwinds, which have limits to confine them. The tendency of the atmosphere thus set in rapid rotation is, consequently, to fly off from its centre, lessening thereby the weight of the incumbent air; and causing a fall of the mercury in the barometer. This flying-off would bring down a portion of the old stratum of the upper atmosphere, which, coming in contact with the humid stratum of the surface, produces a continuous layer of clouds, and a copious supply of rain—the usual accompaniment of cycloidal storms.

Let us see how the knowledge of all this, as set forth by the Hornbook of the Law of Storms, enables the commander of a ship, who will give a little attention to the subject, to take his vessel out of a cyclone with almost certain impunity: Any captain overtaken by, or inadvertently running into such a hurricane, can escape from its influence by ascertaining the ship's position in the cyclone, and endeavouring to reach its outer edge. In ignorance of this, a vessel may be forced into the very centre of the whirl.

To scud or run, either partially or wholly, with the gale, is to be avoided, as only calculated to retain the ship within the gale. The most prudent plan is to bring the ship's head to the wind,—in nautical terms, to "bring her to,"—and, in that position, with just sufficient head-sail set for the purpose, to wait the passing-over of the storm. In putting this in practice, however, judgment is required in order to prevent the wind heading the ship, which might cause her to founder. The force of the wind on the masts and rigging alone is sufficient to do this; and it is believed that many ships have been thus lost. The rule of action in such a case, as laid down by the Hornbook, is, "to heave-to on the starboard tack when on the north side of the equator, and on the port tack when on the south side of the equator." A ship so placed will have the gale veer round more towards the stern, when the head could be at once brought close to the wind in its new direction, until at length the cyclone would fairly blow over, and leave the ship in its rear; whereas, if the ship were so laid-to that the next shift of wind took her aback by blowing directly against her head, she would perhaps sink stern foremost.

By keeping the wind on the starboard quarter in the northern hemisphere, and on the port quarter in the southern, a ship may be gradually sailed from the centre of the storm. But there is always one quadrant of the hurricane-circle replete with danger in such a course: it is that portion which would immediately carry a vessel within the path of the centre whirl of the advancing cyclone. With the storm advancing due west in the northern hemisphere, the quadrant of danger would be in its north-western quarter; in the south, it would be in the south-west. In its polar progress, when north, the dangerous quadrant would be in the north-east. On the opposite side of the line it would be in the south-east. An imperfect acquaintance with the Law of Storms, or a careless application of it, may lead a commander into more danger than if he had never seen a Hornbook, or had thrown his barometer overboard. It is a law which must be studied attentively, or not at all.

The barometer is not the sole indicator of the approach of a cyclone. The storm sends before it a herald, which, outstripping

the swiftness of the hurricane, gives sure and timely warning to those dwellers in tropic islands or navigators of frail barks, who know not the use of scientific instruments. The gale works up the waters of ocean to fierce fury, and the mighty billows roll on with inconceivable swiftness for many hundreds of miles across the sea in every direction. Colonel Reid was in Bermuda when the hurricane of eighteen hundred and thirty-nine occurred, and distinctly heard the sea breaking loudly against the south shores on the morning of the ninth of September, full three days before the storm reached the islands, as recorded in tables of the state of the weather kept at the central signal station. At that time, the hurricane was still within the tropic, and distant ten degrees of latitude. As the storm approached the swell increased, breaking against the southern shores with louder roar and grandeur, until the evening of the twelfth of September, when the whirlwind storm reaching the Bermudas set in there. When the storm had passed over the islands, the southern shore became calm; and the northern reefs presented a white line of surge, caused by the undulations rolled back from the storm in its progress towards Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

During these hurricanes, especially within or bordering on the tropics, the appearance of the sky is often extremely beautiful. In one of Piddington's memoirs on storms, he describes the aspect of a dense mass of heaped-up clouds pushed towards the Ghauts in the Madras Presidency. The great bulk was arrested and collected into a long horizontal wall-like bank of solid aspect and of a deep bluish hue, varied at the edges by flocculent curves and zones of sombre grey, which appeared in vivid distinctness as coruscations of lightning shot up and illuminating portions of the gloomy mass. A few detached higher clouds escaped, and passed slowly to the westward, whilst the upper edge of the cloud-bank sometimes curled over the top of the ridge, like the falling crest of a wave dispersing in spray, and descended in a transient shower.

Not less grand is the storm at sea. The ship's log of a captain who passed through the centre of a cyclone, tells us how the sun went down fiery red, his rays dipping and losing themselves almost perpendicularly in the long heavy swell. The rain fell in torrents during the height of the storm; the lightning darted in awful vividness from the intensely dark masses of clouds that pressed down on the troubled sea. When the hurricane passed off, the scene to leeward was awfully grand: thick masses of the darker purple-coloured clouds were rolling over each other in inconceivable confusion, lighted up in different places by intensely vivid lightning. The hoarse roar of the retiring storm, mingled with the hollow groan of continued thunder,

as they slowly retreated with the gale, left an impression on the mind not easily to be forgotten.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A DINNER IN CAMP.

THE wind, which has been howling these ten days, is lulled at last. A keen penetrating cold indeed still finds its searching way through our tent, through our matted clothes, which have not been changed so long that we have altogether forgotten the sensation produced by putting on a clean shirt. It finds its way with equal success through the leather leggings of our trousers, and our clumsy cracked boots, through our tangled wiry hair and beards; down the napes of our necks when we move our heads to this side or to that, so as to give it the smallest opening at which to creep in.

We cannot get up and run about, like good boys, to keep ourselves warm, because we are dwelling in a sort of marsh or bog. We should therefore get hopelessly wet and uncomfortable; our fires do not thrive enough to admit of our drying ourselves speedily; and we have no change of clothes. We cannot either afford a bowl of punch just yet, for there is a great scarcity of fresh water. It is imprudent to take little gulps of brandy every now and then to keep up our circulation, because we have but very little of that spirit left, and, besides, the doctors say that such a course of proceeding is very apt to bring on the cholera.

Our tent is a needlessly miserable affair, but we are lucky to have it. Tents, even such as these, are not for everybody. The curse of wanton mismanagement seems upon everything, and I cannot look on the pitiable scene around me without feeling a large personal share in our national humiliation. We have had experience enough of camp life, too, thrust upon us during the last few years. There have been the countless letters of settlers in the new world, almost each containing some valuable practical suggestion, the fruits of dearly-bought experience. There have been whole libraries written about the wants and contrivances of the gold hunters. Sir Stephen Lakeman and Kaffreland had furnished us with lessons, and Sir Richard England, at least, knows something of the causes which brought about our disgrace in Affghanistan. Yet we have wilfully neglected everything most lamentably; the more so because Englishmen are not given to complaining of mere personal suffering; and, among all of those whom I see around me there is a gallant (I might have written touching) determination to put a bluff gay face upon things.

Therefore we sit (there were four of us) curled up in various attitudes, and joking about the state of things in general, over short clay pipes, almost as black and dirty as ourselves. We sit waiting for dinner, and

our host, every now and then, shouts lustily to a servant who is preparing it somewhere outside within hearing. As the servant does not appear however to make much progress, and our appetites goad us at last into extreme measures, we go out to help him, or worry him into greater speed.

Our cook is a tattered, lantern-jawed, hollow-eyed fellow, who would not be recognised as a soldier by any servant-maid in Knightsbridge. We find him in a state of despondency peculiar, I think, to the cooking Englishman. He is kneeling down on the damp ground and blowing testily at some wetish smoky shrub-roots, crammed in a manner inartistic enough into an impromptu fire-place. He looks a fine illustration of shame and anger, he dislikes his job, and he does not know how to perform it.

Let us help him. I know somebody who is not a bad cook at a push, and so, if we can only get some charcoal, I dare say we shall do very well. We are not badly off for prog; there is some ration pork, a lean fowl, some eggs, potatoes, and honey. We have also got an old iron kettle and a coffee-pot, with the lid belonging thereto. They are worth their weight in gold, and I hope we know how to appreciate them.

Modesty prevents my telling how, by frying the pork in the lid of the kettle, we obtained enough grease to fry the fowl; how a mess of bread and honey, and whipped eggs was manufactured, which caused a full chorus of lip-smacking, and which was pensively remembered long after its abrupt disappearance. Then we roasted some potatoes among the embers, and ate them (with the remains of the grease extracted from the pork) as a delicate mouthful to crown our repast; and lastly, it was with all the pride of art, that we stewed some tea in the coffee-pot, and converted it into punch of no common bouquet and flavour.

We must have looked a strange company. All, except myself, were ragged, and oddly arrayed. They wore their full dress uniform, dingy and caked over with dirt, till the colour was undistinguishable. They looked something between the military mendicants who prowl about elderly-ladylike neighbourhoods, and fancy portraits of brigands. Their beards appeared to begin at the eyelashes, and to go on till they were lost in the folds of the voluminous scarfs worn round the waist. Between the dark neutral tint of their clothes and that of their hands there was but small difference, and when they removed their caps for a moment, the bit of clean skin underneath presented a contrast quite startling and ludicrous. There was one thing also which struck me particularly, and that was our host's prudent and laudable anxiety with respect to the fragments of our feast. Once I remember, as a soldier passed, chuckling and lugging along a powerful and struggling goose by the neck, the captain cried out, with an eagerness of speech inexpressibly

droll, "Hang it, Martin! there goes a fellow with a goose; be quick and cut after him. Perhaps he will let us go halves, or tell you where he got it, if there's another. Look sharp, or you'll lose him." I should be sorry to bring anything like an unhandsome charge against the captain's guests, but it certainly was my impression that Ensign Dash placed something in his coat pocket; and that that something was the drumstick of a fowl, and a hunk of precious black bread, done up in a pocket-handkerchief.

I remember, as the night deepened, and we still sat talking, that a certain deep-seated piety and resignation rested upon my companions, which I do not remember to have ever observed in young men before. They appeared to be filled with tenderness and brotherhood, when they spoke of fallen comrades. It seemed as if their own uncertain chances of life gave them a kindred with the dead. Little words passed—perhaps unconsciously enough—among them which may be some day told solemnly, on summer evenings and by winter hearths, as the last yearnings and expressed desires of gallant hearts which shall then be cold. Sometimes what they said had a simple and impressive earnestness, as if the speaker wished that his words should be hereafter faithfully recorded—as if he felt himself among those who are doomed. There was no fear or gloom in our little party that night; only a serious sense of a grave position—which a good man should not reflect on lightly. It drew the bands of kindly friendships closer.

They talked with cheerful pathos about their distant families and friends, so that I felt even then, while I listened, as if I were becoming the depository of many precious secrets, and that I should go upon my way laden with things which, to some, would be held of higher value than an argosy. God be merciful to the bereaved! Of those who sat beside me on that day but one remains; for two were struck with tardy sickness, and the third fell suddenly in fight. God be merciful to the bereaved! and teach them to think, even in their grief, with a pride which shall be as balm to them, how their kindred have gone to join the radiant band of those who have died uncomplaining, for the pure cause of duty! Let us resolve that they shall be surrounded with respect and active sympathy, which shall not die away in words.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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[PRICE 2d.]

FROST-BITTEN HOMES.

ON the closing day of the long February frost I went to see what its effect had been upon the dwellings of the quiet poor. The general distress endured by a large class of the inhabitants of London who commit no crimes and utter no complaints by which to call attention to their sorrow, has been already suggested in this journal.* It is a hard tale to tell twice, but would to Heaven it were told a thousand times, if telling be a step of any kind towards more active sympathy. I had paid a second visit to a number of these people during the past summer, and had found the shadow of the war upon their households. Looms were idle, high prices and the dread of a prevailing pestilence almost destroyed the traffic of the hawkers, and the thousands of our fellow citizens who are so often tempted to

"Sit down with vacant stare,
And the game of life abandon with the quiet of despair."

being almost without exception destitute of this world's goods, remained as miserable as they had been in the preceding winter. Let no one suppose from this that he can picture to himself, if he has not seen the horror of their present state. Their crowning affliction was the frost. The defect must be a grave one in our social system which converts one of the best gifts of Nature into a curse for thousands. The cold weather dealt with the unoffending poor as it might deal with the exotics in a hot-house. Nothing that had life among them seemed to have escaped the blight of it.

I saw them on the last day of the frost, when many of them had little more in this world than their lives to lose. Inured to suffering, they bore without rebellion the heaviest privations. On that and the preceding day they were surrounded by bread-riots. Dock-labourers, impatient of a few days' famine, joined by several of the discontented in East London, raised the black flag; and, marching in large crowds, emptied bakers' shops, but with such crowds there went none of these famished sufferers. The men whose need was greatest hungered silently in their frost-bitten homes.

* Volume ix. page 201.

"You have a great many countrymen among these mobs, Mrs. Sullivan. Your husband has no part in them?"

"He, sir! What has he to do with them? They're not honest men. My husband would lie down on those stones and die of hunger before he would join hand with such ruffians. They were by here yesterday, five hundred of them, with the black flag and a loaf dipped in blood. They cleared out a poor man over the way, who, though he is a baker, is not much richer than we, God help him!"

The Sullivans once owned a little farm in Ireland by the Lake of Killarney; they are warm-hearted people. The husband, when in Ireland, put his name to a friend's bill for a hundred and fifty pounds, became chargeable with the payment, and sold all to meet it. He then came to London, bringing hither his wife and a young family, with the design of emigrating. There was delay caused by the difficulty of getting shipped from England, and that proved sufficient to complete his ruin. He was forced to abandon his scheme and to remain in London, where, with wife and children, he now adds a drop to the great sea of bitterness in Bethnal Green. I did not find this family in the last stage of destitution. The Sullivans, though they were starving, had not yet sold their table and their chairs for food. They had clothes, too. The garments of many little ones recently washed, hung upon lines about the room, and it was through the grove of tiny frocks and petticoats thus planted that one had peeps of a crone near the scanty fire, who rocked herself in sullen grief, and of a sick girl in the chimney corner, who was eating a few chips of potato from a plate. Mrs. Sullivan is a true woman. When the great distress began and she was herself in want, bread had been offered her. Then she, denying herself, pointed out the greater destitution of a neighbour, one for whom her rich heart had been grieving. "Let me wait," she said. "If there is bread to be given, take the first morsel to her."

"You could have a cottage at Killarney for the price of this room, Mrs. Sullivan."

"O and if we could only be back there again! Time was when we never had a want; when we owned cows and horses; and sure we did not know that there was ever in the world such an unhappy place as this. If we

was only at Killarney"—she was half sobbing at the thought, and rubbing her eyes furtively from time to time with the corner of a baby's petticoat that hung beside her face. A little girl slipped in quietly, her feet covered with snow, and her mother, in reply to an inquiry, said, "Yes, she was a good girl, and had just come from the ragged school. The frock she was then wearing had been given to her there."

The poor little thing had slipped to the cupboard in search of her evening meal, and was peering about it like a hungry kitten.

"It's of no use, Kitty," said her mother, with another rub against the little petticoat, "there's nothing for you."

The supperless child slipped to the fire without a syllable or gesture of complaint, and bent for warmth over the few ashes that were burning in it.

"Ah," said the mother again, "we little thought at Killarney of a place like this. It's fit to kill one only to see the sufferings of that poor soul over the way." This was the same neighbour for whom she had pleaded once before, and anxious to engage our sympathy in her behalf, she led us to her room.

"Excuse me for not opening the door to you," said the woman as we entered. "The baby is in my arms, and it is so sick." Her voice died away in a note of the most plaintive tenderness. The poor mother sat with the baby in her lap on one of the two chairs that the room contained: there was a sick boy in the other. Five more children cowered round the grate. The baby had been ill, we found, and had been left for a short time on the previous Sunday, while the mother was at church, in charge of the eldest son, the sick boy whom we saw. He, liable to fits, had been seized with one during that time, fallen with the infant, and so bruised its cheek. Slight injuries produce great wounds on bodies ill-fed and ill-housed; the consequence of the fall was, that a large abscess formed where, in a healthy child, there would have been only a discoloured skin.

"And the boy's foot is bound up?"

"Yes; badly cut. The real truth is, sir, we were forced to part with his shoes, and whether it was ice or broken glass thrown in the road, I don't know, but he came home with a sad wound, and can't go out of doors for some weeks, I'm afraid."

Inquiry was made as to her means of subsistence. "We have had nothing coming in," she said; "but the baker has not let us starve. He knows we will pay him when we can, and he has trusted us; but yesterday when I went he had no bread to give us, because the rioters had been to his shop and taken all there was in it—so we have had nothing since that."

Mrs. Sullivan, who had followed us into the room, and watched her neighbour with the strongest interest, here broke out into loud denunciations of the ruffians who, in the

name of distress, rob the starving. "It's always the honest poor," she said, "who suffer by those noisy blackguards." The sick baby uttered a low wail. There were four coloured Scripture prints over the mantelpiece of this room: upon one of them was the Great Physician. It is not wonderful that in the day of want, though coats and shoes were sold, those prints were kept.

The charitable trust of the baker for which this woman had been grateful was limited by his own poverty and the extent of the distress appealing to his sympathies. When last she had been seen eating, we learnt after we had left her—for herself, her husband, and her seven children, the whole dinner had been two halfpenny loaves.

This household clung to Scripture prints. Almost in all the cold, dismantled rooms we saw, there was some one thing saved to the last which might have been among the first and easiest for any man without a heart to lose. One little family had saved the birds belonging to the children—but there remained only the empty cages, for the birds were dead. Each cage was worth a loaf of bread, and there were two of them, but still they hung upon the wall. A dollmaker—the father of a troubled family—had been accustomed to find solace in a fiddle. He took to fiddling, as some others take to drink, but his little vice gave innocent pleasure to his children, while it soothed himself and helped him to endure the buffetings of fortune. Tables and chairs were bartered, one by one, for bread, and still the fiddle, strong consoler, was retained. The charm of its music helped a hungry family to nestle together of evenings, freed from the sharp consciousness of want. At last, the evil day could be put off no longer, and even the dollmaker's fiddle was exchanged for bread, to the great grief, not only of himself and of his family, but also of his neighbours.

For although many of these suffering people, tortured by hunger, become selfish in urging their demands for bread, and jealous of those whose sorrows are assuaged in preference to theirs; though very many others are attracted by the light and warmth of the gin-palace, and the short exemption from grief to be purchased at its bar; though cursing is to be heard here every day near the church door, and there is one curse uttered elsewhere by the self-righteous that falls heavily here, as in all places, on the child of the poor man—"He shall die without instruction; and in the greatness of his folly he shall go astray:" in spite of all this evil, there is a true spirit of good in this community of people who in good times struggle, and in bad times starve. I saw a woman with a kindly face able to thank God that she had taken an orphan to her house. "It was no loss to them," she said, "for she had turned out a good girl, and many were the times when they'd have wanted bread but for the work she did." Of another

woman in the district I heard a story illustrating in an odd way the same pervading tenderness of spirit. She became actively religious under the influence of some hot preacher, and prayed to Heaven for the knowledge of what she could do to show herself a Christian. One day she told her husband that her prayer had been answered: the Lord had let her know what she must do. A reprobate hawker—one Skulk—lived in their court, and his neglected children, ruined by familiarity with wickedness and filth, were shame and scandal to the neighbourhood. "I am to take a child," said the poor woman, "and train it up in the right way. Will you ask Bill Skulk for leave to adopt one of his boys?"—"Certainly, my dear," said the husband, who did not like the kind of son suggested, but employed the tact of a domestic Metternich, and, what is better far, the courtesy of a true gentleman towards his wife; "certainly I will do as you wish, but had you not better think it over and ask the Lord again, for it may be some other child, and not one of Bill Skulk's boys, that we are to take." The wife took time to reflect and pray. Very soon afterwards a narrow-weaver died, leaving an innocent child utterly desolate and destitute. "Now," said the wife, "I know, John, whom the Lord calls on us to help." They took the orphan to their home, and were a father and a mother to it.

I go back unwillingly to the actual spectacle of want, but the reader shall be shocked with few more words about it. In such a case as this few words may suffice to beget many sympathetic deeds.

I saw a shoemaker in a room destitute of furniture watching the hungry faces of two children. He possessed nothing but his tools, and there was no work to be done with them. There are three hundred small shoemakers now in the workhouse, and thousands of journeymen out of employ. There is an export trade, I believe, of slop goods arrested by the war. Be that as it may, I saw this man standing in his empty room, wan, unshaven, with no other clothes than a few rags pinned or knotted in an uncouth way about his person. A cruel mockery of bed was in one corner, a little straw—it will not be believed how little—assuredly, for the bed of husband, wife, and children, during a six weeks' intense frost, not more than as much straw as would stuff an ordinary footstool. One hand would suffice to collect and lift it all. A lump of salt was all the food in his possession.

I saw the home of a bricklayer, who, when he has work, earns thirty shillings a week, and lives with a wife and nine children in two rooms. We passed through the first room, from which everything had been taken to get bread. We went into the second room, and found that also stripped. There remained only two chairs, that were not chairs, and had been left simply because they were worth-

less. They had lost their seats, but one or two sticks laid across the framework made it possible to use them. In one such chair the wife sat with a naked baby on her lap, her own arms bare. Her gown had gone for bread, her chemise, and the last things sold were her shoes. There was a rag that covered a small portion of the baby—two months old—the rest of its body the mother did her best to cover with what little dressing decency forced her to retain about herself. Eight other children crowded round some dying embers. Their distress was the more pitiful to see because the woman had refinement in her features, was gentle and uncomplaining in her speech, and the condition of the children showed that they had received from her careful nurture. They were all young, all bearing their privations with the beautiful simplicity that belongs only to children. A little boy with a round head and flaxen locks planted himself before one of us, and fixed his wondering blue eyes upon the stranger's face—unconscious of the sorrows of his home—not stirring foot or changing for an instant the direction of his gaze until the marvel had departed. I think these children were not very conscious of privation. It was impossible to look from their well-rounded forms to the thin face of the mother without feeling that for them all sacrifice was made. I did not see the husband, but was told that he was true and earnest like his wife. The bed here was a small heap of the ends of rushes in a corner of the room.

"How do you manage at night?"

"Those rush ends make a very soft bed. They were in a piece of ticking, but we had to sell the tick. The children sleep there. My husband and I sit up on the chairs."

Surely there are many beds of down less enviable than those two chairs, upon which sitting must have been a sort of torture to the body. In the dark room penetrated by the bitter frost husband and wife, thinly clad, sat nightly side by side, that they might leave the little nest of rushes to their children.

I shall recal no more of these cases. In no district of England was the misery occasioned by the late frost so complete as in some parts of London; in no place was the distress borne with such complete tranquillity. Not only were nearly all men labouring out of doors deprived of their resources, but the weavers have no spring trade to prepare for—in war times there will be few gaieties to bring rich dresses into use, and many who would wear them have been by the war thrown into mourning. There are no orders for spring novelties, and weavers, therefore, suffer. In one whole district visited by us there was no breach in the distress, the difference between one house and that next to it was only in the degree of destitution borne by those within.

What can be done? The workhouse provided for the parish to which this district

belongs is calculated to hold eight hundred people, and it contained thirteen hundred at the time of which I speak. To lessen an enormous burden upon ratepayers the workhouse rules are strict, and no sane man would consider it a remedy for that great hitch in our social system which produces such a population as that here described, to build more workhouses and fill them with more poor. Benevolent relief, though it provides no remedy, saves many a day's hunger and preserves many a life.

But for the remedy which lies in the correction of not one or two but twenty social errors, we must look elsewhere. Honourable gentlemen have for some time been pledged to provide two such corrections, but have not redeemed their pledges. The Law of Settlement still compels poor men's communities to stagnate, and practically denies to thousands who cannot live in one place the right of going to some other place in search of better fate. The Law of Partnership still denies to poor men the right of clubbing their small means together in a prudent way, and helping one another to success where they now fail because they are too feeble to work singly. The amendment of these bad social regulations will not convert a pauper neighbourhood into a Paradise, but it will be at least a stirring forward in the right direction. There is a great deal more to be considered and a great deal more to be done. Wholesome dwellings must be furnished, children must be taught. We talk about these things, and have been talking for generations. Fairly considering what is here partly shown, the real urgency of the matter, could we not feel justified in parting with a little of our oratory for the sake of a more needful thing, some vigorous, true-hearted action? Meanwhile we wait, and wait, and wish good speed to the time when Lords and Gentlemen,

"Who act the God among external things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind,"
shall have heard enough of their own thunder.

A SET OF ODD FELLOWS.

Pygmies and Polyphemes, by many a name,
Centuars and Satyrs, and such shapes as haunt
Wet clefts,—and lumps neither alive nor dead,
Dog-headed, bosom-eyed, and bird-footed.
SHELLEY'S *Witch of Atlas*.

FROM the earliest ages, the minds of men appear to have been haunted by ideas of anomalous creatures swarming in earth, air, and sea; some of them mysterious combinations of familiar forms—others, vague and undefinable as the shifting phantoms seen at evening in the clouds. Indeed, Nature herself has prompted and almost justified such fancies; for it would be difficult to surpass in strange fantastic ugliness some of the reptiles and marine animals which we know to exist, and to be reproduced from generation to genera-

tion. Spenser, in that romantic and awful journey of Sir Guyon and the Palmer to the Bower of Bliss in the Faery Queene, speaks of the sea-monsters which the travellers encounter as being terrible enough even to appal the power that created them.

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame, that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee:
All dreadfull pourtraits of deformitee.

And he adds:

No wonder if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the sea's entrall.

These sickening distortions (as they appear to us) of organic life, occasionally beheld in rapid and fearful glimpses by mariners—as well as the slimy and torpid creatures crawling in the mud of ditches and damp places, from which they are scarcely distinguishable in member, joint, or limb, and the terrible quadrupeds to be found in many parts of Asia and Africa,—would naturally suggest, even to the minds of the wisest, in an age when men were more inclined to speculate on abstract theories than to investigate facts, the notion of appalling departures from the ordinary course of Nature; such as accidental combinations of incongruous forms, or hideous and purposeless phenomena, starting into life under some malign influence.

It is curious to observe that, in early times, all nations had a tendency to people countries remote from them with anomalous shapes, as well as other prodigies. Thus Plutarch, in commencing his *Lives*, says that he could, if he pleased, speak of stranger and more ancient things:—Like as the historiographers, which do set forth the description of the earth in figure, are wont to place in the lowermost part of their mappes the farre distant regions unknowne unto them, and to make in the margent such like notes and reasons as these: Beyond these countries are nothing but deepe dry sands without water, full of fowle ill-favoured venomous beasts, or much mudde unnavigable, or Scythia forsaken for cold, or else the sea frozen with ice. The Greeks were among the most distinguished in this kind of romancing. Arabia was with them chiefly noted as the native country of the mystical Phoenix. Ethiopia was the land of Pygmies, of gods, and of god-like men. And with what indescribable and dream-like presentments (such as those which glare and lighten over the enchanted island of Prospero) did they not make awful the far-removed interiors of India, Scythia, and Africa!

All the monstrous forms
"Twixt Africa and Ind,

says the Elder Brother, in *Comus*. In the childhood of society, as in the childhood of the

individual, remoteness is always allied to mystery and wonder. Neither child-state can understand the possibility of any of the common-places of daily life being repeated in the shadowy regions afar off, which it is supposed must be lulling abodes of rest and pleasure, or else the haunt of startling contradictions to our sense of proportion and fitness. Thus, the Elysian fields were islands of the distant, boundless, and legend-haunted Atlantic, beyond the limits of the known world; and Tartarus, or Hell, was in Spain—a country of which the ancient Greeks were very ignorant. To the Persians and Arabians, the gloomy and desert mountains of Caucasus are rendered sacred by the belief that they are inhabited by Genii and the ghosts of Pre-Adamite Sultans; and when our early European travellers first entered the marvellous lands of the East, they saw, or dreamed they saw, all the hobgoblins and uncouth animals which they had read of in the pages of Herodotus, Pliny, Philostratus (the biographer of Apollonius of Tyana), and other ancient writers.

Chimæras and Anomalies have been frequently introduced into modern poetry, though almost entirely derived from ancient traditions. The first of all, however,—Caliban and the half-human shapes of the Tempest, appearing and disappearing like monstrous visions, with dreary mutterings and stupendous sounds—have in them the true spirit of the wild and shadowy North, superadded to the physical horror of the Greek deformities. One great superiority of Gothic poetry and fable over classic, in such matters as these, is the finer sense of spirituality which pervades it. Something beyond the mere outline and substance is always implied. A vagueness and a darkness, haunted by we know not what, brood over, and unfold as with an atmosphere, the most extravagant creations. The apparitions in the Tempest, for instance, are not simply terrible or beautiful in form, according to their respective natures; but are continually prompting a finer, subtler, and more profound terror or beauty than can be conveyed by any mere superficial appearance. They move before a sky of fluctuating suggestions and cloud-like hints; they issue out of abysses that are their native homes, and carry with them an air of primeval mystery and wonder, that dilates and glides away before the mind that attempts to grasp it; they are psychologically true to the aspects they present. The incarnations of the Greeks were more statuesque, definite, and fixed. Their religion, except in the interpretation of Plato and a few others—was material, rather than spiritual; and (if we are not pushing the matter too far) their clear and crystal climate, showing distant as well as close objects in all their sharpness of outline, may have encouraged a similar keenly-defined and marmoreal character in their genius. Our climate, on the contrary, casts a

sort of veil even over familiar things, and throws the mind in upon itself, forcing it to contemplate the riddle of its own existence.

In a recent number of *Household Words** we quoted a passage from Stowe, which appears to have suggested to Shakespeare the idea of Sycorax, Caliban, and the other monsters of the Tempest; but, according to some commentators, he was indebted in this particular to Sylvester Jourdan's account of the discovery of the Bermudas. These islands, from the dreadful storms which were continually raging round them, and perhaps from their far outlying in the lonely sea, as well as from the barren and deserted character of the coasts, were supposed to be enchanted, and to be under the especial patronage of the Devil, after whom, indeed, they were sometimes named; and it is related that when Sir George Somers was wrecked here in the reign of James the First, a sea-monster, having some affinity to a man, had the courtesy to present himself. Pomponius Mela mentions a race of Africans called Blemmii, who, being without heads, had their eyes and mouth in their breasts. Shakespeare was probably acquainted with this fiction, and thus derived a suggestion which he has embodied in the remark of Gonzalo, after the disappearance of the strange shapes which carry in the banquet:—

When we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at
them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts?

Act iii. sc. 3.

Othello, also, speaks of

Men whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Act. i. sc. 3.

Malone seems to think that Shakespeare derived his knowledge of these phenomena from Sir Walter Raleigh, who gives an account of them in his *Description of Guiana*—a book, says the commentator, that, without doubt, Shakespeare had read. St. Augustine testifies to the existence of the same hobgoblins in Ethiopia. In his thirty-third sermon, entitled *To his Brothers in the Desert*, he says:—I was already Bishop of Hippo when I went into Ethiopia, with some servants of Christ, to preach the Gospel there. We saw in this country many men and women without heads, who had two large eyes in their chests. If the bishop stayed long in this surprising land, a man with an ordinary cranium must have been as much a matter of wonder to him as the contrary was at first. An Eastern sorcerer, of the name of Setteiah, is recorded to have had his head in his bosom, and to have otherwise departed from the characteristics of humanity to an extent, and in a manner truly ghastly, though dashed

* See *A Scientific Figment*, vol. x. p. 453.

with the ludicrous. He had no bones at all in his body, except in his skull, and at the ends of his fingers. He could neither stand nor sit upright, unless when swollen with anger; and his body was so pliant that, if it was desired to move him from one place to another, he was folded up like a garment; after which, before he could be consulted, it was necessary to roll him backward and forward on the floor.*

Pomponius Mela mentions another race of African prodigies called *Ægyptani*, who were human above the waist and goatish below it, — a kind of satyrs. Well might the poet talk of.

All monsters which hot Africke forth doth send
Twixt Nilus, Atlas, and the southern cape.
FAIRFAX'S TASSO.

But modern speculation has been here, as everywhere else, disenchanting our magic regions, and showing all their wonders to be literal facts exaggerated. Satyrs were baboons or apes; and the gentlemen with their eyes and mouths in their breasts, were simply a race of high-shouldered, short-necked individuals, with heads proportionably depressed, and partly concealed by their shoulders and their long thick hair. Readers of the *Tempest*, however, will not suffer so matter-of-fact an explanation to enter those far-off marvellous islands, where the very earth is startled into strange life by the ceaseless thunders that surge over it.

Ethiopia, according to Pliny, not only produced pigmies, but also a race of people without any noses—having perfectly plain and flat visages; another without lips; and a third tongueless. Those who were minus the nasal organ were probably negroes, in whom that feature is never prominent. Bion testifies to the existence of a nation called *Nigræ*, whose king had but one eye to bless himself with; which may have been intended as a covert satire upon the semi-blindness frequently attributed, by the unbelieving, to the kingly office. It does not appear that the subjects of his Polyphemic majesty were at all deficient in their visual powers; but a moiety of what they possessed in full seems to have been the chief prerogative of the head of their army, law, and church, and probably one of the evidences of his divine right. Ethiopia also produces the *Troglodytes*, or cave-dwellers, who are the swiftest-footed of all men, and who feed upon serpents, lizards, and other reptiles. They speak a language like no other, says Herodotus, but screech like bats.

Great, however, as Africa was in the production of marvels, it must yield to India. For many centuries that remote region was to Europeans a land of enchantment and dreams. Whatever was most fantastic, most portentous, most rich and strange, most

gorgeous, or most vision-like, had there its natural and long-abiding home. The mountains, rivers, and seas that bound the territory of the Hindus, were to the western nations like the talismanic circles of a magician, holding within themselves all the vastness of the preternatural world. Apollonius of Tyana, dissatisfied with any less prodigious limitation to such a domain of prodigies, has surrounded India with a zone of intertangled dragons. But the very facts that had been ascertained concerning the country, helped to encourage that overshadowing faith in the marvellous in which Europeans were disposed to regard it. The spirit of an awful antiquity seemed to dwell there like a visible presence. The people themselves appeared priestlike, and familiar with mysteries and the remote origin of things. Little being known of their daily life, the wildest shapes of the imagination did not meet with any abrupt contradictions, which might have made them simply ludicrous, but seemed to walk within a sphere of wonder, peculiar to themselves, and uninhabited by the outer world. For, until comparatively recent times, this land of marvels was rarely entered by western visitors; and fiction was left to luxuriate undisturbed, in rich and heavy overgrowth.

Successive generations of travellers and geographical writers, from Ctesias down to Sir John Mandeville, have concurred in filling India with bewildering phantasms. This has been in some measure accounted for by a recent writer, who remarks that Ctesias appears to have taken sculptured symbols for the representation of real existing creatures; all the anomalies described by him being still found represented on the walls of the pagodas or temples, as types of the Hindu mythology. It would be tedious to mention all the monstrous shapes that were the common-places and familiar things of the lands beyond the Indus; but these are some of the most remarkable:—Men and women with dogs' heads, who, says Mandeville, be right fierce, and talk not as other men, but bark as dogs; men with only one leg, warranted by the same authority to be right nimble and fast to go, by leaping and hopping with the one leg; others whose ears reached to the ground;* others with their feet reversed; pigmies (for these were supposed to exist in India as well as in Ethiopia); the dreadful beast *mantichora* (of whom more presently); dragons, griffins, and four-footed birds as

* In the fourth book (canto seven) of the *Fairy Queen*, we have a wild man of the woods, whose ears reach down to his waist—

More great than th' eares of elephants by Indus' flood.

It is remarkable that the whole description of this monster resembles that given of the one-eyed ogre in the third voyage of Sinbad the Sailor; of whom it is said: His fore-teeth were very long and sharp, and stood out of his mouth, which was as deep as that of a horse: his upper lip hung down upon his breast; his ears resembled those of an elephant, and covered his shoulders; and his nails were as long and crooked as the talons of the greatest birds.

* See Price's *Essay towards the History of Arabia*.

large as wolves. There is also a people of India called Astomi, who dwell about the fountains of Ganges, hairy all over like the down that grows on leaves of trees: they are likewise said to have no mouths. Pliny places them in India; and others, with more probability in the heart of Africa. The original of this fable about them is derived from a custom of certain Africans beyond Senega, a branch of the river Niger. These people, counting it a disgrace to show their faces, gave occasion to others to say they had no mouths.

Mr. M'Farlane, in his amusing *Romance of Travel in the East*, gives an account of an illuminated manuscript copy of Mandeville's works preserved in the British Museum, in which the artist has vied with the author in the production of the most astounding forms. Here, says Mr. M'Farlane, sprawls a Caliban sort of Ethiopian; he is lying on his back under a scorching sun; he has only one leg, and that is up in the air; but the foot of that leg is so long and so broad that it serves to shade both body and head from its burning rays. [Pliny mentions a race of men called Sciapodes, on account of their sheltering themselves under this singular kind of umbrella; and Apollonius of Tyana heard of, but did not see them when he was in India.] Here again we have the lively effigies of a man with a projecting upper lip, which looks like the truncated trunk of an elephant, covering and totally concealing mouth, chin, and neck. Here are men and women without any head at all, but with eyes in their chests, and gasping, semi-lunar mouths in the front of their bellies. And here our artist gives us a picture of men that have beards as it were cats' tails. He paints us green-faced people, and blue-faced people; but that which surpassed his art was to give the transition stage of a people, described by his author, who change from red to black. As we pass from human form divine to the brute creation, we find our limner or author still more inventive. The hippopotamus is turned into a centaur and cannibal; for, in the kingdom of Bactria be ypotaims that dwell sometimes on land and sometimes in water; and are half man and half horse, and do feed on men when they can get them.

It is but fair to Sir John Mandeville to observe with Mr. M'Farlane that he does not pretend to have seen with his own eyes all the marvels he relates; but, in many cases, only repeats information communicated to him by men upon whose veracity he thought he could rely. He seems also to have derived much of his fabulous matter from Pliny and other Roman and Greek writers; besides which, it appears that great liberties have been taken with his text, both in the MS. copies and in the printed editions of his travels. There can be little doubt, however, that Sir John's faith, like that of all his contemporaries, was large and trusting. It was essentially an age

of faith. The philosophising Academies of Greece and Alexandria had been long extinct; the Church interpretations of Christianity had opened a larger, but more vague and shadowy, world; and the modern habits of enquiry and ratiocination had not commenced. Mandeville, therefore, lived at the right time for turning geography into romance; and he has not omitted to do so. One reads the voyages of this great wit, says the *Tatler* (No. 254), with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground and fairy-land.

It is not to be expected that a man like Apollonius of Tyana could travel into India without seeing many marvels and prodigies. He hears, however, of some more wondrous still, which he has not the good luck to behold with his own eyes, and to which his biographer, Philostratus, thinks entire credit should not be given, nor yet altogether withheld, though the Indian sage Jarchas repudiates all knowledge of them. Nevertheless, Philostratus conceives it necessary to describe them in full. Among these, is the half-human beast mantichora—or mantichora, as Pliny has it—which is of the number of quadrupeds, has a head like a man's, is as large as a lion, with a tail from which bristles grow of the length of a cubit, all as sharp as prickles, which it shoots forth like so many arrows against its pursuers.—(Life of Apollonius, book iii., chap. 45.) A further account of this tremendous monster is to be found in Pliny's *Natural History*, book viii., chap. 21; but, for a concentration of all imaginable and unimaginable horrors, take the following rapid definition of him from Florio's *Italian Dictionary*:—A wild beast in China and India, with three ranks of teeth, cloven-footed, face and ears like a man, bodied like a lion, with a sting in his tail as a scorpion, a voice sounding like a flute and trumpet together; and covets much to feed on man's flesh. There is something in the style of this passage like the matter-of-fact description of an ordinary runaway culprit, or of the person referred to in a continental passport; yet what a fearful idea does it give one of this many-natured mystery of a beast, who, notwithstanding his ghastly and incongruous features, has a voice that speaks in music! An anomalous creature always derives additional horror from having a resemblance to humanity; but the fluty-trumpet voice of the mantichora has something in it almost pathetic and reconciling. It makes us think that, perhaps, after all, he has a touch of humanity within him, as well as in his exterior aspect; that he has been jostled and huddled, by some grim mistake, into his irreconcilable and self-contradictory form; that he is forced by the same tremendous fate into acts of cruelty and bloody longings for which he has an inward loathing; and that, between his sanguinary fits, he solaces himself with sweet sad tones of

melody. Does he ever retire into deserts and still places, this thing, smitten with shame and horror of himself, and there, out of the dreadful human mouth, people the loneliness with sounds of lamentation and remorse? Has he a yearning to be altogether human, inextricably blended and incorporated (like contradictions in dreams) with a shuddering appetite for human blood? Perhaps he is an allegory of those strange anomalies of men in whose natures the bestial and the divine are perpetually struggling for mastery.

It has been thought—and with great appearance of probability—that the mantichora is a poetical exaggeration of the hyena, the face of which animal has a certain ghastly resemblance to humanity, especially when it is grinning. The peculiar sound like laughter, for which it is celebrated, would also encourage the growth of the fiction. Spenser (in book iii., c. 7, of the *Faery Queene*) thus describes an anomalous beast, which he compares to an hyena:—

Eftsoones out of her hidden cave she cald
 An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
 That could the stoutest corage have appald;
 Monstrous, mishapt, and all his back was spect
 With thousand spots of colours quaint elect:
 Thereto so swifte, that it all beasts did pas.
 Like never yet did living cie detect;
 But likest it to an hyena was,
 That feeds on women's flesh, as others feede on gras.

The designation man-tegar, or man-tiger, applied to a species of ape, has been derived from a misinterpretation of the meaning of the word mantichora.

Another explanation of this fable is suggested by the alleged fact that, in the northern parts of India (as the readers of *Household Words* have already been made aware), wolves have been known to carry off human children—some of whom have been suckled and reared by the females, and have been subsequently discovered horribly degenerated into a kind of wild beasts. If this phenomenon be true, it brings our childhood's story of Orson, as well as the classical tradition of Romulus and Remus, within the bounds of possibility.

Fable also tells us of a bird with a human countenance and cannibal tendencies, which dies of horror of itself. Fuller, the Church historian, thus finely alludes to this awful creature:—I have read of a bird which hath a face like, and yet will prey upon, a man; who, coming to the water to drink, and finding there, by reflection, that he had killed one like himself pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself. Lamb, after quoting this passage in his *Essays*, remarks:—I do not know where Fuller read of this bird; but a more awful and affecting story in *Natural History*, or rather in that fabulous *Natural History* where poets and mythologists found the phoenix and the unicorn, and other strange fowl, is nowhere

extant. It is a fable which Sir Thomas Browne, if he had heard of it, would have exploded among his *Vulgar Errors*; but the delight he would have taken in the discussing of its probabilities would have shown that the truth of the fact, though the avowed object of his search, was not so much the motive which put him upon the investigation, as those hidden affinities and poetical analogies—those essential verities in the application of strange fable—which made him linger with such reluctant delay among the last fading lights of popular tradition, and not seldom to conjure up a superstition, that had been long extinct, from its dusty grave, to inter it himself with greater ceremonies and solemnities of burial. This subtle piece of criticism should be borne in mind by the reader. Fiction is often the symbol of those perceptions beyond thought which dwell in the remote solitudes of the soul.

Scythia, as well as Africa and India, was celebrated among the ancients for its monstrous productions. This country was perhaps less known to the Greeks and Romans than any other, of the existence of which they were at all aware; and the imagination would therefore naturally run riot with regard to it. Even the grave and judicious Herodotus tell us of the one-eyed Arimaspians, who steal gold from the jealous guardianship of gigantic griffins (see book iii., chap. 116); a tradition which furnished Milton with a grand simile in the second book of *Paradise Lost*. To vindicate his veracity, the historian concludes his account by an assurance that he does not believe "that men are born with one eye, and yet in other respects resemble the rest of mankind. However," he adds, as though desirous that the case should be stated fairly on both sides, "the extremities of the world seem to surround and enclose the rest of the earth, and to possess those productions which we account most excellent and rare." The one eye of the Arimaspians has been said to mean nothing more than that they closed one eye when shooting with the bow.

Herodotus also speaks of men who are naturally bald all their lives, from their birth to their death; of a race of mountaineers with goats' feet (which "to me," he says, "is incredible"); of men who sleep six months at a time ("but this I do not at all admit"); and of others who can at their pleasure turn themselves into wolves, and with equal ease resume their natural shape. There was also a Scythian race, called Panoti, whose ears covered their whole bodies; and one of the chief kings of the country, whose name was Scythes (whence Scythia), was half a man and half a serpent. According to Herodotus, he was a son of Hercules, by a half human, half-snaky mother.

Of the well-known monsters of classic fable, Gorgons, Hydras, Centaurs, the Sphinx, the Chimæra (properly so called), the Mino-

taur, the dog Cerberus, and others, it will be unnecessary here to speak, since all are acquainted with them; but we should not be discharging our task fitly, were we to omit glancing at the fearful progeny of the sea,—of the “great abyss of waters,” which Milton emphatically calls, “the monstrous world.” We have observed, at the commencement of this paper, that many of the animals really existing in the ocean, appear to our human perceptions more like the result of some accidental combination of matter than the harmonious creations of an all-wise Providence. There is something shudderingly horrible and dreary in the aspect of (for instance) the sea-devil, with its bat-like wings—the hippocampus, half horsy and half serpentine—the orbis, a mere lump of flesh joined to a tail and fins—the toad-fish, with a face like a shattered human visage occupying nearly the whole body,—and many others. We fancy that we can see in the eyes of some of these bewildering shapes, a sense of the weight and loneliness of the eternal waters. This, it is true, is but the transference to them of our own earthly sensations; for the dwellers in the deep are doubtless as happy in their element as we are in ours. But we have no means of sympathising with creatures whose lives are so totally distinct from humanity; who seem to have no home, no abiding-place, no nest, no haven for repose and love, nothing beside the vastness, and the solitude, and the weltering of the ancient sea.

Fantastic, however, as Nature herself has been in this part of her domain, Superstition has surpassed her. Poetry, also, has not forgotten her divine mission to create. Romance has been out upon the pathless waters, and brought back news of its inhabitants, mingling facts with fancies. And Investigation itself, in its early days, has babbled to the world of prodigies within the ocean depths as strange and appalling as any within the limits of acknowledged Fable.

We have already quoted a passage from the Faery Queene, touching sea-monsters; but the catalogue which the poet goes on to give us, is so fearfully fine, and is such a condensed cyclopædia of fabulous marine zoology, that we cannot forbear appending it:—

Spring-headed hydes, and sea-shouldering whales;
Great whirlpools, which all fishes make to flee;
Bright scolopendras, armed with silver scales;
Mighty monaceros, with immeasured tayles;
The dreadfull fish that hath deserved the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew;
The grisely wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursue;
The horrible sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme;
Huge ziffins, whom mariners eschew
No lesse than rockes, as travellers informe;
And greedy rosmarines, with visages deforme.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed monsters thousand fold,

With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling rore
Came rushing, in the fomy waves enrold.

Book ii. c. 12.

What a passionate earnestness, as though the writer had been really scared with his own imagination, is there in the above repetition of the word “thousand!”

Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsal, in Sweden, who lived in the sixteenth century, is one of the chief authorities in support of the wild stories which were once in circulation respecting sea-monsters. He tells us of a species of fish seen on the coast of Norway, whose eyes, which are eight or ten cubits in circumference, appear, when glaring upward from the black chasmy water-depths, like red and fiery lamps; of the “whirlpool,” or prister, who is “two hundred cubits long, and very cruel,”—who amuses himself by upsetting ships, which he securely fastens by entangling them in the windings of his long tail, and who is most readily put to flight by the sound of a trumpet of war, cannon-balls being utterly ineffective; of a sea-serpent (resembling that astounding phantom of the deep of which we have heard so much lately) who goes ashore on clear summer nights, to regale himself on calves, lambs, and hogs, and who “puts up his head like a pillar, and catcheth away men” from off the decks of ships; and of other marvels too numerous to mention. But we are, even yet, so imperfectly acquainted with the multiform vitality of the ocean, that we must take care we are not treading unawares upon the remote twilight boundaries of fact. Are scientific enquirers yet sure that those strangely vanishing islands, which at times appear and disappear in the solitary northern seas, are not the prominent parts of some stupendous kraken?

Sindbad, in his First Voyage, beholds certain “fishes about a cubit in length, that had heads like owls;” and a commentator on the Arabian Nights, says, that Martini (a Jesuit of the seventeenth century, who resided many years in China) “mentions fishes with bird’s faces in the China seas.” In his Third Voyage the Arabian Ulysses perceived near one of the oriental islands, “a fish which looked like a cow, and gave milk,” and the skin of which was “so hard that they usually made bucklers of it.” He also saw in the same locality, a sea-monster “which had the shape and colour of a camel.” But these are nothing in comparison with a fish seen by our English mariner, Philip Quarll, off the coast of his desert island. This phenomenon, which, in its incongruous components, somewhat resembles the mantichora, is described as “a form without likeness, and yet comparable to the most terrible part of every frightful creature: a large head, resembling that of a lion, bearing three pair of horns, one pair upright like that of an antelope, another pair like a wild goat’s, two more bending backwards; its face armed all round with darts

like a porcupine; vast great eyes, sparkling like a flint struck with a steel; its nose like a wild horse, always snarling; the mouth of a lion, and the teeth of a panther; the fences of an elephant, and the tusks of a wild boar; shouldered like a giant, with claws like an eagle; bodied and covered with shells like a rhinoceros; and the colour of a crocodile."

We do not know of more than one singing fish, and that is the individual who was celebrated in one of Master Autolycus's ballads, and who "appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday, the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true." (Winter's Tale, Act fourth, Scene third.) The "truth" of this narration, it appears, was attested by "five justices' hands," besides a host of less worshipful witnesses. The most extraordinary sea-beast, however, of which we have ever heard, is one which was beheld by an old Mahometan traveller of the fourteenth century—Ibn Batuta—in the likeness of a ship illuminated by many torches, and which made periodical visits off the coast of one of the Maldivé Islands!

With these "most delicate monsters" we must conclude our list of marine and other prodigies, or we shall be so addled as not to be able to recognise common things for what they are.

THE CHINAMAN'S PARSON.

ACCORDING to the Shooking, one of the most ancient of the Chinese classics, it was, about four thousand years ago, a Chinese custom, each year, at the opening of spring, for a certain personage to deliver instructions to the people, travelling up and down the highways, and calling their attention thereto, by striking on a wooden cylinder, or drum. The object of the drumming was to rouse the people, so that on the return of spring they might bestir themselves, and go to work with all their wits about them.

One or two thousand years later, under the Chow dynasty, part of the first day of every month was devoted to an expounding of the Chinese laws; but the custom grew into desuetude on the establishment, about two hundred years since, of the Tartar dynasty, now tumbling from the throne, the practice of public lecturing was revived, and is now in force twice a month, at new and at full moon. Although in the provinces the preacher shirks his work, in the chief towns one may often have an opportunity of hearing him.

A few years ago I witnessed the ceremony in the city of Shanghai, on the first day of new moon, in the grand hall of the city tem-

ple. Shortly after sunrise, the civil and military authorities of the place met in full dress at the public office of their chief official. At a given signal, the procession moved; the officers in their sedans, servants on foot, every man placed according to his rank. The approach of the show towards the temple was announced by gongs and the shouts of runners calling on the public to keep silence and retire. A salvo of three popguns announced the arrival of the company at the gates of the great hall that had already been duly decorated for the occasion. After the officers had left their sedans, the master of ceremonies ordered them first to stand up, each in his own place, and then to kneel three times; bowing their heads nine times, their bodies directed, towards Peking, the residence of the emperor, and before a small tablet that bore an inscription in honour of his long-lived majesty. They were next called upon to rise and retire into a small chamber; where tea and refreshments were served.

The spectators, having nothing more to see in this direction, gathered round a narrow platform, on which stood the public reader, with a desk and book before him. The crowd consisted of mere saunterers, a few fish-mongers and other people from the neighbourhood. When silence was obtained the public instructor announced the maxim, or text, appointed for the day—it was selected from the book upon his desk—and he proceeded to explain its meaning.

The service being concluded, the authorities moved off much in the same order in which they came, and the assembled multitude retired.

The book from which the expounder gave out the lesson is the one universally used on these occasions, and the only one sanctioned by government for this especial purpose. It is named the "Shing-yn," a book sometimes known to foreigners as "The Sacred Edict," though more properly translated, *The Book of Sage Maxims*, or wise sayings. It is large, although not bulky—a manual in clear print. The ground-work consists of sixteen special apothegms, originally delivered in an edict by Kanghee, the second Tartar emperor, not long before his death. These sixteen texts bear upon the several duties of life, or what his Imperial Highness deemed the points most necessary to be punctually observed by his subjects. Their intention, and of all the preaching founded on them, was, of course, political. They were copied out of the imperial ukase in which they originally appeared, and inscribed on slips of bamboo, which were stuck up in public offices; some of these slips, it is said, are extant at the present day. Yoong-ching, son and successor of the Emperor Kanghee, further to carry out the designs of his father, drew up a commentary on the sixteen texts. In explanation of his object, he remarks: "We

have, with the most profound care, searched out these sixteen lofty maxims, explained their meaning, and amplified the style by the addition of some ten thousand words; so that we may denominate it a full explanation of the wise sayings. We have drawn our illustrations from every available subject, and have used every method to find appropriate expressions by which the sense could be clearly given."

Subsequently, it was still found that the grand object sought for by the imperial authors was not easily secured. The people did not profit so much as had been expected. The language of the Commentary, being artificial and classical, was too high for the majority of readers and hearers. Accordingly, those officers who felt peculiar anxiety to be real teachers of the people, thought fit to give an easier interpretation by help of the vulgar dialects. Wang-yewpo, on the other hand, in the province of Shensee, put the imperial work into the Mandarin language, and enlarged it by the introduction of common sayings, colloquial phrases, and a variety of significant illustrations. This Mandarin paraphrase is now generally printed and bound up along with the general maxims of Kanghee and the Commentary of his son Yoong-ching.

Some officials, again, not quite satisfied that the Mandarin tongue can be adequately caught by the crowding throngs, require that the text of Wang-yewpo should, as far as possible, be read off in the vulgar patois of the districts under their rule. In a Tartar community the Mantchoo version is used. In the case under my own experience, the address was delivered in the Shanghai dialect proper to the spot.

I have by me a Canton edition of the "Wise Maxims," published in the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, during the reign of the Emperor Kiakeng, the preface to which was penned by a local officer of some standing in the province of Canton. As editor, he says, "This interpretation of Wang-yewpo's was written in the northern dialect, most perspicuously and fully, not leaving any part of the sense unexplained. Having received it and read it, your Majesty's humble servant became insensibly delighted with the paraphrase, and ordered the academical officer to search among the second class of literary candidates, and select four individuals whose teeth and mouth seemed formed for clear and distinct enunciation, that on the first and fifteenth of each moon they might read the original text in the Canton dialect. These said Maxims your humble servant has widely distributed throughout the districts in this province, and has given it to the local officers, who, in fact, are appointed to be the pastors of the people, requiring that they should extensively proclaim the same, and not leave one person (even in the huts that may be thinly scattered along the coast) ignorant and perverse.

Thus far we have dwelt chiefly on the word of mouth proclamation of the texts of the preacher, Kanghee. But the press is also active in issuing the same maxims in sundry shapes, and circulating them throughout the empire. Several officials of repute, at different times and in various places, have on their own responsibility printed editions for free distribution among their people. At present there is circulating through the empire a vast supply of this Book of Sage Maxims, in full and abridged editions; in the largest and the smallest text; in handsome volumes, and in cheap, crabbed little reprints. The Sixteen Maxims are not found only in books; sometimes they are inscribed on slips of bamboo or wood, sometimes engraved on seals. Then, again, the work has been versified, for the benefit of children. There are now upon my desk three different samples of it. One is the full-sized edition; another is of a watch-pocket size; the third is a stamp, or seal (the face of which is one inch wide by half an inch deep), with the sixteen maxims carved upon its face.

Enough has been said to make it proper that I should add a translation of these proverbs, and I should begin by noting that each of the sixteen consists of seven characters—the first three conveying the lesson, the last three the object to be gained; the middle character being the same in each, and equivalent to the English "in order to," "so that." The following are the maxims themselves:

First.—"Pay all necessary regard to filial and fraternal duties, so that you may give due importance to the various relations of life.

Second.—"Respect your whole kindred, so that you may display genuine harmony.

Third.—"Let concord prevail between neighbouring clans, so that you may put an end to quarrels and strifes.

Fourth.—"Let just importance be placed on agriculture and the cultivation of the mulberry-tree, so that we may secure a sufficient supply of food and clothing.

Fifth.—"Be particular in habits of economy, in order to be careful in the expenditure of money.

Sixth.—"Set the highest estimate possible on academical learning, so that you may advance the scholar.

Seventh.—"Put away all strange notions, in order to pay the profoundest respect to the instruction that is correct and upright.

Eighth.—"Explain the laws, in order to warn the ignorant and stubborn.

Ninth.—"Make yourself clearly acquainted with the rules of politeness and propriety, so that you may improve your manners.

Tenth.—"Let each man attend to his own calling; so that decision of character may be given to the mind of the public mass.

Eleventh.—"Instruct the rising generation, in order to check evil habits and practices.

Twelfth.—"Put down false speaking and accusation, so that you may protect and rescue the honest and the innocent.

Thirteenth.—"Carefully warn people against con-

cealing fugitive deserters, so that they may not fall into the same mischief with them.

Fourteenth.—“Pay up all the taxes as early as possible, in order to stop the dinning application of the tax-gatherer.

Fifteenth.—“A strict police surveillance ought to be kept up in every town and village, so that you may have effectual means of checking theft and robbery.

Sixteenth.—“Do not cherish any feeling of revenge or animosity, in order that you may set a proper value upon human life.”

The principles embodied in the Sage Maxims of Kanghee, and in their commentaries or paraphrases, are, so far as they go, unexceptionable, being worthy of the dictates of common sense, and inferences from human experience and observation. Nevertheless, it is to be observed that, professing, as the book does, to define the whole duty of man, there is nothing said in it of relations that are beyond man, earth, and time. In this respect, then, the morality of these “words of wisdom” must be pronounced to be found wanting. Their final object is laid down by the emperor Yöong-ching in the words, “that all cherishing the spirit of kindness and courtesy, might enjoy an eternal reign of peace.” To promote political morality, to get the taxes punctually paid, and to save trouble to the occupier of the throne, securing for him, rather than for his subjects, “the reign of peace,” was obviously the purpose of the Tartar maxims. Nevertheless, they are not to be blamed. The religion of the Chinese rarely takes a higher flight. Seldom does the Chinese preacher, never does the Chinese hearer, look beyond the world in which he lives.

HONOUR.

Honour is tender human love,
Late seen and touched by each of us,
Again descended from above,
And changed to be ubiquitous.
Noli me tangere! 'Tis grown
Conscious of self: yet if the way
Of Honour is to have his own,
'Tis but in care that others may.
He plies no self-suspecting strife
His own repute with men to raise;
He thinks them just; and lives his life
Conferring, not beseeching praise.
He greatly scorns their faithless mood
Who, traitors to the social tie,
Believe the ill before the good,
And benefit of doubt deny;
And nobly, when he cannot know
Whether a 'scutcheon's dubious field
Carries a falcon, or a crow,
Blazons a falcon on the shield:
Yet careful ever not to hurt
God's honour who creates success,
His praise of even the best desert
Is but to have presumed no less;
And, should his own deed plaudits bring,
He's simply vex'd at heart that such
An easy, yea, delightful thing
Should move the minds of men so much.

His home is home; his chosen lot
A private place and private name;
But, if the world's want calls, he'll not
Refuse the indignities of fame.

BRIGHT CHANTICLEER.

It must have happened to most reasonable persons who have practically studied the “Trivia” of Mr. John Gay, and have endeavoured to adapt its maxims to common use in the difficult feat of walking the streets of London, to have made a miserable mistake in the attempt to accomplish a short cut from the Strand to Oxford Street, and after some hours of desperate and frantic marching, and countermarching, to discover themselves hopelessly and irretrievably lost in Seven Dials. I ought to be tolerably well up in my Dials, for I lived in Great Saint Andrew Street, once; yet I declare that I never yet knew the exact way, in or out of that seven-fold mystery. There is always one thing wanting to solve the topographical enigma. My first, my second, and so on—up to my sixth—inclusive, of this charade of streets, I have, after long years of study and experience, mastered; but my seventh is yet in the limbo of things unknown; and, for want of it, I can't unravel the riddle of Seven Dials at all. So have I known, and know. I know a most estimable young married lady who has an admirable recipe for plum-pudding; aye, and could make it as admirably, but for one little thing. What that little thing is—salt, sugar, spice, an egg the more, or a table-spoon of flour the less—she, I, no one can tell,—but for the want of the one little thing unknown the pudding is invariably spoilt—to the casting of gloom over Christmas and the overflowing of tears from the hostess. Many of the delicious condiments stick to the cloth, and what does come to table of the meritorious, because the well-meant pudding is a stodgy mass of geology boiled soft—the clayey formation very apparent, and the red sandstone uppermost.

Supposing the peripatetic to have well lost himself in Seven Dials; supposing him to have paraphrased the famous “water” line in the Ancient Mariner, and to have cried out, despairingly—

Dials, Dials everywhere,
And not a street I know.

Supposing him to have addressed himself for information successively to a policeman, a costermonger with a barrow, a woman with a black eye, a boy with a sack round him (and nothing else) and a man whose presence is perceptible more by the sense of smell than by that of sight, and who is too drunk to do anything but stand in the middle of the Dials. Supposing him to have been told to move on, to have been mocked, cursed, hooted, and to have had one oystershell, and one turnip-stalk cast at him by way of reply, and supposing him, finally, to have become so wearied

and dispirited with the noise, the dirt, the smell, the horrible labyrinth he has wandered into, and the howling fiends that come dancing and fighting from it, that he feels half inclined to throw himself under the wheels of the fire-engine that comes tearing by (there always is a fire—when there isn't a murder—going on in the vicinity of Seven Dials), or to rush into any one of the seven gin-palaces that stare at him like seven Acherons, and drink himself to madness with vitriolic acid and coculus indicus: this desirable state of things being arrived, and state of mind attained, I beg to offer to the peripatetic a friendly remedy against suicide or insanity. He will find solace, amusement, and instruction, in the contemplation of "cocks." Seven Dials is the birth-place and home thereof, and abounds with them.

Now, a cock is a lie. It is, however, so far different from and above simple mendacity, that to succeed, it must be a lie pictorial, a lie literary, a lie poetical, a lie political, or a lie dramatic. And, it must be, above all things, a lie typographical; for an unprinted Chanticleer is a mere rumour, that brings profit to no one; whereas, printed, it is sold for a halfpenny, and brings bread into the mouth of the seller.

In all the streets and off streets that pullulate round the Dials—in every shabby slum by night and by day,—in the midst of the fried fish, the dubiously fresh herrings, the radishes, onions, inferior bread, tainted meat, penny looking-glasses, tin Dutch-ovens, ragged children, hulking men, beaten women, drunken everybody; cabbage-leaves, dead cats, mud-carts, garbage, gin-cholera, typhus and death,—to the cultivation of all which, animal and vegetable products, the soil of Seven Dials is wondrously favourable—there are to be found, surrounded by admiring and attentive audiences, certain shabby men, known as patterers, long song sellers, street ballad-singers, dealers in cocks. There is a sallow artist with a blue, bristly beard. He is clad in an absurd masquerade costume of patched, faded drugget, one side of which is gray and the other yellow. The entire suit is plentifully sprinkled with a coarse embroidery of broad arrows, letters, and numbers. A vile felt hat, of the approved Woolwich or hulk-patter, covers his head (which, with a view to further effect is closely cropped), and to his ankles are attached a pair of jingling, clattering fetters. The whole of this picturesque habiliment is supposed to represent that of a convict; and the convict himself gives out with stentorian, though somewhat rusty lungs, a recitation partly in prose, partly in verse, of the *Errors of Transportation*; being the *Sufferings of me William Cockburn* condemned unjustly (*cela va sans dire*) to be banished from His native country, serving for life in Chains in the Ulks in Norfolk Island with my *Dangers from Savages and Wild Beestes* and the *Cruelties* inflicted on him by order of the British Ministers. Some of the errors

of transportation and the sufferings of the ill-used William Cockburn are depicted in water colours, most vilely, upon a placard stuck on a pole, bannerwise, which he carries in his hand. On the placard you may see ferocious dragoons spearing William Cockburn with lances, while ruthless grenadiers in scarlet prod him behind with fixed bayonets. In one compartment, the miserable William is represented undergoing the Horrid Punishment of the Lash: the cat having at least nine times nine tails, and the blood spouting from the back in a perfect cascade of crimson. In another, fierce savages, black and decorated with bells, catch William Cockburn, and cook him in a pot and eat him; in another, the dreadful wild beestes career about the wilds of Norfolk Island, desperately clinging to a palm-tree in the midst. Among the wild beestes there are blue lions, tigers of a fiery scarlet hue, and many other infuriated animals whose conformation almost induces the supposition that the griffin is not yet extinct, that the unicorn is yet to be found in the Australian latitudes, and that the dragon of Wantley has removed to and flourishes in Norfolk Island. William Cockburn carries a pile of printed papers, in which the horrors and sufferings he has endured are neatly set forth for family reading. The type, it must be acknowledged, is somewhat damaged, somewhat broken, and now and then, for a phrase or two, wanting altogether. William's style is diffuse without eloquence, and satirical without humour; but the price is only one halfpenny, and the convict is surely worthy of his hire.

The audience who surround the sufferer are variously affected towards him. Some (the female portion especially) express their opinion that it is "a shame," and ejaculate "poor fellow!" The boys venture conjectures as to "what it was for?" and how he managed to effect his escape; many of a misanthropic turn of mind pronounce the whole transaction "gammon"—but buy a halfpennyworth, notwithstanding; while one individual who stands a little aloof, chewing the cud of reflection and a flower-stalk—a gentleman whose jacket is of velvet, greasy; whose trousers are of corduroy, also greasy; whose neck is of the bull's, whose mouth of the mastiff's, whose eye of the wolf's; about whose breast-pocket there is a certain bulging, as if he kept his life-preserver there; this gentleman says nothing; but, as William Cockburn descants upon the horrors of transportation, he softly whistles, and I really think he could if he chose tell William Cockburn a few things concerning Woolwich, broad arrows, fetters and bayonets, which would astonish him. I think, too, that he could produce a more interesting piece of reading than one of William's halfpenny cocks, in the shape of an unpretending parchment document, which Lord Viscount

Palmerston has taken the trouble to sign and Lieutenant-Colonel Jebb to endorse, and which is commonly known as a ticket, and of leave. And I think that the policeman who comes up all at once like a sirocco, and scatters the whole assemblage—William Cockburn, fetters, banner, and audience and all—to the four winds, shares my opinion; for he looks at the flower chower, and the flower chower looks at him, and so takes his life-preserver, his ticket of leave, and himself down an infamous alley, and is seen no more.

While the fetters of Cockburn the transported, jingle away into the extreme distance, another dealer starts up on the opposite side of the way. Banner, water-coloured cartoons, pile of papers: he has all these; but he is simply clad in a shabby suit of black, and wears nor fetters, nor particoloured prison dress. A red nose, in passing, I may remark, is common to the whole confraternity. The man in black is bellowing forth the recital of the horrid, cruel, and barbarous murder of a clergyman and five children by gipsies in the north of England, all for one halfpenny. In the next street another banner, another pile of paper, and a Seven Dials Demosthenes in the midst of a philippic on some curious passages in the life of the Reverend Mr. B—and the widow of General S—with the whole of the correspondence between the parties; only one halfpenny. Some half dozen yards from him may be another industrial, declaiming the particulars of the Dreadful Assassination of a Lieutenant in the Navy by a young Lady of Quality whom he had deceived and deserted—the perfidious lieutenant being represented in the ordinarily violent water-colours, as receiving his death-blow from the explosion of a pistol, held by the young lady, who is in pink satin with many flounces. Further on, we have Revelations of High Life in connection with the late Mysterious Affair, by the unfortunate Earl of C—; an imaginary conversation between the Pope of Rome and the Earl of Aberdeen, and one between the Emperor of Russia and the Devil. Further on again, a full account of the late serious Catastrophe between a certain Judge and a well-known Countess: Death-bed Confession of Doctor Richard G—; and Awful and fearsome cruelty of a Mother in humble life, attaching black beetles confined in walnut shells upon the eyes of her four young children, and in that state sending them out to beg in the public streets: these, all illustrated by the water colours on the banners, mostly interspersed with snatches of doggerel verse and hoarse melody, and all price one halfpenny, are among the thousand and one bright chanticleers that form the Seven Dials day and night entertainments.

Now, all these chanticleers, the crowing whereof you may hear any time you happen to lose your way in Seven Dials, and with which,

to a smaller extent, you may be favoured in most of the back streets—in Clare, Newport, and Portman Market, in Holborn, Leather Lane, the Brill at Somer's Town, Tottenham Court Road, the New Cut, and the Waterloo Road—are all egregious, barefaced falsehoods. The lieutenant in the navy has been assassinated by the young lady of quality any time these twenty-five years; the unfortunate Earl of C—is the unfortunate earl of nowhere; the story of the Reverend Mr. B—and the widow of General S—is as old and as trustworthy as that of the unfortunate Miss Bailey and her garters; the death-bed confession dates from the time of the Princess Charlotte's death; and William Cockburn probably never suffered any greater judicial inflictions than were comprised in an occasional month upon the treadmill as a rogue and vagabond. The public—particularly the Seven-Dials public—must always have some excitement. It is fond of a good war; it is fonder still, much fonder, of a good murder; it does not turn up its nose at a shipwreck or a fire, when the particulars are sufficiently horrifying, and the number of lives lost sufficiently numerous. But the public cannot always be accommodated with a good war, murder, shipwreck, or fire. It will sometimes happen that nations will shake hands, and individuals with the bump of destructiveness will refrain from cutting up their near relatives, and sending them off, packed in tarpaulin, by railway. Ships do sometimes reach their destinations without any tribulation to the underwriters at Lloyds, and Mr. Braidwood is now and then enabled to enjoy a peaceable night's rest. Then, the chief of the London Fire Brigade, the unfortunate Earl of C—is roused from his slumbers in a back garret; the naval officer who used the young lady of quality so cruelly, is deservedly put once more to the torture of the printing-machine, and worked off into so many quires; the inhuman mother again places walnut-shells, with live black beetles in them, upon the eyes of her helpless children, as she has been accustomed to do on and off during the last half-century; and the barbarous and cruel murder of the clergyman in the North of England is repeated.

The inhabitants of the Dials never seem to become tired of these absurd figments. To some old and middle-aged Dialists, the stories, the doggerel verses, the wretched daubs on the banners must have been familiar since they were little children; yet to them the monstrosities shouted forth by the hoarse voices of the patterers, seem always as welcome, though quite as stale, as the threadbare jokes of Mr. Merryman, the clown at the circus. I have studied Seven Dials in their connection with patterers these fifteen years during; and I am of opinion that the older the cock the more it is admired. It takes a long time for a new thing to impress itself upon the Seven Dials mind. Soap, although patent, is scarcely yet recognised in that district. Water is yet

looked upon in the light of a frivolous innovation, and clean shirts are regarded as new-fangled inventions. Thus it is in more places than Seven Dials. Tradition, ridiculous, obsolete, barbarous, hurtful as it may be, is ever looked upon with some sort of reverence and affection; and the good old joke, the good old cesspool, the good old tax, the good old job, the good old gallows, and the good old times, abandoned, and are called good because they are pertinaciously retained or reluctantly are old.

Thus, though a printed broadsheet with a full and particular account of the capture of Sebastopol, the assassination of the Emperor of Russia by the King of Prussia (while excited by champagne); or the blowing up of the New Houses of Parliament by some modern Guy Fawkes, might cause a transitory excitement in the Dials; while a few new steps might be hewn out of Parnassus by a doggerel ballad upon some passing subject—Bloomerism, Popery, Potichomania, or Cochin China fowls—the Diallian interest will always be found to revert to the old murders and ballads. The day passes, these chanticleers pass not away. Fresh assassins are hanged month after month; but the last dying speech and confession of John Thurtell or William Corder, still continue to serve for the valediction of every murderer executed. Seven Dials are eminently conservative. Sam Hall only found favour in their eyes because he was hanged as far back as the reign of Queen Anne (and it is possible that even then the raffianly sweep was only a hash up of some footpad of the reign of James the First). Willikins and his Dinah are tolerated in the Dials as a popular melody; but the veterans of the neighbourhood know the song to be as old as the hills. Lord Bateman and the Fair Sophia flourished in front of those houses of seven times seven gables, long before Mr. George Cruikshank undertook to illustrate the life of that roving nobleman who employed the proud young porter; and the germ of Lord Lovell and his milk-white steed was sprouting in the poetic garden of the Dials, years before the present favourite singers of that legend were born.

The water-colour placards are all manufactured, the half-penny broadsides all printed, in the immediate vicinity of Seven Dials; and from the mysterious recesses of the courts and alleys round about sally forth the men with the red noses, the hoarse voices, and the shabby clothes, who address the mixed audiences of the Dials. But it will sometimes happen that business (a robbery, a fire, or a razzia on an overturned fruit barrow) or pleasure, such as a mad-dog to hunt, an idiot to hoot and pelt, an accident to follow, a newly-opened public-house to visit, or a favourite fried-fish shop to fight outside of; or temporary satiety—leading the Dialists to lean moodily against posts, or gamble secretly at knuckle-down or poker behind hoardings and piles of bricks, or gaze misanthropically

into yawning sewers—will bring chanticleers into considerable depreciation and discount for a time, and cause an almost total dearth of the harvest of halfpence which the patterers strive so hard to reap. Then do these industrious men fly the regions of the Dials, and betake themselves to work the districts inhabited by those favoured ones of humanity—the nobs at the Westend. The stories, however, which would attract admiration and coppers in the Dials would not be quite suitable for Eaton Place or Lower Grosvenor-street. It would scarcely be consonant with delicacy to trumpet forth the misfortunes of the Earl of C— opposite to the mansion possibly inhabited by his Lordship; and however merited may have been the revenge taken by the young lady of quality upon the person of the dastardly lieutenant who had destroyed her illusions and blighted her existence, it would scarcely be prudent to allude to the circumstances in the vicinity of the residence of the parents of (perhaps) the young lady of quality herself. So the bill of fare is altered. About nine or ten o'clock in the evening have you never heard, in the silent aristocratic streets, the voices of the patterers calling forth in sonorous, almost sepulchral accents, accounts of pestilence, battle, murder, and sudden death: the assassination of this emperor, the storming of a certain fortress, accompanied, of course, by a dreadful massacre? For, observe, though personal reflections upon the aristocracy do not go down among the nobs at the Westend, horrors are always sure of a sale. The inhuman mother with the black beetles is a great favourite in the areas—that sober insect, the beetle, coming familiarly home to the serving man and woman's mind in connection with the kitchen dresser and the coal-cellar—and oftentimes, as a patterer dwells, with grim minuteness, upon the horrible pernicklers of the murder; or the agonies of the small children under the walnut shells; or, as with grisly unction he describes Vyenna in flames; the red flag of the Marsellays histed over Paris; the Kezar's hanter to the Hemperer; war to the last rubble and the last knife; the Preston strike hended in blood, the hartillery called out; or (a very favourite device), ferocious hatterpt upon her Majesty by a maniac baker; you will see John the footman, or Mary the housemaid, steal up the area steps and into the street, purchase a halfpennyworth of dire intelligence, which, shallow cock as it is, is read with trembling eagerness and enthralled interest, in kitchen or servants' hall, till the cat puts her back up by the fire, and the hair of the little footpage stands on end. The shabby men with the solemn voices who perambulate the Westend streets at nightfall are own brothers to, if not the very same eloquent individuals who carry the banners in Seven Dials; and they again are descendants of the old flying stationers, the pleasant lying vagabonds who were wont to waken the stillness

of the streets in the old French war-time, crying "Great news!" "Glorious news!" when there were no news at all.

The etymology of the cock mendacious, is as uncertain as that of the kingdom of Cockaigne. Is the word derived from the "cock and pye" of Justice Shallow—a thing said, but not the more believed in? Perhaps cock may have originated in the patterer being frequently a coquin or rogue, or from the cock and bull story which Mr. Shandy's novel is ultimately settled to have been about. Or, does cock—a lie, a tale of news having no foundation whatever in fact, but still made public and persisted in—spring from the famous political hoax in which Lord Cochrane was said to have been implicated: the scandalous cock which for stockjobbing purposes, in the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, gave out Bonaparte to have been torn to pieces by Cossacks, and which had such disastrous consequences for one of the bravest officers of the British navy?

This last theory, although sufficiently vraisemblable, is militated against by the indubitable existence of these Chanticleers long anterior to Lord Cochrane's time. Their antiquity is highly respectable. Butler, who has something to say about almost every subject within the compass of human knowledge, has a wondrous appreciation of them in substance, if not in name. Listen to what he says in *Hudibras*, apropos of Fame:—

There is a tall, long-sided dame,
(But wondrous light) yeilded Fame,
That like a thin camelion boards
Herself on air, and eats her words;
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist.
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies;
With letters hung, like Eastern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furthest regions;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.
About her neck a packet mail,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale;
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And caws of monsters brought to bed;
Of hailstones big as pullet's eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
A blazing star seen in the west
By six or seven men at least.

This quotation brings me to a topic which I have been meditating upon from the commencement of this article, and without which it would be singularly incomplete: I mean newspaper Chanticleers. In snug little corners of that British Press, of which we are all so justly proud and jealous, eccentric gallinaceous figments nestle, crow, and clap their wings exceedingly. They are periodical in their appearance. Long debates, interesting news from abroad, great exhibitions, religious uproars, violent controversies as to

whether Biffin calling Miffin a rascal meant therein anything to the prejudice of Wiffin; who, as a rascal, would be of course and for ever compromised in the opinion of both Chiffin and Piffin: these will occasionally drive Bright Chanticleer out of the columns of the London newspaper, and compel him to betake himself to those of the provincial journal. He will crow harmlessly till the metropolitan public begin to be satiated with the realities of authentic news; till the Episcopalians and Dissenters, magnanimously forgetting their former differences, combine heart and hand to fall foul of the Bhuddists; till Biffin assures Miffin that he never considered him a rascal at all, but rather as something nearly approximating to an angel. Then, and especially in the piping times of peace and profound tranquillity, doth Chanticleer move modestly London-ward again.

Let me see if I cannot enumerate a few favourite newspaper chanticleers. I will not insult your understanding by allusion to the enormous gooseberries, singular freaks of nature, showers of frogs, cats found in gas-pipes, discoveries of Roman remains, and human skeletons; which are the oldest, weakest, flimsiest known. They have passed into jokes long ago; and newspapers with even a shadow of modesty are ashamed to give insertion to them now. But there are others more insidious, less derisively scouted. There is the French war-steamer which hovers about the coast of Lincolnshire, somewhere between Saltfleet and Great Grimsby; the officers of which are continually making soundings, or are landing to take sketches of the coast and adjacent scenery; all with an evident view to an approaching invasion, and to the infinite dismay of that great grandfather of lies, the oldest inhabitant; the plunging into newspaper correspondence of our esteemed townsman, Mr. Flubbers, who remembers the invasion panic of eighteen hundred and four, and suggests that now is the time for government to purchase the secret of the Flubbers' explosive sabre and the Flubbers' asphyxiating (long range) syringe; and the display of one hundred per cent extra vigilance by our active and experienced commander of the coast-guard, Lieutenant Lopside. Dear me! How many times that French war-steamer has turned up. Off St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall; off the Orkneys and Shetland islands; off Mull and Bute and Arran; off Galway, Brighton, Torquay, and Beechey Head. She has always been ready, at a newspaper pinch, off Dover. The daily increasing intimacy and cordiality of our relations with France, though, have brought this belligerous vessel into some little disfavour; and for it there have begun to be frequently substituted such anecdotes as—"There is now in the possession of Mr. Spong of this town a double-barrelled pistol of antique workmanship, presented to his ancestor Captain Hugh Spong by Marshal Turenne, during the cam-

paign of the allied English and French armies in sixteen hundred and fifty-six—seven." Or, "our readers will be pleased to learn that it was the proud privilege of our worthy host, Bootjohn, of the Royal Leathers hotel, to confer a considerable obligation upon the present ruler of the French nation some years since. The illustrious personage who was then staying at the Royal Leathers, being in temporary difficulties, Bootjohn not only forgave him the amount of his score, but also, and without the least hope of return, lent him one and ninepence and a clean shirt. We rejoice to learn that the whole amount has been most honourably repaid by h—s I—p—l M—j—y: the remittance being accompanied by a highly flattering autograph letter from N—p—n the Third."

There is also at this present moment a highly favourite little chancicleer crowing most lustily, and attributing English, Scotch, or Irish extraction, and even existing relatives, to the imperial family of France, their generals, courtiers, and dependents. Thus, we have been informed (*Slugborough Herald*) that the Empress's maternal uncle is now residing as a cheese and bacon factor at Epidermisnook, Argyleshire. It may be interesting to know (*Foggington Courier*) that the present Emperor of F—e was clandestinely married in eighteen hundred and thirty-six to Miss Chilian Pickles of this town. The I—p—l bride died soon after the incarceration of her adventurous husband in the citadel of H—m; but four children, the offspring of the marriage, are yet alive, two of whom are receiving a brilliant though solid education at the establishment of the Misses W—, not a hundred miles from here.

As to our own beloved Sovereign, the chancicleers that go the round of the papers are innumerable and unnumbered. The Queen enters Highland cottages; eats bannocks; tastes the whisky (the real Glenlivet, as the historian takes care to inform us); adopts children, and pensions octogenarians. She asks the way down by-lanes and across commons of country boys, and slips sovereigns into their hands when she leaves them; writes Victoria with a diamond ring upon cottage window-panes, and makes anonymous water-colour drawings in the albums of private families. As to Prince Albert, he carries schoolboys pickaback, makes the Prince of Wales (with some touching moral remarks) present his patent leather shoes to a beggar, and matches his cob against the trotting pony of a butcher (whom he meets of course accidentally, and who addresses him, unconscious of his exalted rank, as Governor), and whom he beats in the race triumphantly.

Multitudes of other chancicleers there be, to which I can but barely allude. The gallant gay Lotharios who elope with the lady of a highly respected baronet, to the consternation of the county and the ultimate employment of the gentlemen of the long robe; the heart-

less monsters who marry four different young ladies at four different churches on the same day; the would-be Benedicks who advertise for a wife—a lady having a small independence—and are entrapped into correspondence with gentlemen writing disguised female hands, and make appointments and keep them, and are ultimately brought to great shame and ridicule; the faithless swains who leave their intended brides at the church-door, and bolt off to Australia; the brutes who eat two legs of mutton, half a dozen live rats, and a pound of candles, for a wager; the criminals who were hanged twenty years ago, and are now alive and universally respected in Lower Canada; the railway navvies who come into fortunes of fifty thousand pounds, and immediately go mad with joy; the gentleman wearing eight watch-chains, who is continually travelling up and down the London and North Western Railway; the stingy nobleman at a fashionable watering-place, whose wife is saved from drowning by an honest boatman, and who recompenses the hardy son of Neptune with twopence; the nonagenarian paupers whose demise is recorded under the heading, "Death of a character;" the cuckoos that sing so early and the blackbirds that sing so late; the weather which is so astonishingly mild, and the Swedish turnips that have attained so extraordinary a size: these are a few of the newspaper chancicleers. They are, in a general way, harmless enough. And if the country newspapers who pay that Cochin-China chancicleer, "Our London Correspondent" for his weekly letter, find their account in it, so be it. I never knew him to be right about anything; but he *may be*, some day.

A VERY LITTLE TOWN.

WE live (my aunt and I) in a very little town somewhere, through which, once upon a time, ninety stage-coaches daily passed to London, and where now hardly one public conveyance of any sort is ever seen; where, once upon a time, the great big inn was kept by a great big landlord (as I have heard), who received some very great people at his door; where post-horses were kept, and where carriages and four were quite a common sight; but where now there is nothing but emptiness and solitude. The great inn yard-gate grows rusty on its hinges, and the stable windows are all broken, dirty, and full of cobwebs; the inn-door is closely padlocked, and all its windows are black and bare, as if every one inside were dead and all the linen had been sent to the wash. The sign of the British Lion, standing erect on one hind leg, like a ballet-dancer, threatens to fall from its supporters every windy night; so does the great kitchen chimney; and moss grows on the hearth-stones in the great big bed-rooms, with the great big beds in which the very great people slept, once upon a time.

There are many other deserted houses near, with shutters always closed; dull, blank, melancholy looking buildings, like faces with sightless eyes; and the road is very quiet, and knows business, fashion, pleasure, no more. The stream of prosperity and patronage has been turned, and flows now to the nearest railway station, leaving nothing to our very little town but the remembrance of the past. In short, we have gone through the rise and fall which are said to be proper to all human affairs and empires, with the utmost neatness and propriety, and having now accomplished the business and subsided into insignificance, we hope to be left to follow our own little devices in peace, without further interference from fashion or modern improvements.

Like most other dwellers in the country, we can find no more important occupation than that of fighting and quarrelling with each other about everything or nothing. Of course, the most fruitful sources of disagreement are our pets. Only last week my aunt fell out with Miss Brooks because her large dog was inconveniently taken ill in the sitting-room at tea-time; and the very week before that, a ten years' friendship between Mrs. Blythe and Miss Carter was interrupted by a dispute concerning the propriety of giving castor-oil to sick canaries. Indeed, sometimes when the village has been particularly dull and stagnant, I have had serious thoughts of requesting my aunt to keep a pig, or some other obnoxious animal, for the express purpose of giving rise to a little pleasing excitement in the way of annoyance to our neighbours, quarrels, misunderstandings, and reconciliations. Why, for two whole years our village had no other amusement than watching and commenting on a dispute between Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Carter concerning a cow! This is the truth of the story:—Mr. Tomkins had a favourite Alderney cow—a very pretty little creature, and Mr. Carter had a favourite fence, a cross-barred fanciful affair, in which he took great pride and delight. When the cow first appeared in Mr. Tomkins's field, Mr. Carter took an amazing fancy to it, admired it quite extravagantly, thought it an ornament to the view from his windows, allowed it even to come sometimes into his own little paddock, and there let it wander about at its own sweet will. One summer, however, it grew suddenly bold; would be found sitting in flower-beds; once put its head in at the dining-room window; would take a walk on the lawn, and once or twice attempted to eat the creeping plants on a summer-house, which it converted, Mr. Carter said, into a highly picturesque ruin. He particularly admired it when it rubbed itself against one especial tree with a background of sunset; he said it gave an Arcadian character to his grounds. Until one day—one fatal day—he found his beautiful cross-barred fence broken down in two places. Every man in the village was accused, and

every woman, and every boy, and, last of all, Mr. Carter's own gardener was accused, and indeed I think he was the culprit, but he had always cherished a peculiar hatred to the cow, and so laid the blame upon it—and instantly Mr. Carter (by a sort of inspiration, he said), was convinced, and hated it too. He began to see that there was a deep design of annoyance in the whole matter; that the cow had been trained to break down cross-barred fences, and had destroyed his in accordance with its master's express orders and commands. It was immediately declared to be a nuisance, a mischievous creature; all its misdeeds, which had been formerly of no consequence, were magnified into murder,—and every time the wretched creature was seen trespassing even on the outskirts of Mr. Carter's hedges and ditches, he became dreadfully excited. He was continually confounding the poor cow, and chasing it, and making everybody else chase it; and at last, overcome by a feeling of injured innocence and insulted dignity, he wrote a grand epistle to Mr. Tomkins, demanding in the most exalted language that the cow should be tied by the leg, or otherwise confined to its master's own grounds. It was indeed a very fine piece of composition, all about the scales of justice, and what the Romans did or would have done under similar circumstances; and Mr. Carter was very proud of it, and felt sure it would quite annihilate both Mr. Tomkins and his cow. It remained unanswered for a week, and then Mr. Tomkins wrote a short note, to the effect that if Mr. Carter didn't like the cow in his grounds he had better turn it out. Next day Mr. Carter watched all the morning for Mr. Tomkins, and seeing him at last in the distance, put on his hat and sallied forth with crossed arms and a fierce countenance and went to meet him, on purpose to cut him dead. After that, Mr. Tomkins would never meet Mr. Carter, and Mr. Carter would never meet Mr. Tomkins at our tea-parties; and whenever they met accidentally they never saw each other in the least. We ladies were very nervous when these tremendous encounters took place, and the excitement of them lasted a whole week.

There are some few philosophers amongst us, however, who do not fight about their pets; but these are our poorer neighbours, who have something else to do and to think about. One of them, indeed—old Mrs. Hill,—is quite a noted philosopher, and many a lesson on forgiveness of injuries and contentment have I received from her. She lives in a cottage of her own, in a large orchard at the end of a very crooked path; and whenever you go there, you find it in a state of the greatest disorder and confusion; and Mrs. Hill always says, "Oh, ma'm! if you had but come to-morrow! I was just going to clean up, and put things tidy."

She is an old, old woman. Such a fact and

has! All hideous with wrinkles and loss of teeth. I believe she was once handsome, and she has still a fine upright figure, and lively blue eyes.

"Well, Mrs. Hill," said I this morning, "and how is Tibby to-day?"

"Thank you, miss, she's much better. She'd a very good night."

"Has she recovered her appetite?"

"Yes, miss, she eat a good breakfast. I give her the gruel as you sent me, and I hope as she'll soon be out again. Do you know, miss, she's the forty-second black cat as has been born in our house?"

"Really?"

"Yes, miss, and she's quite a companion to me when my husband's away. She goes out with me every morning when I takes my husband to his work, and comes back with me, she do!"

"Does your husband still work for Mr. Carter?"

"Yes, miss, he do; it's rather hard for him now; it's a long way, you see, and he don't like leaving his old home."

I looked at the wretched little tumble-down cottage, and said, "You are a very happy couple!"

"Thank the Lord, that we are! I am up every morning between four and five, and get my husband's breakfast ready, and that's a recommendation for the young ladies, miss, if you'll excuse me. He don't come home from work till late, and then there's supper to be got, and we're not in bed till ten, for there's all the little arrangements to make for next morning. I put the things ready for breakfast and for lighting the fire; that's my post; I always light the fire."

"And you are always in good health?"

"The best of health, miss, praise the Lord; and a week after Lord Mayor's Day was two years, I shall be eighty years old. As I said to a lady the other day, miss—

Thirty years I was a maid, fifty years I've been a wife, If I live twenty more, it will be time to end my life.

She gave me half a pound of tea directly, miss, from King's shop, close here."

You cunning old thing, thought I. "Well," I said, "you are contented, and contentment is wisdom."

"Thank yop, miss—oh, yes—if we're only happy in Heaven, it don't matter here." And in this consoling belief I left her.

Our other philosopher is old Dale, the shepherd—a man without a nose, who spends half his days and nights out of doors, gazing at a flock of sheep. He hails passers-by over a hedge sometimes, and holds conversations with them about his two favourite subjects—Solomon and the weather. With a sheepskin on his back, his crook in his hand, and his dog at his heels, he looks very picturesque leaning over a fence to talk to his friends. The first time he addressed me I was rather startled.

"Beg your pardon, mum," he cried; "very cloudy weather."

"Very cloudy indeed."

"A good deal of wind, too, mum."

"You must find it very cold standing about in the fields all day," said I.

"Bless you, mum, I be used to it, I be. Lord, I stands here reading all day. You see, mum, I learnt myself. Yes, mum; I never had a day's schooling, but a lady she gave me a Bible thirty year ago, and I couldn't read a word of it, but I learnt myself. I've got it now, mum, and a fine Bible it is, but, you see, I can't put it in my pocket, and I ain't got time to read at home; but in the fields—Lord, mum! I knows it all as well—look here, mum," he said, pulling out his blue-check pocket handkerchief, in which an old Bible was carefully wrapped up, and leaning on the fence, marking his words with a certain emphatic motion of his right hand; "here is Solomon, mum. Well, he warn't no great shakes, not he. How many wives had he? Three hundred. Yes, mum, three hundred, and seven hundred other sort. He warn't a man after God's own heart, like David. No, mum, no; there was a deal o' difference between 'em. And what was it as led Solomon's heart astray? Aye, mum—what was it? Why it was the woman-folk! Ah, yes! the woman-folk, it was. Yes, mum, yes—the woman-folk. He warn't a man as temptation couldn't reach. He were easy hagged on. No great shakes, mum—no, no."

I had heard that old Dale was not at all under female rule—being, indeed, rather addicted to beating his wife on Sundays and other holidays, by way of agreeable recreation to all parties—so I was not surprised by his scorn of Solomon, though I confess he took a view of the subject which had never occurred to me before. I have disputed the matter two or three times with him, endeavouring to convince him of the advantages consequent upon following the example of Solomon's complaisance to ladies (so far as not beating them goes), but I fear without much effect. Nevertheless he looks quite romantic, leaning on a sheep-fold in the midst of his flock, conning his Bible: with the near horizon behind him and the darkening sky above, across which black and stormy clouds are sailing.

The gaieties of our very little town are usually of a very simple kind—being merely small tea parties, the principal amusement of which consists in eating and drinking. The fashionable dinner hour is five—so that we take tea at seven, and, if we are careful to be a long while over it, as soon as we have finished, it is time for refreshments; and then, before we walk home, of course we must take something strengthening and comfortable in the way of supper. This being the usual state of affairs, it may easily be imagined what great and delightful excitement was produced the other morning by the appearance of a long

printed bill on all the genteel breakfast tables in the place, announcing, in the very largest and blackest capitals, that a Mr. Dulby would that evening deliver, in the national schoolroom, by leave of the Reverend John Holdenough (our rector), a lecture on astronomy and on ecclesiastical architecture; and also exhibit dissolving views of an immense and choice variety of objects. No event of equal importance had occurred for at least two years, and the sensation was consequently tremendous. Our establishment (one maid) came up in a body, and asked leave—with humble words, but a very resolute appearance—to go to the show; and, in half an hour more, all our most particular friends were gathered around us, discussing the propriety of granting this request, and of ourselves joining in such an unusual piece of dissipation. At last, it was agreed that we should go at once to the school-house and make inquiries of Mr. Long the master; and that, if we found it was to be all quite correct and proper, we should engage good places for ourselves and servants.

We found Mr. Long full of bustling importance on the occasion—quite ready to answer, and, indeed, expecting inquiries about Mr. Dulby. He said that Lady Harrow had graciously been pleased to notify her intention of honouring the evening's entertainment with her presence, and that many other persons of less dignity had followed her ladyship's example; also, that reserved seats must be paid for at the rate of one shilling each, but that the others were to be had for sixpence. We were also informed that Mr. Dulby was actually to use the room rent free, on condition of his admitting twelve of the eldest school children without payment. This appeared to me rather an Irish way of paying no rent, but I was instantly put down by the rest of the party, who were loud in their admiration of this liberal arrangement, for which they hoped poor Mr. Dulby would be eternally grateful. The report we took home to my aunt (a maiden lady of strict principles), was so satisfactory that she rang for Lucy, and, in a solemn address, gave her full permission to go to Mr. Dulby's improving entertainment, warning her, however, against the dangers of late hours and dissipated acquaintances, and hinting mysteriously at the thorough knowledge she would have of all her proceedings, although she herself would not be present. The fact is, we are rather afraid Lucy has a lover, and, as it would be impossible to imagine what would become of us if she were to leave us, we are very careful to prevent interviews. My aunt has brought up Lucy on purpose for herself, and she knows all our ways—understands curling my aunt's wigs, and never talks about them in the village—and submits to our sumptuary laws against flounces and artificial flowers. She is, unfortunately, a good-looking girl, very neat and pleasant in her general appear-

ance, and possessed of a natural talent for being fallen in love with, which she cultivates with extraordinary industry; and she never omits an opportunity of making herself agreeable in conversation to the other sex. Not that she is silent with us, however, for she has always a great deal of interesting matter to talk about. Every morning when she comes into my room, as the clock strikes six in summer and seven in winter, I know whether there is any news going about, for whenever that is the case, she makes rather more clatter with the blinds and the crockery than is quite indispensable, in order to attract my attention and induce me to speak (she being far too respectful to begin a conversation herself), and, as I understand the signal now, I say quite naturally, whenever the jugs and basins knock together more than usual, "Well, Lucy, what is it?" Then comes the exciting intelligence: "Oh! ma'am, Mrs. Hore have got another little boy at five this morning, and I see all the clothes in the tub at ten last night;" or else, "If you please, miss, farmer Lane's fatted turkey 's fell off its roost in a fit;" or "Mr. Tomkins's dun cow, ma'am, her with the white face, have got a calf—such a pretty little dear, with the longest legs ever you see." In short, before I am up, I know everything of importance that has occurred since yesterday. On Sundays, Lucy adorns herself as gorgeously as she can without breaking the law already mentioned against flowers and flounces. She puts on a dress of some material bearing a strong resemblance to silk; also a cap of decidedly townified and pert appearance. It is generally made of lace, is much cut away at the ears, and sticks up a little behind, where it is embellished with a bow of some smart coloured ribbon—once, I grieve to say, it was yellow! I am much afraid she has a strong taste for the vanities of fashion, for sometimes, when I have gone up to bed earlier than usual, and have caught her bringing up my hot water, or brushing my aunt's night wig, I have fancied that I perceived actually a polka on her shoulders, and a beautiful diamond brooch made of glass (really very like real stones, only prettier), under her chin. At such times she glides away with remarkable celerity, and when she reappears these vanities are no longer to be seen. I suspect, therefore, that she dresses more finely for kitchen company than for ours. Certainly the polka and the brooch must be levelled at somebody, and when we have been coming home from church we have sometimes seen her standing in a pensive attitude at the corner of the road by our house, with a gentleman in groom's livery at her side—he evidently pretending to be devoted, and looking extremely smitten. But the door is close by, so this vision soon disappears. I have asked Lucy, in the most innocent manner I can devise, who the man is—but she

gives me only the rather vague information that he is somebody she knows. I do my best to save her, and to persuade her to be an old maid like my aunt, who often harangues her on the advantages of single blessedness, and, indeed, takes advantage of every opportunity to warn her against the well-known miseries of marriage and deceitfulness of men; but Lucy only laughs and says, "yes, miss," and "certainly, miss;" and once she said "she did not think all men could be so very hopstreperous," which I am afraid is a bad sign. It was not, therefore, without anxiety that we sent her, although under proper chaperonage, to the evening's lecture.

No one who walked through our very little town that evening had ever before seen it in such a disturbed condition. Mr. King, the butcher and shoemaker, had put two candles in his window, and Miss Pink, the bonnet and apple-shop—our Howell and James—the same. We overtook a crowd of four people and no less than one spring-van from Ryton, our post-town; and in the schoolroom we found every seat, except those reserved for ourselves, occupied. The children and the Ryton shopkeepers and nursery-gardeners were ranged on benches; and in front of them were the village gentry, seated on chairs more or less provided with backs and weak in the legs. There was something quite awful in the artificially-produced darkness of the room, and the subdued murmur of whispered conversation, and the certainty that Lady Harrow and her party were sitting in all their grandeur somewhere in the gloom. A large sheet was stretched across the further end of the room, from floor to ceiling, bearing decorations of honour for long service, in the shape of every variety of darn; and on this Mr. Long directed us to fix our expectant gaze. Just as we were beginning to grow a little tired of that amusement, we heard a faint clapping of hands from the back benches, and on looking again more attentively at the sheet, we perceived a pale shadow upon it, which Mr. Dulby was kind enough to tell us was intended to represent the earth, adding the information that its shape is circular. He then proceeded to prove this assertion, which he did in such an ingenious way as made me feel more than doubtful whether the earth really is round after all; indeed, when he ceased speaking, my impression was that the earth is certainly square. Then came the moon, which Mr. Dulby said he had every reason to believe was inhabited; and then appeared the sun, with the planets circling round it in a rather unsteady manner—like a ghost on the stage or a lame person in private life. Hereupon, Mr. Dulby requested us to observe the skill with which those heavenly bodies avoid knocking their heads together, observing in this respect, he said, a sort of "courtly a ticket"—probably meaning etiquette. This allusion to high life was received with great favour: a murmur of

applause arose. Then came the ecclesiastical architecture, in the shape of a very faint vanishing view of the temple of Jerusalem; and this ended the business part of the show. Then we saw visions of old gentlemen with red noses, having their gouty toes trodden on by their worthless grandchildren, and others supposed to be comical figures, which called forth bursts of laughter from the younger part of the audience. At this vulgar stage of the proceedings, the occupants of the chairs arose and prepared to depart. Only those people who were indifferent to public opinion remained after that. We were not of the number, and so came away at once. Lucy was thus left to her own devices; and as I quitted the room I thought I saw a gold hat-band close to her bonnet, glimmering in the light of the two tallow candles Mr. Long had lighted for the accommodation of Lady Harrow. My aunt was very nervous, and stood in the passage with her watch in her hand until Lucy came in, and I am almost sure I saw another shadow besides that of her chaperon gliding away from our door when I closed it. I am afraid it was injudicious to let her go. I do hope we may not soon be obliged to look out for a new maid—and yet I fear. However, Lucy waited upon us very collectedly and with an unconscious face that same evening at tea (for we gave a party in honour of the occasion), so perhaps it is only a false alarm, after all. That party brought forth some very important results. Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Carter, finding that the lecture had started a new subject of conversation, and that their dispute was no longer an object of interest and attention, made themselves remarkable in another way by shaking hands and swearing eternal friendship over our hot supper; and Miss Brooks and my aunt shed a few tears of reconciliation privately in a corner, where Miss Brooks was putting on a shawl. Mrs. Blythe and Miss Carter also patched up a peace (but, I fear, a hollow one) on the canary question; and when they left, the whole party voted my aunt and me, dear comfortable creatures. Indeed, Miss Carter, who has a serious turn, and is fond of a little something warm to drink, began to talk about the sinfulness of human nature; and, in short, they all went away in the highest spirits, declaring that they had never spent such an instructive and pleasant evening in all their life before.

STARVATION OF AN ALDERMAN.

THE following account of a tragedy which is now filling with consternation many persons resident in the neighbourhood of Clump Lodge, Brixton, and which has caused despair among the friends of the afflicted parties, will probably occasion great distress, and in that hope I request its publication. The subject of my communication, sir, is no less than the starvation of an alderman, with his entire

family, a calamity which, I grieve to add, only one event can arrest, and that is the complete re-organisation of society. My sole hope for the attainment of this truly important end lies, Mr. Conductor, in the printing of this narrative. Permit me, then, I intreat you, to appeal through your pages to an awe-stricken universe on behalf of my papa, Mr. Alderman Crumpet, my mamma, and myself, Marie Crumpet, the family in question. An eminent poet has well observed :

I do entreat your grace to pardon me ;

and goes on to remark, in his lovely *Midsummer Night's Dream*, for I allude here to the celebrated Shakespeare :

I know not by what power I am made bold ;

and, yet, I shall be pardoned, I feel sure.

More than two years have now elapsed, since my respected father suffered from the horrors ; meaning the upholstery and appointments of his happy home, as wickedly condemned by the authorities at Marlborough House. He suffered alone, and he himself described to you the nature of his complaint at page two, six, five, of your vol. six. I will only observe here, that his sufferings were all owing to his having caught the correct-principles-of-taste at a place which he ought never to have visited. Happily ma and I were not infected by his fever, and he has himself long recovered from it. But now, alas ! a much more serious calamity weighs on us all. In the midst of abundance—we are starving.

The circumstance arose in this way. On Tuesday week last, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Frippy, with their nursemaid and their sweet babe, Aunt Sally Lunn, with her son James, and an old and respected member of our family, my grandmother upon mamma's side, the widow of T. Cake, Esq., who was in her youth a favourite toast and is still beautiful, were to dine with us on the occasion of my reaching the age of twenty. Some time before the day arrived, the Alderman, my papa, said to me one morning :

"Polly"—it is his way to call me Polly—"you are old enough to be a cook."

"A what, pa, dear !" I said, unable to suppress a little scream.

"Why," said the alderman, with his usual jocosity, "now that you have left the teens and got among the ties, you'll be thinking about knots, and we shall have the parson tying you to somebody. You'll have to bless young Lunn."

"Never young Lunn," I said, and here I repeat that decision publicly. "And how can I, pa, whom you frown at so cruelly for quoting the dear Shakespeare and for displaying such ornaments as gems of thought, how can I bring content to *any* husband ?"

"There is only one way, Polly," said pa, "you must learn to feed him. Buy a good

cookery book to-morrow, study it well, leave off writing verses, and be the author of your birthday dinner. We'll tell the Lunnas that you composed it, and believe me you will get more credit for setting well before us, your three courses of victuals, than if you read us thirty cantos of your verse."

"But, papa," I replied. "How can you tell that when you have never heard me read my *Ship of Melesinda* ?"

"No doubt, Polly, it is profound. I grant you are a great poet ; now scale another height, be a great cook."

Mamma seconded his entreaties, and I was not stubborn. I accepted their commands as fate, and in the words of the interesting Prince of Denmark, answered them that I would nerve myself against Tuesday to do my best, and if possible produce a soup in particular that should surprise the Frippys and the Lunnas. My fate, I said :

"Cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve."

Immediately after breakfast, I addressed a note to the alderman, my pa's bookseller, requesting him to be so obliging as to send, without delay, the latest scientific work upon the mysteries connected with the preparation of food. In reply to my note, a parcel arrived in the evening containing an exceedingly large book with a title that quite made me jump—"Food and its Adulterations ; comprising the Reports of the Analytical Sanitary Commission of the 'Lancet,' for the years 1851 to 1854 inclusive, revised and extended : being records of the results of some thousands of original microscopical and chemical analyses of the Solids and Fluids consumed by all Classes of the Public," and so on, by Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., Chief Analyst of the Commission, and so on, and so on. How frightful to be sure, but I was nerved, as I have said already, and it did seem to me a proper thing that the first application of a mind like mine to the business of the kitchen should be worthy of its superior organisation. "Some kinds of baseness," as my Shakespeare says, "are nobly undergone," and if I stooped to the base things of the kitchen, I would apply the torch of science to the fire of genius already laid within my soul, and throw a blaze of light over the whole range of my new department. I determined, therefore, to begin with a chemical and microscopical comprehension of the solids and fluids consumed by all classes of society, and read till I grew haggard over Dr. Hassall's book. I went to bed a miserable girl.

"Papa," said I next morning, at breakfast, when I had handed his cup to the alderman ; "is your tea endurable ?"

"Agreeable you mean, child."

"No," I said, "I shall never ask that question again. Mixed tea it is, and what

is it a mixture of? Exhausted tea leaves, leaves other than those of tea, beech, elm, sycamore, horse chesnut, plane, plum, fancy oak, willow, poplar, hawthorn, and sloe, lie tea, paddy hush, Dutch pink, rose pink, indigo, Prussian blue, mineral green, turmeric, logwood, Chinese yellow, verdigris, arsenite of copper, chromate and bichromate of potash, gypsum, mica, magnesia"—

"My child, my child!" the alderman exclaimed.

I went on hysterically, "black lead"—my mother laid her cup down—"China clay or kaolin, soapstone or French chalk, catechu or Japan earth, gum, sulphate of iron. And, oh! the commonest of all adulterations are with catechu, a dangerous astringent, to give a roughness that is like strength to the taste, and with sulphate of iron, green vitriol—poisonous stuff that acts upon a solution of tea chemically, blackens it, and gives a semblance of strength to the eye. It's catechu they put in tea-improvers that poor women buy, and a great deal of the tea is so doctored in China that an attempt has been made to import some of it as manufactured goods, and though the tea-dealers in this country are pretty honest—oh! please how are we to know, when we haven't got a laboratory and a microscope, whether we drink tea or black lead and catechu for breakfast?"

"Make me some coffee, Polly; make it this minute!"

"Oh, pa!" I said, "you mean chicory, which is a sort of dandelions. You know, papa, you sent away the coffee-mill, because it ground your sleep out of you every morning, and there's no faith in ground coffee; no, there is none, indeed, in spite of orders of the government. Just turn to Dr. Hassall's book, look here, papa. Sample of 'finest Turkey coffee'—'much chicory and some roasted corn, very little coffee.' Would you, as an alderman, condescend to breakfast upon corn and dandelions? Look at the 'delicious family coffee'—'one-fourth coffee, three-fourths chicory.' Look at the 'coffee as in France'—'principally chicory.' Since the government order which relates to the adulteration with chicory, coffee has been tested by the 'Lancet' commissioners, purchased as coffee in forty-two shops, and found to be partly chicory, sometimes nearly all chicory, with, now and then, corn or mangold wurzel, in no less than thirty-one instances. As for canister coffees, out of twenty-nine samples purchased indiscriminately, twenty-eight were adulterated, chicory forming, in many instances, the chief part of the article. There is no faith in man. Let me read this to you, papa, which is said of a sample purchased at a shop in one of the great thoroughfares of London; I could show you more of the sort. The following is a copy of a written placard, of gigantic proportions, placed near the shop door:—

GENUINE COFFEE.

NO ADULTERATION.

We conceive that it is our duty to caution our friends and the public, against the present unjust and iniquitous system pursued by many grocers in adulterating their coffee with

Roasted beans,
Dog-biscuit,
Chicory, and tan.

Our advice to purchasers of coffee is, to buy it in the berry, and grind it yourselves; if you cannot do this, purchase it of respectable men only; pay a fair and honourable price for it; you may then depend upon a good and genuine article.

"Now see what is the comment of the analyst upon this article—'Adulterated: with a very large quantity of chicory.'"

"That man's fair and honourable price was sixteen pence for a mixture of less value than that which another tea-dealer can afford to label, Mixture of Chicory and Coffee, and to sell for eightpence."

"But," said the alderman, "chicory is harmless stuff."

"Ah, no, papa. I used to think so; but Dr. Hassall says certainly not. He says that he has made experiments, and finds a breakfast of pure chicory infusion to produce drowsiness and weight at the stomach; commonly headache, sometimes diarrhoea. When mixed with coffee to the extent common in shops, it frequently produces diarrhoea. He attributes to the increased use of it the increased frequency of a distressing internal disorder, and he says that Professor Beer, of Vienna, on account of its effect upon the nervous system, includes chicory among the causes of amaurotic blindness. Furthermore, chicory was in eleven cases out of two-and-twenty not to be had pure. They adulterate even that with carrot, mangold wurzel, roasted wheat, and sawdust."

"I tell you what it is, Mary," said mamma—"we will in future have cocoa for breakfast."

"My dear mamma, out of fifty-six samples of cocoa bought indiscriminately in various parts of London, only eight were genuine."

My papa's countenance had by this time begun to assume an expression of despondency. "After all," he said at last, "one cannot die of thirst while there is water in the cistern."

"But, if you please, papa, just look at these pictures. That's a drop of New River water as seen under the microscope, full of nasty long sticks, lobsters, and shaving-brushes: that's a drop of the Lambeth Company's water, with an immense maggot in the middle: that's the Southwark and Vauxhall, full of animals all spikes, like suns revolving round each other, a fat shrimp with a prickly tail, leeches, caterpillars, shaving-brushes, and cigars: that's the Grand Junction, full of things like bell-ropes, and a five legs, and a horrible long snake: that's the Hampstead Company's water, full of the

most frightful water monsters, each with eight claws to a toe. Oh, papa, don't these beings make you think about

"The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen—
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper evils rage—"

"Child," said my father, "say no more. Hand me the bread."

"Bread!" I cried. "Ha! ha! A bake-ment of aluminised paste!"

"Then let us breakfast on the anchovies!" "Anchovies! How many of these things are anchovies? Dutch, French, Sicilian fish, anchovies or no anchovies, all of them poisoned with paint—coloured with bole Armenian and Venetian red. You have bole Armenian in potted beef, in potted shrimps, in potted bloaters. Out of twenty-eight samples of potted meat and fish examined, twenty-three were befogged with this red earth. Of the anchovies sold in shape of fish not more than a third are really anchovies. Anchovy sauce and almost all other red fish sauces are saturated with bole Armenian—drenched with it even more completely than the potted meats. Five samples of India soy were examined, and they were all full of treacle and salt. In a famous fish sauce was found much oxalate of lime and charred deal. That brings me to the birthday dinner, papa. I do not see how we can have any fish. It is insipid by itself, and sauce, you see, is quite out of the question."

"No," said papa, who was getting more and more dejected. "No fish."

"And I have been thinking, too, papa, about the soup; because if they poison the cayenne pepper—"

"Poison—cayenne!"

"O, yes, indeed they do, with brickdust and deal sawdust, turmeric, vermilion, and red-lead. Out of twenty-eight samples tested, only four were genuine; most of the others contained poisonous proportions of either red-lead or vermilion."

"Soup is impossible."

"Then I thought, papa, of curry—but of curry-powders, only seven in six and twenty were found genuine, and this world is so very wicked that although the 'Lancet' published the names of the people who sold genuine things, how can I tell which of them will go straight-way, and adulterate upon the strength of their good character. How can I—after reading such a revelation as this is—have any faith in any person who sells eatables! O dear! O dear!"

"Child," said papa, "starvation stares us in the face. Ring for cold meat directly."

"Oh, sir, you never will be so bold! You know you cannot eat cold meat except with pickle."

"Well. There is pickle in the house I hope."

"A dreadful poison, copper—more or less of it—has been found in every bottle of pickle that has been examined. They use it to make pickles green. Besides that, in nineteen out of twenty cases there is oil of vitriol in the vinegar."

"Amen to cold meat," said poor mamma.

"We've preserves in the house and bottled fruits—which is all one can have at this time of the year,—but I dare not make them into pies and puddings, because they are drugged with copper, too."

We ate no more breakfast, and papa spent the whole morning with me studying in Dr. Hassall's book. We decided that it was impossible to go on taking our meals, and that our dinner-party must be put off until I had had time to reconstitute society and make the dealers in food honest, as I hope they will become, when they have heard how dreadfully we suffer. I really think that if the public health is cared about by anybody, somebody will establish something that shall be a check upon all poisoners of victuals, and make it as necessary in law to call things by their honest names as to use honest weights and measures. Also I hope, sir, that it will not be long before you make public this humble representation, because we are starving until it shall have performed its work by causing a revulsion in the public feelings. Our case is the more eminently horrible, inasmuch as when we had determined to still the cravings of hunger, by keeping in our mouths lozenges and comfits, we were cut off even from that resource by the discovery that these little consolations are denied us by the dread we must have of swallowing plaster of Paris, cochineal, lake, red-lead, vermilion, Indian-red, gamboge, lemon orange and deep chrome yellows, indigo, ferrocyanide of iron, Antwerp blue, artificial ultramarine, verditer, arsenite of copper, the three Brunswick greens, brown ferruginous earths as umber, sienna and vandyke brown, carbonate of lead, and white lead.

There may be persons in this country who, being warned of all these frauds and dangers, know how to protect themselves. The alderman, my pa, mamma and I, do not belong to that number, and we believe there are some others who don't; therefore we beg to be protected. And, in the mean time, while we beg, let me repeat that we are starving.

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SISTER ROSE.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Monsieur Guillaume, what is the news this evening?"

"None that I know of, Monsieur Justin, except that Mademoiselle Rose is to be married to-morrow."

"Much obliged, my respectable old friend, for so interesting and unexpected a reply to my question. Considering that I am the valet of Monsieur Danville, who plays the distinguished part of bridegroom in the little wedding comedy to which you refer, I think I may assure you, without offence, that your news is, so far as I am concerned, of the stalest possible kind. Take a pinch of snuff, Monsieur Guillaume, and excuse me if I inform you that my question referred to public news, and not to the private affairs of the two families whose household interests we have the pleasure of promoting."

"I don't understand what you mean by such a phrase as promoting household interests, Monsieur Justin. I am the servant of Monsieur Louis Trudaine, who lives here with his sister, Mademoiselle Rose. You are the servant of Monsieur Danville, whose excellent mother has made up the match for him with my young lady. As servants, both of us, the pleasantest news we can have any concern with is news that is connected with the happiness of our masters. I have nothing to do with public affairs; and, being one of the old school, I make it my main object in life to mind my own business. If our homely domestic politics have no interest for you, allow me to express my regret, and to wish you a very good evening."

"Pardon me, my dear sir, I have not the slightest respect for the old school, or the least sympathy with people who only mind their own business. However, I accept your expressions of regret; I reciprocate your Good evening; and I trust to find you improved in temper, dress, manners, and appearance, the next time I have the honour of meeting you. Adieu, Monsieur Guillaume, and Vive la bagatelle!"

These scraps of dialogue were interchanged on a lovely summer evening, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, before the back-door of a small house which stood on

the banks of the Seine, about three miles westward of the city of Rouen. The one speaker was lean, old, crabbed, and slovenly; the other was plump, young, oily-mannered, and dressed in the most gorgeous livery costume of the period. The last days of genuine dandyism were then rapidly approaching all over the civilised world; and Monsieur Justin was, in his own way, dressed to perfection, as a living illustration of the expiring glories of his epoch.

After the old servant had left him, he occupied himself for a few minutes in contemplating, superciliously enough, the back view of the little house before which he stood. Judging by the windows, it did not contain more than six or eight rooms in all. Instead of stables and outhouses, there was a conservatory attached to the building on one side, and a low long room, built of wood gaily painted, on the other. One of the windows of this room was left uncurtained, and through it could be seen on a sort of dresser inside, bottles filled with strangely-coloured liquids, oddly-shaped utensils of brass and copper, one end of a large furnace, and other objects, which plainly proclaimed that the apartment was used as a chemical laboratory.

"Think of our bride's brother amusing himself in such a place as that with cooking drugs in saucepans," muttered Monsieur Justin, peeping into the room. "I am the least particular man in the universe; but, I must say, I wish we were not going to be connected by marriage with an amateur apothecary. Pah! I can smell the place through the window."

With these words Monsieur Justin turned his back on the laboratory in disgust, and sauntered towards the cliffs overhanging the river.

Leaving the garden attached to the house, he ascended some gently-rising ground by a winding path. Arrived at the summit, the whole view of the Seine with its lovely green islands, its banks fringed with trees, its gliding boats, and little scattered water-side cottages, opened before him. Westward, where the level country appeared beyond the further bank of the river, the landscape was all aglow with the crimson of the setting sun. Eastward, the long shadows and mellow intervening lights, the red glory that quivered

on the rippling water, the steady ruby-fire glowing on cottage windows that reflected the level sunlight, led the eye onward and onward, along the windings of the Seine, until it rested upon the spires, towers, and broadly-massed houses of Rouen, with the wooded hills rising beyond them for background. Lovely to look on at any time, the view was almost supernaturally beautiful now, under the gorgeous evening light that glowed upon it. All its attractions, however, were lost on the valet; he stood yawning, with his hands in his pockets, looking neither to the right nor to the left; but staring straight before him at a little hollow, beyond which the ground sloped away smoothly to the brink of the cliff. A bench was placed here, and three persons—an old lady, a gentleman, and a young girl—were seated on it, watching the sunset, and by consequence turning their backs on Monsieur Justin. Near them stood two gentlemen, also looking towards the river and the distant view. These five figures attracted the valet's attention, to the exclusion of every other object around him.

"There they are still," he said to himself discontentedly. "Madame Danville in the same place on the seat; my master, the bridegroom, dutifully next to her; Mademoiselle Rose, the bride, bashfully next to him; Monsieur Trudaine, the amateur apothecary brother, affectionately next to her; and Monsieur Lomaque, our queer land-steward, officially in waiting on the whole party. There they all are indeed, incomprehensibly wasting their time still in looking at nothing! Yes," continued Monsieur Justin, lifting his eyes wearily, and staring hard, first up the river, at Rouen, then down the river, at the setting sun; "yes, plague take them, looking at nothing, absolutely and positively at nothing, all this while."

Here Monsieur Justin yawned again; and, returning to the garden, sat himself down in an arbour and resignedly went to sleep.

If the valet had ventured near the five persons whom he had been apostrophising from a distance, and if he had been possessed of some little refinement of observation, he could hardly have failed to remark that the bride and bridegroom of the morrow, and their companions on either side, were all, in a greater or less degree, under the influence of some secret restraint, which affected their conversation, their gestures, and even the expression of their faces. Madame Danville—a handsome, richly-dressed old lady, with very bright eyes, and a quick suspicious manner—looked composedly and happily enough, as long as her attention was fixed on her son. But when she turned from him towards the bride a hardly-perceptible uneasiness passed over her face—an uneasiness which only deepened to positive distrust and dissatisfaction whenever she looked towards Mademoiselle Trudaine's brother. In the same way, her son, who was

all smiles and happiness while he was speaking with his future wife, altered visibly in manner and look, exactly as his mother altered, whenever the presence of Monsieur Trudaine specially impressed itself on his attention. Then, again, Lomaque, the land-steward—quiet, sharp, skinny Lomaque, with the submissive manner, and the red-rimmed eyes—never looked up at his master's future brother-in-law, without looking away again rather uneasily, and thoughtfully drilling holes in the grass with his long sharp-pointed cane. Even the bride herself, the pretty innocent girl, with her childish shyness of manner, seemed to be affected like the others. Doubt, if not distress, overshadowed her face from time to time, and the hand which her lover held trembled a little, and grew restless, when she accidentally caught her brother's eye. And yet, strangely enough, there was nothing to repel, but, on the contrary, everything to attract, in the look and manner of the person whose mere presence seemed to exercise such a curiously constraining influence over the wedding party. Louis Trudaine was a remarkably handsome man. His expression was singularly kind and gentle; his manner irresistibly winning in its frank, manly firmness and composure. His words, when he occasionally spoke, seemed as unlikely to give offence as his looks; for he only opened his lips in courteous reply to questions directly addressed to him. Judging by a latent mournfulness in the tones of his voice, and by the sorrowful tenderness which clouded his kind earnest eyes whenever they rested on his sister, his thoughts were certainly not of the happy or the hopeful kind. But he gave them no direct expression; he intruded his secret sadness, whatever it might be, on no one of his companions. Nevertheless, modest and self-restrained as he was, there was evidently some reproving or saddening influence in his presence which affected the spirits of everyone near him, and darkened the eve of the wedding to bride and bridegroom alike.

As the sun slowly sank in the heaven, the conversation flagged more and more. After a long silence the bridegroom was the first to start a new subject.

"Rose, love," he said, "that magnificent sunset is a good omen for our marriage, it promises another lovely day to-morrow."

The bride laughed and blushed.

"Do you really believe in omens, Charles?" she said.

"My dear," interposed the old lady, before her son could answer; "if Charles does believe in omens, it is nothing to laugh at. You will soon know better, when you are his wife, than to confound him, even in the slightest things, with the common herd of people. All his convictions are well-founded—so well, that if I thought he really did believe in omens, I should most assuredly make up my mind to believe in them too."

"I beg your pardon, madame," Rose began tremulously; "I only meant—"

"My dear child, have you so little knowledge of the world as to suppose that I could be offended—"

"Let Rose speak," said the young man. He turned round petulantly, almost with the air of a spoilt child, to his mother, as he said those words. She had been looking fondly and proudly on him the moment before. Now her eyes wandered disconcertedly from his face; she hesitated an instant with a sudden confusion which seemed quite foreign to her character, then whispered in his ear:

"Am I to blame, Charles, for trying to make her worthy of you?"

Her son took no notice of the question. He only reiterated sharply,—"Let Rose speak."

"I really had nothing to say," faltered the young girl, growing more and more confused.

"Oh, but you had!"

There was such an ungracious sharpness in his voice, such an outburst of petulance in his manner, as he spoke, that his mother gave him a warning touch on the arm, and whispered "Hush!"

Monsieur Lomaque, the land-steward, and Monsieur Trudaine, the brother, both glanced searchingly at the bride, as the words passed the bridegroom's lips. She seemed to be frightened and astonished, rather than irritated or hurt. A curious smile puckered up Lomaque's lean face, as he looked demurely down on the ground, and began drilling a fresh hole in the turf with the sharp point of his cane. Trudaine turned aside quickly, and, sighing, walked away a few paces; then came back, and seemed about to speak, but Danville interrupted him.

"Pardon me, Rose," he said; "I am so jealous of even the appearance of any want of attention towards you, that I was nearly allowing myself to be irritated about nothing."

He kissed her hand very gracefully and tenderly as he made his excuse; but there was a latent expression in his eye which was at variance with the apparent spirit of his action. It was noticed by nobody but observant and submissive Monsieur Lomaque, who smiled to himself again, and drilled harder than ever at his hole in the grass.

"I think Monsieur Trudaine was about to speak," said Madame Danville. "Perhaps he will have no objection to let us hear what he was going to say."

"None, madame," replied Trudaine politely. "I was about to take upon myself the blame of Rose's want of respect for believers in omens, by confessing that I have always encouraged her to laugh at superstitions of every kind."

"You a ridiculer of superstitions," said Danville, turning quickly on him. "You who have built a laboratory; you who are an amateur professor of the occult arts of chemistry, a seeker after the Elixir of Life. On my word of honour, you astonish me!"

There was an ironical politeness in his voice, look, and manner, as he said this, which his mother and his land-steward, Monsieur Lomaque, evidently knew how to interpret. The first touched his arm again, and whispered "Be careful!" the second suddenly grew serious, and left off drilling his hole in the grass. Rose neither heard the warning of Madame Danville, nor noticed the alteration in Lomaque. She was looking round at her brother, and was waiting with a bright affectionate smile to hear his answer. He nodded, as if to re-assure her, before he spoke again to Danville.

"You have rather romantic ideas about experiments in chemistry," he said quietly. "Mine have so little connection with what you call the occult arts, that all the world might see them, if all the world thought it worth while. The only Elixirs of Life that I know of, are a quiet heart and a contented mind. Both those I found, years and years ago, when Rose and I first came to live together in the house yonder."

He spoke with a quiet sadness in his voice, which meant far more to his sister than the simple words he uttered. Her eyes filled with tears: she turned for a moment from her lover, and took her brother's hand. "Don't talk, Louis, as if you thought you were going to lose your sister, because—" Her lip began to tremble, and she stopped suddenly.

"More jealous than ever of your taking her away from him!" whispered Madame Danville in her son's ear. "Hush! don't, for God's sake, take any notice of it," she added hurriedly, as he rose from the seat, and faced Trudaine with undisguised irritation and impatience in his manner. Before he could speak, the old servant, Guillaume, made his appearance, and announced that coffee was ready. Madame Danville again said "Hush!" and quickly took one of his arms, while he offered the other to Rose. "Charles!" said the young girl, amazedly, "how flushed your face is, and how your arm trembles!"

He controlled himself in a moment, smiled, and said to her, "Can't you guess why, Rose? I am thinking of to-morrow." While he was speaking, he passed close by the land-steward, on his way back to the house with the ladies. The smile returned to Monsieur Lomaque's lean face, and a curious light twinkled in his red-rimmed eyes, as he began a fresh hole in the grass.

"Won't you go in-doors, and take some coffee?" asked Trudaine, touching the land-steward on the arm.

Monsieur Lomaque started a little, and left his cane sticking in the ground. "A thousand thanks, monsieur," he said; "may I be allowed to follow you?"

"I confess the beauty of the evening makes me a little unwilling to leave this place just yet."

"Ah! the beauties of nature—I feel them with you, Monsieur Trudaine: I feel them here."

Saying this, Lomaque laid one hand on his heart, and with the other pulled his stick out of the grass. He had looked as little at the landscape or the setting sun as Monsieur Justin himself.

They sat down, side by side, on the empty bench; and then there followed an awkward pause. Submissive Lomaque was too discreet to forget his place, and venture on starting a new topic. Trudaine was pre-occupied, and disinclined to talk. It was necessary, however, in common politeness, to say something. Hardly attending himself to his own words, he began with a commonplace phrase,—“I regret, Monsieur Lomaque, that we have not had more opportunities of bettering our acquaintance.”

“I feel deeply indebted,” rejoined the land-steward, “to the admirable Madame Danville for having chosen me as her escort hither from her son’s estate near Lyons, and having thereby procured for me the honour of this introduction.” Both Monsieur Lomaque’s red-rimmed eyes were seized with a sudden fit of winking, as he made this polite speech. His enemies were accustomed to say, that whenever he was particularly insincere, or particularly deceitful, he always took refuge in the weakness of his eyes, and so evaded the trying ordeal of being obliged to look steadily at the person whom he was speaking with.

“I was pleased to hear you mention my late father’s name, at dinner, in terms of high respect,” continued Trudaine, resolutely keeping up the conversation. “Did you know him?”

“I am indirectly indebted to your excellent father,” answered the land-steward, “for the very situation which I now hold. At a time when the good word of a man of substance and reputation was needed to save me from poverty and ruin, your father spoke that word. Since then, I have, in my own very small way, succeeded in life, until I have risen to the honour of superintending the estate of Monsieur Danville.”

“Excuse me—but your way of speaking of your present situation rather surprises me. Your father, I believe, was a merchant, just as Danville’s father was a merchant; the only difference between them was, that one failed, and the other realised a large fortune. Why should you speak of yourself as honoured by holding your present place?”

“Have you never heard?” exclaimed Lomaque, with an appearance of great astonishment, “or can you have heard, and forgotten, that Madame Danville is descended from one of the noble houses of France? Has she never told you, as she has often told me, that she condescended when she married her late husband; and that her great object in life is to get the title of her family (years since extinct in the male line) settled on her son?”

“Yes,” replied Trudaine; “I remember to have heard something of this, and to have paid no great attention to it at the time,

having little sympathy with such aspirations as you describe. You have lived many years in Danville’s service, Monsieur Lomaque, have you—” he hesitated for a moment, then continued, looking the land-steward full in the face, “have you found him a good and kind master?”

Lomaque’s thin lips seemed to close instinctively at the question, as if he were never going to speak again. He bowed—Trudaine waited—he only bowed again. Trudaine waited a third time. Lomaque looked at his host with perfect steadiness for an instant, then his eyes began to get weak again. “You seem to have some special interest,” he quietly remarked, “if I may say so without offence, in asking me that question.”

“I deal frankly, at all hazards, with every one,” returned Trudaine; “and, stranger as you are, I will deal frankly with you. I acknowledge that I have an interest in asking that question—the dearest, the tenderest of all interests.” At those last words, his voice trembled for a moment, but he went on firmly: “From the beginning of my sister’s engagement with Danville, I made it my duty not to conceal my own feelings: my conscience and my affection for Rose counselled me to be candid to the last, even though my candour should distress or offend others. When we first made the acquaintance of Madame Danville, and when I first discovered that her son’s attentions to Rose were not unfavourably received, I felt astonished, and, though it cost me a hard effort, I did not conceal that astonishment from my sister—”

Lomaque, who had hitherto been all attention, started here, and threw up his hands in amazement. “Astonished, did I hear you say? Astonished, Monsieur Trudaine, that the attentions of a young gentleman possessed of all the graces and accomplishments of a highly-bred Frenchman should be favourably received by a young lady! Astonished that such a dancer, such a singer, such a talker, such a notoriously fascinating ladies’ man as Monsieur Danville should, by dint of respectful assiduity, succeed in making some impression on the heart of Mademoiselle Rose! Oh! Monsieur Trudaine, respected Monsieur Trudaine, this is almost too much to credit!” Lomaque’s eyes grew weaker than ever, and winked incessantly, as he uttered this apostrophe. At the end, he threw up his hands again, and blinked inquiringly all round him, in mute appeal to universal nature.

“When, in the course of time, matters were farther advanced,” continued Trudaine, without paying any attention to the interruption; “when the offer of marriage was made, and when I knew that Rose had in her own heart accepted it, I objected, and I did not conceal my objections—”

“Heavens!” interposed Lomaque again, clasping his hands this time with a look of bewilderment; “what objections? what possible objections to a man young and well-bred,

with an immense fortune and an uncompromised character? I have heard of these objections: I know they have made bad blood; and I ask myself, again and again, what can they be?"

"God knows I have often tried to dismiss them from my mind, as fanciful and absurd," said Trudaine, "and I have always failed. It is impossible, in your presence, that I can describe in detail what my own impressions have been from the first of the master whom you serve. Let it be enough if I confide to you that I cannot, even now, persuade myself of the sincerity of his attachment to my sister, and that I feel—in spite of myself, in spite of my earnest desire to put the most implicit confidence in Rose's choice—a distrust of his character and temper, which now, on the eve of the marriage, amounts to positive terror. Long secret suffering, doubt, and suspense, wring this confession from me, Monsieur Lomaque, almost unawares, in defiance of caution, in defiance of all the conventionalities of society. You have lived for years under the same roof with this man; you have seen him in his most unguarded and private moments. I tempt you to betray no confidence—I only ask you if you can make me happy by telling me that I have been doing your master grievous injustice by my opinion of him? I ask you to take my hand, and tell me, if you can, in all honour, that my sister is not risking the happiness of her whole life by giving herself in marriage to Danville to-morrow!"

He held out his hand while he spoke. By some strange chance, Lomaque happened, just at that moment, to be looking away towards those beauties of nature which he admired so greatly. "Really, Monsieur Trudaine, really such an appeal from you, at such a time, amazes me." Having got so far, he stopped and said no more.

"When we first sat down together here I had no thought of making this appeal, no idea of talking to you as I have talked," pursued the other. "My words have escaped me, as I told you, almost unawares—you must make allowances for them and for me. I cannot expect others, Monsieur Lomaque, to appreciate and understand my feelings for Rose. We two have lived alone in the world together: father, mother, kindred, they all died years since and left us. I am so much older than my sister, that I have learnt to feel towards her more as a father than as a brother. All my life, all my dearest hopes, all my highest expectations have centred in her. I was past the period of my boyhood when my mother put my little child-sister's hand in mine, and said to me on her death-bed, 'Louis, be all to her that I have been, for she has no one left to look to but you.' Since then the loves and ambitions of other men have not been my loves or my ambitions. Sister Rose—as we all used to call her in those past days, as I love to call her still—

Sister Rose has been the one aim, the one happiness, the one precious trust, the one treasured reward of all my life. I have lived in this poor house, in this dull retirement, as in a Paradise, because Sister Rose, my innocent, happy, bright-faced Eve, has lived here with me. Even if the husband of her choice had been the husband of mine, the necessity of parting with her would have been the hardest, the bitterest of trials. As it is, thinking what I think, dreading what I dread, judge what my feelings must be on the eve of her marriage; and know why, and with what object, I made the appeal which surprised you a moment since, but which cannot surprise you now. Speak if you will—I can say no more." He sighed bitterly; his head dropped on his breast, and the hand which he had extended to Lomaque trembled as he withdrew it and let it fall at his side.

The land-steward was not a man accustomed to hesitate, but he hesitated now. He was not usually at a loss for phrases in which to express himself, but he stammered at the very outset of his reply. "Suppose I answered," he began slowly; "suppose I told you that you wronged him, would my testimony really be strong enough to shake opinions, or rather presumptions, which have been taking firmer and firmer hold of you for months and months past? Suppose, on the other hand, that my master had his little—" (Here Lomaque hesitated before he pronounced the next word)—"his little—infirmities, let me say; but only hypothetically, mind that! infirmities—and suppose I had observed them, and was willing to confide them to you, what purpose would such a confidence answer now, at the eleventh hour, with Mademoiselle Rose's heart engaged, with the marriage fixed for to-morrow? No! no! trust me—"

Trudaine looked up suddenly. "I thank you for reminding me, Monsieur Lomaque, that it is too late now to make inquiries, and by consequence too late also to trust in others. My sister has chosen; and on the subject of that choice my lips shall be henceforth sealed. The events of the future are with God: whatever they may be, I hope I am strong enough to bear my part in them with the patience and the courage of a man! I apologise, Monsieur Lomaque, for having thoughtlessly embarrassed you by questions which I had no right to ask. Let us return to the house—I will show you the way."

Lomaque's lips opened, then closed again: he bowed uneasily, and his sallow complexion whitened for a moment. Trudaine led the way in silence back to the house: the land-steward following slowly at a distance of several paces, and talking in whispers to himself. "His father was the saving of me," muttered Lomaque; "that is truth, and there is no getting over it: his father was the saving of me; and, yet, here am I—no! it's too late!—too late to speak—too late to act—too late to do anything!"

Close to the house they were met by the old servant. "My young lady had just sent me to call you in to coffee, Monsieur," said Guillaume. "She has kept a cup hot for you, and another cup for Monsieur Lomaque."

The land-steward started—this time, with genuine astonishment. "For me!" he exclaimed. "Mademoiselle Rose has troubled herself to keep a cup of coffee hot for me?" The old servant stared; Trudaine stopped, and looked back. "What is there so very surprising," he asked, "in such an ordinary act of politeness on my sister's part?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur Trudaine," answered Lomaque; "You have not passed such an existence as mine, you are not a friendless old man, you have a settled position in the world, and are used to be treated with consideration. I am not. This is the first occasion in my life on which I find myself an object for the attention of a young lady; and it takes me by surprise. I repeat my excuses—pray let us go in."

Trudaine made no reply to this curious explanation. He wondered at it a little, however; and he wondered still more, when, on entering the drawing-room, he saw Lomaque walk straight up to his sister, and—apparently not noticing that Danville was sitting at the harpsichord, and singing at the time—address her confusedly and earnestly with a set speech of thanks for his hot cup of coffee. Rose looked perplexed, and half-inclined to laugh, as she listened to him. Madame Danville, who sat by her side, frowned, and tapped the land-steward contemptuously on the arm with her fan.

"Be so good as to keep silent until my son has done singing," she said. Lomaque made a low bow; and retiring to a table in a corner, took up a newspaper lying on it. If Madame Danville had seen the expression that came over his face when he turned away from her, proud as she was, her aristocratic composure might possibly have been a little ruffled.

Danville had finished his song, had quitted the harpsichord, and was talking in whispers to his bride: Madame Danville was adding a word to the conversation every now and then; Trudaine was seated apart at the far end of the room, thoughtfully reading a letter, which he had taken from his pocket, when an exclamation from Lomaque, who was still engaged with the newspaper, caused all the other occupants of the apartment to suspend their employments, and look up.

"What is it?" asked Danville, impatiently.

"Shall I be interrupting, if I explain?" inquired Lomaque, getting very weak in the eyes again, as he deferentially addressed himself to Madame Danville.

"You have already interrupted us," said the old lady sharply, "so you may now just as well explain."

"It is a passage from the Scientific Intelligence, which has given me great delight, and

which will be joyful news for every one here." Saying this, Lomaque looked significantly at Trudaine, and then read from the newspaper these lines:

"ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, PARIS.—The vacant sub-Professorship of Chemistry has been offered, we are rejoiced to hear, to a gentleman whose modesty has hitherto prevented his scientific merits from becoming sufficiently prominent in the world. To the members of the Academy he has been long since known as the originator of some of the most remarkable improvements in chemistry which have been made of late years—improvements, the credit of which he has, with rare, and we were almost about to add, culpable moderation, allowed others to profit by with impunity. No man, in any profession, is more thoroughly entitled to have a position of trust and distinction conferred on him by the state than the gentleman to whom we refer—M. Louis Trudaine."

Before Lomaque could look up from the paper to observe the impression which his news produced, Rose had gained her brother's side, and was kissing him in a flutter of delight.

"Dear Louis," she cried, clapping her hands, "let me be the first to congratulate you! How proud and glad I am! You accept the professorship, of course."

Trudaine, who had hastily and confusedly put his letter back in his pocket, the moment Lomaque began to read, seemed at a loss for an answer. He patted his sister's hand rather absently, and said,

"I have not made up my mind; don't ask me why, Rose—at least not now, not just now." An expression of perplexity and distress came over his face, as he gently motioned her to resume her chair.

"Pray, is a sub-professor of chemistry supposed to hold the rank of a gentleman?" asked Madame Danville, without the slightest appearance of any special interest in Lomaque's news.

"Of course not," replied her son, with a sarcastic laugh; "he is expected to work, and make himself useful—what gentleman does that?"

"Charles!" exclaimed the old lady, reddening with anger.

"Bah!" cried Danville, turning his back on her, "enough of chemistry. Lomaque! now you have begun reading the newspaper, try if you can't find something interesting to read about. What are the last accounts from Paris? Any more symptoms of a general revolt?"

Lomaque turned to another part of the paper. "Bad, very bad prospects for the restoration of tranquillity," he said. "Necker, the Peoples' minister is dismissed. Placards against popular gatherings are posted all over Paris. The Swiss Guards have been ordered to the Champs Elysées, with four pieces of artillery. No more is yet known, but the worst is dreaded. The breach between the aristocracy and the people is widening fatally almost hour by hour."

Here, he stopped, and laid down the newspaper. Trudaine took it from him, and shook his head forebodingly, as he looked over the paragraph which had just been read.

"Bah!" cried Madame Danville. "The People, indeed! Let those four pieces of artillery be properly loaded, let the Swiss Guards do their duty; and we shall hear no more of the People!"

"I advise you not to be sure of that," said her son, carelessly: "there are rather too many people in Paris for the Swiss Guards to shoot, conveniently. Don't hold your head too aristocratically high, mother, till we are quite certain which way the wind really does blow. Who knows if I may not have to bow just as low, one of these days to King Mob, as ever you curtsied in your youth, to King Louis the Fifteenth!"

He laughed complacently as he ended, and opened his snuff-box. His mother rose from her chair, her face crimson with indignation.

"I won't hear you talk so—it shocks, it horrifies me!" she exclaimed with vehement gesticulation. "No, no! I decline to hear another word. I decline to sit by patiently, while my son, whom I love, jests at the most sacred principles, and sneers at the memory of an anointed king. This is my reward, is it, for having yielded, and having come here, against all the laws of etiquette, the night before the marriage? I comply no longer; I resume my own will, and my own way. I order you, my son, to accompany me back to Rouen. We are the bridegroom's party, and we have no business overnight at the house of the bride. You meet no more till you meet at the church. Justin! my coach. Lomaque, pick up my hood. Monsieur Trudaine! thanks for your hospitality; I shall hope to return it with interest the first time you are in our neighbourhood. Mademoiselle! put on your best looks to-morrow, along with your wedding finery; remember that my son's bride must do honour to my son's taste. Justin! my coach—drone, vagabond, idiot, where is my coach!"

"My mother looks handsome when she is in a passion, does she not, Rose?" said Danville, quietly putting up his snuff-box as the old lady sailed out of the room. "Why you seem quite frightened, love," he added, taking her hand with his easy, graceful air, "frightened, let me assure you, without the least cause. My mother has but that one prejudice, and that one weak point, Rose. You will find her a very dove for gentleness, as long as you do not wound her pride of caste. Come, come! on this night, of all others, you must not send me away with such a face as that."

He bent down, and whispered to her a bridegroom's compliment, which brought the blood back to her cheek in an instant.

"Ah how she loves him—how dearly she loves him," thought her brother, watching

her from his solitary corner of the room, and seeing the smile that brightened her blushing face when Danville kissed her hand at parting. Lomaque, who had remained imperturbably cool during the outbreak of the old lady's anger; Lomaque, whose observant eyes had watched, sarcastically, the effect of the scene between mother and son, on Trudaine and his sister; was the last to take leave. After he had bowed to Rose with a certain gentleness in his manner, which contrasted strangely with his wrinkled haggard face, he held out his hand to her brother. "I did not take your hand, when we sat together on the bench," he said, "may I take it now?"

Trudaine met his advance courteously, but in silence. "You may alter your opinion of me, one of these days." Adding those words in a whisper, Monsieur Lomaque bowed once more to the bride, and went out.

For a few minutes after the door had closed, the brother and sister kept silence. "Our last night together, at home!" that was the thought which now filled the heart of each. Rose was the first to speak. Hesitating a little, as she approached her brother, she said to him, anxiously:

"I am sorry for what happened with Madame Danville, Louis. Does it make you think the worse of Charles?"

"I can make allowance for Madame Danville's anger," returned Trudaine, evasively, "because she spoke from honest conviction."

"Honest?" echoed Rose, sadly—"honest?—ah, Louis! I know you are thinking disparagingly of Charles's convictions, when you speak so of his mother's."

Trudaine smiled, and shook his head; but she took no notice of the gesture of denial—only stood looking earnestly and wistfully into his face. Her eyes began to fill; she suddenly threw her arms round his neck, and whispered to him. "Oh, Louis, Louis! how I wish I could teach you to see Charles with my eyes!"

He felt her tears on his cheek as she spoke, and tried to reassure her.

"You shall teach me, Rose—you shall, indeed. Come, come! we must keep up our spirits, or how are you to look your best to-morrow?"

He unclasped her arms, and led her gently to a chair. At the same moment, there was a knock at the door; and Rose's maid appeared, anxious to consult her mistress on some of the preparations for the wedding ceremony. No interruption could have been more welcome, just at that time. It obliged Rose to think of present trifles; and it gave her brother an excuse for retiring to his study.

He sat down by his desk, doubting and heavy-hearted, and placed the letter from the Academy of Sciences open before him. Passing over all the complimentary expressions which it contained, his eye rested only on these lines at the end:—"During the first three years of your Professorship, you will be

required to reside in or near Paris, nine months out of the year, for the purpose of delivering lectures, and superintending experiments, from time to time, in the laboratories." The letter in which these lines occurred, offered him such a position as in his modest self-distrust, he had never dreamed of before: the lines themselves contained the promise of such vast facilities for carrying on his favourite experiments, as he could never hope to command in his own little study, with his own limited means; and yet, there he now sat, doubting whether he should accept or reject the tempting honours and advantages that were offered to him—doubting for his sister's sake!

"Nine months of the year in Paris," he said to himself, sadly; "and Rose is to pass her married life at Lyons. Oh! if I could clear my heart of its dread on her account—if I could free my mind of its forebodings for her future—how gladly I would answer this letter by accepting the trust it offers me!" He paused for a few minutes, and reflected. The thoughts that were in him marked their ominous course in the growing paleness of his cheek, in the dimness that stole over his eyes. "If this cleaving distrust from which I cannot free myself, should be in very truth the mute prophecy of evil to come—to come, I know not when—if it be so (which God forbid), how soon she may want a friend, a protector near at hand, a ready refuge in the time of her trouble! Where shall she then find protection, or refuge? With that passionate woman? With her husband's kindred and friends?"

He shuddered, as the thought crossed his mind; and opening a blank sheet of paper, dipped his pen in the ink. "Be all to her, Louis, that I have been," he murmured to himself, repeating his mother's last words, and beginning the letter, while he uttered them. It was soon completed. It expressed in the most respectful terms, his gratitude for the offer made to him, and his inability to accept it, in consequence of domestic circumstances which it was needless to explain. The letter was directed, sealed: it only remained for him to place it in the post-bag, lying near at hand. At this last, decisive act, he hesitated. He had told Lomaque, and he had firmly believed himself, that he had conquered all ambitions for his sister's sake. He knew now, for the first time, that he had only lulled them to rest—he knew that the letter from Paris had aroused them. His answer was written, his hand was on the post-bag; and at that moment the whole struggle had to be risked over again—risked when he was most unfit for it! He was not a man under any ordinary circumstances, to procrastinate; but he procrastinated now. "Night brings counsel: I will wait till to-morrow," he said to himself, and put the letter of refusal in his pocket, and hastily quitted the laboratory.

Inexorably that important morrow came: irretrievably, for good or for evil, the momentous marriage vow was pronounced. Charles Danville and Rose Trudaine were now man and wife. The prophecy of the magnificent sunset overnight had not proved false. It was a cloudless day on the marriage morning. The nuptial ceremonies had proceeded smoothly throughout, and had even satisfied Madame Danville. She returned with the wedding-party to Trudaine's house, all smiles and serenity. To the bride she was graciousness itself. "Good girl," said the old lady, following Rose into a corner, and patting her approvingly on the cheek with her fan. "Good girl! you have looked well this morning—you have done credit to my son's taste. Indeed, you have pleased me, child! Now go upstairs, and get on your travelling dress; and count on my maternal affection as long as you make Charles happy."

It had been arranged that the bride and bridegroom should pass their honeymoon in Brittany, and then return to Danville's estate near Lyons. The parting was hurried over, as all such partings should be. The carriage had driven off—Trudaine, after lingering long to look after it, had returned hastily to the house—the very dust of the whirling wheels had all dispersed—there was absolutely nothing to see—and yet, there stood Monsieur Lomaque at the outer gate; idly, as if he was an independent man—calmly, as if no such responsibilities as the calling of Madame Danville's coach, and the escorting of Madame Danville back to Lyons, could possibly rest on his shoulders.

Idly and calmly, slowly rubbing his hands one over the other, slowly nodding his head in the direction by which the bride and bridegroom had departed, stood the eccentric land-steward at the outer gate. On a sudden, the sound of footsteps approaching from the house seemed to arouse him. Once more he looked out into the road, as if he expected still to see the carriage of the newly-married couple. "Poor girl!—ah, poor girl!" said Monsieur Lomaque softly to himself, turning round to ascertain who was coming from the house.

It was only the postman with a letter in his hand, and the post-bag crumpled up under his arm.

"Any fresh news from Paris, friend?" asked Lomaque.

"Very bad, monsieur," answered the postman. "Camille Desmoulins has appealed to the people in the Palais Royal—there are fears of a riot."

"Only a riot!" repeated Lomaque, sarcastically. "Oh, what a brave government not to be afraid of anything worse! Any letters?" he added, hastily dropping the subject.

"None to the house," said the postman—"only one from it, given me by Monsieur

Trudaine. Hardly worth while," he added, twirling the letter in his hand, "to put it into the bag, is it?"

Lomaque looked over his shoulder as he spoke, and saw that the letter was directed to the President of the Academy of Sciences, Paris.

"I wonder whether he accepts the place or refuses it?" thought the land-steward, nodding to the postman, and continuing on his way back to the house.

At the door, he met Trudaine, who said to him rather hastily, "You are going back to Lyons with Madame Danville, I suppose?"

"This very day," answered Lomaque.

"If you should hear of a convenient bachelor-lodging at Lyons, or near it," continued the other, dropping his voice and speaking more rapidly than before, "You would be doing me a favour if you would let me know about it."

Lomaque assented; but before he could add a question which was on the tip of his tongue, Trudaine had vanished in the interior of the house.

"A bachelor-lodging!" repeated the land-steward, standing alone on the door-step. "At or near Lyons! Aha! Monsieur Trudaine, I put your bachelor-lodging and your talk to me last night together, and I make out a sum total which is, I think, pretty near the mark. You have refused that Paris appointment, my friend; and I fancy I can guess why."

He paused thoughtfully, and shook his head with ominous frowns and biting of his lips.

"All clear enough in that sky," he continued, after a while, looking up at the lustrous mid-day heaven. "All clear enough there; but I think I see a little cloud rising in a certain household firmament already—a little cloud which hides much, and which I, for one, shall watch carefully."

THE CAMEL-TROOP CONTINGENT.

I AM on two years' leave from the Mahratta Fencibles, and have been appointed, after assiduous application, to the Native Abyssinian Camel-troop Contingent for service in the East. It is true, I can't speak Abyssinian, but I know Welch and a little Latin; and I am told the roots of these three tongues are very similar.

There is no doubt about my official appointment whatsoever. I hold it in my hand. "Sir,—I am directed to inform you, in answer to your late application, that you have been appointed to the N. A. C. Contingent, and are requested to embark with the utmost practicable dispatch. (Signed) REDTAPE."

I read this continually, in order to re-assure myself of the fact of my appointment, because every other circumstance goes directly against it. "Utmost practicable dispatch!" I took

leave of my thirteen brothers and sisters, scarcely allowing a quarter of a second to each embrace; was whirled by the express train to town; and rushed to the War Office.

Says my friend at Court, then: "See his lordship? Quite impossible, Snooks! One hundred and forty people in the ante-room; and besides that (in confidence), he escaped by the back door at lunch time, and has not come back since."

I waited, nevertheless, for I too had some sat-upon sandwiches still left, that I had brought with me in the train from Aberdeen, and some sherry in a pocket-pistol; and "time and the hour" brought me to the minister.

He was not in a pleasant frame of mind. "This is not the place, sir, for your confounded Abyssinian Troop business. Go to—"

I shall not refer more particularly to the office he thus suggested, than to observe, that whatever intelligence I might have wanted, I should not have voluntarily made personal application to the head of that department; so I walked across the way, instead, to another bureau. In answer to most anxious inquiries, I was there informed that "there had been, and even still was, some talk of an Abyss—"

"Talk, sir," I interrupted; "look here!" and I produced my appointment, signed and sealed, triumphantly.

"Yaas," observed the smooth official. "Yaas; we have sent a great many of these out lately. Thirty-six appointments have been signed, I think, from first to last; but only three are to hold good."

I was in a white heat, but quite calm; when, in answer to my question of where I was to go for information, he replied, "To the War Office."

"His lordship has already directed me here," I answered; for I began to fancy the places synonymous.

"Then, your commanding officer or his secretary might know, perhaps," said he.

I thought that it was just possible they might; so I tried the secretary. Who should I find closeted with him, but my old friend, Banberry, colonel of the Cingalese Dragoons, the first cavalry officer in India, appointed to my very own brigade, and just the man to tell me all I wanted. After "Snooks, my boy!" and the slaps on the back were over, I told him I had but twenty-four hours, or so, to spend in England, and had to get all my outfit.

"Indeed!" said he. "And where are you going in such a hurry? What's your corps? What's your uniform?"

"Good Heavens!" said I; "I go with you, in your corps, in your uniform. I want to know all about it."

"Well, I confess I should like to know a little about it myself," said the colonel, who is celebrated for his imperturbability.

Well, I went from him to the man who is to command us—the general himself: a gentlemanly person enough, just the man for our Camel-troop, no doubt; only, unfor-

tunately, he knew no more about the matter than myself.

"But, 'embark with the utmost dispatch.' What does that mean, general?" I urged.

"Why, as I have had the same order for about forty days, I fancy it means nothing in particular."

"When we do go, sir, may I ask the station we shall sail to, the depot, the—?"

"Certainly, Captain Snooks," interposed the general, blandly, "certainly, ask whatever you please; but I regret that it is not in my power to give you an answer."

"And the uniform?" I suggested; "at least I had better get my things ready for embarkation."

"Really," said the general, as he bowed me elegantly to the door, "really I have not the faintest conception of what uniform will be worn by the Native Abyssinian Camel-troop Contingent. Perhaps a fancy dress, according to our private tastes and favourite colours. Perhaps—anything!"

In despair, and reflecting that, as the authorities were all at sea, the Admiralty was as good an office to apply to as any other, I went there. Thank goodness! A ship had been ordered round to Wightmouth, to carry the Camel-troops and a militia regiment; and I had better go down there to meet it.

"Our destination, then," said I, "is—?" But here, it seemed, my unexpected success had rendered me over-sanguine; for the clerk motioned me to the office-door, with "We haven't the smallest idea, sir." That is the impression I have ever since retained of official people: "they haven't the smallest idea, sir."

Who should I find at Wightmouth but my old friend Malines, commanding the Isle-of-Dogs Volunteer Corps, the very regiment that was to accompany us part of our voyage to Wherever-it-was. It was to take him and his host to a real place, and drop us at Malta on the way, to be taken on to Corfu by another vessel. Malines is an excellent colonel. His regiment volunteered about the first, and has been long since in the highest state of discipline, and ready to embark at a day's notice. The Mull Militia, quartered in the same street, had also volunteered; but they were mostly raw recruits; were without full accoutrements, and had no orders to hold themselves in readiness to start, as the Isle-of-Dogs had.

I told Malines my adventures; and he said my troubles were nothing to what he had suffered in trying to get a ship sent down for his corps. He had been referred from one department to another until quite bewildered; and being rather choleric, had sworn most vigorously at the highest dignitaries. What in the colonel was "impatience," in my case would have been "rank blasphemy," and would have deprived me of my command in the Camel-troop; but certainly in re Malines, it seemed to have had a beneficial effect; and

he had been promised his ship immediately. By reason of a number of ladies accompanying the regiment, it was, moreover, to be a swift and roomy steamer. The vessel had been signalled, and, after a little refitting in the dockyard, was to sail in about a week. In the meantime, and awaiting the final official order, the mess was broken up, and the officers emigrated to the Vulture Hotel. There, too, I established myself, at an expense I could ill afford; but still I heard no breath of news of the unfortunate N. A. C. I began to be fidgetty as to whether the Bombay might not yet leave us, after all—a Contingent remainder. Suddenly into my rooms burst Malines, purple with passion:

"Through some confounded devilry, that Mull regiment has got our order, and is off in thirty-six hours."

It was perfectly true. Many Mullites had no shako; many, no coats. The general, who had not even inspected them previously, found a whole company standing apart in their barrack-yard undrilled, undressed,—unfit for departure altogether. Nevertheless, at the appointed hour, with drums beating and colours flying, the Mull Militia embarked in the Bombay; that very ship which had been designed for the accommodation of the wives of the I. O. D. M., and the N. A. C. Contingent. The M. M. didn't take their ladies at all, and marched on board, playing "the girls we left behind us," triumphantly.

A day or two afterwards, a dingy transport, quite incompetent to carry half Malines' regiment, let alone the Contingent—about whose existence I began to have a hideous doubt—was sent round to us from Plymouth, ran ashore upon the beach, was derided by the townspeople; and then was ordered back again—I think with coals. I have got about three pounds left, to pay the landlord of the Vulture for three weeks' board and lodging. My destination is as likely to be Botany Bay as anywhere else. The Isle-of-Dogs Militia go about in a vacant manner, saying "they don't know" to every question that is asked of them. For my part, I keep my written appointment about my person, and exhibit it, when interrogated, with a bitter laugh. Having tried every other office, I now try the office of Household Words.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

No name to bid us know
Who rests below,
No word of death or birth,
Only the grasses wave,
Over a mound of earth, —
Over a nameless grave.

Did this poor wandering heart
In pain depart?
Longing, but all too late,
For the calm home again,
Where patient watchers wait,
And still will wait in vain.

Did mourners come in scorn,
And thus forlorn,
Leave him, with grief and shame
To silence and decay,
And hide the tarnished name
Of the unconscious clay?

It may be from his side
His loved ones died,
And last of some bright band,
(Together now once more),
He sought his home, the land
Where they were gone before.

No matter, times have made
As cool a shade,
And lingering breezes pass
As tenderly and slow,
As if beneath the grass
A monarch slept below.

No grief, though loud and deep,
Could stir that sleep;
And earth and heaven tell
Of rest that shall not cease
Where the cold world's farewell
Fades into endless peace.

MORE CHILDREN OF THE CZAR.

M. TOURGHENIEF,* when travelling on the road from Moscow to Toulá, six years ago, was obliged to stop a whole day at a wayside post-house, for want of a fresh relay of horses. He was returning from the chace, and had had the imprudence to send his own troika away. While detained there, another traveller arrived, shouting, "Horses, as quick as possible!" but he also had to submit to the discourteous refusal of the postmaster. To while away the time, the two new acquaintances took tea together, which it is the Russian fashion to drink out of glasses, and to qualify with a greater or less admixture of rum. The chance companionship in a solitary inn, the wearisomeness of having nothing to do, the tea, and the rum, had the combined effect of setting the new arrival—one Peotré Pétrovitch Karataïf, a territorial seigneur of the second class, some thirty years of age—to talk unreservedly of his own private affairs. The communication made is startling enough to persons not familiar with Russian institutions, and makes us occidental free-men ask for how many years longer it will be possible for the slavery of whites to continue, now that black slavery is going out of fashion. Not to anticipate the purport of the story, we leave M. Tourghenief to relate it, in the way in which, he says, it was told to him.

After we had finished taking our refreshment, Karataïf covered his face with his hands, and rested his elbows on the table. I watched him in silence, expecting one of

those effusions of sentiment, and even of tears, which are so apt to flow from people who have been drinking a little; so that I was forcibly struck by the expression of depressed spirits, of absolute prostration, which his features bore, and I could not help asking him what was the matter with him.

"It is nothing," he said. "The past returned to my memory,—one anecdote particularly. I should like to tell it to you; but really you must be getting tired of my"—

"Oh, by no means. Let me hear your story, Peotré Pétrovitch, and be assured that I shall listen with a friendly ear."

"So I will, then. What occurred to me was this. I resided in my own village, and being a professed sportsman, of course I rambled about the neighbourhood. One day I caught sight of a girl. Ah! what a pretty girl! A real beauty! And with all that, what a good and clever creature she was! Her name was Matrèna. But she was only one of the common people,—quite common, you understand,—a servant, a slave. She did not belong to me, and there was the difficulty. She belonged to another estate,—she was the property of another person,—and I was over head and ears in love with her. My story is a love-tale. Excuse my troubling you with it. And she was in love as well as myself; and there she was, begging and praying me to buy her, to go and see her lady, pay whatever sum was asked, and then take her away with me. The same thought had also occurred to myself. Her lady was a rich woman, of one of the oldest families. The old lady's residence was situated fifteen versts from mine. Well, one fine morning, as the saying is, I had my best troige, my very best team of three horses, harnessed to my best drochka. I put my hackney in front in the middle. Oh! such an Asiatic as you do not often see, and whom, on account of the brightness of his coat, I called Lampourdos. I dressed myself in my Sunday's best, and set off to pay a visit to Matrèna's lady.

"With these arrangements for producing a good effect at first sight, I arrived at my destination. I beheld a large house flanked with a couple of elegant wings, with an avenue and square in front, and with large gardens at the back. Matrèna was waiting for me at a certain turn: she tried to speak to me. All she could do was to kiss her hand. I entered the ante-chamber; I asked if the lady were at home. A great simpleton of a footman came forward, and said, 'How is it your pleasure to be announced?'—'Go, my fine fellow, and announce M. Karataïf, a neighbouring gentleman proprietor, and say that I am come to talk about business.'—The footman retired. I waited, I considered, and said to myself, 'Shall I succeed, or shall I fail? And if the old fool should take it into her head to ask me an extravagant price! She is rich,—yes, that's evident; she is not a bit the less likely on that account to want for

* See No. 258, page 108.

Matrèna, for instance, as much as five hundred roubles (eighty pounds sterling).'

"The footman re-appeared, and announced to me that I was waited for. He introduced me into the saloon. There, seated in an arm-chair, was a very little bilious-complexioned woman, winking both her eyes as rapidly as the second-hand on the face of a time-piece. I approached; without further preliminary, she bluntly asked me what I wanted. You can fancy that, without pretending to be susceptible, I thought it apropos to begin by telling the lady that I was happy to see her, and delighted to make her honourable acquaintance.—'You are under a mistake,' she said. 'I am not the mistress of this estate; I am related to the lady. Say what you want.'—'Excuse my telling you that I require to speak to my honourable neighbour herself.'—'Maria Illinichna does not receive any one to-day; she is indisposed. What is it that you want?'—'Come, there is no help for it,' I thought to myself, and so I mentioned Matrèna, and explained the object of my visit.—'Matrèna! the girl Matrèna!' muttered the old winkeress. 'Who can this Matrèna be?'—'She is Matrèna Fedoravna, the daughter of Fédor Koulikof.'—'Ah! Matrèna, fat Koulik's daughter! And how did you happen to get acquainted with the girl?'—'By a chance accident.'—'And is she aware of your intention to buy her?'—'Yes, madame.'—'Good! I'll settle her business. To think of the creature!' said the lady, turning from saffron to chocolate, after a silence of no good omen.

"I was completely aghast, not having suspected that my proposition could in any way have brought the poor girl into any trouble. 'Matrèna is not at all to blame,' I said. 'I am ready to pay any reasonable sum, which I shall be greatly obliged if you will have the goodness to fix.' The tufts of curly hairs which ornamented the old lady's face bristled up; she puffed and puffed, and then said, in a harsh voice, 'Dear me! this is something surprising! As if we stood in great need of your money! I will give it her,—I will give it her! We will cure her of this pretty piece of madness,—we know the receipt for that complaint!' (The old lady coughed with spite, and changed from chocolate to café au lait.) 'She isn't comfortable with us, the creature! Little she-devil, take yourself off; you shall pay for it. God forgive me, if there is any sin in doing so!'

"I confess that, at these words, I had the weakness to take fire. 'Why should you be so enraged against a poor girl? Can you tell me in what respect she has been to blame?'—The old lady crossed herself, and said, 'Ah! good God, do I; this girl does not belong to you, not to you, sir. You have no business to meddle in the matter.' Maria Illinichna can manage her own affairs; but you think proper to interfere. However, I shall make it my business to remind Matrèna to whom

she owes obedience,—*whose* hands and feet she is bound to kiss.'

"At that moment I should have been very glad to twist the old fury's cap hind part in front; but I recollected Matrèna's position, and my arms remained nailed fast to my sides. I was so completely balked that I did not know what I was about. I said at random, 'Put whatever price you please on Matrèna.'—'And pray what do you want with her?'—'She has taken my fancy, madame; and she pleases me still. Put yourself a little in my position. Permit me to have the honour of kissing your hand.' And in fact, would you believe that I kissed the hand of this cursed old witch?—'Well,' muttered the old woman, 'I will state the affair to Maria Illinichna, and she will decide upon it. You can come here again the day after to-morrow.'

"I returned home in a state of great agitation. I could not help thinking that I had begun the business badly, and that I ought not, in any case, to have betrayed the motive by which I was urged. I said to myself, 'It is too late to pretend to be indifferent now.' Two days afterwards, I made my second appearance at the lady's house. This time, I was introduced into her cabinet, which was luxuriously furnished and carpeted. She was there, in her own proper person, stretched almost at full length, on some sort of marvellously mechanical arm-chair, with her head reposing upon a cushion. The old lady, the relation who had received me at my former visit, was present, and there was, besides, a kind of young lady with white eyebrows and eyelashes, and a mouth on one side, in a high green dress, as verdant as a meadow; I took her to be a humble companion. The lady begged me to be seated. I sat down. She asked me how old I was, where I had served in the army, and what were my future prospects. She spoke with a certain tone of hauteur and superiority. I gave answers to her triple question.

"She took her pocket-handkerchief and fanned her face with it, as if she were brushing away some offensive vapour; then she said, dropping out her words one by one, 'Katerina Karpovna, the lady present, has reported to me the intentions you have entertained. She has made me a report of the circumstances, at the same time that she is fully aware that I never depart from a principle I have laid down; I never allow my people to enter the service of other persons, no matter who they may be. In my eyes, that would be a most improper proceeding, quite inconsistent with a well-managed establishment; it would be disorderly and immoral. I have arranged everything for the best, as is proper in such unpleasant cases; it is quite unnecessary, therefore, sir, for you to give yourself any further trouble in the matter.'—'Trouble! I beg your pardon, madame, but I do not exactly understand your meaning; do you mean to say that Matrèna's

services are indispensable to yourself, personally?—'By no means; neither the girl nor her services are at all necessary to me.'—'Well, then, why will you not consent to part with her?'—'Because I do not choose; I will not give her up; and that is all I have to say about it. I have given my orders, and they are irrevocable. I have sent her to a village which I possess in the Steppes.'

"This speech made me feel as if a flash of lightning had gone through my brain. The old lady said a few words in French to the young woman in green, who thereupon instantly left the room.—'You must know,' she then said to me, 'I am a woman of principle; besides that, the delicate state of my health, which makes me incompetent to suffer the least agitation. You are still a young man; I, on the other hand, am a very old woman, which entitles me to offer you a little advice. Would it not be as well if you were to think of settling; if you were to choose a suitable match, and get married honourably and respectably? Girls with large fortunes are scarce; and as nothing is ever gained by marrying beneath one's own rank, we might find you up a respectable girl who, though not endowed with worldly riches, would bring you the wealth of the heart and the treasures of morality.'

"At this proposition, sir, I stared at the old woman. I did not comprehend in the least what she was prating about. I heard that she talked of my getting married; I almost guessed that she had some one whom she wanted to provide for before she turned up the whites of her eyes. It was very kind on her part, and came cheaper than a legacy. But she also mentioned a village in the Steppes to which perhaps they were dragging Matrèna at the very moment that she was persuading me to marry her toad-eater. I was boiling with rage. I said to the old match-maker; 'Well, madame, have we been beating about the bush all this while for nothing? I did not want your advice as to whom to marry; I simply wanted to know whether you would consent or not, for a pecuniary consideration, to part with the girl Matrèna, your subject.'—Instantly old lady number two rose, flashing furious glances at me, and approached with the greatest solicitude old lady number one, who began uttering 'Oh's!' and 'Ah's!' as if I had been the devil in person. 'Ah! This man has quite upset me. Oh! there, there, make him leave the room. Send him away directly; oh! dear me, oh!'—Number two began shouting at me so effectually that I could not get in a single word of excuse. Number one, on her part, moaned like a spoiled child in a fit of the colic, and said, 'What have I done to deserve such treatment as this? I suppose I am not to be mistress over my own serfs. I am not to do as I like in my own house. Oh! On! Ah! Aie!'

"I rushed out, and made my escape as fast

as I could, as if I were pursued by a whole legion of vipers led on by a pack of witches.

"Perhaps," continued M. Karataëff, "you yourself will judge me rather harshly for having formed so strong an attachment to a woman belonging to the servile class. I was wrong, I confess; and I do not attempt to justify my weakness. I relate the facts, and nothing more. After this, I had not a moment's repose; I tormented myself night and day, reproaching myself with having brought the poor girl into serious trouble. I pictured her to myself as keeping geese in a coarse smock-frock, with the body part spotted and stained with grease, groaning morning and evening under the frightful insults of a brutal village elder,—a peasant in heavy boots smeared with pitch,—and I fell into a cold perspiration at the mere idea of these horrors, which, after all, might be merely imaginary.

"At last, being unable to control my impatience, I obtained information, I discovered to what village Matrèna had been banished; I jumped on horseback and rode thither. With all the haste I could make, I did not reach it till the evening of the next day. I easily perceived that they had not expected I should play them such a prank as that, and that no precautions had been taken, nor any orders given, in respect to myself. I went straight to the elder's house, just as any other neighbouring seigneur of the Steppe would have done.

"As soon as I entered the court, I caught sight of Matrèna, who was sitting under the entrance-porch, with her head leaning on her hand. After the first moment of surprise, she was going to utter an exclamation of joy; but I made signs to her to dissimulate her feelings, pointing in the direction of the fields that lay towards the west and out of sight of the cottages. I went into the elder's house, and told that worthy a cock-and-bull story which completely threw them off the track of my personality; and when the moment favourable to my project had arrived, I hastened away to meet Matrèna. I easily found her, and the poor little darling hung round my neck; she could not cease from kissing my hands and my hair. Poor little dove, she was pale; she had grown much thinner. I said to her, 'There, there, have done with that, and don't cry; come, I won't have you cry.'—It was easy to say so, but I myself was crying like a woman. Nevertheless, I was ashamed of myself. 'Matrèna,' I resumed, 'tears are but a poor remedy for a heavy misfortune. You must summon up a little resolution; you must escape from this place; I will take you up on horseback behind me; that is the only chance we have.'—'What a desperate measure! Recollect that if I take such a step as that, they will set upon me like furies. Ah! yes; they will tear me to pieces!'—'Silly girl! Who should find you out?'—'They will be sure to find

me out; I shall be certainly discovered,' she said in a voice that trembled with terror. Then, passing from one emotion to another, she added, 'I thank you, Peotré Pétrovitch; never in my life shall I forget this mark of your attachment. But fate has driven me here, and here I will remain.'—'Matrèna, Matrèna! I thought you had some little force of character, and here you stand, half-dead with fright. You have not the slightest spark of courage.'

"She did not really want for courage; she had plenty. She did not want for soul; hers was a heart of gold, monsieur, I assure you. I returned to my proposition. 'Good God! what makes you determine to remain here? If you will have to undergo suffering in consequence of making your escape, it all only comes to the same thing. You cannot be worse off anywhere than you are in this wild and desert spot. I am certain that this brute of an elder kicks you and gives you blows of the fist for the mere pleasure of bullying and beating some one.'

"Matrèna blushed deeply and ground her teeth. She made no reply; then, thinking of the consequences of her flight, were she to take that decided step, she turned pale, and said, 'If I run away, I shall bring misfortune on everyone belonging to me.'—'How so? Do you believe they would persecute your whole family? Would they send your relations into banishment?'—'In the first place, my brother would be certainly sent here in my stead; and what a cruel lot that would be for him!'—'But your father?'—'My father would not be sent away; my lady has only one good tailor belonging to her, and that is he.'—'Ah! that's all right, then. And your brother, you may be sure, would not remain long in the Steppe. Your father would urge every day that the lad, at least, has not committed any crime; he would beg for his release, and he would be soon sent back again.'—'Perhaps it might turn out so; but you, you—they would make you responsible—they would bring you into trouble. I would sooner die than be the cause of what might happen.'—'As to that, that's my affair, dear girl, and not yours.'

"She turned and re-turned her objections over and over again, but she already began to hesitate. I carried her off, not this time, but after another visit. I arrived one night with my chariot; she had taken her resolution, and I drove away with her.

"Did she step into your chariot of her own free will?" I asked of M. Karataïf.

"Entirely of her own free will. I reached home next day at dusk, and I installed her in her new abode. My house consisted of eight rooms in all, and I employed only a very small number of persons in my service. My people, I may tell you without the slightest scruple, respected me, and were so devoted to me that, I declare, they would not have betrayed me for all the wealth in the world. I was singu-

larly happy. Matrèna, while she remained with me, remembered her past sufferings only to enhance the enjoyment of her present life, and soon regained her health and her fresh complexion; and I, beholding her so handsome, so happy, so grateful for my attentions, became more attached to her than ever. What an excellent girl she was, monsieur! Let those who can, explain the matter, but I found that she could sing, dance, and play the guitar. I was careful not to let the neighbouring landowners catch sight of her; for how was I to prevent their gossiping, even without their meaning to do us any harm? But I had a friend, quite an intimate friend, his name is Gornostaïf Panteleï—don't you know him?

"No."

"Gornostaïf was quite charmed with her; he kissed her hands as he would have done to a handsome lady, I assure you. I confess that Gornostaïf was quite a different sort of man to me—he was a man of learning—he had read all Pouchkine through—and when he conversed with Matrèna and myself, there we were, all ears, devouring his discourse with open mouth. He taught my little Matrèna to write—he was a very original fellow. As for me, I set her up with such a wardrobe that she might, in point of dress, have cheek-mated his excellence the governor's wife. She had, especially, a manteau of raspberry-coloured velvet, with a collar and lining of black fox fur—ah! how well she looked in that! A Moscow madame made that manteau, in the newest fashion, with a waist to it. Many were the days when, from morning till night, I was occupied with one single idea, namely, how to procure her some great pleasure. And, will you believe it, when I loaded her with presents, it was only for the sake of seeing her dance with joy, blush with delight, try on the dresses or ornaments, advance towards me radiant with satisfaction, bend smiling before me, and, at last, throw her arms round my neck.

"Her father Koulik, I cannot tell how, got wind of the affair, and strongly denied the truth of it to everyone that mentioned it. But he came secretly to see us, his daughter, and myself. You can imagine how we treated him. He shed a good many tears of pleasure, and departed mysteriously as he came. In this way, we spent five months; I need not tell you that I should have liked it to last our whole lives long. But I was born an exceedingly unlucky fellow."

"What bad luck occurred to you afterwards?" I inquired with sympathy, observing that he was in some sort embarrassed at having talked about himself so long.

"All my happiness went to the devil," he answered, making a gesture of renunciation of very familiar use in Russia by all except persons of education who have travelled or who habitually frequent the saloons of the three capitals—a gesture which commences

by a rapid movement, and ends by dropping the hand like a victim. "And I was the cause of her misery.

"One of Matrèna's greatest delights was to take long sledge drives. I used to gratify her taste in the evening, at an hour when we ran the least risk of meeting any one that knew us. Once, with the intention of making a good long excursion, we selected an incomparably beautiful day. It was clear frosty weather, there was a splendid sunset, and not a breath of wind. We started. Matrèna took the reins: and I, satisfied and thinking of other things, scarcely looked which way she was driving. And where should she go but take the road to Koukouëfka, her mistress's great village. Yes; there we were, almost at Koukouëfka. I said to Matrèna, 'You mad-cap girl, where are you going to?' She looked at me over her shoulder and smiled. I thought to myself she has a mind, for once, at least, in her life, to enjoy the unknown pleasure of indulging in a little bravado—what a child she is! It is such capital fun—a single once—only once—to drive full speed past the seigneurial abode, in an equipage and dress only used by nobles, and to dash in style through a place where formerly—Oh! it is a great temptation!—and I was weak enough to allow her to do it.

"We approached the village rapidly—my splendid fore-horse flew away with us—the two side-horses rattled on like a couple of whirlwinds. We could already see the cross and the roof of the church. Meanwhile on the road before us there was an old green close-carriage, creeping like a tortoise, behind which there stood a tall footman. It was the great lady who, by an extraordinary chance, was taking a short evening drive. The mere circumstance of meeting them made me uneasy enough. But Matrèna urged the horses on straight towards the heavy equipage, whose coachman became considerably alarmed at the approach of the high-spirited troika, which seemed as if it must inevitably dash down upon his team like an avalanche. He tried to make way for this fabulous object, which his advanced age prevented him from distinguishing very clearly; he pulled the bridle too zealously, and upset the carriage in a shallow ditch lined with green turf. The glass of the coach door was smashed—the lady screamed—the humble companion called to the coachman to stop his horses—and we made our escape at the top of our speed. We went as quick as the horses could carry us; but, I thought, there will be some squabbling about this business. I was a great fool to let her go to Koukouëfka.

"Fancy, Monsieur, that the old everlasting and her green protégée had recognised Matrèna and myself. The lady brought a complaint against me, in which it was stated that a runaway serf-girl, from her establishment, was living in concealment in the house of the noble landed-proprietor, Karataëf. In making

this complaint, she found means to induce the police to take the matter up. The second day after our prank was played, the ispravnik, the police-captain, came to my house. This ispravnik was well known to me; his name was Stépâne Serghéitch Kouzovkine, a good sort of man. An ispravnik a good sort of man! You understand—a very bad sort of man.

"Kouzovkine came, walked in, and said to me, 'Well, Peotro Péetrovitch, now, now, now!—and how comes all this about? Consider, the responsibility is great, and the laws respecting it are clear.'—'I am aware of it, Stépâne Serghéitch; no doubt; no doubt. We must talk the matter over. But you have come a good long way; you will eat a little bit of something, first of all.'

"He consented to partake of luncheon; but as soon as he had taken the edge off his appetite, he said, 'Justice must have its course, Peotro Péetrovitch, as you know yourself.'—'Ah! yes, yes, justice! But, just tell me,—I have been told that you have an old black mare. You must chop me her with my Lampourdos. Will that suit your views? But there is no such thing at all, at all, in my house, as any girl by the name of Matrèna Fedorovna.'—'Ah! Peotro Péetrovitch, the girl is in your hands; and you know very well that we do not live in Switzerland. As to chopping your horse, Lampourdos, there is no objection to that; but after the other day's upset, you know, one might take him at once, without a word about any chop—Ha, ha, ha, ha!—In spite of this bitter-sweet pleasantry, I managed to get rid of him, for a few days at least.

"The old lady became more and more inveterate against me. 'It will cost me ten thousand rubles (sixteen hundred pounds sterling), but that I will have justice done me of those turtle doves.'—The whole secret of her implacability, monsieur, was, that the day when I first called upon her, as soon as she saw me she determined to marry me to her green young lady. My refusal, which was afterwards repeated, excited her thus to make war to the knife. Those rich country ladies, who are eaten up with ennui in their manorial domains, are capable of entertaining the strangest fancies. This one did me a deal of harm. She made me spend immense sums of money, which, after all, procured me truces of but short duration. I had considerable trouble in hiding Matrèna from all sorts of prying eyes. Scores of snares were laid to trap me, and it is a miracle that I did not fall into some of them. I was tracked whichever way I went, exactly like a wretched hare.

"I fell into debt; I lost my sleep, and I lost my health. One night, I was lying on my bed, and, not being able to sleep, I thought to myself, Gracious Heaven! what horrible crime have I committed, that I should be made to suffer in this way? What

can I do, if I cannot cease loving her: for I am quite sure that is above my strength?—I heard footsteps in my chamber. It was Matrèna. I had secluded her temporarily in a farm which belonged to me, two versts off.

"I was alarmed at seeing her, supposing that some one had driven her away from thence, and I questioned her, under that impression. 'No,' she said, 'no one has been to disturb me at Boubnova; but things cannot go on in this way, my dear Peotre Pétrovitch. Your situation is deplorable; and I cannot see you any longer in such a state as this. My friend, you know that I can never forget the fourteen months of happiness which I owe to your affection; but the moment has at last arrived when it becomes my duty to bid you adieu.'

"What are you talking about? What do you mean by bidding me adieu? Why need you bid me adieu?—Think only of your own welfare and of your own health. As for me, I have known, though only for a little while, a degree of happiness of which my equals are ignorant. I must now go where duty calls me. I mean to yield myself up to my mistress's authority.'—'I tell you, I'll have you imprisoned in the attics! Do you mean to be the death of me? Do you mean to break my heart with grief? Speak, then. Look at me. What is the cause of this new idea?'—'I will not remain with you any longer, to be a cause of misery to you—perhaps of ruin. I know what your sufferings are—I witness them.'

Here Peotre Pétrovitch burst into sobs. As soon as he recovered himself he hastened to finish his story.—"Well, what do you say to that?" he continued, striking the table with his fist, and knitting his brows, while the tears which he could not master still ran down his inflamed cheeks.—"The wretched girl went and gave herself up. She went away on foot that very night. She presented herself as a suppliant at her lady's door, and—"

"And what did they do to poor Matrèna?" I asked.

M. Karataëf's only answer was the gesture which is susceptible of a variety of interpretations, which I have already alluded to in the course of this narrative.

MISPRINTS.

If the art of printing be one of the most useful inventions which the world has known, the art of misprinting is certainly one of the most ingenious. Misprinting, in its best—or worst—acceptation, does not simply consist in mere blundering, but in blundering so peculiarly as exactly to invert the sense of the original, and make a writer say the reverse of what he intended. There is one noticeable feature beyond all the rest in errors of the press: they occur in the very places where they most affect the context.

Ménage accounts for this very naturally. He says:—"If you desire that no mistakes shall appear in the works which you publish, never send well-written copy to the printer, for in that case the manuscript is given to young apprentices, who make a thousand errors, while, on the other hand, that which is difficult to read, is dealt with by the master printers." This is an experience which authors very soon acquire; many of them agree so thoroughly with the learned Frenchman, as to imagine, apparently, that the worse they write, the better they will be printed; and that the printer, like a great general or a celebrated beauty, does not care for too easy a conquest: give him a difficulty to overcome, and he summons all his energies to contend with it; but make the path easy for him, and straightway he walks into a slough.

As to the places where misprints inevitably occur, that is a fatality apart from all considerations of good or bad writing. No calligraphic precautions can guard against them. It is a question of pure chance whether, when you intend to be particularly clear and emphatic, you may not be made extremely muddy and inconclusive. Much depends, perhaps, on the printer's opinion of your grammar and punctuation; but, some have held that typographical errors are fore-doomed. A Mohammedan says:—"It is written," and submits calmly to his fate; a Christian author in a similar fix, exclaims:—"It is printed," and is neither calm nor resigned. It is of no use to tell him that "Things without remedy should be without regard." He belongs to an irritable race who, in such matters, never forget nor forgive. Of all the mistakes that are committed in this world, a misprint is the most indelible. A lady may make a false step; a gentleman's memory may be treacherous, and lead him to suppose himself (commercially and autographically) somebody else; all sorts of moral mishaps may chance; but these things are retrievable; there is always a door open for repentance, or the exercise of greater discretion. But a misprint is a fixture that cannot be removed. The book that contains it goes forth to the uttermost parts of the earth: its track is lost, though its existence be beyond a doubt. You try to call in the present edition—and fail; and you fail for this reason chiefly, that thorough-going book collectors set an additional value on an imperfect copy; it is so pleasant to think that an author's reputation is at their mercy. To print a list of errata is, in nine cases out of ten, only to advertise your misfortunes in the most conspicuous manner. If you satisfy the public that the mistake was another's—a result by no means certain—you never can shut your eyes to the fact that the disfigurement will last as long as the paper on which it is impressed. Therefore, your implacability against the printer.

It is a painful but natural consequence of enormous reprinting, but in no work have so

many faults been perpetrated as in the Bible.

Pope Sixtus the Fifth caused an edition of the Vulgate to be published in Rome, in fifteen hundred and ninety, every proof of which he had carefully corrected himself; and, at the end of the volume he affixed a bull, by which he excommunicated any one who should venture to make any alteration in the text. This bull caused a great deal of amusement,—for the Bible was found to be full of mistakes; and the Pope, in consequence, was obliged to suppress the edition. A copy of it is a great rarity, and of course fetches a high price. Brunet, in his “Manuel du Libraire,” says that a large-paper copy was disposed of at the sale of Camus de Limare for twelve hundred and ten francs. I dare say it would fetch a great deal more at Sotheby’s, at the present moment. The English Bibles contain several remarkable misprints. The edition of sixteen hundred and thirty-four, printed in London, has, in the Twelfth Psalm, “The fool hath said in his heart there is God,” instead of “there is *no* God.” This edition was suppressed by order of the King. In another London edition (sixteen hundred and fifty-three, in quarto), we read, “In order that all the world should perceive the means of arriving at *worldly* riches,” instead of “*godly* riches.” The editions of Field, the printer to the University of Cambridge in the seventeenth century, are full of misprints. It is said that he received a present of fifteen hundred pounds from the Independents to print “ye” for “we,” in the sixth verse of the third chapter of the Acts, in order to make it appear that the right of choosing their pastors emanated from the people, and not from the Apostles:—“Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom, whom ye (we) may appoint over this business.” In the same Bible, in Corinthians (I. vi. 9), we find, “Know ye not that the unrighteous shall (not) inherit the kingdom of God,”—omitting the second “not.” At the Clarendon Press, in sixteen hundred and seventeen, a Bible was printed which was known as the Vinegar Bible, on account of the title of the twentieth chapter of St. Luke, in which “Parable of the Vineyard” is printed “Parable of the Vinegar.” To show how dangerous it is to assert infallibility while correcting the press, I may mention that in the *Curiosités Bibliographiques* (a scarce book, though published in Paris only in eighteen hundred and forty-seven), from whence I have derived several of the above-noticed misprints, the word “vinegar” is printed “*vinegard*.” The omission of the negative has occurred more than once in printing the Seventh Commandment. This happened with an edition published in the reign of Charles the First; and for making it, the printers were summoned before the High Commission, and fined three thousand

pounds. The same omission occurred in the thirty-fourth edition of the Bible, printed at Halle, which was confiscated, and is now a great biblical rarity. All scriptural misprints are not, as we have seen in the case of Field, the result of accident. There is another on record, which betrays a deep and—may I add?—a most nefarious design. It was the design of a printer’s widow in Germany to upset the whole system of the domestic economy. A new edition of the Bible was being printed in her house; and, one night when all the workmen were absent, she rose from her comfortless couch (a German bed always is comfortless, lie in it how you will), and proceeded to the printing-room, there to tamper with the type and falsify a text that had caused her much trouble. Her defunct spouse had, without doubt, given her frequent cause to protest in her heart against that sentence of woman’s subjection which is pronounced upon Eve in the third chapter of Genesis. To rescue her sex from its false position, she resolved to alter the relative positions of the parties, and taking out the first two letters of the word “herr,” cunningly replaced them by “na.” By this means the decree ran, “And he shall be thy fool (narr),” instead of “he shall be thy lord (herr).” This substitution, though submitted to in domestic life—as, I dare say, was the case—was not suffered to pass unpunished by those who were in authority, and the widow was burnt for heresy. Some copies of this edition are said to have been secreted, and are possibly to be found in the private libraries of a few strong-minded women.

But, besides the Bible, there are many other works whose basis is religion, which have been treated so carelessly by the printer, as almost to justify the supposition that has been more than once entertained, of diabolic interference. A work intitled *Misse ac Misse Anatomia*, printed in fifteen hundred and sixty-two, contains one hundred and sixty-eight pages in octavo, and errata occupying fifteen pages. The compiler of the errata, to excuse their number, relates the various artifices resorted to by the devil to frustrate the good effects which the book would have caused. “When the work was printed,” he says, “that cursed Satan made use of all his tricks, and succeeded in disfiguring it by so many mistakes (for certain passages contain no sense at all, and others give exactly the contrary meaning to that intended) in order to prevent the pious from reading it, or to weary its readers so effectually that none, without extreme disgust, could get to the end of the volume. Even before the manuscript was placed in the printer’s hands, this same Satan threw it in the dirt, and it was so defaced with wet and mud, that the writing was almost effaced, and whole pages were entirely spoilt. Besides, the book was so terribly torn, that not only was it impossible to read it, but it could not be opened without the

leaves separating from each other. Therefore, in order to remedy these artifices of Satan, it has been found necessary, after printing, to go entirely through the work, and set down all the mistakes, notwithstanding their great number." I am very much inclined to think that the devil who threw this book in the mud, was the printer's devil.

The fate of Cardinal Bellarmine's Controversies, was even worse than that of the Anatomy of Missals, although his eminence refrained from ascribing it to diabolical agency. Being vexed at perceiving, on close examination, that numberless errors existed in all the editions of the work in question, he had a manuscript copy made which was entirely free from faults, and confided it to a printer at Venice, with the strictest injunctions to be careful and correct. His precautions, however, were useless, and he found himself under the necessity of publishing a book intitled, *Recognitio Librorum Omnium Roberti Bellarmini*, (Ingoldstadt, sixteen hundred and eight, in octavo), in which he pointed out all the mistakes that had been made in the Venetian edition. The errata occupied eighty-eight pages by itself. The author complains bitterly in his preface, that in more than forty places the printer has made him say "yes," for "no," and "no" for "yes." Another learned man, the Dominican F. Garcia, found yet a lower deep than Cardinal Bellarmine. He published in fifteen hundred and seventy-eight, in quarto, a list of the mistakes which had crept into the existing impression of the *Trance of St. Thomas*. It occupied a hundred and eleven pages. While on the subject of mistakes by wholesale, I may mention the first edition of the works of Pico de la Mirandola, published at Strasburg in fifteen hundred and seven, in folio. It contains a list of errata of fifteen pages; "the most," says Chevillier, "that I ever remember to have seen in so small a volume." It was not that mistakes abounded because of the novelty of the art of printing, for, nearly a century and a half after its invention, it appears that the works printed in Paris were so incorrect as to elicit the animadversion of the Government. In issuing a series of regulations to the librarians of that capital in sixteen hundred and forty-nine, the department charged with the superintendence of printed works, observes: "There are so few good books printed in Paris, and what are printed there are evidently so greatly neglected, both on account of the bad paper and the want of care in printing, that it may truly be considered a national shame, and an injury to the state." Paris has long been free from the reproach of inaccuracy, though there is still something to amend in a general way with respect to the quality of the paper.

Commend me, however, for bad materials, to the country in which printing originated. I have before me, amongst other German books which closely resemble it, a copy of Ebers's large *Wörterbuch*, published at Leipsic, in

seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, that seems, from the colour and texture of the leaves, to have been printed on old blankets liberally interwoven with glistening fragments of straw. But, perhaps, in a Dictionary a little chaff is allowable.

The greatest printers have always been distinguished, not only by the beauty of their type, but by the correctness of its appliance. Aldus Minutius, in the supplication which he addressed to Pope Leo the Tenth (prefixed to his edition of Plato, in fifteen hundred and thirteen), says that he experienced so much regret when he discovered mistakes in his editions, that he would willingly, if he could, correct every one of them at the cost of a crown of gold each. And, after all, he would not have expended any very large sum, for accuracy is as valuable a feature of the Aldine editions, as the clearness and delicacy of the printing. The Errata of the Commentaries on the Latin language, by Etienne Dolet, indicate only eight mistakes, although the work is in two volumes folio. Only three appear in the treatise of Budæus, *De Asse*, printed by Vascosan; and, if the Scaligeriana is to be trusted, Cardan's treatise, *De Subtilitate*, by the same, in fifteen hundred and fifty-seven, contains not a single misprint. These statistics, however, are somewhat dull: let me turn to a more lively branch of the subject.

A very notable misprint is to be found in the works of Rabelais, which very nearly got him into trouble. The monks and doctors of theology, furious against him on account of the vituperative epithets by which he assailed them, eagerly sought in his works for the means of convicting him of heresy. A council was held at the Sorbonne, and the twenty-second and twenty-third chapters of the third book of the *Pantagruel* were selected as the *pièces de conviction* (proofs against him). The former of these, which is a sermon, after the usual fashion of Panurge, against the mendicant friars, contained—they decreed—in one word, twice repeated there, and once in the latter chapter, the entire principle of Atheism. It was the substitution by the printer of "asne" for "ame"—"ass" for "soul." These are the passages: "Il ha grievement peché. Son asne s'en va à trente mille panerées de diables," ("He has grievously sinned; his ass is sent to thirty thousand paniers-full of devils.") "Il est par la vertus beuf, hérétique. Je dy hérétique formé, hérétique clavelé, hérétique bruslable comme une belle petite horloge. Son asne s'en va à trente mille charretées des diables." ("He is, by the vertus boeuf (an untranslatable oath) a heretic. I say a heretic formed with the rot,* a heretic

* *Hérétique clavelé* has literally this signification; but it has a special punning allusion to Clavelier (or Clavelle), a clockmaker of La Rochelle, who was burnt for heresy, together with a wooden clock which he had made.

fit for burning like a pretty little clock. His ass is sent to thirty thousand cart-loads of devils.") "Au moins s'il perd le corps et la vie; qu'il ne damne son *âme*." ("At least, though he lose both body and life, let him not damn his ass.") On these grounds the doctors of the Sorbonne formally denounced Rabelais to Francis the First, and requested permission to prosecute the author. In all matters of heresy Francis was as severe as an inquisitor-general; but, in this instance, he resolved to judge for himself before he handed over his favourite writer to the tender mercies of the Dominicans. He had not then read the offending chapters, and caused the book to be placed in the hands of the most learned and accurate reader in the kingdom, himself carefully listening the while, to detect the heretical passages. He failed to discover them, and no proceedings consequently were taken against Rabelais, who, in the epistle at the head of the fourth book, dedicated to the Cardinal de Châtillon, ridicules his principal accuser, whom he calls a serpent-eater (*mangeur de serpens*) for founding a charge of mortal heresy on the insertion of an N instead of an M, through the fault and negligence of the printers. There is, however, very good reason for supposing that the misprint was intentional. If so, poor Etienne Dolet, who could print so well, suffered for it shortly afterwards, when, at the stake, he expiated less doubtful heretical opinions. Foiled in their endeavours, the enemies of Rabelais, at a later period, shifted their ground, and unable to convict him according to the letter of his writings, attacked their spirit, accusing him of double meaning. However open to the charge, Rabelais defended himself in a very grave and pious tone, and succeeded in persuading Henry the Third, to whom the accusation was addressed, to take off the interdict, which for a long time prevented the continuation of the *Pantagruel*.

Erasmus was a sufferer also, both on account of misprints and misinterpreted meanings. The Faculty of Theology of Paris censured him for an unlucky mistake made by his printer in the paraphrase of the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew, where "*amore singulari*" appeared instead of "*more singulari*;" and he was accused of confining theology to Germany, because they chose to read in that sense a passage in his *Enchiridion*, in which he praised the "*Germanam apostolorum theologiam*," or *genuine* (not German) apostolic theology. It was scarcely less a crime in their eyes that he should, in the Lord's Prayer, have substituted "*peccata*" for "*debita*."

"Besides the ordinary errata," says D'Israeli the elder, "which happen in printing a work, others have been purposely committed, in order that the errata may contain what is not permitted to appear in the body of the work. Wherever the Inquisition had power, particularly at Rome, it was not allowed to

employ the word *fatum* or *fata* in any work. An author desirous of using the latter word, adroitly invented this scheme: he had printed in his book *facta*, and in the errata he put "for *facta*, read *fata*." A more amusing instance of misprinting by design is told of Scarron, though in which edition of his works I am unable to say, as it is not to be found in that published at Amsterdam in seventeen hundred and twelve, or in the Paris edition of seventeen hundred and nineteen; but it is too likely not to be true. He had composed a poetical epistle, which, as the subject fully admitted of it, he dedicated to Guillemette, the female dog of his sister ("A Guillemette, chienne de ma sœur"); but having quarrelled with his relation, he maliciously put into the errata, "au lieu de 'chienne de ma sœur' ('female dog of my sister'), lisez 'ma chienne de sœur' ('my female dog of a sister')." A more recent intentional misprint occurred in Belgium, two or three years before the events of eighteen hundred and thirty. Amongst those who mainly prepared the way for the revolution which was to expel the House of Orange, were a number of young litterati, who, the better to carry out the object they had in view, purchased the *Courrier des Pays Bas*,—at that time a very influential newspaper. They did not make any immediate change in the personnel of the editorship, but retained the editor, who was a Frenchman, and a Jesuit into the bargain. In a short time, however, they found that the articles which he wrote militated against their policy; and they limited his contributions to the *feuilleton*. The ex-editor accordingly became desirous of informing his friends at a distance of the change that had taken place; and he made the newspaper itself the medium of communication,—not directly, but after this fashion. The motto of the *Courrier des Pays Bas* was, "*Est modus in rebus*," from the well-known line in Horace; and the Jesuit, to make it apparent that there was a hitch somewhere, substituted "*nodus*" (a knot), for "*modus*" (a manner); and for three weeks the paper was published daily before the misprint was discovered.

No one in England feels disposed to advocate the censorship of the press; but if one of its functions, as the duty is performed in Spain, were exercised here, it might not be amiss. A few errors which have occasionally startled the town would not then have been committed. In Spain, says Chevillier, there has long been established a police for the correction of the press, by means of which it is attempted to oblige printers to be vigilant and make fewer mistakes. Before permitting the sale of a book, it is examined by the censor, who compares the printed copy with the manuscript, and marks all the misprints. The errata which he has made is then prefixed to the first sheet, and the censor's signature is attached to a statement, which declares that, except the mistakes indicated,

the book is faithfully printed. This kind of attestation is also found in some French works. In a few are found the names of the correctors. The police of the press in Madrid appear to be less particular in their relations with foreign countries; for, in eighteen hundred and forty-six, all the printed envelopes of the Madrid papers which were sent to the editor of the Daily News ran as follows:—"She Editor of the dailly Nevves, 90 Heet Streez." I must record, in honour of the ingenious post-man who was charged with conveying them to their destination, that they never miscarried.

Allowance must, however, be made for printers who have to exercise their art in a language unfamiliar to them. I, therefore, am not so highly irritated as some authors of my acquaintance, when I find, in French words where *n* and *u* occur, that the wrong letter is invariably selected by the English typographer. French authors are not I hope so susceptible in this matter as they are in most others, or I should greatly pity the frantic state of rage into which they ought to be thrown at the way in which the British tongue is mutilated in print when they attempt a quotation from our literature. I met with one the other day, in a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where the alteration of a single letter produced a very ludicrous effect. The writer, being sentimental, and at Venice, was disposed to quote Byron, and began with the first line of the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*. He probably wrote it correctly enough, but the printer rendered it as follows:

J stood at Venice on the bridge of sighs.

Now when a man says J. did so and so, one thinks that Jones, or Jackson, or Johnson did it, but if the subject be poetical, I leave you to imagine what becomes of the poetry. Anglo-French is ridiculous enough, but I am inclined to think that French-English is even more so. For fear of disturbing the entente cordiale, I shall not cite any examples just now, but as I am not withheld by the same scruples in regard to the dominions of King Bomba, let me give the following specimen of Neapolitan English, which was copied not long ago from a printed advertisement in one of the Neapolitan newspapers. It is necessary to observe that the word "Fine-Hok" corresponded to "Belle-vue" in the French of the parallel (explanatory) column, but it was not stated that cabaret in the one language, and pot-house in the other, would have better expressed the true character of the establishment.

Restorative Hotel Fine Hok kept by Frank Prosperi facing the military quarter at Pompeii. That Hotel open since a very few days is renowned for the cleanliness of the apartments and linen for the exactness of the service and for the excellence of the true French cookery. Being situated at proximity of that regeneration, it will be propitious to receive families, whatever, which will desire to reside alternatively into that town to visit the monuments now found and to breathe

thither the salubrity of the air. That establishment will avoid to all travellers, visitors, of that sepulchral city and to the artists (willing draw the antiquities) a great disorder occasioned by tardy and expensive contour of the iron whay people will find equally thither a complete sortment of stranger wines and of the kingdom, hot and cold baths, stables, coach-houses, the whole at very moderated prices. Now all the applications and endeavours of the Hoste will tend always to correspond to the tastes and desires of their customers which will require without doubt to him into that town the reputation whome, he is ambitious.

These Bellevues, or Belvederes, are dangerous things to meddle with. A lady of my acquaintance once saw an announcement in the window of an hotel at Basle that it possessed "A Belvedere that likes to take a walk."

Foreign editions of English books abound in misprints, though very frequently they are not mere errors of the press, but arise from editorial misconception of the real meaning. I have a small pocket edition of *Childe Harold*, published by Campe of Nuremberg, in which occur the following variorum readings. In canto three, stanza eighty-two, are these lines:—

They made themselves a fearful monument
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
Breathed from the breath of time:—

Fearful is printed frightful, and breath bird. Again, in stanza one hundred and eighty-one, canto four, where the poet, apostrophising the ocean, says of the oak leviathans that sail on it, "These are thy toys"—for this last word the German printer substituted tops, by which, I confess, I was at first rather puzzled, until it struck me that whip-tops or peg-tops must have been in his mind's eye when he thought of ships becoming the sport of wind and wave. Before Byron is dismissed, I must speak of one of the strangest misprints that, perhaps, has ever occurred; for it was committed without being discovered by the author—sensitive as we know he was—or by the public who have, for years, admiringly quoted the lines. The stanza which follows the one last cited runs thus:—

Thy shores are empires, chang'd in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them when they were free,
And many a tyrant since:—

A skilful critic was, very recently, reading this passage, and when he came to "Thy waters wasted them," he paused. Wasted what? Where is it on record that the Mediterranean sea has wasted the shores that surround it? What part of the coast—European, Asiatic, or African—has been overwhelmed by the tide, and then left desolate? The ruins of Tyre are still a landmark; the rock of Salamis still overlooks the wave; the site of Carthage remains. Tyrants may have wasted those shores, but the waters never. There must, then, be some mistake. Could the critic have access to the original manuscript? It was produced and examined: and, as much to the surprise of all present as,

I dare say, it will be to the public, the faulty line ran thus :—

Thy waters washed them power when they were free,
And many a tyrant since.

The MS. of another of Byron's poems rectifies a misprint which has been allowed to pass current in all the hitherto published editions of his works. It occurs in the Prisoner of Chillon :—

And thus together, yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but pin'd in heart—

For pin'd, read join'd, which completes the antithesis.

An author may sometimes be indebted for an idea to his printer. The story that is told of Malherbe is a case in point. In his celebrated epistle to Du Perrier, whose daughter's name was Rosette, he had written :—"Et Rosette a vécu ce que vivent les roses." ("And Rosette has lived as the roses live.") But the printer, who found the MS. difficult to read, put Roselle instead of Rosette. Malherbe, reading the proof, was struck by the change, and modified his verse as follows :—"Et Rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses." ("And a Rose, she has lived as the roses live.") The comparison to the rose in the first instance adds greatly to the beauty of the image.

Misprinted dates occur very often, and sometimes cause considerable confusion in the reader's mind. In the last number of the Quarterly Review, in a review very admirably written, of the account of Corsica, by Gregorovius, mention is made of Sampiero, the famous Corsican Condottiero. He was, says the reviewer, "born A.D. 1498 at Bastelica, a village in the mountains near Aiaccio." After speaking of his military services in Italy, he adds :—"While thus acquiring distinction in foreign countries, he was not unmindful of his own. He returned home in 1597, and his reputation as a soldier supplying the place of titles and ancestry, won for him a noble bride—Vannina, daughter and heiress of Francis Ornano, a principal noble of the island." Vannina must have had a singular taste to select for her bridegroom a gentleman of the mature age of ninety-nine. I must observe that there is nothing in the context which helps one to affix the right date, though it is afterwards said that he died in fifteen hundred and sixty-seven, exactly thirty years before he married his blooming bride, whom, in the meantime, he murdered. Misprints of this description make people do strange things after their deaths. In a review which I saw lately in a weekly paper, reference is made to a very pleasant letter from Swift to Arbuthnot, giving an excellent account of the mode of life of the former. It is dated (by the printer) "on or about 1773," from which it would appear that it was written by the ghost of Swift to the ghost of Arbuthnot, the former having died in seventeen hundred and forty-five, and the latter in seventeen hundred and thirty-three.

What makes this misprint the more absurd is, that the letter consists chiefly of details respecting eating and drinking and the cheapness of living—not in the other world, but in Ireland. The Builder, a few weeks since, or the Globe quoting the paragraph, says that what Raffaele did in his "brief life" was "marvellous." So it was, but then Raffaele did not live, as the paragraph stated, to be fifty-seven years of age. Here it is easy to rectify the error, the words being in figures, and a five inserted in the place of a three. But it only shows how careful you should be in your comments when your printers are apt to stumble. Apropos of the Globe, the following passage appeared in its impression of January, the eighteenth ult. :—"Our printer yesterday committed a serious error in giving our extract from the Registrar-General's return. He makes us say that the inhabitants of London suffer at present from a high rate of morality." About the same period the Court Journal made a somewhat similar lapsus. A bride in high life was said to have been accompanied to the altar by *tight* bridesmaids. For the sake of the young ladies referred to, I beg to say that the words in italics was intended to be *eight*. An error in the Morning Chronicle in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine must have caused many fruitless references to the Peerage. It reported that a magnificent banquet had been given by the Duke of Pork.

In the Daily News of the seventh of February, a mistake—rather than a misprint—occurred, which realised Sir Boyle Roche's ideas of the capacity of a bird, and almost equalled the supposition of Mrs. Malaprop. The ministerial secessions were on the tapis, and the paper was made to say, "The late Chancellor of the Exchequer is in favour of retaining office, but Mr. Gladstone is inclined to retire from the ministry." For a politician, however, this was not a very inapplicable mistake. It resembled the distinction between the "governor" and "father," in Sheridan's Critic. Misprints en bloc are occasionally to be met with. In the Morning Chronicle of the twenty-ninth of January last, there was an account, on the fifth page, of Cardinal Wiseman's voyage from Civita Vecchia to Marseilles, with a description of a fearful storm, which was described in detail, with all due circumstantial sobriety. The next paragraph began : "No doubt, many persons will disbelieve *this story*, as many persons disbelieved the story of Louis Napoleon's marriage with Mdlle. de Montijo, when it was first announced." "This story!" What was it? Had Cardinal Wiseman been saved from a tempest by floating on his paletot, like Mr. Newman's favourite saint? To discover what seemed so hard to believe, it was necessary to turn to the *eight*h page of the same impression, where, in the Paris news of the day before, it was stated that the Count de Morny is the uterine brother of the Emperor.

"It is now said—and, I may add, is believed in the best-informed quarters—that the Emperor had resolved to declare the Count de Morny the legitimate son of King Louis of Holland and Queen Hortense, and consequently his own brother." In lifting the type for a different edition, the comment upon this paragraph had unfortunately been left behind; for, after disposing of the Count de Morny, the correspondent continued the adventure of Cardinal Wiseman as quietly as if nobody else's affairs had interposed to render it doubtful. Another misprint en bloc crept, a few weeks since, into a leading weekly journal. A passage from the Times was quoted respecting the deficiencies in the camp at Balaklava. The description was a most painful one. After speaking of the wants of the army, which was stated to be perishing on account of the absence of all things by which life is supported, the quotation went on to say: "We cannot glance over the letters before us without discovering more and more deficiencies." And then this list appeared: "11,160 cwt. bristles, 70,000 cwt. rags, 3680 cwt. sailcloth, 1180 cwt. oil, 7987 cwt. mats, 6090 cwt. raw hides, 5100 cwt. of tar, 3600 cwt. feathers, 400 cwt. potash, 555,012 timbers, 21,065 oak timbers for ship-building, and 2136 lasts pipstaves." Bristles and rags! Plenty of both in the camp, no doubt; but the enumeration of these articles belonged to a paragraph in the next column, where the exports from Memel were detailed.

These are a few out of the host of misprints which might be accumulated were only a few of "the gentlemen who write with ease," and are printed with difficulty, to send their experiences to Household Words. In conclusion, just now, merely to show that there has been no invidious selection in the instances cited from the London press, it may be mentioned that our own printer, in a proof of an article for a recent number of this journal, converted a very distinguished judge into "Mr. Justice Nightman."

BIRTHDAYS.

BIRTHS, Marriages and Deaths! This sentence is succinct enough in all conscience; 'tis as short as a hunting mass; and yet it comprises in its three brief acts the whole drama of life. Of the acting copy of that drama, be it understood, there is a great folio edition locked up in a certain library to which humanity is denied access; and in that volume of the human comedy there are prologues and epilogues, exits and entrances, stage directions, and variorum notes that we wiss not of; but we, in our limited appreciation, are confined to being spectators of (and, in our turn, actors in) the three-act epopea of birth, of marriage, and of death. The comedy is played out with a due attention to the unities and exigences of scenic effect and spectacle. There is a grand birthday fête in

the first act; a bridal chorus in the second, with maidens clad in white, and scattering flowers; then the stage darkens, and the green curtain goes down upon all the dancing and glitter, and there is nothing left but darkness and the night-watchers.

Birthdays! What a joyous stream of melody runs through that gay first act of the play! The instruments of the musicians are in excellent tune; the lamps burn brightly; the scenery and dresses are new and glittering; the audience are in capital humour, predisposed to be pleased, and prognosticating all sorts of good things for the piece and its actors. See, here is the Infant Roscius, the Young Garrick, the Sucking Sappho. What thunders of applause greet these juvenile debutants on the imperial stage! Alack, how often it must happen that Roscius comes to shame, and Garrick is "goosed," and Sappho makes a bad end of it, pelted with oranges and half-pence, before the end of the third act! But, clap or hiss, the end must come, and the bell ring, and the curtain fall.

Birthdays! Are they not one of the three great legacies inherited equally by all the children of humanity? Nokes has his birthday as well as the Norman-descended Earl; and Nokes, or Smith, or Briggs, may keep their birthdays with as much joy and merry-making, as kings and queens with their salutes of an hundred guns and one.

When a man dies, if he be a pauper, we pack him up in a deal box, and "rattle his bones over the stones" to the pauper burial-ground, where we bury him like so much rubbish to be shot; if he be a prince, we wrap him up in velvet, and gold, and stuff his poor dead body full of sweet herbs, and make a herald brag about his empty titles over his grave. We have nodding plumes, "rich silk scarves and mutes," gilt nails, cherubim's heads, and silver-gilt plates, for the wealthy or noble "party;" we have the hospital dead-house, the parish shell, the contract coffin, the maimed rites, and the drunken grave-digger, for the poor man; just as in France they have the deep-mouthed serpent, the shrill choristers, the *Dies ira*, the incense, the master of the ceremonies with his silver chain and ebony bâton, and all the bricabrac of the *Pompes funèbres*, for Monsieur; and for plain Jean or Pierre just a *croque-mort* or two, a dingy bier on wheels, with a driver in rusty boots, and a battered cocked-hat, a scant service of bad Latin hastily mumbled, and an asperging brush for holy water, like a stunted hearth-broom. But though a man can as certainly bring no more into the world than he can carry anything out, there is in the first birthday of royalty little difference between that of Jack Ragg the crossing-sweeper. There may be a difference in the locale, and guns may fire when the child is born; but that is all. A few magging crones are gratified with the first view of Mrs. Ragg's first, as my Lord

Chancellor, my Lord Archbishop, and my Lords the great officers of State are with the first public exhibition of Prince Prosperous; but there is the same skill in the doctor, the same care and attention in the nurse, the same solicitude and joy in all womankind that are about; the same pride in the father, the same and less chattering, hurrying about, and ceaseless potterings over fireplaces with saucepans containing mysterious messes, at the birth of the little sweep in the garret, as of the little Prince of the Palace. Napoleon, bursting into the golden ante-chamber of the Tuileries with that long-desiderated man-child in his arms, swathed in the purple, and crying out to his Marshals, and Ministers, and Cardinals, with all the joy and exultation of satisfied ambition, and new nascent hope, "It is a King of Rome!" sings but to the self-same tune as the parish nurse does to the happy Mr. Ragg, senior, when, holding a particularly diminutive infant in her arms, she informs him that it is the finest child "that hever were seen." They both mean BABY, and they are both equal in their birth. Baby Beggar is as good as Baby Basileus. The gruel is in a silver cup or a broken butter-boat. The Doctor must be an M.R.C.S., whether he have the prefix of Sir, and the prestige of Court practice or not; and the poor man's baby makes an equal item as the heir of a Brown in the Registrar-General's returns. Nay, if Mr. Ragg, *père*, choose to invest three shillings and sixpence with the proprietors of the Times newspaper, he can read at full length in that journal such an announcement as "in Hampshire Hog Lane, the lady of John Ragg, Esquire, of a Son." His lady may go to St. Giles's or St. James's and be churched by a live Doctor of Divinity, and what more can the infant prince have than a little larger type in the newspaper, a few more lines, the smoke and smell of a little gunpowder, and an archbishop to compose a form of thanksgiving to be recited, on the Sunday following, in all parish churches in England, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

But though our first Birthdays are all pretty nearly alike, no sooner is Baby short-coated and weaned than we begin to play our little game of mummeries and masqueradings, posture-makings and hankey-pankey tricks; and the Birthday becomes an institution to be kept with great state, and splendour, and carousal by the rich, to be neglected or ignored by the poor. Little Jack Ragg speedily forgets all about his birthday, if indeed anybody ever took the trouble to inform him of the exact date of the anniversary of that event: that young gentleman has sundry important preoccupations touching the provision of shoes for his feet, a shirt for his back, victuals for his belly, and a bed to lay his head upon; and he is oftener prompter to bewail his existence altogether, and that

he "hever wor born," than to make enquiries as to when his natal day falls due, and rejoice thereupon. Little black Topsey never had a birthday, she 'spects; she "grewed," for aught she knows; the "Speculator" who raised her, old master who made the flesh fly, or old missis who whipped her with a poker, never made her Birthday presents—what should she, or Jack Ragg in England, or Fagg the tramp, or Bobtail the thief, know or care about their birthdays? They have no large Family Bibles with all the birthdays of the family accurately registered on the fly leaves. They have no Bibles at all, no families, no anything. What should they know of their own birthdays when they are utterly ignorant of the meaning and purpose of the great blessed Birthday—nay, ignorant of its very being. You shall go down courts and alleys; you shall hold your breath in the noisome stench of common lodging-houses; you shall stir up the breathing heaps of foul rags on which the rays of the policeman's bulls-eye fall; you shall see the man in tatters, and the "woman in unwomanly rags," the boy thief, the girl without a name, the whole tribe from the patriarch to the new-born babe in dirt, hunger, misery, and the ignorance that slayeth. To talk to these forlorn beings about their birthdays!

Yet we all have our Birthdays, though oftentimes disregarding of them as of other precious gifts; there may be no oxen roasted whole, or fireworks let off, or Sir Roger de Coverley danced when our natal anniversaries come round, yet we can be joyful for our birthdays, and thankful for that mercy, which has permitted us to enjoy so many of them.

I am not about to inflict upon my reader a course of Lemprière or Adams's Roman Antiquities, else it would be as easy as lying to tell you how the ancients kept their birthdays; how the men sacrificed to Jupiter and the women to Juno; how rich dresses were worn and presented as gifts; how great feasts were held, where the guests in postures of graceful accubation made themselves sick with those peculiarly nasty dishes which were the glory of Roman cookery. Yet there are some modern birthdays in whose phases of celebration there may be things socially interesting.

Place to Princes, and let us have a peep at the King's birthday! Which King and which birthday shall we have? There are many to choose from. Shall we go back to the twenty-ninth of May, sixteen hundred and sixty, and stand at Charing Cross (close by where was once a certain statue, pulled down during the late troubles, and supposed to have been cast into parliamentary ordnance, for administering "apostolic blows and knocks" long since, but which has been safely hidden underground, and is soon to be set up again in as high estate as ever with new glorifications of pedestal-carvings by Gripling Gibbons)—Shall we stand here while the trumpets bray out their noisy fanfares, and the joy-bells ring their merry peals, and the

Tower guns thunder forth salutes, and countless musketoons and escopettes go on private account, and all in honour of this brave birthday—the birthday of Charles Stewart, King of England, the king who is come to his own again, and is making his triumphal entry into his restored kingdom on the thirtieth anniversary of his birth! Here come the London train-bands, with silver trumpets and flaunting banners. They have quite forgotten all about ship-money, and the five members, and Mr. Prynne's ears. Hark how the mob shout "Long live the King!" See how the soldiers wave their pikes;—these are Monk's Coldstreams, my dear. These loyal hearts in buff jerkins and headpieces belong to the same armed bands that "clapped their bloody hands" when another Charles Stewart, also King of England, came out of a certain window in the banqueting house close by, twelve years ago. Mr. Marvel, the member for Hull, who writ that piece on the death of Charles I., is sitting at a window in the house of a friend of his, a bowyer, in Charing Cross. He sees the armed bands and hears the shouts of the loyal mob, and thinks of the time they shouted "To your tents, O Israel!" and smiles melancholily. Now come the heralds and pursuivants (the last time they had new tabards was at Oliver's funeral); now come the peers in their robes—many of them have left little scores unpaid in the Low Countries, my dear, and what is left of their broad acres they carry in the skirts of their velvet robes, and the remnant of their plate in the gold of their coronets, and their rents and fines for renewal of leases in their embroidered garters and jewelled Georges. Here comes the Deliverer, the Restorer of Monarchy, the great Duke of Albemarle; he in his flowing periwig and silver armour and blue ribbon, and steed with embroidered housings, cannot be any relative or connection of that stern General Monk with dull corslet, plain bands, high boots of buff leather and steeple hat, who was one of Oliver's men, and was so fierce against monarchy only five weeks since. Here comes the Lord Mayor, ready to entertain the King, Heaven bless him! with as gorgeous a banquet and as generous wine as he was wont to entertain his Highness the Lord Protector, Heaven bless him (in the past tense). Here come the barons of the Cinque Ports, bearing the royal canopy; and here comes the hero of the birthday, here comes the King! his royal brothers of York and Gloucester on either side, his swarthy face glowing with pleasure; royal witticisms flowing fast from the royal lips; the royal grace and affability and majesty visible in every flexure of his nervous form, in every curvet of his admirably managed charger. The bells ring, the cannons roar, the people shout louder than ever. Flowers are strewn in his path; women weep and laugh wildly, and wave their kerchiefs; the conduits run wine, the taverns overflow

with customers; whole oxen are roasted in open places; at night there is a bonfire at the corner of every street; and decorous Master Samuel Pepys, returning homewards, is seized upon by madcap cavaliers, and made to drink the King's health on his knees. Hurrah! let us all throw our caps into the air and shout for this glorious birthday! Pull Oliver's bones from their grave, and hang dead Bradshaw up on Tyburn gibbet, with the red robe he wore at that awful high Court of Justice about him. Set up the Maypoles again; open all the theatres; bring Doctor Lawnsleeves back again to his rectory, and send Obadiah Cropears packing to Geneva. Fat pig nor goose no more oppose, nor "blaspheme custard through the nose." The King enjoys his own again; this is his birthday, and each succeeding birthday shall be more glorious than the other!

I wonder if any decent section of those loyal thousands had had the least idea of what the yearly succeeding birthdays of this well-beloved, long-desired Charles Stewart would bring about, whether they would have shouted quite so loud or quite so loyally. There were many birthdays in store for the restored King yet. At some he touched right royally for the evil, and hung the angel gold about the necks of the sick with his accustomed grace; at one he may have tasted his first pine-apple, and at one cracked that famous joke when he saw the thief pick his courtier's pocket. At all his birthdays, doubtless there were great feasts and merry-makings and junketings; great presentations of rich gifts; great assemblies of courtiers playing basset, and French boys singing love songs in that "glorious gallery;" court plays in which saintly Miss Blagg, vivacious Miss Stewart, and witty Grammont, and worthless Legion, acted; but as each birthday came round it was to a King becoming more profligate, more heartless, more lavish of his subjects' money, more neglectful of his own and their honour, more detestable, despicable and scandalous as a man and a monarch. His last two birthday suits were dyed with the blood of Russell and Sidney, and his last shame was to be as cruel as Amurath. And having outlived his subjects' love and his own honour, he died a poor worn-out, reprobate pensioner. This was the merry monarch, my dear; and we admire his goodness of heart, his charming affability, and his great jocoseness even unto the present day.

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FENCING WITH HUMANITY.

UPWARDS of two thousand accidents in factories—being the usual average—occurred in the half year, last reported upon by the factory inspectors. Of this number, all but about a hundred were not only preventible, but such as millowners are bound by law to prevent. The law compels these gentlemen to fence their machinery; but, in an unfortunately large number of instances, the obligation is resisted. As a consequence of this resistance, one and twenty persons have, in six months, been drawn into machinery, and slain by every variety of torture, from breaking on the wheel to being torn limb from limb. One hundred and fifty working people have had torn away from them, during the same six months, a part of the right hand that earns their bread. A hundred and thirty two have lost part of the left hand. Eight and twenty have lost arms or legs; two hundred and fifty have had their bones cracked in their bodies: more than a hundred have suffered fracture or other serious damage to the head and face; and one thousand two hundred and seventy two have been painfully, but not dangerously, torn, cut, or bruised. The price of life is twenty pounds; and lower damage costs but a trifle to the person whose neglect has inflicted it. What it costs to the sufferer, all may judge who ever read London police reports, and meet from time to time with the sad stories of men, women and boys, who—having been mutilated in a factory and rendered useless to the owner thereof—are pitilessly thrown upon the world.

It has been proved by the experience of millowners who have obeyed the dictates of humanity, that every part of the machinery they use can be securely fenced without producing a great fire of Manchester, or causing the total ruin of Great Britain as a manufacturing country. The Home Secretary has, therefore, since we last called attention to this subject,* rescinded every compromise between right and convenience that was, a year ago, admitted by authority; and orders that henceforth the law shall be enforced to the utmost. Unfenced machinery is not to be held to be innocent until it has spilt "much more blood;" but, shall be made innocent before it can

have had time to crack a bone, or crush a body. Instantly a large number of millowners fly to the platform, deliver and hear angry orations, form deputations, and declare themselves a slaughtered interest.

At a great meeting held in Manchester, when this increased care for the lives of work-people was threatened, one speaker drew an awful picture of the conflagration that would follow. "Suppose," said he, "the mill-owners were to go home and set to work to case all their gearing; in many of the mills miles of casing (wooden casing of course) would be required, and the effect would be that, within this casing, a large amount of cotton flake and dust would find its way [hear, hear]. This would more or less interfere with the oiling of the machinery, and a spark, communicating to the fibres inside this casing, would inevitably lead to the destruction of the whole mill [hear, hear, hear]; the soft fibre would ignite like gunpowder, the fire would pass from shaft to shaft, and it would be found that the moment the fire was put out in one place it would break forth in another and render extinction impossible. The wood casing too, when ignited, would fall in burning fragments and set fire to every thing else." Upon this magnificent picture of ruin, which Martin might have been tempted to paint, Mr. Howell, one of the Inspectors, comments by stating the result of proper fencing in a large factory at Hyde, near Manchester. "In that factory," he says, "several hundred feet of horizontal shafting, having been enclosed in hexagonal wood casing under the supervision of Mr. Robert Hall, the manager, a length of the casing which had been fixed more than six calendar months was, at my request, taken down while I was in the factory, in order to ascertain the fact whether any cotton flake or dust had insinuated itself within the casing; and it was satisfactory to find that the inside of the casing was as free from the insidious intrusion of cotton flake and dust as it was when first put up."

Then it is said that victims have been cautioned, and that they were heedless of instructions. Assume this to be the case, though it is not true that every accident results, or, that one half of the accidents result, from carelessness on the part of the sufferer. A

* In Volume IX., page 224.

large proportion of them are such as no prudence or foresight on the part of the workman could have hindered. That, from the nature of the several disasters, can be shown; but it is evident enough from the fact, that many of these heedless fellows are men maimed when in the prime of life, after a long familiarity with factory machinery, and a career in which they have become so noted for their skill, carefulness, intelligence and steadiness, as to have been promoted above their fellows to situations of trust and responsibility. Let us grant, however, that the victims are all negligent rogues who have not done what they were bidden to do. What is to be said of the superior heedfulness of orders shown by the masters, who, being bound to hang up in their mills a list of certain obligations laid upon them, thereby advertise to all their men that certain things which the masters of the masters order them to do, they have not done? For thus begins the list which is hung up in all the factories throughout the kingdom:

"DANGEROUS MACHINERY AND ACCIDENTS. Every fly-wheel connected with the steam-engine or water-wheel, whether in the engine-house or not, and every part of a steam-engine and water-wheel, and every hoist or teagle, and every shaft and every wheel, drum or pulley, by which the motion of the first moving power is communicated to any machine, must be securely fenced; and every wheel-race must be fenced close to the edge; and the said protection to each part must not be removed while the parts requiring to be fenced are in motion.—7 & 8 Vict. c. 15, §§ 21, 73."

It is indeed, then, to a "wanton disobedience of orders," that the accidents in factories are commonly to be ascribed. But who is guilty of the disobedience,—the masters or the men?

We may sum up this part of the subject in the words of the manager of a great factory, quoted by Mr. Howell:—"The fact is, that all these shafts can and ought to be fenced; they ought to be cased. This is a plain question, upon which an intelligent man in a fustian jacket who spends all his time among the machinery in a factory, can form as sound a judgment as the gentlemen in the counting-house who calculate the expense. They have not got to handle the straps; they do not put them on the drums; nor are they liable to be caught by a strap lapping on a naked unfenced shaft."

A few months previous to our last discussion on this subject, in a circular letter dated the thirty-first of January eighteen hundred and fifty-four, mill-owners were reminded of the law as it regards the fencing of mill-gearing, and were informed that its provisions must be, for the future, strictly observed. Out of this announcement was bred the great meeting of mill-owners at Manchester, wherent fire and ruin were predicted in the manner already shown. At that meeting a deputation was appointed, which was received at the Home Office in March last

year, and which there made representations of the impossibility of fencing horizontal shafts; of the danger of fire if the impossibility were accomplished; of the fact that horizontal shafts usually revolve at a height from the floor, which makes it impossible for danger to arise from them; and of the great expense that would be incurred by mill-owners in doing impossibilities to prevent impossibilities, whereby they would, after all, only set their premises on fire. By some such line of argument the Home Secretary was induced to direct that, inasmuch as the circular letter of the thirty-first of January had been construed to require the universal adoption of a permanent fixed casing, that circular should be for a time suspended, and need not be acted upon. But, at the same time, the same Secretary pointed out various modes and precautions by which danger to the workpeople from horizontal shafts might be prevented. This concession to the mill-owners was promulgated in a circular bearing date the fifteenth of March last year, which closed in this manner: "The best proof that the adoption of these or any other suggestions is a sufficient compliance with the requirements of the law in this respect, will, of course, be the absence of accidents hereafter in those factories in which these precautions shall have been adopted; at the same time the inspectors are instructed to remind the occupiers of factories that if an accident shall occur in any factory in which no attempt shall have been made, within a reasonable time, to introduce any contrivance by which this accident might have been prevented," they will be liable to prosecution.

The required proof of the sufficiency of mild suggestions has not been given. During the past year, deaths and mutilations of the most horrible kind have been as frequent as they ever were; many of them have been caused by machinery revolving at heights above seven feet from the floor; they have been found to occur even at a height of nearly fifteen feet. In comparatively few cases have the suggestions offered by the Home Office for the prevention of this crushing and maiming, received any practical attention.

The right step has, in consequence, been taken by the Government; and on the eighth of January in the present year, a letter was sent from the Home Office to the Factory Inspectors, directing that they should institute proceedings to enforce the law which requires that horizontal shafts shall be fenced, and that they should not defer such proceedings until after the occurrence of accidents which such fencing might have prevented. The relaxations allowed by the circular of the fifteenth of March in the previous year, were therefore withdrawn, and ceased to be in force. "The object of the law was," as Lord Palmerston said, "to prevent accidents, not to punish for them." Indulgence, trust

in strap-hooks and spontaneous humanity, have been tried. The result has been no diminution in the accidents, and very little use even of those cheap contrivances which the deputation of mill-owners suggested as effectual, and promised for their body to adopt. It has become evident, also, that the contrivances in question would indeed lessen by fifty per cent. the number of preventible accidents, but would leave still a large annual list of killed and wounded. Measures of complete prevention introduced voluntarily into some extensive factories, have worked in such a way as to disprove all the arguments against them put forth a twelvemonth ago by the mill-owners' deputation. Complete protection of the lives of factory operatives is now, therefore, no longer a fiction introduced among the statutes; but the means towards it are to be henceforward, without further wavering, strictly and actively enforced.

The battle will have to be fought stoutly by the factory inspectors; for, they have much passive resistance to subdue. Mr. Leonard Horner tells us in his report, of a young man aged twenty-two, who in November last perished at Oldham. His foot became entangled in a strap of the machine at which he was working, and the strap having lapped round the horizontal shaft, he was dragged up, his skull was fractured, and he died immediately. A few guide hooks to prevent the falling of the strap would have made that accident impossible; but even this simple protection to life—one of those promised by the Manchester deputation—was not furnished by the mill-owner. He was prosecuted; there was no doubt about either the facts or the law relating to them; but five magistrates (of whom three happened to be themselves great owners of unfenced machinery), after a short retirement, came into court and announced that the case was dismissed, without giving any reason for the decision. Mr. Horner adds to this, another case, which occurred in his district a few weeks later. A man in the prime of life—aged twenty-nine—immediately after he had begun work one morning, was caught by a strap and dragged up to a horizontal shaft, totally unfenced, revolving at a height of ten or eleven feet from the floor. The shaft dashed out his brains upon the ceiling, until the engine could be stopped. The owner of this unfenced machine was prosecuted before the local magistrates—again gentlemen who had the "owner's interest" uppermost in their minds. The case was gone into very fully, and it was proved that, had a very few shillings been spent on strap-hooks (as the Home Office had recommended), the brains of the deceased would not have been beaten out in the defendant's service. "After being absent for an hour with their three clerks, the magistrates returned into court, when a neighbouring mill-owner said, that after

much consideration they had come to the conclusion that the act constrained them to convict; but they should do so in the lowest penalty," that is—Ten Pounds. When the mill-owner sets that price on his workman's brains, who can wonder if the workman sets a price still lower on his master's heart!

We have not spoken of this state of things as if we loved it; but at the same time let it not be supposed that we attack this grave and general shortcoming, in any spirit of unkind feeling against mill-owners as a body. The very same report that tells us of these base things, tells also of noble enterprises nobly ventured, and of a fine spirit shown by other chieftains of the cotton class. Sir John Kincaid writes of "the praiseworthy liberality of some mill-owners, which was gradually extending itself, in providing comfortable accommodation for their workers during meal hours, and before commencing work in the morning." The Messrs. Scott of Dumfries, have established at their works, a kitchen and refreshment room. For a penny they supply a quart of porridge and milk, a pint of tea or coffee, with milk and sugar, or a quart of broth with meat, adding potatoes for another halfpenny. "The quality of each article supplied was reported by the sub-inspector to be substantial and good. The Messrs. Scott have also lately added a reading-room, lighted with gas at their own expense, for the benefit of their workers. At the cotton mills, near Lanark, an apartment has also been fitted up at the expense of the company, for the accommodation of their workers during meal hours, and provided with a comfortable fire in cold weather."

And, finally, who shall say that there is no health in the system which is producing that vast establishment of Saltaire, near Bradford, probably the largest factory in the world, wherein Mr. Titus Salt, the first manufacturer who introduced fabrics of Alpaca wool, sets at work fifty thousand spindles, twelve hundred power looms, and a little colony of people. He has gone out to the valley of the river Air, which supplies water for his engines, has the Liverpool and Leeds canal under his warehouse walls, and a branch from the Leeds and Bradford railway running into his premises. These premises being four miles from Bradford, he knows better than to adopt the agricultural idea, of giving an eight mile walk to and from work by way of freshener to the strength of his labourers, and to avoid giving them a settlement upon his land. He is forming for them a settlement under the shadow of the factory, in a new town built wholly for them and their families—for a population, it is supposed, of about eight thousand. This town is to be thoroughly drained, amply supplied with water, and will be lighted with gas; it will contain a church, schools, a market, a public dining hall and kitchen, baths and wash-houses, ground for recreation; the streets are to be spacious;

the cottages of various sizes, small separate dwellings and boarding houses for the single; each house will contain every possible arrangement for adding to the comfort and health of the inmates; the water is to be pure, unaffected by the drainage; and smoke is not to contaminate the atmosphere. The total number of residences proposed to be built eventually, as the demand for them may arise, is seven hundred: of which one hundred and sixty-four cottages and boarding-houses have been already built, and are now occupied by about a thousand persons.

After physic, sugar; and so, for the present, ends our treatment of a difficult and painful case.

SISTER ROSE.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

FIVE years have elapsed since Monsieur Blaireau stood thoughtfully at the gate of Trudaine's house, looking after the carriage of the bride and bridegroom, and seriously reflecting on the events of the future. Great changes have passed over that domestic firmament in which he prophetically discerned the little warning cloud. Greater changes have passed over the firmament of France.

What was Revolt five years ago is Revolution now—revolution which has engulfed thrones and principalities and powers; which has set up crownless, inhereditary kings and counsellors of its own, and has bloodily torn them down again by dozens; which has raged and raged on unrestrainedly in fierce earnest, until but one king can still govern and control it for a little while. That King is named Terror, and seventeen hundred and ninety-four is the year of his reign.

Monsieur Lomaque, land-steward no longer, sits alone in an official-looking room in one of the official buildings of Paris. It is another July evening, as fine as that evening when he and Trudaine sat talking together on the bench overlooking the Seine. The window of the room is wide open, and a faint, pleasant breeze is beginning to flow through it. But Lomaque breathes uneasily, as if still oppressed by the sultry mid-day heat; and there are signs of perplexity and trouble in his face as he looks down absently now and then into the street. The times he lives in are enough of themselves to sadden any man's face. In this fearful Reign of Terror no living being in all the city of Paris can rise in the morning and be certain of escaping the spy, the denunciation, the arrest, or the guillotine, before night. Such times are trying enough to oppress any man's spirits; but Blaireau is not thinking of them, or caring for them, now. Out of a mass of papers which lie before him on his old writing-table, he has just taken up and read one, which has carried his thoughts back to the past, and to the changes which have taken place since he

stood alone on the door-step of Trudaine's house, pondering on what might happen.

More rapidly, even, than he had foreboded those changes had occurred. In less time, even, than he had anticipated, the sad emergency for which Rose's brother had prepared, as for a barely possible calamity, overtook Trudaine, and called for all the patience, the courage, the self-sacrifice, which he had to give for his sister's sake. By slow gradations downward, from bad to worse, her husband's character manifested itself less and less disguisedly almost day by day. Occasional slights ending in habitual neglect; careless estrangement turning to cool enmity; small insults which ripened evilly to great injuries—these were the pitiless signs which showed her that she had risked all, and lost all while still a young woman—these were the unmerited afflictions which found her helpless, and would have left her helpless, but for the ever-present comfort and support of her brother's self-denying love. From the first, Trudaine had devoted himself to meet such trials as now assailed him; and, like a man, he met them, in defiance alike of persecution from the mother and of insult from the son. The hard task was only lightened when, as time advanced, public trouble began to mingle itself with private grief. Then absorbing political necessities came as a relief to domestic misery. Then it grew to be the one purpose and pursuit of Danville's life cunningly to shape his course so that he might move safely onward with the advancing revolutionary tide—he cared not whither, as long as he kept his possessions safe and his life out of danger.—His mother, inflexibly true to her old-world convictions through all peril, might entreat and upbraid, might talk of honour and courage and sincerity—he heeded her not, or heeded only to laugh. As he had taken the false way with his wife, so he was now bent on taking it with the world. The years passed on: destroying changes swept hurricane-like over the old governing system of France; and still Danville shifted successfully with the shifting times. The first days of the Terror approached; in public and in private—in high places and in low—each man now suspected his brother. Crafty as Danville was, even he fell under suspicion at last, at head-quarters in Paris, principally on his mother's account. This was his first political failure, and, in a moment of thoughtless rage and disappointment, he wreaked the irritation caused by it on Lomaque. Suspected himself, he in turn suspected the land-steward. His mother fomented the suspicion—Lomaque was dismissed.

In the old times the victim would have been ruined—in the new times he was simply rendered eligible for a political vocation in life. Lomaque was poor, quick-witted, secret, not scrupulous. He was a good patriot, he had good patriot friends, plenty of ambition, a

subtle, cat-like courage, nothing to dread—and he went to Paris. There were plenty of small chances there for men of his calibre. He waited for one of them. It came; he made the most of it; attracted favourably the notice of the terrible Fouquier-Tinville; and won his way to a place in the office of the Secret Police.

Meanwhile, Danville's anger cooled down: he recovered the use of that cunning sense which had hitherto served him well, and sent to recal the discarded servant. It was too late. Lomaque was already in a position to set him at defiance—nay, to put his neck, perhaps, under the blade of the guillotine. Worse than this, anonymous letters reached him, warning him to lose no time in proving his patriotism by some indisputable sacrifice, and in silencing his mother, whose imprudent sincerity was likely ere long to cost her her life. Danville knew her well enough to know that there was but one way of saving her, and thereby saving himself. She had always refused to emigrate; but he now insisted that she should seize the first opportunity he could procure for her of quitting France, until calmer times arrived. Probably she would have risked her own life ten times over rather than have obeyed him; but she had not the courage to risk her son's too; and she yielded for his sake. Partly by secret influence, partly by unblushing fraud, Danville procured for her such papers and permits as would enable her to leave France by way of Marseilles. Even then she refused to depart, until she knew what her son's plans were for the future. He showed her a letter which he was about to despatch to Robespierre himself, vindicating his suspected patriotism, and indignantly demanding to be allowed to prove it by filling some office, no matter how small, under the redoubtable triumvirate which then governed, or more properly, terrified France. The sight of this document reassured Madame Danville. She bade her son farewell, and departed at last, with one trusty servant, for Marseilles.

Danville's intention in sending his letter to Paris, had been simply to save himself by patriotic bluster. He was thunder-struck at receiving a reply, taking him at his word, and summoning him to the capital to accept employment there under the then existing government. There was no choice but to obey. So to Paris he journeyed; taking his wife with him into the very jaws of danger. He was then at open enmity with Trudaine; and the more anxious and alarmed he could make the brother feel on the sister's account, the better he was pleased. True to his trust and his love, through all dangers as through all persecutions, Trudaine followed them; and the street of their sojourn at Paris, in the perilous days of the Terror, was the street of his sojourn, too.

Danville had been astonished at the acceptance of his proffered services—he was still

more amazed when he found that the post selected for him was one of the superintendent's places in that very office of Secret Police in which Lomaque was employed as Agent. Robespierre and his colleagues had taken the measure of their man—he had money enough and local importance enough to be worth studying. They knew where he was to be distrusted, and how he might be made useful. The affairs of the Secret Police were the sort of affairs which an unscrupulously cunning man was fitted to help on; and the faithful exercise of that cunning in the service of the state was ensured by the presence of Lomaque in the office. The discarded servant was just the right sort of spy to watch the suspected master. Thus it happened that, in the office of the Secret Police of Paris, and under the Reign of Terror, Lomaque's old master was, nominally, his master still—the superintendent to whom he was ceremonially accountable, in public—the suspected man, whose slightest words and deeds he was officially set to watch, in private.

Ever sadder and darker grew the face of Lomaque as he now pondered alone over the changes and misfortunes of the past five years. A neighbouring church-clock striking the hour of seven aroused him from his meditations. He arranged the confused mass of papers before him—looked towards the door as if expecting some one to enter—then, finding himself still alone, recurred to the one special paper which had first suggested his long train of gloomy thoughts. The few lines it contained were signed in cypher, and ran thus:—

"You are aware that your superintendent, Danville, obtained leave of absence, last week, to attend to some affairs of his at Lyons, and that he is not expected back just yet for a day or two. While he is away, push on the affair of Trudaine. Collect all the evidence, and hold yourself in readiness to act on it at a moment's notice. Don't leave the office till you have heard from me again. If you have a copy of the Private Instructions respecting Danville, which you wrote for me, send it to my house. I wish to refresh my memory. Your original letter is burnt."

Here the note abruptly terminated. As he folded it up, and put it in his pocket, Lomaque sighed. This was a very rare expression of feeling with him. He leaned back in his chair, and beat his nails impatiently on the table. Suddenly there was a faint little tap at the room door, and eight or ten men—evidently familiars of the new French Inquisition—quietly entered, and ranged themselves against the wall. Lomaque nodded to two of them. "Picard and Magloire, go and sit down at that desk. I shall want you after the rest are gone." Saying this, Lomaque handed certain sealed and docketed papers to the other men waiting in the room, who received them in silence, bowed, and went out. Innocent spectators might have thought them clerks taking bills of lading from a merchant. Who could have imagined that the giving

and receiving of Denunciations, Arrest Orders, and Death Warrants,—the providing of its doomed human meal for the all-devouring Guillotine—could have been managed so coolly and quietly, with such unruffled calmness of official routine!

"Now," said Lomaque, turning to the two men at the desk, as the door closed. "have you got those notes about you?" (They answered in the affirmative). "Picard, you have the first particulars of this affair of Trudaine: so you must begin reading. I have sent in the reports; but we may as well go over the evidence again from the commencement, to make sure that nothing has been left out. If any corrections are to be made, now is the time to make them. Read, Picard, and lose as little time as you possibly can."

Thus admonished, Picard drew some long slips of paper from his pocket, and began reading from them as follows:—

"Minutes of evidence collected concerning Louis Trudaine, suspected, on the denunciation of Citizen Superintendent Danville, of hostility to the sacred cause of liberty, and of disaffection to the sovereignty of the people. (1.) The suspected person is placed under secret observation, and these facts are elicited:—He is twice seen passing at night from his own house to a house in the Rue de Cléry. On the first night he carries with him money,—on the second, papers. He returns without either. These particulars have been obtained through a citizen engaged to help Trudaine in housekeeping (one of the sort called Servants in the days of the Tyrants). This man is a good patriot, who can be trusted to watch Trudaine's actions. (2.) The inmates of the house in the Rue de Cléry are numerous, and in some cases not so well known to the government as could be wished. It is found difficult to gain certain information about the person or persons visited by Trudaine without having recourse to an arrest. (3.) An arrest is thought premature, at this preliminary stage of the proceedings, being likely to stop the development of conspiracy, and give warning to the guilty to fly. Order thereupon given to watch and wait for the present. (4.) Citizen-Superintendent Danville quits Paris for a short time. The office of watching Trudaine is then taken out of the hands of the undersigned, and is confided to his comrade, Magloire.—Signed, PICARD. Countersigned, LOMAQUE."

Having read so far, the police-agent placed his papers on the writing-table, waited a moment for orders, and, receiving none, went out. No change came over the sadness and perplexity of Lomaque's face. He still beat his nails anxiously on the writing-table, and did not even look at the second agent, as he ordered the man to read his report. Magloire produced some slips of paper precisely similar to Picard's, and read from them in the same rapid, business-like, unmodulated tones:—

"Affair of Trudaine. Minutes continued. Citizen-Agent Magloire having been appointed to continue the surveillance of Trudaine, reports the discovery of additional facts of importance. (1.) Appearances make it probable that Trudaine meditates a third secret visit to the house in the Rue de Cléry. The proper measures

are taken for observing him closely, and the result is the implication of another person discovered to be connected with the supposed conspiracy. This person is the sister of Trudaine, and the wife of Citizen-Superintendent Danville."

"Poor, lost creature!—ah, poor lost creature!" muttered Lomaque to himself, sighing again, and shifting uneasily, from side to side, in his mangy old leathern arm-chair. Apparently, Magloire was not accustomed to sighs, interruptions, and expressions of regret, from the usually imperturbable chief agent. He looked up from his papers with a stare of wonder. "Go on, Magloire!" cried Lomaque with a sudden outburst of irritability. "Why the devil don't you go on?"—"All ready, citizen," returned Magloire, submissively, and proceeded:—

"(2.) It is at Trudaine's house that the woman Danville's connexion with her brother's secret designs is ascertained, through the vigilance of the before-mentioned patriot-citizen. The interview of the two suspected persons is private; their conversation is carried on in whispers. Little can be overheard; but that little suffices to prove that Trudaine's sister is perfectly aware of his intention to proceed for the third time to the house in the Rue de Cléry. It is further discovered, that she awaits his return, and that she then goes back privately to her own house. (3.) Meanwhile, the strictest measures are taken for watching the house in the Rue de Cléry. It is discovered that Trudaine's visits are paid to a man and woman known to the landlord and lodgers by the name of Dubois. They live on the fourth floor. It is impossible, at the time of the discovery, to enter this room, or to see the citizen and citoyenne Dubois, without producing an undesirable disturbance in the house and neighbourhood. A police-agent is left to watch the place, while search and arrest-orders are applied for. The granting of these is accidentally delayed. When they are ultimately obtained, it is discovered that the man and woman are both missing. They have not hitherto been traced. (4.) The landlord of the house is immediately arrested, as well as the police-agent appointed to watch the premises. The landlord protests that he knows nothing of his tenants. It is suspected, however, that he has been tampered with, as also that Trudaine's papers, delivered to the citizen and citoyenne Dubois, are forged passports. With these, and with money, it may not be impossible that they have already succeeded in escaping from France. The proper measures have been taken for stopping them, if they have not yet passed the frontiers. No further report in relation to them has yet been received. (5.) Trudaine and his sister are under perpetual surveillance; and the undersigned holds himself ready for further orders.—Signed, MAGLOIRE. Countersigned, LOMAQUE."

Having finished reading his notes, Magloire placed them on the writing-table. He was evidently a favoured man in the office, and he presumed upon his position; for he ventured to make a remark, instead of leaving the room in silence, like his predecessor, Picard.

"When citizen Danville returns to Paris," he began, "he will be rather astonished to find that in denouncing his wife's brother, he has also unconsciously denounced his wife."

Lomaque looked up quickly, with that old weakness in his eyes which affected them in such a strangely irregular manner on certain occasions. Magloire knew what this symptom meant, and would have become confused, if he had not been a police agent. As it was, he quietly backed a step or two from the table, and held his tongue.

"Friend Magloire," said Lomaque, winking mildly, "your last remark looks to me like a question in disguise. I put questions constantly to others,—I never answer questions myself. You want to know, citizen, what our superintendent's secret motive is for denouncing his wife's brother? Suppose you try and find that out for yourself. It will be famous practice for you, friend Magloire—famous practice after office hours."

"Any further orders?" inquired Magloire, sulkily.

"None in relation to the reports," returned Lomaque. "I find nothing to alter or add on a revised hearing. But I shall have a little note ready for you immediately. Sit down at the other desk, friend Magloire; I am very fond of you when you are not inquisitive,—pray sit down."

While addressing this polite invitation to the agent in his softest voice, Lomaque produced his pocket-book, and drew from it a little note, which he opened and read through attentively. It was headed, "Private Instructions relative to Superintendent Danville," and proceeded thus:—"The undersigned can confidently assert, from long domestic experience in Danville's household, that his motive for denouncing his wife's brother is purely a personal one, and is not in the most remote degree connected with politics. Briefly, the facts are these:—Louis Trudaine, from the first, opposed his sister's marriage with Danville; distrusting the latter's temper and disposition. The marriage, however, took place, and the brother resigned himself to await results,—taking the precaution of living in the same neighbourhood as his sister, to interpose, if need be, between the crimes which the husband might commit and the sufferings which the wife might endure. The results soon exceeded his worst anticipations, and called for the interposition for which he had prepared himself. He is a man of inflexible firmness, patience, and integrity, and he makes the protection and consolation of his sister the business of his life. He gives his brother-in-law no pretext for openly quarrelling with him. He is neither to be deceived, irritated, nor tired out; and he is Danville's superior every way,—in conduct, temper, and capacity. Under these circumstances, it is unnecessary to say that his brother-in-law's enmity towards him is of the most implacable kind, and equally unnecessary to hint at the perfectly plain motive of the denunciation."

"As to the suspicious circumstances affecting not Trudaine only, but his sister as

well, the undersigned regrets his inability, thus far, to offer either explanation or suggestion. At this preliminary stage, the affair seems involved in impenetrable mystery."

Lomaque read these lines through, down to his own signature at the end. They were the duplicate Secret Instructions demanded from him in the paper which he had been looking over before the entrance of the two police agents. Slowly and, as it seemed, unwillingly he folded the note up in a fresh sheet of paper, and was preparing to seal it, when a tap at the door stopped him. "Come in," he cried, irritably; and a man, in travelling costume, covered with dust, entered, quietly whispered a word or two in his ear, nodded, and went out. Lomaque started at the whisper; and, opening his note again, hastily wrote under his signature:—"I have just heard that Danville has hastened his return to Paris, and may be expected back to-night." Having traced these lines, he closed, sealed, directed the letter, and gave it to Magloire. The police-agent looked at the address as he left the room—it was "To Citizen Robespierre, Rue Saint-Honoré."

Left alone again, Lomaque rose, and walked restlessly backwards and forwards, biting his nails.

"Danville comes back to-night," he said to himself; "and the crisis comes with him. Trudaine, a conspirator! Sister Rose (as he used to call her) a conspirator! Bah! conspiracy can hardly be the answer to the riddle this time. What is it?"

He took a turn or two in silence—then stopped at the open window, looking out on what little glimpse the street afforded him of the sunset sky.

"This time five years," he said, "Trudaine was talking to me on that bench overlooking the river; and Sister Rose was keeping poor hatchet-faced old Lomaque's cup of coffee hot for him! Now I am officially bound to suspect them both; perhaps to arrest them; perhaps—I wish this job had fallen into other hands. I don't want it—I don't want it at any price!"

He returned to the writing-table, and sat down to his papers, with the dogged air of a man determined to drive away vexing thoughts by dint of sheer hard work. For more than an hour he laboured on resolutely, munching a bit of dry bread from time to time. Then he paused a little, and began to think again. Gradually the summer twilight faded and the room grew dark.

"Perhaps we shall tide over to-night, after all—who knows?" said Lomaque, ringing his hand-bell for lights. They were brought in; and with them ominously returned the police-agent Magloire with a small sealed packet. It contained an arrest-order, and a tiny three-cornered note, looking more like a love-letter or a lady's invitation to a party than anything else. Lomaque opened the note eagerly and read these lines, neatly written, and

signed with Robespierre's initials—M. R.—formed elegantly in cyphers:—

"Arrest Trudaine and his sister to-night. On second thoughts, I am not sure, if Danville comes back in time to be present, that it may not be all the better. He is unprepared for his wife's arrest. Watch him closely when it takes place, and report privately to me. I am afraid he is a vicious man; and of all things I abhor Vice."

"Any more work for me to-night?" asked Magloire with a yawn.

"Only an arrest," replied Lomaque. "Collect our men, and when you're ready, get a coach at the door."

"We were just going to supper," grumbled Magloire to himself, as he went out. "The devil seize the Aristocrats! They're all in such a hurry to get to the Guillotine that they won't even give a man time to eat his victuals in peace!"

"There's no choice now," muttered Lomaque, angrily thrusting the arrest-order and the three-cornered note into his pocket. "His father was the saving of me; he himself welcomed me like an equal; his sister treated me like a gentleman, as the phrase went in those days; and now—"

He stopped and wiped his forehead—then unlocked his desk, produced a bottle of brandy, and poured himself out a glass of the liquor, which he drank by sips, slowly.

"I wonder whether other men get softer-hearted as they grow older?" he said. "I seem to do so at any rate. Courage! courage! what must be, must. If I risked my head to do it, I couldn't stop this arrest. There isn't a man in the office who wouldn't be ready to execute it, if I wasn't."

Here the rumble of carriage-wheels sounded outside.

"There's the coach!" exclaimed Lomaque, locking up the brandy-bottle, and taking his hat. "After all, as this arrest is to be made, it's as well for them that I should make it."

Consoling himself as he best could with this reflection, Chief Police-Agent Lomaque blew out the candles, and quitted the room.

CHAPTER III.

IGNORANT of the change in her husband's plans, which was to bring him back to Paris a day before the time that had been fixed for his return, Sister Rose had left her solitary home to spend the evening with her brother. They had sat talking together long after sunset, and had let the darkness steal on them insensibly, as people will who are only occupied with quiet, familiar conversation. Thus it happened, by a curious coincidence, that just as Lomaque was blowing out his candles at the office, Rose was lighting the reading-lamp at her brother's lodgings.

Five years of disappointment and sorrow had sadly changed her to outward view. Her

face looked thinner and longer; the once delicate red and white of her complexion was gone; her figure had wasted under the influence of some weakness which already made her stoop a little when she walked. Her manner had lost its maiden shyness only to become unnaturally quiet and subdued. Of all the charms which had so fatally, yet so innocently, allured her heartless husband, but one remained—the winning gentleness of her voice. It might be touched now and then with a note of sadness; but the soft attraction of its even, natural tone still remained. In the marring of all other harmonies, this one harmony had been preserved unchanged! Her brother—though his face was care-worn, and his manner sadder than of old, looked less altered from his former self. It is the most fragile material which soonest shows the flaw. The world's idol, Beauty, holds its frailest tenure of existence in the one Temple where we most love to worship it.

"And so you think, Louis, that our perilous undertaking has really ended well by this time?" said Rose, anxiously, as she lit the lamp and placed the glass shade over it. "What a relief it is only to hear you say you think we have succeeded at last!"

"I said I hoped, Rose," replied her brother.

"Well, even hoped is a great word from you, Louis—a great word from any one in this fearful city, and in these days of Terror."

She stopped suddenly, seeing her brother raise his hand in warning. They looked at each other in silence, and listened. The sound of footsteps going slowly past the house—ceasing for a moment just beyond it—then going on again—came through the open window. There was nothing else, out of doors or in, to disturb the silence of the night—the deadly silence of Terror which, for months past, had hung over Paris. It was a significant sign of the times, that even a passing footstep, sounding a little strangely at night, was subject for suspicion, both to brother and sister—so common a subject that they suspended their conversation as a matter of course, without exchanging a word of explanation, until the tramp of the strange footsteps had died away.

"Louis," continued Rose, dropping her voice to a whisper, after nothing more was audible, "when may I trust our secret to my husband?"

"Not yet!" rejoined Trudaine earnestly. "Not a word, not a hint of it, till I give you leave. Remember, Rose, you promised silence from the first. Everything depends on your holding that promise sacred till I release you from it."

"I will hold it sacred; I will, indeed, at all hazards, under all provocations," she answered.

"That is quite enough to reassure me—and now, love, let us change the subject. Even these walls may have ears, and the closed door yonder may be no protection." He looked towards it uneasily while he spoke.

"By-the-bye, I have come round to your way of thinking, Rose, about that new servant of mine—there is something false in his face. I wish I had been as quick to detect it as you were."

Rose glanced at him affrightedly. "Has he done anything suspicious? Have you caught him watching you? Tell me the worst Louis."

"Hush! hush! my dear, not so loud. Don't alarm yourself; he has done nothing suspicious."

"Turn him off—pray, pray turn him off, before it is too late!"

"And be denounced by him, in revenge, the first night he goes to his section. You forget that servants and masters are equal now. I am not supposed to keep a servant at all. I have a citizen living with me who lays me under domestic obligations, for which I make a pecuniary acknowledgment. No! no! if I do anything, I must try if I can't entrap him into giving me warning. But we have got to another unpleasant subject already—suppose I change the topic again? You will find a little book on that table there, in the corner—tell me what you think of it."

The book was a copy of Corneille's *Cid*, prettily bound in blue morocco. Rose was enthusiastic in her praises. "I found it in a bookseller's shop, yesterday," said her brother, "and bought it as a present for you. Corneille is not an author to compromise any one, even in these times. Don't you remember saying, the other day, that you felt ashamed of knowing but little of our greatest dramatist?" Rose remembered well, and smiled almost as happily as in the old times over her present. "There are some good engravings at the beginning of each act," continued Trudaine, directing her attention rather earnestly to the illustrations, and then suddenly leaving her side when he saw that she became interested in looking at them.

He went to the window—listened—then drew aside the curtain, and looked up and down the street. No living soul was in sight. "I must have been mistaken," he thought, returning hastily to his sister; "but I certainly fancied I was followed in my walk to-day by a spy."

"I wonder," asked Rose, still busy over her book; "I wonder, Louis, whether my husband would let me go with you to see *Le Cid* the next time it is acted?"

"No!" cried a voice at the door; "not if you went on your knees to ask him!"

Rose turned round with a scream. There stood her husband on the threshold, scowling at her, with his hat on, and his hands thrust doggedly into his pockets. Trudaine's servant announced him, with an insolent smile, during the pause that followed the discovery. "Citizen-superintendent Danville, to visit the citoyenne, his wife," said the fellow, making a mock bow to his master.

Rose looked at her brother, then advanced

a few paces towards the door. "This is a surprise," she said faintly; "has anything happened? We—we didn't expect you—" Her voice failed her, as she saw her husband advancing, pale to his very lips with suppressed anger.

"How dare you come here, after what I told you?" he asked in quick low tones.

She shrank at his voice almost as if he had struck her. The blood flew into her brother's face as he noticed the action, but he controlled himself, and, taking her hand, led her in silence to a chair.

"I forbid you to sit down in his house," said Danville, advancing still; "I order you to come back with me! Do you hear? I order you."

He was approaching nearer to her, when he caught Trudaine's eye fixed on him, and stopped. Rose started up, and placed herself between them.

"Oh, Charles! Charles!" she said to her husband. "Be friends with Louis to-night, and be kind again to me—I have a claim to ask that much of you, though you may not think it!"

He turned away from her, and laughed contemptuously. She tried to speak again, but Trudaine touched her on the arm, and gave her a warning look.

"Signals!" exclaimed Danville; "secret signals between you!"

His eye, as he glanced suspiciously at his wife, fell on Trudaine's gift-book, which she still held unconsciously.

"What book is that?" he asked.

"Only a play of Corneille's," answered Rose; "Louis has just made me a present of it."

At this avowal, Danville's suppressed anger burst beyond all control.

"Give it him back!" he cried, in a voice of fury. "You shall take no presents from him; the venom of the household spy soils everything he touches. Give it him back!" She hesitated. "You won't?" He tore the book from her with an oath—threw it on the floor—and set his foot on it.

"Oh, Louis! Louis! for God's sake remember!"

Trudaine was stepping forward as the book fell to the floor. At the same moment his sister threw her arms round him. He stopped, turning from fiery red to ghastly pale.

"No! no! Louis," she said, clasping him closer; "not after five years' patience. No—no!"

He gently detached her arms.

"You are right, love. Don't be afraid, it is all over now."

Saying that, he put her from him, and in silence took up the book from the floor.

"Won't that offend you even?" said Danville, with an insolent smile. "You have a wonderful temper—any other man would have called me out!"

Trudaine looked back at him steadily, and

taking out his handkerchief, passed it over the soiled cover of the book.

"If I could wipe the stain of your blood off my conscience as easily as I can wipe the stain of your boot off this book," he said quietly, "you should not live another hour. Don't cry, Rose," he continued, turning again to his sister; "I will take care of your book for you until you can keep it yourself."

"You will do this! you will do that!" cried Danville, growing more and more exasperated, and letting his anger get the better even of his cunning now. "Talk less confidently of the future—you don't know what it has in store for you. Govern your tongue when you are in my presence; a day may come when you will want my help—my help, do you hear that?"

Trudaine turned his face from his sister, as if he feared to let her see it when those words were spoken.

"The man who followed me to day was a spy—Danville's spy!" That thought flashed across his mind, but he gave it no utterance. There was an instant's pause of silence; and through it there came heavily on the still night air the rumbling of distant wheels. The sound advanced nearer and nearer—advanced, and ceased under the window.

Danville hurried to it, and looked out eagerly.

"I have not hastened my return without reason. I wouldn't have missed this arrest for anything!" thought he, peering into the night.

The stars were out; but there was no moon. He could not recognise either the coach or the persons who got out of it; and he turned again into the interior of the room. His wife had sunk into a chair—her brother was looking up in a cabinet the book which he had promised to take care of for her. The dead silence made the noise of slowly-ascending footsteps on the stairs painfully audible. At last the door opened softly.

"Citizen Danville, health and fraternity!" said Lomaque, appearing in the doorway, followed by his agents. "Citizen Louis Trudaine?" he continued, beginning with the usual form.

Rose started out of her chair; but her brother's hand was on her lips before she could speak.

"My name is Louis Trudaine," he answered.

"Charles!" cried his sister, breaking from him and appealing to her husband, "who are these men? What are they here for?"

He gave her no answer.

"Louis Trudaine," said Lomaque, slowly drawing the order from his pocket, "in the name of the Republic, I arrest you."

"Rose, come back," cried Trudaine.

It was too late; she had broken from him, and in the recklessness of terror had seized her husband by the arm.

"Save him!" she cried. "Save him, by

all you hold dearest in the world! You are that man's superior, Charles—order him from the room!"

Danville roughly shook her hand off his arm.

"Lomaque is doing his duty. Yes," he added, with a glance of malicious triumph at Trudaine—"Yes, doing his duty. Look at me as you please—your looks won't move me. I denounced you! I admit it—I glory in it! I have rid myself of an enemy and the State of a bad citizen. Remember your secret visits to the house in the Rue de Cléry!"

His wife uttered a cry of horror. She seized his arm again with both hands—frail, trembling hands—that seemed suddenly nerved with all the strength of a man's.

"Come here—come here! I must and will speak to you!"

She dragged him by main force a few paces back towards an unoccupied corner of the room. With deathly cheeks and wild eyes she raised herself on tiptoe, and put her lips to her husband's ear. At that instant, Trudaine called to her:

"Rose, if you speak I am lost!"

She stopped at the sound of his voice, dropped her hold on her husband's arm, and faced her brother, shuddering.

"Rose," he continued, "you have promised, and your promise is sacred. If you prize your honour, if you love me, come here—come here, and be silent."

He held out his hand. She ran to him; and, laying her head on his bosom, burst into a passion of tears.

Danville turned uneasily towards the police-agents. "Remove your prisoner," he said. "You have done your duty here."

"Only half of it," retorted Lomaque, eyeing him attentively. "Rose Danville."

"My wife!" exclaimed the other. "What about my wife?"

"Rose Danville," continued Lomaque, impassibly, "you are included in the arrest of Louis Trudaine."

Rose raised her head quickly from her brother's breast. His firmness had deserted him—he was trembling. She heard him whispering to himself, "Rose, too! Oh, my God! I was not prepared for that." She heard these words, and dashed the tears from her eyes, and kissed him, saying—

"I am glad of it, Louis. We risked all together—we shall now suffer together. I am glad of it!"

Danville looked incredulously at Lomaque, after the first shock of astonishment was over.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "I never denounced my wife. There is some mistake; you have exceeded your orders."

"Silence!" retorted Lomaque, imperiously. "Silence, citizen, and respect to a decree of the Republic!"

"You blackguard! show me the arrest

order!" said Danville. "Who has dared to denounce my wife?"

"You have!" said Lomaque, turning on him with a grin of contempt. "You!—and blackguard back in your teeth! You, in denouncing her brother! Aha! we work hard in our office: we don't waste time in calling names—we make discoveries. If Trudaine is guilty, your wife is implicated in his guilt. We know it; and we arrest her."

"I resist the arrest," cried Danville. "I am the authority here. Who opposes me?"

The impassible chief-agent made no answer. Some new noise in the street struck his quick ear. He ran to the window, and looked out eagerly.

"Who opposes me?" reiterated Danville.

"Hark!" exclaimed Lomaque, raising his hand. "Silence, and listen!"

The heavy, dull tramp of men marching together became audible as he spoke. Voices humming low and in unison the Marseillaise hymn, joined solemnly with the heavy, regular footfalls. Soon, the flare of torchlight began to glimmer redder and redder under the dim starlight sky.

"Do you hear that? Do you see the advancing torchlight?" cried Lomaque, pointing exultingly into the street. "Respect to the national hymn and to the man who holds in the hollow of his hand the destinies of all France! Hat off, citizen Danville! Robespierre is in the street. His body-guard, the Hard-hitters, are lighting him on his way to the Jacobin club!—Who shall oppose you, did you say? Your master and mine; The man whose signature is at the bottom of this order—the man who with a scratch of his pen can send both our heads rolling together into the sack of the guillotine! Shall I call to him as he passes the house? Shall I tell him that Superintendent Danville resists me in making an arrest? Shall I? Shall I?" And in the immensity of his contempt, Lomaque seemed absolutely to rise in stature, as he thrust the arrest-order under Danville's eyes, and pointed to the signature with the head of his stick.

Rose looked round in terror as Lomaque spoke his last words—looked round, and saw her husband recoil before the signature on the arrest-order, as if the guillotine itself had suddenly arisen before him. Her brother felt her shrinking back in his arms, and trembled for the preservation of her self-control if the terror and suspense of the arrest lasted any longer.

"Courage, Rose; courage!" he said. "You have behaved nobly: you must not fail now. No, no! Not a word more. Not a word till I am able to think clearly again, and to decide what is best. Courage, love: our lives depend on it. Citizen," he continued, addressing himself to Lomaque, "proceed with your duty—we are ready."

The heavy marching footsteps outside were striking louder and louder on the

ground; the chaunting voices were every moment swelling in volume; the dark street was flaming again with the brightening torchlight, as Lomaque, under pretext of giving Trudaine his hat, came close to him; and, turning his back towards Danville, whispered, "I have not forgotten the eve of the wedding and the bench on the river bank."

Before Trudaine could answer, he had taken Rose's cloak and hood from one of his assistants, and was helping her on with it. Danville, still pale and trembling, advanced a step when he saw these preparations for departure, and addressed a word or two to his wife; but he spoke in low tones, and the fast-advancing march of feet and sullen low roar of singing outside, drowned his voice. An oath burst from his lips, and he struck his fist, in impotent fury, on a table near him.

"The seals are set on everything in this room and in the bedroom," said Magloire, approaching Lomaque, who nodded, and signed to him to bring up the other police-agents at the door.

"Ready," cried Magloire, coming forward immediately with his men, and raising his voice to make himself heard, "Where to?"

Robespierre and his Hard-hitters were passing the house. The smoke of the torchlight was rolling in at the window; the tramping footsteps struck heavier and heavier on the ground; the low, sullen roar of the Marseillaise was swelling to its loudest, as Lomaque referred for a moment to his arrest-order, and then answered—

"To the prison of St. Lazare!"

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

OF the beauty, the brilliancy of the electric light there is no question. It converts midnight into noon-day. Although burning from points not larger than the little finger, it is distinctly visible at a distance of four miles at an ordinary elevation. And so pure and intensely white is it, that all other flames near it assume a red tinge from the contrast. We saw this extraordinary light burning not long ago on a bright sunny noon, and the bright rays of the sun which came streaming into the room, appeared to have no effect upon it; it shone on as brilliantly as though it were twilight. A candle was lighted near it, and it was with difficulty that the tallow flame could be distinguished. On holding a burning taper between the electric light and the wall a deep black shadow was cast on it from the sickly flame of the taper, so completely was its illuminating power annihilated.

Electric light is produced by the juxtaposition of two points of carbon in the shape of pencils, through which are transmitted streams of positive and negative electricity. It had been found that during the powerful combustion of the carbon points they wore away,

or consumed at an irregular rate; and hence the distance between them became greater or less at certain intervals, destroying thereby the equality of the light, which became more or less intense as the carbon points approached or receded from each other. To ensure a proper condition of the light a regular distance was essential: if the points became too widely separated the flame expired; if they were forced too near it deadened to a heavy dull glow. Mechanical contrivances of some ingenuity were tried to obviate this difficulty, but without avail, and it was not until Dr. Watson devised the beautiful method now employed, by which the points of carbon are made self-regulating, that a continuous and steady light was obtained.

The electric light although triumphant as an illuminator, was, at first, too costly in its consumption of the raw materials of electricity to make it available for ordinary purposes. It may have been likened to some beautiful animal, which was found to consume far more food than it was worth. The electric animal swallowed too much iron, zinc, copper, acids, and salts, to pay for its work: it was not content with eating away its carbon points, but, like many a noble steed, "ate its head off."

Many plans were devised for cheapening the production of electricity, and this was partially compassed by the employment of cheaper metals in combination with the normal acids. The cheapest metals were found to be iron, lead, and zinc, but still the consumption of these with the chemicals employed outstripped the value of the electricity, and something more had to be achieved. For the purposes of an electric light it had been for some time ascertained that constancy and intensity in the battery employed were essentials: in other words, unless the stream of electricity was both regular and powerful, no effect would be produced. A battery of cast-iron and zinc arranged in such a way that the former is separated from the latter by a porous diaphragm of potter's biscuit-ware, the iron being excited by a mixture of saltpetre and sulphuric acid diluted by water; or by dilute nitrous acid and the zinc acted on by dilute sulphuric acid, affords great intensity. This is known as the Maynooth battery.

The products of such a battery as the above are, in addition to the electricity which is turned to account, several salts which have hitherto been thrown aside as valueless. These were the articles known to chemists as nitrate and sulphate of iron and sulphate of zinc, the latter being the white vitriol of commerce. The actual value of any of these salts is so trifling, and the demand for them so limited, that the residuary liquor of the Maynooth battery containing them may, for all practical purposes, be called worthless. It was evident that if this waste solution of the metals and acids could be turned to profitable account, the cost of the electricity would be

proportionately reduced. To this object, therefore, Dr. Watson directed all his energies.

The result of countless delicate and painstaking experiments has been the conversion of the hitherto refuse liquor of the Maynooth battery into articles of considerable commercial value. It was known that certain salts of iron and lead—that is to say, combinations of acids with those metals—precipitated in the form of salts, when mixed with certain chemicals, produced a number of beautiful pigments of great delicacy and purity. This was seized on as a means of employing to a profit the waste liquor of the battery, and the result showed that the plan of producing light and colour from the same elementary bodies was perfectly practicable. In this way the cast-iron and zinc apparatus of Maynooth was converted into a chromatic battery.

This process is as simple as it is beautiful. In the iron and zinc battery, nitric and sulphuric acids are employed in a diluted form, the ordinary resulting waste of which are solutions of nitrate of iron and sulphate of zinc. Instead of these residuary liquors being thrown aside as undeserving of care, they are removed separately from the chromatic battery, and, having been brought to a certain heat by means of steam, are blended with a solution of prussiate of potash, which, with the iron liquor, throws down a splendid blue pigment—Prussian blue, in fact, of great purity—whilst with the zinc liquor it precipitates a fine ultramarine blue.

After some agitation the colouring matter is allowed to subside, the clear liquor is drawn off, and finally the heavy deposition of blue is removed from the bottom of the vats and placed on cloth stretchers, whereon the moisture is allowed to drain from it. Subsequent pressure, and a final gradual drying in carefully heated chambers completes the process, and the result is a pigment suitable for employment in the fine arts, for house decoration or paper-colouring. It is difficult to conceive a deeper or more ethereal blue than the rich yet delicate ultramarine of the chromatic battery. Equally gorgeous are the electric reds produced by boiling the zinc yellow with lime in varying proportions, according to the depth of colour required. By a combination of these zinc yellows with the iron blues, a series of greens are produced of an infinity of shades, and which have the property of standing high temperatures without injury.

Yellows of great delicacy, ranging from pale lemon to a bright orange yellow, are produced by treating the waste liquor of the lead and nitric acid compartments of the battery with chromate of potash, which is, in plainer language, a salt composed of potash and chromic acid.

If, instead of the chromate, prussiate of potash be added to the residuum of the lead and zinc battery, a delicate white pigment

will be the result, possessing, with great body, the property of not blackening by exposure to sulphuretted hydrogen gas, protected as it appears to be by the zinc-salt in the compound. In like manner, the addition of chromate of potash, instead of the prussiate, to the residuum of the iron battery yields a brown pigment of considerable depth.

In stating that the market value of these new colours far exceeds the whole cost of the original elements of the electro-chromatic battery, we do so from no desire to take a mere commercial view of the process: such would be altogether beside our purpose; but we mention the fact with a view to show what is of great importance to society—that by covering the cost of all the materials employed in these batteries by the conversion of their hitherto waste products into electro-colours, the electricity developed during the process becomes a costless article—we have it gratis. Here, then, the great obstacle to the electric light is fairly overcome. That which before had been too costly in spite of its utility, for general purposes, becomes at once a cheap commodity.

During a fog, the ordinary red and green lights on railways are all but obscured, or if seen appear as of one colour, and trains are left to the chance of fog-signals. Through the heaviest fog that ever swallowed the metropolis in its murky jaws, the electric light shines in all its wonted mid-day brilliancy, heedless of heavy atmosphere. Along our dangerous coasts, during winter months, how many ships are lost, how many lives are sacrificed, how many valuable cargoes destroyed from the want of a light sufficiently powerful to burst through the thick midnight haze of storm, and warn the voyager of the hidden danger ere it be too late. Surely in these cases interest and humanity would prompt the availing of this new, and now cheap and simple light. It is worth while, too, to dwell upon the great simplicity of the electric lamp, which may be turned on and attended to by the most ordinary person; and inasmuch as the electric light signals proposed to be employed, do not depend on colour, but on shape for their signification, there can be no confusion during the most foggy weather. A simple straight line of electric light denotes that all is right; a semicircle of brilliant rays to the left or right of the signal-post indicates the side on which danger presents itself, whilst an entire circle of light warns an approaching train to stop altogether.

Amongst those purposes to which cheap electricity may be applied, is that of conveying semaphoric messages by night across the ocean, and thus avoiding the great cost of telegraph cables. Electric light is readily distinguishable for a distance of forty miles; and it is stated that, by a series of signal stations, many seas might be traversed by messages from one to the other, where islands or rocks offer connecting links.

As a cheap product for all purposes of electrotyping, it cannot but prove more acceptable, and not less so in one or two other branches of manufacture, which it may be interesting to mention. It was ascertained some time since, that if the poles of a powerful battery be applied to a mass of coal undergoing the process of coking in an ordinary coke oven, in proportion as the coal loses its bituminous character, and assumes the properties of coke, there is a greater facility afforded to the current of electricity for its passage, accompanied by a more rapid disengagement of the sulphur of the coal, and a greater and more effectual separation of the earthy and metallic impurities. Besides this, the coke thus produced, and, as it were electrolysed, is much more compact, and consumes more equally than the material employed by the ordinary method. The importance of obtaining a coke free from sulphur for metallic manufactures, and smelting processes is undeniable; equally desirable is it to obtain a large amount of carbon compressed within a small space for sea-going steamers. All these advantages have hitherto been forbidden by the costly nature of intense electricity; now that coke manufacturers can obtain their power at a trifling cost, the whole feature of their process will be changed.

Again, our supplies of sulphur are derived from Sicily, the government of which has recently forbidden the export of the article, which is consequently at an exorbitant price. We have no sulphur deposits in this country; but there exist large quantities of sulphur in close combination with iron, under the form of iron pyrites, in many parts of England. It has been found practicable to decompose this article, and obtain its sulphur and iron separate by smelting it with the aid of intense electricity; here again, the cost of the electric agent was the barrier, and here also cheap electricity comes to the rescue, and will shortly place this country independent of Sicily.

To the wholesale assayer of metals a cheap supply of intense electricity will be an inestimable boon; for it creates not only an enormous saving of fuel, but the six operations at present involved in the ordinary process, may be reduced to one.

Cheap electricity will enable railway companies to electrolyse the tires of their engine and carriage wheels with a coating of steel, and thus avoid the great and incessant wear of the biting surface of the wheels, which, especially with their engines, require constant repair.

The quantity of bleaching material employed in this country is something enormous, and would doubtless sound incredible in the ears of the reader. An economical bleaching agent may be obtained by the decomposition of common salt in a state of solution, by means of electricity.

Should electro-magnetic engines be brought into practical working, which many believe will be done, how great will be the advantage arising from a supply of almost costless electricity. The superiority of such machines for long sea voyages is at once apparent; and now that electricity for the million has been provided it would appear more than ever desirable to bring them into use.

A FALSE GENIUS.

I see a spirit by thy side,
Purple winged and eagle eyed,
Looking like a Heavenly guide.

Though he seems so bright and fair,
Ere thou trust his proffered care,
Pause a little, and beware!

If he bid thee dwell apart,
Tending some ideal smart
In a sick and coward heart;

In self-worship wrapped alone,
Dreaming thy poor griefs are grown
More than other men have known;

Dwelling in some cloudy sphere,
Though God's work is waiting here,
And God deigneth to be near;

If his torch's crimson glare
Show thee evil everywhere,
Tainting all the wholesome air;

While with strange distorted choice,
Still disdaining to rejoice,
Thou wilt hear a wailing voice;

If a simple, humble heart,
Seem to thee a meaner part,
Than thy noblest aim and art;

If he bid thee bow before
Crowned mind and nothing more,
The great idol men adore;

And with starry veil enfold
Sin, the trailing serpent old,
Till his scales shine out like gold;

Though his words seem true and wise,
Soul, I say to thee, Arise,
He is a Demon in disguise!

COLONEL GRUNPECK AND MR. PARKINSON.

SUSPICIOUSLY approximating to a paradox, as it undoubtedly did, I can favourably appreciate, while not positively concurring, in the dictum of Doctor Johnson, that "he loved a good hater." With a like slender logical reservation, I aver that I respect and admire a good strong prejudice. To be entitled, however, to respect and admiration the holder of the prejudice must be consistent, and should, I think, be old. Toryism in an all-round collar, a Noah's Ark coat, Sydenham trousers, and a downy moustache, is simply a monster; but Toryism in top-boots (the tops

of a mahogany hue), a blue coat with brass buttons, a grey head, and a fluffy white hat with a green lining to the brim, is entitled to be heard with attention and treated with courtesy. The thing is old, rusty, useless, and would be all the better, probably, for a glass case, and a ticket corresponding with a number in a catalogue; but it is still a curiosity: it was once powerful, has been brave, is venerable. I can bear to hear Major Three-angles bewail the decadence of the lash, and the abolition of the picket and the wooden horse in the maintenance of military discipline. It angers me none when Squire Mittimus sighs for the stocks and whipping-post back again; extols the old parish constables, while sneering at the county police, and bitterly denounces the appointment of stipendiary magistrates. I can read with a compassionate equanimity the speeches of the Earl of Wooden-shoes, who traces the causes of the ruin of this once prosperous country to the repeal of the fine old penal laws, which banished the Papist ten miles from the metropolis, and forbade him to possess a horse worth more than five pounds; and who attributes the increase of crime and pauperism to the insane disfranchisement of Gram-pound and the fatal demolition of Old Sarum. I can have patience with the staunch old prejudiced people who yet refuse to use steel pens, lucifer matches, gaslamps, or railway trains. I should almost, I fancy, feel inclined to quarrel with a beadle if he wore a round hat, with a dustman if he wore trousers instead of the immemorial velveteens and ankle-jacks, or with a Chelsea pensioner if he had not a red nose, and did not, in his accounts of his Peninsular campaigns, tell me at least sixty per cent. of lies. What does it matter? In a few years these harmless old folks, and their prejudices too, will be all dead. Who would beat a cripple with his own crutches? Who would move the House to break up the Victory for firewood, or burn London Stone for lime? Who would have shot Copenhagen, the Duke's old charger—purblind, spavined, worthless as he may have become. It is no use sending for Mr. Braidwood and the London fire brigade to play upon the ruins of Troy. It is no use when you see a man knocking at Death's door, and hear the Skeleton footsteps in the hall, coming to admit him, to insist upon his scraping his boots on the scraper and wiping them on the mat before he enters. Let the worn-out old prejudice be. It is innocuous, nay, frequently amusing.

I met the other day (upon a perfectly amicable footing) a lawyer. I knew him to be senior partner in a large firm, formerly doing an excellent practice. He was complaining to me, in the most dolorous accents of the utter ruin of the profession of the law by the establishment of county courts, the dethronement of those heroes of legal romance Doe, Roe, and the "lessor of the plaintiff."

and those visionary bearers of "sticks and staves" who used formerly to break into "that is to say three hundred turbaries" which they never saw, and which never existed, all to the great damage of nobody. He was especially pathetic upon the subject of the wicked laws recently enacted which permit plaintiffs and defendants to be heard, personally, in cases about which no one can by any possibility besides themselves know anything worth hearing. "As to the profession, sir," he said, "it's gone to the dogs; the county courts have done that; would you believe it—we haven't issued a writ for seven weeks?" I was on the point of thanking heaven that this desirable consummation had been attained—but, remembering this man's prejudice, that he had been fed on parchment and weaned on brief-paper, that he had been articulated and admitted, and had paid heavy stamp duties, that he was right in his vocation and generation, I forebore to exult over the decline of writs, and actually consoled with him. For prejudice is in many cases only tenacity of possession of a thing or an idea, and resentment at the prospect of deprivation. The eel has a prejudice against being skinned, and the lobster against being boiled, although the cook knows that both processes must absolutely be gone through for the proper making of the eel pie and the lobster salad. If I were a flea, I would, I am sure, protest against being cracked. If I were a Clerk of the Petty Bag, or one of the Six Clerks or one of the Broad Bent Clerks of the Pipe Office (supposing those mysterious functionaries not yet to have been pensioned off), I should, I am certain, talk loudly about my vested rights, our glorious constitution, and the destructive tendencies of political incendiaries. You, who are nobly prejudiced against corruption, wait until you yourselves are corrupted, and then see how staunchly prejudiced you will be in corruption's favour.

But a little while ago, I thought I had never known so prejudiced an individual as Colonel Grumpeck of Kentucky. He was ordinarily addressed as Colonel, not so much upon the supposition that he had ever held a military command, as because there was a great doubt and mystery as to what he was or had been; and because in American circles you can't be far wrong in calling a man Colonel. It is a safe appellation. If you should happen to be among Americans with a stranger who wears a white neckcloth you may call him Doctor. You can't be very much on the wrong side of the hedge in doing so, for the prefix, Doctor, will serve for Divinity, Laws, Medicine, Music or Philosophy. In other cases (your man being over twenty) dub him Colonel immediately.

I had the advantage of becoming acquainted with Colonel Grumpeck (aged, I imagine, about threescore) at Madame Busque's pleasant *salon*, which I have had the honour of describing in these pages. The Colonel

first attracted my attention by a stern declaration that he dined at one o'clock every day. We dined at six; and during our meal he was wont to sit aloof, chewing, and occasionally indulging us with polite conversation. I gathered from Florence, Madame Busque's neat-handed Phillis, that the Colonel's staple meal was salt codfish and potatoes, washed down by a glass of kirsch, mingled with cayenne pepper, and that he professed and practised the uttermost contempt and disregard for French cookery and French wines. These circumstances, coupled with the statement that he had inhabited Paris for a considerable number of years, were quite enough to convince me that the Colonel was no ordinary man. When on a subsequent occasion he informed us that he had visited and had been resident in Germany, Italy, and Russia, and France inclusive, and that he could not speak one word of the languages of those countries, I began to recognise in Colonel Grumpeck a prodigy of prejudice. And he really did become prodigious in time. He treated with scorn and derision a modest statement of mine that there was a spirituous liquor called Whiskey manufactured in Ireland, which was a favourite potation of the inhabitants of that country; and that there was also some whiskey of a smoky flavour made in Scotland, which was said to be worth drinking. The only whiskey was in Kentucky,—nay even, and only in a small portion of that state,—for he himself, if I remember correctly, possessed the only half-dozen hogsheads. Likewise the only rice, the only tobacco, the only land, and, specially, the only pigs. The best niggers, also, he, of course, owned, though, I am bound to confess, that he did not maintain them to be the only ones. His religious prejudices it is neither my province nor any man's to take exception to: those prejudices we must all take off our hats to, and pass by reverentially; but I may just mention that he quoted Moses and Aaron to prove that all negro babies were born with tails, and that with reference to miracles he declared that he "never could believe that Jonah swallowed that thar whale," and when I presumed mildly to hint that the swallowing was done by the other party, sternly rebuked and put me down. His political prejudices were immense. He quite repudiated Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, Jackson, Webster, and Taylor. The god of his political idolatry was one Amos Grix, of whose antecedents or culmination he did not condescend to inform us, but who chawed up the speaker of some local legislature dreadful bright on some occasion not stated. Colonel Grumpeck's hatred and contempt for this country and its inhabitant Britishers were something dreadful. He took the British lion; he twisted that animal's tail, and tied knots in it; he tore out the hair of his mane; he cut off his claws; he skinned him alive; he muzzled him; he made him stand on his hind legs and beg; he whipped

him through creation, as one would a puppy-dog;—all in a manner shocking to contemplate. He inveighed against the Court of St. James's; against our haughty aristocrats; against our bloated clergy; he pitied our starving needlewomen, our famished and downtrodden peasantry; our groaning and oppressed Irish serfs; the white slaves in our factories; the gaunt and fever-stricken children in our workhouses. No good could come out of us anyhow—"nohow," he said. We never could pay our national debt, the interest of which was rapidly sapping our credit and bringing us to bankruptcy. We had no public building equal to the Capitol, at Washington; Lord Brougham, Burke, Sheridan, Chat-ham, never approached Patrick Henry in oratory; Hooker, Barrow, Taylor, South, were dunces in theological attainments to Jared Sparks; we had no painters equal to Colonel Trumbull. We had no poets or philosophers; the great republic had out-manufactured us. Hobbs had picked our locks, Commodore Stephenson had whipped our yacht-clubs, and Colonel Colt had driven our Mantons and Westley Richards from the field. We had quarrelled with our best friend, the Emperor of Russia; our French ally was ready to turn round on us; the port of New York exceeded us in tonnage, as the New York clippers out-sailed ours; our population was burning for revolution; our colonies ripe for revolt; Canada was knocking at the door of the Union. It was all up with the British lion: take him away to the knacker's yard, and sell his flesh to the dogs'-meat vendors. "He isn't worth that," Colonel Grunpeck would cry, throwing away the last remnants of his quid.

All this and more did I hear in the first month of this present year, 'fifty-five, from the lips of Colonel Grunpeck. I must not omit to notice, too, the dreadfully long list of naval engagements which he was wont to recapitulate—engagements in which British men-of-war had been licked, riddled, sunk, or captured by a vastly inferior American force. Great, also, was the colonel upon the topic of the battle of New Orleans, at which he had himself been present, and where he had shot, with his own patriot hand, no less than four-and-twenty Britishers; he lying in ambuscade behind a cotton bale, and armed only with a rusty ship's musket, of which the barrel was cracked in two places.

Hearing all these things, I used to go home and wonder whether there were many more men in the States like Colonel Grunpeck. I began to wonder whether the Knownothings, the Lone Stars, the New York United Irishmen, and the Native Sympathisers, who hold Caucusses and Indignation meetings at Tam-maney Hall, were at all of the Grunpeck breed; whether, in fine, the British lion was really in the pitiable state the Colonel had represented him to be; or whether, as I had fondly hoped and believed for some time, there was some life, and some fighting left

in the old beast yet. For I have the pleasure—one participated in, I trust, by many more men—of numbering among my friends very many American gentlemen, courteous, accomplished, liberal, tolerant, and quite devoid of prejudice, who are proud to call this country yet the old one, and their mother, and who are prompt to sympathise with our righteous cause, as, indeed, brethren should, who are joined to us by such strong bonds of race, kindred, language, literature, and laws.

Taking the other side of the question, I began to reflect, whether we, on our side of the Atlantic, could show any English Grunpecks, any genuine Britishers, who, having visited the United States, had been unable or unwilling to discern one single thing worthy of admiration in their travelling experiences. I read a great many books of travels, tours, flying visits, and voyages, humorous and sentimental, to the States; but, though in many of these volumes I found the people, the manners, and the institutions of the American republic, commented upon with sufficient severity, I was unable to discover the real prejudiced traveller—the genuine Britisher—who couldn't or wouldn't find any good in the Americans—nohow. I might have gone on to this day searching for a genuine Britisher, had I not been fortunate enough to stumble, in a corner of a Kentish cottage, upon the Experiences of MR. PARKINSON.

Mr. Richard Parkinson, late of Orange Hill, near Baltimore, and author of the Experienced Farmer, published just fifty years ago (you see I am obliged to go back a good way for my genuine Britisher, but then Colonel Grunpeck was over sixty), A Tour in America, exhibiting sketches of Society and Manners, and a particular account of the American System of Agriculture. I had not read Mr. Parkinson half through before I began to see a sort of vision or day-ghost of a bluff sturdy man in a blue coat, mahogany tops, and a fluffy white hat. And the ghost walked through the United States with one continual upturning of the nose; and I said to myself: Surely, this must be the genuine Britisher I have been so long in quest of. I will give a brief sketch of some of Mr. Parkinson's experiences, and my readers can then judge for themselves, how far he was British and genuine.

Mr. Parkinson, like a true blue and wearer of uncompromising mahogany tops, dedicated his Tour to his Royal Highness the Duke of York. In times like these, says Mr. Parkinson, when the wicked intentions and wild chimeras of designing and misguided men have so widely disseminated principles of a fallacious equality, it behoves every reasonable person, and especially Mr. Parkinson, not only to manifest proper expressions of regard for high station and illustrious ancestry, but also to spare his country the loss of many a valuable though humble member, whom misrepresentation might tempt to emi-

grate. And in another portion of the work the author states that it will afford him infinite pleasure if the publication of these sheets should have the desired effect—that of preventing his countryman from running headlong into misery, as he and many others have done.

When Mr. Parkinson was printing his *Experienced Farmer*, in London, he had the honour of becoming acquainted with Sir John Sinclair, then President of the Board of Agriculture. General Washington had at that time sent over to Sir John, proposals for letting his Mount Vernon Estate to English or Scotch farmers. Whereupon Mr. Parkinson thought himself possessed of a real fortune in the prospect, as he naively says, of an introduction both to so great a man as General Washington and to the rich soils of America. As the liberating general had sent over a plan of Mount Vernon divided into distinct farms, Mr. Parkinson pitched upon one of twelve hundred acres; the rent twenty-two shillings per acre. Moreover, he got upwards of five hundred subscribers to his book, of the first gentlemen in England, as a recommendation to the gentlemen in America; and with these encouragements, speculated to make a rapid fortune. Sanguine, though experienced Mr. Parkinson!

The genuine Britisher went to Liverpool, and employed brokers to charter a ship, which cost him eight hundred and fifty pounds. He then bought the famous race-horses *Phenomenon* and *Cardinal Puff*; ten blood mares and ten more blood stallions; a bull and a cow of the *Roolright* breed; a bull and a cow of the *North Devon*; a bull and a cow of the no-horned *Yorkshire* kind; a cow and calf of the *Holderness* breed; five boar and seven sow pigs of four different kinds. These things being put on board, our friend went on board with his family, which consisted of seven, besides two servants to take care of the cattle. A little Noah's ark, Mr. Parkinson!

But there was no dove in the ark and little peace. The cargo was improperly stowed, and the ship wanted ballast, and the captain spent fourteen days in getting it. One attendant was sick, and had to be sent back. No sooner had they got to sea than the king's boats boarded them and pressed their other servant. Mr. Parkinson was twelve weeks on his passage (the *Red Jacket* makes the voyage to Melbourne in less time now), and in that time lost eleven horses, in which number was the famous race-horse *Phenomenon*.

When Mr. Parkinson arrived at the land of promise—the Mount Vernon Estate—the wonderful disappointment he met with in the barrenness of the land was beyond description. Would General Washington have given him the twelve hundred acres he would not have accepted them, and to convince the General of the cause of his determination, he was compelled to treat him with a great deal

of frankness. Did the daring Britisher presume to "cheek" the father of his country? If Colonel Grunpeck had been there, a bowie-knife—a revolver—ha! but to our tale.

Mr. Parkinson is very hard upon the hero. He supposed himself to have fine sheep and a great quantity of them. On the General's five farms of three thousand acres he had but one hundred sheep, and those in very poor condition; whereas in Old England, on Mr. Parkinson's father's farm, which was less than six hundred acres, the paternal Parkinson clipped eleven hundred sheep. Again, the average weight of the Parkinson wool was ten pounds per fleece; the Washington wool scarcely reached an average of three pounds and a half. Finally, and with which we may consider General Washington as disposed of as an agriculturist, the General's crops were from two to three bushels of wheat per acre; while on that genuine British farm the land, though poor clayey soil, gave from twenty to thirty bushels per acre.

Colonel Lear, General Washington's aide-de-camp, did Mr. Parkinson the honour to say that he was the only man he ever knew to treat the General with frankness. But Mrs. Washington, the General's wife, treated Mr. Parkinson with even more frankness than he had treated her husband; for the British farmer being invited to dinner at Mount Vernon, she said to him: "I am afraid, Mr. Parkinson, that you have brought your fine horses and pigs to a bad market." Which observation vexed Mr. Parkinson much, for he was by this time beginning to be afraid himself that he had brought his pigs to a very bad market indeed.

No land whatsoever, or wherever situated, would suit our traveller. General Stone offered him one thousand acres as a gift, to be chosen out of three thousand four hundred acres of the General's own in *Aleganey* county, but the Britisher would have none of it. Many of his friends advised him to try Kentucky and the backwoods. This he indignantly refused to do. He soon found those countries worse than the parts nearer the cities; for as money was his object, and he found it scarce in the cities, he concluded that it must be scarcer in the backwoods. Naïve this, but logical, and more logical the proof, "for," says Mr. Parkinson, "the Kentuckians are a sharp, roguish, enterprising people, and if anything valuable was to be had in that country, they would be sure to secure it for themselves."

Mr. Parkinson was told of two gentlemen, brothers, named Ricketts, who had large flour-mills near Alexandria, and had realised a fortune by them. "How," he moodily asks, "had they made that fortune? How did they live while they were making it?" One of the young Parkinsons boarded and lodged with the Ricketts for some time, and he should describe their way of living. They had coffee and salt-herrings for breakfast, and some-

times salt-beef. The bread was only cakes made of hog's-lard and wheaten flour, and was never buttered. The dinner was salt-beef and bread, and sometimes potatoes (which were very bad, all over the country); at other times, as a treat, a cow cabbage, which was preserved in a cellar to keep it from frost; and water to drink! This was in the winter. They only had fresh beef when they killed a cow which they could milk no more; nor was there any butter used in the house for the four months during which the junior Parkinson resided in it.

Mr. Parkinson had employed a servant who had lived in "those boasted backwoods," as he calls them. The servant was an Irishman, and had been hired by a man who had purchased land in Kentucky, in order to clear it, and grow Indian corn. "How," he asks, "did they live?" They built themselves a log-house, which was open at the sides, by reason of the logs not lying close to each other. There was no entrance to it save at the top, like the hatchway of a ship. When they had raised their corn, and wanted it ground, they had forty miles to go to a mill, which, with returning, was two days' journey. When the master was absent, on these occasions, the servant was left alone, and was much frightened by the owls screeching — supposing the Indians were coming to kill him in the night; it being a common custom of these savages to come into the house, and lie by the fire, nor did the inhabitants dare to prevent them.

There were no good servants or labourers to be had in America: so, at least, Mr. Parkinson thought. Working-men emigrating, were sure to be lamentably disappointed. They were speedily ruined on their arrival, and were ashamed to return to their native country in a reduced state, to be made the scoff of their former acquaintance. More than this, working-men had it seldom in their power to get back; for if they had no money to pay their passage, the captains of ships would not bring them from America, on the terms on which they were taken. These terms were peculiarly infamous, and as we have no reason to doubt the Genuine Britisher's trustworthiness in matters of fact, however much he may be prejudiced in matters of opinion, we are compelled to witness the disclosure of an atrocious system of White Slavery in America existing and flourishing after the Declaration of Independence, after the Revolution, after the Peace, by which the United States were erected into a Free Republic; nay, existing within the present century. There were men in all the American ports ready to buy emigrants as slaves on their first arrival; and as slaves they were sold, for certain terms of years, by the ship-captains to reimburse them for the passage-money from Europe. But these miserable creatures wanting clothing, and not having the means of purchasing it during their stated time of

servitude, were compelled to get the money of their masters, and were so kept in the same state the greatest part of their lives. Anything more abominable than the following story, it is difficult to imagine. A Dutchman who had lost all his property, which was considerable, by the war with France, met with the captain of an American ship, who offered him and his two sons, a free passage to America; but at the end of the voyage the captain offered them all for sale to pay for the passage. They were bought by Messrs. Ricketts, who paid the captain ready money for them, and were to repay those gentlemen by labour for a certain term of years. The old Dutchman, naturally obstinate, and not unnaturally indignant, at having been thus villainously kidnapped, refused to work, and was therefore (as was usual) whipped with the cow-hide, in the same way as the negroes. The old man, however, notwithstanding several renewed inflictions of this punishment, held out firmly, and still persisting in his obstinacy, and being very old, the Messrs. Ricketts kindly gave him his liberty, and kept his two boys to work out the sum.

With regard to servants, the Genuine Britisher comes out in his strongest colours. He warns Englishmen that the liberty and equality dreamed of by some who emigrated from these kingdoms to America would not be found very pleasant. He would, as a servant, have to eat, drink, and sleep, with the negro slaves; for, as the master cannot keep three tables, the white servant, unless he dine with his master, ("and I have heard of their doing that," writes Mr. Parkinson, with true British horror), must necessarily feed at the second table, which was that of the darkies. Another thing about which Mr. Parkinson complains most lamentably is, that among the white people in America they were all Mr. and Sir, or Madam and Miss — so that in conversation you could not discover which was the master and which the man — which the mistress or which the maid.

Now, our tourist explained, this custom of being called Mr. and Sir sat so uneasily upon an English servant, that he was sure speedily to become the greatest puppy imaginable, and much unpleasant, even, than the negro. Then, he adds, as all men imitate their betters in pride and consequence, when the negroes met together they were all Mr. and Madam among themselves. It was the same with respect to the manner of wearing their hair — almost every one, child or man, had his hair powdered or tied in a club. The negroes the same; but as the hair of the negroes is short, it was customary to hang lead to it during the week, that it might have length enough to be tied on the Sunday.

The Genuine Britisher's complaints increase thick and threefold throughout the volume; but they are so numerous that I cannot dwell

on them in detail. He tells us a story of one Mr. Grimes who invited him to his plantation on the Potowmac, made him a present of some veal, cabbages, and two bushels of oysters, and then threatened to shoot him because he did not approve of some Saintfoin plants he had in his garden. He grumbles about strangers walking into his parlour and lighting their pipes, or rambling, uninvited, in his orchards, pulling his peaches and nectarines, and denouncing him as an enemy of the human race, and an infringer of the rights of man. He tells of waggoners pulling up by his fields and roasting the ears of his Indian corn for themselves and their horses; of strange men borrowing (without asking) his horses, and returning them at a week's end, blown, out of condition, and often seriously injured. He describes the land as irretrievably barren, and requiring enormous expenditure to produce even a moderate crop. He speaks of the cattle as meagre, half-starved horses, never getting any hay, but fed on blades and slops, eaten up by a dreadful disease called the hollow-horn, and stung to madness by a horrible insect, a compound of mosquito, locust, and vampire, called the Hessian fly. The American oysters are bad, the poultry is execrable, the venison carrion, the horses under-sized, the government rotten. The people are vain, boasting, mendacious, drunken, artful, unprincipled, and unable to manufacture even a gun-flint. And when completely disgusted with the farming business, and the brewery business, upon which he entered as a subsequent speculation, our Genuine Britisher sells his stock at a loss and re-embarks for England with his family; he takes leave of the Americans by flinging in their teeth the powerful, though somewhat worn-out, sarcasm, that their fathers and grandfathers had been sent out as colonists, not of their own free-will, as he, Richard Parkinson, had been, but by the verdict of twelve honest men, and the warrant of their king. Oh! fifty years since! Oh! Grunpeck in mahogany tops!

I dare say Richard Parkinson was as honest, well-meaning, sincere a man as ever the sun shone upon. But his strong Grunpeckian prejudice forbade him to discern those coming events which fifty years ago were casting their shadows before, in America. He saw only coarse food, rough living, clumsy cultivation, and unpolished manners. It was not within his prejudiced ken to know that this ungainly Transatlantic baby, sprawling in a cradle of half-cleared forests, was a young giant, destined to grow up above the pines and the cedars, and the mountains, some day, and overshadow half the western world with his stature.

But Mr. Parkinson is gone, and his place knows him no more. I bear (as I have said) not the least animosity towards Grunpeck, yet I think that the sooner Grunpeck follows Parkinson, the better it will be for both sides

of the Atlantic. Perhaps Grunpeck and Parkinson may come to be of one mind, after all, in the Shades—who knows?

THE CHINESE POSTMAN.

How things will be done in the Celestial Empire when the end is made, of the Tartar dynasty of Brothers of the Sun, we cannot tell. Probably we shall not live to hear of the Pekin and Canton Railway, nor the Chinese penny-post. But, how things are now done on the "first form" of civilisation among the three hundred millions of people, so far as postal business is concerned, we proceed to tell.

We must begin with the Government Post. Its movements are all under the direction of the Board of War at Pekin. Sixteen postmasters are appointed by this Board, and distributed throughout the empire. From the capital to the different provinces, at intervals of twenty miles, are military stations which supply post couriers and horses. Fifty miles a day appears to be the celestial notion of post haste. No deviation from the ordinary route is allowed, although deviation might, in some instances, save both time and money. The times of departure from the capital are not fixed with precision; but it is generally on every sixth day that despatches are made up, all expenses of course being borne by the imperial exchequer.

This branch of government service is specially appropriated to the conveyance of the Imperial Gazettes, official notices of promotion, suspension, furlough, the formal announcements of the names of candidates who have succeeded in gaining literary honours at Pekin, and likewise the conveyance of special favours and marks of honour granted by the Emperor to his subjects in the shape of cash, buttons, or peacocks' feathers. Such government papers as are included under the category of "Special Replies," "All-important Edicts," "Positive Commands," "Private summonses to the Court," &c. are entrusted to express messengers—there are twenty-one of them connected with the Military Board—travelling on horseback at the rate of sixty, a hundred and twenty, or a hundred and eighty miles a day, according to the necessity of the case. Horses and mules are always in readiness, as well as couriers, at the various postal branches on the Emperor's high way. Sedan chairs too are at the service of these extraordinary couriers. The Government Post is, as we said, not open to the public; but, through the special favour got by help of friends at Court, plebeians may be so far privileged as to have one or two private notes transmitted under a stamped government cover, on the inflexible condition that the envelope contains no metal.

The postmen for the people form in China quite another class. They belong to co-opera-

tive societies of letter-carriers, who bear to and fro all the missives sent upon affairs of trade or family interest from Chinaman to Chinaman, in envelopes variously endorsed. To show how the ordinary Chinese postal business is conducted let us take one town, Shanghai, the northern open port, for an example. Of course the arrangements of the office there can be described only as they existed before the city of Shanghai fell into the hands of the revolutionary party :

Outside the small east gate of Shanghai, and in one of the most populous thoroughfares, stand the offices of a letter and parcel delivery company, called the Tienshun house. It transmits letters through four postal lines, connected with the first cities in the central provinces, Kiangnan, Kiangsi, Honan, and Chihkiang ; indirectly also with the remote country parts in those directions. Each of these lines is served separately by its own particular firm ; but the junction of the four at Shanghai is completed by the union of these four firms in a general partnership, limiting its own liabilities. Its mode of working will be understood by following it on any single line, say that which runs along the coast of Chihkiang, and extends to the N.E. corner of the Fokien province, a distance of not quite seven hundred miles. There are employed upon it sixteen postmen. The names of these are written in large characters upon a board hung up in the receiving house ; and most of them are partners in the business. There are fixed days for the receipt of letters on this line, making about twenty post days in the month. For each post day one man is nominated as carrier, and his name is regularly advertised upon the "letter-board," one day at least previous to his departure. Expresses may be had on the other days ; and if possible, public notice of an express is given, in order that the general public may participate in its advantages.

The clerk who receives any letter posted at the office, gives a receipt to the person bringing it ; he then places it upon a rack till the hour comes for a regular distribution and assortment. Several "letter-receipts" are in our hands ; the following is a translation of one given in exchange for a letter addressed to Peking :—

"30th year of Taoukwang, 5th Moon.

"This is to certify that we have received from— a letter, purporting to contain GOOD NEWS for dispatch to and safe delivery at the city of Peking,—of which, too, this paper is to be taken as a sufficient guarantee. Postage paid." (The office seal.)

As to the cost of postage, if the parties are well known, payment may be deferred until the letter is delivered. But in general it is required that at least half be paid at the receiving house. The rates vary according to distance as well as according to the contents of the despatch. All envelopes of single or double letters go under the head of "empty letters," provided they enclose no coin. The

charge for a letter upon this line of seven hundred miles, from the one terminus to the other, is about five shillings and sixpence ; but as this was the charge made by a native on a foreigner, it is probably above the honest rate. The utmost caution is exercised in admitting money enclosures of gold, silver, or copper. Of these the carriers require special notice at the receiving office, prior to the exchange of duly stamped receipts. Failing this, the company considers itself free from responsibility in case of accident or loss. In carrying all letters and packages properly entered, the society engages to incur the entire risk of loss and damage, except from weather and (the most pressing of all risks in China) robbers.

On the day of despatch, after the covers have been examined, sorted, and marked with the office stamp, the bag is made up and entrusted to the custody of the messenger for the day. He forthwith starts upon his journey, which he pursues on foot or by boat, though not at one half the average speed of the English postboy seventy years ago, "which then was about three miles and a half per hour." It is understood that the bearer prosecutes his route uninterruptedly and indefatigably, sparing no exertions, using every means, and undaunted by obstacles, until he shall reach his journey's end. He does his mile and a half an hour, according to the circular of one of these post-offices, "spreading out the heavens overhead, carrying the moon, shunning neither rain nor snow, labouring with the sweat of his brow, and running with all haste."

Most, if not all, establishments for posting letters before being set on foot, have to apply to the local authorities for sanction and protection. Two separate post-offices were opened at Soochow, the one in the year eighteen hundred and fifty two, the other in eighteen hundred and forty three ; the former for conveyance of letters to Nanking, the latter running direct into the province of Honan. The circulars of both of them begin in the same strain : "We, the undersigned, during — month, applied to our local authorities for their sanction and permission to open the — Post-Office. In compliance with our petition, their worshipships have given orders, forbidding any others assuming the same designation as that of our firm, and granting us the right of appeal in case of any violation of our special privilege."

We annex the prospectus of one of the chief offices in Soochow. It conveys letters to Canton, a distance of one thousand three hundred miles.

CIRCULAR.—We, the undersigned, are humbly of opinion that the sure, safe, and speedy delivery of letters to and fro depends mainly on the punctuality of the post. Of late, this important business having been undertaken by really too many,—although the greater part have been true to their word, yet not a few have broken faith with the public. Now if it indeed be deemed requisite to fix on days of departure

and arrival,—is it not equally necessary that the party, who undertakes this responsibility, should spare no exertion, whether by day or by night, in fair or in foul weather, to fulfil his obligations to the utmost? Under such circumstances, no delays will occur, and there will be a good prospect of meeting the wishes and promoting the views of the mercantile community.

By this test of punctuality, the undersigned are content to have their diligence and fidelity tried, and known to all whom it concerns.

We, a company of twenty men, pledged to stand security for each other, have set on foot a postal establishment in the city of Suchau, and have agreed, (each in his turn) to start from this, upon the third, sixth, ninth, thirteenth, sixteenth, nineteenth, twenty-third, twenty-sixth, and twenty-ninth of every month, and visit all the places on our lines.

Should we be honoured with the patronage of the mercantile community and entrusted with letters, money enclosures, and other valuables, we earnestly beg they will deliver said articles as early as possible at this office for the sake of having them duly entered upon the books, to render future reference both easy and convenient. With the same object, every postman is provided with the office-seal in order to give security for all letters that may be received on the way.

Should any losses of these monies, occur through negligence, this house undertakes to make due compensation. But, in case any thing is lost or mis-carried that has not been in due form lodged at this office and entered upon its journals, it must be distinctly understood that this company will not consider itself in any way responsible for such.

We also beg to give notice of the following particulars:

First,—Should any merchant or merchants engage an express for special despatches, and stipulate as to the time of delivery and the charge for postage, let it be understood that, in case of unavoidable delay, either from the severe inclemency of the weather, or from the failure of the postboy's health, there is to be no reduction of the postage fees.

Second,—The mercantile community must forgive us for suggesting, that we hope they will not enclose too many letters belonging to other parties within the envelopes presented by themselves; as the bulk of the letter bag may thereby be increased beyond the strength of the postman, and thus occasion delay and irregularity in the delivery of letters, as well as in the return of the post.

Third,—Should any of the postmen be found guilty of dilatoriness or any violation of our engagements, we will pay a fine of five shillings upon every such instance, which penalty shall be appropriated to defray the religious services of our establishment.

Fourth,—Should any empty letter be lost, we engage to pay a fine of five shillings, to be laid up for public use.

There are short postal districts, served by men on foot; and the letters carried in this way are called "foot-letters." These posts are sometimes included within the limits of one town with its environs; sometimes they connect neighbouring places. The letter bearers perform their journey at a gentle trot; being lightly clad and burdened only with a small umbrella, and a wallet thrown across the shoulders.

Despatches sent often to great distances by boat, when the line of water communication is complete, are called "boat-letters." And

there occurs again another form of post communication in the rural districts, as the green tea country, where constant correspondence has to be kept up with important markets and ports. There they have the "letter-merchant," who, as to his duties and liabilities, corresponds to the country carrier of former days in England.

There is also a notion afloat in China about letters transmitted by fishes. A Chinaman often calls a letter by a synonymous word which means "a pair of carp fishes," and upon its envelope he sometimes draws a picture of two fishes. The origin of this notion is traced to the following passage in one of their classic works—"A stranger from a distance presented me with a pair of carp fishes: I ordered my boy to cook them; when, lo and behold! he found a letter for me in the stomach of each."

PASSING FACES.

WE have no need to go abroad to study ethnology. A walk through the streets of London will show us specimens of every human variety known. Not pur sang, of course, but transmitted (diluted too) through the Anglo-Saxon medium,—special characteristics necessarily not left very sharply defined. It takes a tolerably quick eye, and the educated perceptions of an artist, to trace the original lines through the successive shadings made by many generations of a different race. But still those lines are to be seen by all who know how to look for them, or who understand them when they are before them. The broad distinctions of Saxon, Celt, and Norman, are easily recognised. And, of course, we know negroes when we see them, and can give a tolerably shrewd guess at a Lascar or a Chinaman. But, few people dream of tracing out the Jewish ancestor in that Christianised descendant of three or four generations, though the Hebrew sign is distinctly marked in the very midst of blue eyes, fair skin, and flaxen hair. People seldom judge of races excepting by colour. The form and the features go for nothing. Who assigns the turned lip, the yellow-white eye, the flat forehead, the spreading nostril, the square chest, the tow-like hair, the long heel, back to their respective races? Who spys the Red Indian, or the Malay, or the Nubian, or the Fin, hidden, like the yellow dwarf, in the lower branches of a respectable English gentleman's genealogical tree? Who detects the Tartar in his West-End friend,—unless it be that metaphorical Tartar which a man sometimes catches in his wife? And who can swear to the Slavonian, with an English name, who speaks perfect Saxon, and wears a Nicoll's paletot? Yet we are always encountering diluted specimens of these and other races, who perhaps don't know as much of their own ancestry as we can read to them from nature's evidence.

printed in an unmistakeable type on their own faces.

It is perfectly incredible what a large number of ugly people one sees. One wonders where they can possibly have come from,—from what invading tribe of savages or monkies. We meet faces that are scarcely human,—positively brutified out of all trace of intelligence by vice, gin, and want of education; but beside this sad class, there are the simply ugly faces, with all the lines turned the wrong way, and all the colours in the wrong places; and then there are the bird and beast faces, of which Gavarni's caricatures are faithful portraits. Doesn't everybody count a crane and a secretary-bird among his acquaintances?—tall men, with sloping shoulders and slender legs, with long necks, which no cravat or stock can cover, with small heads;—if a crane, the hair cropped short; if a secretary-bird, worn long and flung back on to the shoulders, that look as if they were sliding down-hill in a fright. These are the men who are called elegant—good lord!—and who maunder through life in a daff state of simpering dilettanteism, but who never thought a man's thought, nor did a man's work, since they were born. Every one knows, too, the hawk's face—about gambling-tables and down in the City very common—and the rook's, and the jackdaw's; and some of us are troubled with the distressing neighbourhood of a foolish man-snipe, and some of us have had our intimate owls and favourite parrots; though the man-parrot is not a desirable companion in general.

But the beast-faces, there is no limit to them! Dogs alone supply the outlines of half the portraits we know. There is the bull-dog,—that man in the brown suit yonder, with bandy legs and heavy shoulders,—did you ever see a kenneled muzzle more thoroughly the bull-dog than this? The small eyes close under the brows, the smooth bullet forehead, heavy jaw, and snub nose, all are essentially of the bull-dog breed, and at the same time essentially British. Then the mastiff, with the double-bass voice and the square hanging jaw; and the shabby-looking turnspit, with his hair staring out at all sides, and his eyes drawn up to its roots; and the greyhound, lean of rib and sharp of face; and the terrier—who is often a lawyer—with a snarl in his voice and a kind of restlessness in his eye, as if mentally worrying a rat—his client; and the Skye, all beard and moustache and glossy curls, with a plaintive expression of countenance and an exceedingly meek demeanour; and the noble old Newfoundland dog, perhaps a brave old soldier from active service, who is chivalrous to women and gentle to children, and who repels petty annoyances with a grand patience that is veritably heroic. Reader, if you know a Newfoundland-dog man, cherish him, stupid as he probably will be, yet he is worth your love. Then we have horse-faced men; and

men like camels, with quite the camel lip; and the sheep-faced man, with the forehead retreating from his long energetic nose,—smooth men without whiskers, and with shining hair cut close, and not curling, like pointers; the lion-man, he is a grand fellow; and the bull-headed man; the flat serpent head; and the tiger's, like an inverted pyramid; the giraffe's lengthy unhelpfulness; and the sharp red face of the fox. Don't we meet men like these at every step we take in London?—and if we know any such intimately, don't we invariably find that their characters correspond somewhat with their persons?

The women, too—we have likenesses for them. I know a woman who might have been the ancestress of all the rabbits in all the hutches in England. A soft downy-looking, fair, placid woman, with long hair looping down like ears, and an innocent face of mingled timidity and surprise. She is a sweet-tempered thing, always eating or sleeping; who breathes hard when she goes upstairs, and who has as few brains in working order as a human being can get on with. She is just a human rabbit, and nothing more; and she looks like one. We all know the setter woman—the best of all the types—graceful, animated, well-formed, intelligent, with large eyes and wavy hair, who walks with a firm tread but a light one, and who can turn her hand to anything. The true setter woman is always married; she is the real woman of the world. Then there is the Blenheim spaniel, who covers up her face in her ringlets and holds down her head when she talks, and who is shy and timid. And there is the greyhound woman, with lantern-jaws and braided hair, and large knuckles, generally rather distorted. There is the cat woman, too; elegant, stealthy, clever, caressing; who walks without noise and is great in the way of endearment. No limbs are so supple as hers, no backbone so wonderfully pliant; no voice so sweet, no manners so endearing. She extracts your secrets from you before you know that you have spoken; and half-an-hour's conversation with that graceful, purring woman, has revealed to her every most dangerous fact it has been your life's study to hide. The cat woman is a dangerous animal. She has claws hidden in that velvet paw, and she can draw blood when she unsheathes them. Then there is the cow-faced woman, generally of phlegmatic temperament and melancholy disposition, given to pious books and teetotalism. And there is the lurcher woman, the strong-visaged, strong-minded female, who wears rough coats with men's pockets and large bone buttons, and whose bonnets fling a spiteful defiance at both beauty and fashion. This is that wonderful creature who electrifies foreigners by climbing their mountains in a mongrel-kind of attire, in which men's cloth

trowsers form the most striking feature; and who goes about the business of life in a rough, gruff, lurcher-like fashion, as if grace and beauty were the two cardinal sins of womanhood and she were on a "mission" to put them down. This is not a desirable animal. We have women like merino sheep: they wear their hair over their eyes and far on to their necks. And women like poodle dogs, with fuzzy heads and round eyes; women like kangaroos, with short arms and a clumsy kind of hop when they walk; and we have active, intelligent little women, with just the faintest suspicion of a rat's face on them as they look watchfully after the servants and inspect the mysteries of the jam closet. Then there are pretty little loving marmoset faces. I know the very transcript of that golden-haired Silky Tamarin in the Zoological Gardens. It is a gentle, plaintive, loving creature, with large liquid brown eyes, that have always a tear behind them and a look of soft reproach in them; its hair hangs in a profusion of golden-brown curls—not curls so much as a mass of waving tresses; it is a creeping, nestling, clinging thing, that seems as if it wants always to bury itself in some one's arms—as if the world outside were all too large and cold for it. There is the horsefaced woman, too, as well as the horsefaced man; and there is the turnspit woman, with her ragged head and blunt common nose. In fact, there are female varieties of all the male types we have mentioned, excepting, perhaps, the lion woman. I have never seen a true lion-headed woman, excepting in that black Egyptian figure, sitting with her hands on her two knees, and grinning grimly on the Museum world, as Bubastis, the lion-headed goddess of the Nile.

Well, then, as we walk through London, we have two subjects of contemplation in the passing faces hurrying by—their races and their likenesses. Now to their social condition and their histories, stamped on them as legibly as arms are painted on a carriage-panel.

In the city alone are several varieties of our modern Englishman. There are the smart men, who wear jaunty hats and well-trimmed moustaches; who drive to their places of business in cabs with tigers, and who evidently think they are paying commerce a compliment by making their fortunes out of it. And there are the staid respectable, city men, who live in the suburbs, ride in omnibuses, and wear great coats of superseded cut; who carry umbrellas, shaven chins, and national whiskers, and are emphatically the city men. And there are equivocal-looking men, who are evidently unsubstantial speculators without capital, and who trade on airy thousands when they want money enough to buy a dinner. Don't we all know these men, with their keen faces and bad hats, their eager walk and trowsers bulged out at the knees! Don't we all know

the very turn of their black satin handkerchief pinned with that paste pin—a claw holding a pearl—all sham, every bit of it, excepting the claw, which is allegorical—and folded so as to hide the soiled and crumpled shirt? Don't we see by their very boots that they are men of straw? For, by right of unpaid bills, the landlady is impertinent or the servant disrespectful, and these necessary coverings are therefore left in a dusty and unenlightened condition. These are the men who are the curse of the commercial world. Unscrupulous, shifty, careless of the ruin which their false schemes may bring on their dupes when the bubble bursts and the day of reckoning comes. In the city, too, about the doors of the banks and offices and the city clubs, are standing old men dirty and worn. Perhaps they were once clerks in the very offices at the doors of which they now lounge to serve any cab or carriage that may drive up. You never see such men anywhere but in the city; not with the same amount of intelligence and abject poverty combined. In better days they may perhaps have shovelled you out gold in shining scoops or have checked your cash-book for thousands.

Then there are Jews; with that clever, sensual, crafty countenance, which contains the epitome of the whole Hebrew history; with their jewellery and flashy dress. And there are young thieves, with downcast eyes and a wholesome fear of the policeman; but every now and then a sharp glance that seems to take in a whole world of purses and pockets, and to subtract your money like magic from your hand. These have generally an older lad, or young man, lounging near them. You would scarcely believe him their companion, he looks so staid and respectable; but he is. The young thieves are not confined to the city, unhappily. You see them everywhere. Turning vaguely down any street where they think they see a victim; walking without aim or purpose or business in their walk; dressed incongruously—with some one, or perhaps two articles of dress perfectly good, and the rest in tatters; bearing no signs of special trade or of work about them; a strange kind of cunning, rather than of intelligence, in their faces: these are the marks of the thieves.

Turning westward, carriages and moustaches increase; queerly dressed people and carts decrease. You see fewer policemen, as such; but more acute-looking men in plain clothes, on the look out for evidence or a criminal. And you see more ladies. Here is one in all the pride of her new maternity, walking with nurse by her side carrying baby in a maze of ribbons, laces, and embroidery. Sometimes it is a blue baby, sometimes a pink one, or a light green or a stone colour; not often a white one in London, because of the soot. You read in the face of this young wife pleasant

revelations of love and happiness, with all the gloss of newness on the marriage ring as yet. You read of a pretty home, with the clean bright furniture arranged like pretty play-things, and re-arranged almost daily; of sisters coming to stay, full of pride and love, and thinking Henry the most charming brother possible.

You meet the strong-minded woman always, and always recognisable under her various disguises—the lurcher still and ever. And you meet the silly little woman whose bonnets are farther off her head, whose petticoats are longer—especially in dirty weather—and whose cloaks are shorter, than everybody's else; orange girls with bloated faces, flattened bonnets, and torn shawls; butter boys with greasy jackets; butcher boys with greasy hair; newspaper boys, impudent and vocal; ragged school boys, in red jackets or green, cleaning your honour's shoes for a penny, and with a strange expression of hope and redemption in their faces; tigers, pages—all buttons and silver lace, poor monkies; vulgar boys, coming from school; charity schoolboys, dressed out of all reason; foreigners with beards, hooded cloaks, slouched hats, and smoking; artists imitating them—very badly; shopmen, oily and pert; country clergymen up for the day, with a train of women the reverse of fashionable; guardsmen; soldiers, lately in old-fashioned hunting-coats; footmen; workmen, all lime and paint; pretty girls and lovely children: this is the London world as seen in the London streets, and met with every day.

And what a world it is, as it passes so swiftly by! The hopes, the joys, the deadly fears; the triumph here, the ruin there; the quiet heroism, the secret sin—what a tumult of human passions burning like fire in the volcano of human life! Look at that pale woman, with red eyes, sunken cheeks, and that painful thinness of the shabby genteel. She is the wife of a gambler, once an honourable and a wealthy man, now sunk to the lowest depths of moral degradation—fast sinking to the lowest depths of social poverty as well. He came home last night, half mad. The broad bruise on her shoulder beneath that flimsy shawl would tell its own tale, if you saw it. Her husband's hand used once to fall in a softer fashion there than it fell last night. She has come to-day to pawn some of her clothes; the first time in her miserable career that this task has been forced on her: by this day next year she will have known every pawnbroker's shop in the quarter. Lucky for her, if she does not come to know every ginshop as well! This little woman laughing in the shrill voice, ran away from her home a year ago. She is laughing now to choke back the tears which gushed to her strained eyes as the baby in the white long cloak was carried by. She left one about the same age, on the hot summer's night when she fled from all that good men

reverence. Those tears show that conscience is not all dead within her yet. Poor mother! the day will come when that false laughter will no longer choke back those penitent sobs; when you will forget to smile, and learn to weep and pray! The downcast man stalking moodily along has just lost his last farthing on the Stock Exchange. He is going home now to break the news to his wife, and to arrange for a flight across the Channel. He, this moment jostling him, was married last week to an heiress, and a pretty one too; he is humming an opera tune as he walks briskly home to his temporary lodgings, and wondering what people can find in life to make them so miserable and dull! For his part, he finds this world a jolly place enough; and so might others too, if they chose, he says. That pale youth sauntering feebly, dined out last night, and woke with a headache this morning. He wears a glass in his eye, and is qualifying himself for manliness and—death, by a course of dissipation. He has just come to his fortune, which he won't enjoy many years, unless he finds out that he is living the life of a fool—and he must grow wiser before he can find out that. The clean respectable woman of middle age is a gentleman's housekeeper coming from her visits among the poor. She has just taken some wine to a sick woman down in a filthy street in Westminster, and some socks and flannel to a family of destitute children. There is much more of this kind of charity than we see on the surface of society; though still not so much as is wanted. The sweet-looking girl walking alone, and dressed all in dove-colour, is an authoress; and the man with bright eyes and black hair, who has just lifted his hat to her and walks on, with a certain slouch in his shoulders that belongs to a man of business, is an author, and an editor; a pope, a Jupiter, a czar in his own domain, against whose fiat there is neither redress nor appeal. No despotism is equal to the despotism of an editor.

Past the Circus—up Regent Street, lingering to look at some of the beautiful things set up in the windows—through Oxford Street, and towards the Marble Arch—crowds on crowds still meet; and face after face, full of meaning, turned towards you as you pass; signs of all nations and races of men pass you, unknown of all and to themselves whence they came; beasts and birds dressed in human form; tragedies in broad-cloth, farces in rags; passions sweeping through the air like tropical storms, and silent virtues stealing by like moonlight; LIFE, in all its boundless power of joy and suffering—this is the great picture-book to be read in London streets; these are the wild notes to be listened to; this the strange mass of pathos, poetry, caricature, and beauty which lie heaped up together without order or distinctive heading, and which men endorse as Society and the World.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE THOUSAND AND ONE HUMBUGS.

EVERYBODY is acquainted with that enchanting collection of stories, the *Thousand and One Nights*, better known in England as the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. Most people know that these wonderful fancies are unquestionably of genuine Eastern origin, and are to be found in Arabic manuscripts now existing in the Vatican, in Paris, in London, and in Oxford; the last-named city being particularly distinguished in this connection, as possessing, in the library of Christchurch, a manuscript of the never to be forgotten *Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor*.

The civilised world is indebted to France for a vast amount of its possessions, and among the rest for the first opening to Europe of this gorgeous storehouse of Eastern riches. So well did M. GALLAND, the original translator, perform his task, that when Mr. WORTLEY MONTAGUE brought home the manuscript now in the Bodleian Library, there was found (poetical quotations excepted), to be very little, and that of a very inferior kind, to add to what M. Galland had already made perfectly familiar to France and England.

Thus much as to the *Thousand and One Nights*, we recal, by way of introduction to the discovery we are about to announce.

There has lately fallen into our hands, a manuscript in the Arabic Character (with which we are perfectly acquainted), containing a variety of stories extremely similar in structure and incident to the *Thousand and One Nights*; but presenting the strange feature that although they are evidently of ancient origin, they have a curious accidental bearing on the present time. Allowing for the difference of manners and customs, it would often seem—were it not for the manifest impossibility of such prophetic knowledge in any mere man or men—that they were written expressly with an eye to events of the current age. We have referred the manuscript (which may be seen at our office on the first day of April in every year, at precisely four o'clock in the morning), to the profoundest Oriental Scholars of England and France, who are no less sensible than we are ourselves of this remarkable coincidence, and are equally at a loss to account for it. They are agreed, we

may observe, on the propriety of our rendering the title in the words, *The Thousand and One Humbugs*. For, although the Eastern story-tellers do not appear to have possessed any word, or combination of parts of words, precisely answering to the modern English *Humbug* (which, indeed, they expressed by the figurative phrase, *A Camel made of sand*), there is no doubt that they were conversant with so common a thing, and further that the thing was expressly meant to be designated in the general title of the Arabic manuscript now before us. Dispensing with further explanation, we at once commence the specimens we shall occasionally present, of this literary curiosity.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Among the ancient Kings of Persia who extended their glorious conquests into the Indies, and far beyond the famous River Ganges, even to the limits of China, *TAXED-TAURUS* (or *Fleeced Bull*) was incomparably the most renowned. He was so rich that he scorned to undertake the humblest enterprise without inaugurating it by ordering his Treasurers to throw several millions of pieces of gold into the dirt. For the same reason he attached no value to his foreign possessions, but merely used them as playthings for a little while, and then always threw them away or lost them.

This wise Sultan, though blessed with innumerable sources of happiness, was afflicted with one fruitful cause of discontent. He had been married many scores of times, yet had never found a wife to suit him. Although he had raised to the dignity of *Howsa Kumauns** (or *Peerless Chatterer*), a great variety of beautiful creatures, not only of the lineage of the high nobles of his court, but also selected from other classes of his subjects, the result had uniformly been the same. They proved unfaithful, brazen, talkative, idle, extravagant, inefficient, and boastful. Thus it naturally happened that a *Howsa Kumauns* very rarely died a natural death, but was generally cut short in some violent manner.

At length, the young and lovely *Reefawm* (that is to say *Light of Reason*), the youngest

* Sounded like *House o' Commons*.

and fairest of all the Sultan's wives, and to whom he had looked with hope to recompense him for his many disappointments, made as bad a Howsa Kummauns as any of the rest. The unfortunate Taxedtaurus took this so much to heart that he fell into a profound melancholy, secluded himself from observation, and for some time was so seldom seen or heard of that many of his great officers of state supposed him to be dead.

Shall I never, said the unhappy Monarch, beating his breast in his retirement in the Pavilion of Failure, and giving vent to his tears, find a Howsa Kummauns, who will be true to me! He then quoted from the Poet, certain verses importing, Every Howsa Kummauns has deceived me, Every Howsa Kummauns is a Humbug, I must slay the present Howsa Kummauns as I have slain so many others, I am brought to shame and mortification, I am despised by the world. After which his grief so overpowered him, that he fainted away.

It happened that on recovering his senses he heard the voice of the last-made Howsa Kummauns, in the Divan adjoining. Applying his ear to the lattice, and finding that that shameless Princess was vaunting her loyalty and virtue, and denying a host of facts—which she always did, all night—the Sultan drew his scimitar in a fury, resolved to put an end to her existence.

But, the Grand Vizier Parmarstoon (or Twirling Weathercock), who was at that moment watching his incensed master from behind the silken curtains of the Pavilion of Failure, hurried forward and prostrated himself, trembling, on the ground. This Vizier had newly succeeded to Abaddeen (or the Addled), who had for his misdeeds been strangled with a garter.

The breath of the slave, said the Vizier, is in the hands of his Lord, but the Lion will sometimes deign to listen to the croaking of the frog. I swear to thee, Vizier, replied the Sultan, that I have borne too much already and will bear no more. Thou and the Howsa Kummauns are in one story, and by the might of Allah and the beard of the Prophet, I have a mind to destroy ye both!

When the Vizier heard the Sultan thus menace him with destruction, his heart drooped within him. But, being a brisk and ready man, though stricken in years, he quoted certain lines from the Poet, implying that the thunder-cloud often spares the leaf or there would be no fruit, and touched the ground with his forehead in token of submission. What wouldst thou say? demanded the generous Prince, I give thee leave to speak. Thou art not unaccustomed to public speaking; speak glibly! Sire, returned the Vizier, but for the dread of the might of my Lord, I would reply in the words addressed by the ignorant man to the Genie. And what

were those words? demanded the Sultan. Repeat them! Parmarstoon replied, To hear is to obey:

THE STORY OF THE IGNORANT MAN AND THE GENIE.

Sire, on the barbarous confines of the kingdom of the Tartars, there dwelt an ignorant man, who was obliged to make a journey through the Great Desert of Desolation; which, as your Majesty knows, is sometimes a journey of upwards of three score and ten years. He bade adieu to his mother very early in the morning, and departed without a guide, ragged, barefoot, and alone. He found the way surprisingly steep and rugged, and beset by vile serpents and strange unintelligible creatures of horrible shapes. It was likewise full of black bogs and pits, into which he not only fell himself, but often had the misfortune to drag other travellers whom he encountered, and who got out no more, but were miserably stifled.

Sire, on the fourteenth day of the journey of the ignorant man of the kingdom of the Tartars, he sat down to rest by the side of a foul well (being unable to find a better), and there cracked for a repast, as he best could, a very hard nut, which was all he had about him. He threw the shell anywhere as he stripped it off, and having made an end of his meal arose to wander on again, when suddenly the air was darkened, he heard a frightful cry, and saw a monstrous Genie, of gigantic stature, who brandished a mighty scimitar in a hand of iron, advancing towards him. Rise, ignorant beast, said the monster, as he drew nigh, that I, Law, may kill thee for having affronted my ward. Alas, my lord, returned the ignorant man, how can I have affronted thy ward whom I never saw? He is invisible to thee, returned the Genie, because thou art a benighted barbarian; but if thou hadst ever learnt any good thing thou wouldst have seen him plainly, and wouldst have respected him. Lord of my life, pleaded the traveller, how could I learn where there were none to teach me, and how affront thy ward whom I have not the power to see? I tell thee, returned the Genie, that with thy pernicious refuse thou hast struck my ward, Prince Socieetee, in the apple of the eye; and because thou hast done this, I will be thy ruin. I maim and kill the like of thee by thousands every year, for no other crime. And shall I spare thee? Kneel and receive the blow.

Your Majesty will believe (continued the Grand Vizier) that the ignorant man of the kingdom of the Tartars, gave himself up for lost when he heard those cruel words. Without so much as repeating the formula of our faith—There is but one Allah, from him we come, to him we must return, and who shall resist his will (for he was too ignorant even to have heard it), he bent his neck to receive the fatal stroke. His head rolled off as he finished

saying these words: Dread Law, if thou hadst taken half the pains to teach me to discern thy ward that thou hast taken to avenge him, thou hadst been spared the great account to which I summon thee!

Taxedtaurus the Sultan of Persia listened attentively to this recital on the part of his Grand Vizier, and when it was concluded said, with a threatening brow, Expound to me, O, nephew of a dog! the points of resemblance between the Tiger and the Nightingale, and what thy ignorant man of the accursed kingdom of the Tartars has to do with the false Howsa Kummauns and the glib Vizier Parmarstoon! While speaking he again raised his glittering scimeter. Let not my master sully the sole of his foot by crushing an insect, returned the Vizier, kissing the ground seven times, I meant but to offer up a petition from the dust, that the Light of the eyes of the Faithful would, before striking, deign to hear my daughter. What of thy daughter? said the Sultan impatiently, and why should I hear thy daughter any more than the daughter of the dirtiest of the dustmen? Sire, returned the Vizier, I am dirtier than the dirtiest of the dustmen in your Majesty's sight, but my daughter is deeply read in the history of every Howsa Kummauns who has aspired to your Majesty's favour during many years, and if your Majesty would condescend to hear some of the Legends she has to relate, they might—What dost thou call thy daughter? demanded the Sultan, interrupting. Hansardadade, replied the Vizier. Go, said the Sultan, bring her hither. I spare thy life until thou shalt return.

The Grand Vizier Parmarstoon, on receiving the injunction to bring his daughter Hansardadade into the royal presence, lost no time in repairing to his palace which was but across the Sultan's gardens, and going straight to the women's apartments, found Hansardadade surrounded by a number of old women who were all consulting her at once. In truth, this affable Princess was perpetually being referred to, by all manner of old women. Hastily causing her attendants, when she heard her father's errand, to attire her in her finest dress which outsparkled the sun; and bidding her young sister, Brothartoon (or Chamber Candlestick), to make similar preparations and accompany her; the daughter of the Grand Vizier soon covered herself with a rich veil, and said to her father, with a low obeisance, Sir, I am ready to attend you, to my Lord, the Commander of the Faithful.

The Grand Vizier, and his daughter Hansardadade, and her young sister Brothartoon, preceded by Mistaspeeka, a black mute, the Chief of the officers of the royal Seraglio, went across the Sultan's gardens by the way the Vizier had come, and arriving at the Sultan's palace, found that monarch on his throne surrounded by his principal counsellors and officers of state. They all four prostrated

themselves at a distance, and waited the Sultan's pleasure. That gracious prince was troubled in his mind when he commanded the fair Hansardadade (who, on the whole, was very fair indeed), to approach, for he had sworn an oath in the Vizier's absence from which he could not depart. Nevertheless, as it must be kept, he proceeded to announce it before the assembly. Vizier, said he, thou hast brought thy daughter here, as possessing a large stock of Howsa Kummauns experience, in the hope of her relating something that may soften me under my accumulated wrongs. Know that I have solemnly sworn that if her stories fail—as I believe they will—to mitigate my wrath, I will have her burned and her ashes cast to the winds! Also, I will strangle thee and the present Howsa Kummauns, and will take a new one every day and strangle her as soon as taken, until I find a good and true one. Parmarstoon replied, To hear is to obey.

Hansardadade then took a one-stringed lute, and sang a lengthened song in prose. Its purport was, I am the recorder of brilliant eloquence, I am the chronicler of patriotism, I am the pride of sages, and the joy of nations. The continued salvation of the country is owing to what I preserve, and without it there would be no business done. Sweet are the voices of the crow and chough, and Persia never never can have words enough. At the conclusion of this delightful strain, the Sultan and the whole divan were so faint with rapture that they remained in a comatose state for seven hours.

Would your Majesty, said Hansardadade, when all were at length recovered, prefer first to hear the story of the Wonderful Camp, or the story of the Talkative Barber, or the story of Scarli Tapa and the Forty Thieves? I would have thee commence, replied the Sultan, with the story of the Forty Thieves.

Hansardadade began, Sire, there was once a poor relation—when Brothartoon interposed. Dear sister, cried Brothartoon, it is now past midnight, it will be shortly daybreak, and if you are not asleep, you ought to be. I pray you, dear sister, by all means to hold your tongue to-night, and if my Lord the Sultan will suffer you to live another day, you can talk to-morrow. The Sultan arose with a clouded face, but went out without giving any orders for the execution.

SISTER ROSE.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

THE head-gaoler of St. Lazare stood in the outer hall of the prison, two days after the arrest at Trudaine's lodgings, smoking his morning pipe. Looking towards the court-yard gate, he saw the wicket opened, and a privileged man let in, whom he soon recognised as the chief-agent of the second section of Secret Police. "Why friend Lomague," cried the gaoler, advancing towards

the court-yard, "what brings you here this morning, business, or pleasure?"

"Pleasure, this time, citizen. I have an idle hour or two to spare for a walk. I find myself passing the prison, and I can't resist calling in to see how my friend the head-gaoler is getting on." Lomaque spoke in a surprisingly brisk and airy manner. His eyes were suffering under a violent fit of weakness and winking; but he smiled, notwithstanding, with an air of the most inveterate cheerfulness. Those old enemies of his, who always distrusted him most when his eyes were most affected, would have certainly disbelieved every word of the friendly speech he had just made, and would have assumed it as a matter of fact that his visit to the head-gaoler had some specially underhand business at the bottom of it.

"How am I getting on?" said the gaoler, shaking his head. "Overworked, friend—overworked. No idle hours in our department. Even the guillotine is getting too slow for us!"

"Sent off your batch of prisoners for trial this morning?" asked Lomaque, with an appearance of perfect unconcern.

"No; they're just going," answered the other. "Come and have a look at them." He spoke as if the prisoners were a collection of pictures on view, or a set of dresses just made up. Lomaque nodded his head, still with his air of happy holiday carelessness. The gaoler led the way to an inner hall; and, pointing lazily with his pipe-stem, said: "Our morning batch, citizen, just ready for the baking."

In one corner of the hall were huddled together more than thirty men and women, of all ranks and ages; some staring round them, with looks of blank despair; some laughing and gossiping, recklessly. Near them lounged a guard of "Patriots," smoking, spitting, and swearing. Between the patriots and the prisoners sat, on a rickety stool, the second gaoler—a hump-backed man, with an immense red moustachio—finishing his breakfast of broad beans, which he scooped out of a basin with his knife, and washed down with copious draughts of wine from the bottle. Carelessly as Lomaque looked at the shocking scene before him, his quick eyes contrived to take note of every prisoner's face, and to deserv, in a few minutes, Trudaine and his sister standing together at the back of the group.

"Now then, Apollo!" cried the head-gaoler, addressing his subordinate by a facetious prison nickname, "don't be all day starting that trumpery batch of yours! And harkye, friend, I have leave of absence, on business, at my section, this afternoon. So it will be your duty to read the list for the guillotine, and chalk the prisoners' doors before the cart comes to-morrow morning. 'Ware the bottle, Apollo, to-day; 'ware the

bottle, for fear of accidents with the death-list to-morrow."

"Thirsty July weather, this,—eh, citizen?" said Lomaque, leaving the head-gaoler, and patting the hunchback, in the friendliest manner, on the shoulder. "Why, how you have got your batch huddled up together this morning! Shall I help you to shove them into marching order? My time is quite at your disposal. This is a holiday morning with me!"

"Ha! ha! ha! what a jolly dog he is on his holiday morning!" exclaimed the head-gaoler, as Lomaque—apparently taking leave of his natural character altogether, in the exhilaration of an hour's unexpected leisure—began pushing and pulling the prisoners into rank, with humorous mock apologies, at which, not the officials only, but many of the victims themselves—reckless victims of a reckless tyranny—laughed heartily. Persevering to the last in his practical jest, Lomaque contrived to get close to Trudaine for a minute, and to give him one significant look before he seized him by the shoulders, like the rest. "Now, then, rear-guard," cried Lomaque, pushing Trudaine on. "Close the line of march, and mind you keep step with your young woman, there. Pluck up your spirits, citoyenne! one gets used to everything in this world, even to the guillotine!"

While he was speaking, and pushing at the same time, Trudaine felt a piece of paper slip quickly between his neck and his cravat. "Courage!" he whispered, pressing his sister's hand, as he saw her shuddering under the assumed brutality of Lomaque's joke.

Surrounded by the guard of "patriots," the procession of prisoners moved slowly into the outer court-yard, on its way to the revolutionary tribunal, the hump-backed gaoler bringing up the rear. Lomaque was about to follow at some little distance; but the head-gaoler hospitably expostulated. "What a hurry you're in!" said he. "Now that incorrigible drinker, my second in command, has gone off with his batch, I don't mind asking you to step in, and have a drop of wine."

"Thank you," answered Lomaque; "but I have rather a fancy for hearing the trial this morning. Suppose I come back afterwards! What time do you go to your section? At two o'clock, eh? Good! I shall try if I can't get here soon after one." With these words he nodded and went out. The brilliant sunlight in the court-yard made him wink faster than ever. Had any of his old enemies been with him, they would have whispered within themselves—"If you mean to come back at all, citizen Lomaque, it will not be soon after one!"

On his way through the streets, the chief-agent met one or two police-office friends, who delayed his progress; so that when he arrived at the revolutionary tribunal, the trials of the day were just about to begin. The

principal article of furniture in the Hall of Justice was a long clumsy deal table, covered with green baize. At the head of this table sat the president and his court, with their hats on, backed by a heterogeneous collection of patriots officially connected in various ways with the proceedings that were to take place. Below the front of the table, a railed-off space, with a gallery beyond, was appropriated to the general public—mostly represented as to the gallery, on this occasion, by women, all sitting together on forms, knitting, shirt-mending, and baby-linen-making, as coolly as if they were at home. Parallel with the side of the table farthest from the great door of entrance, was a low platform, railed off, on which the prisoners, surrounded by their guard, were now assembled, to await their trial. The sun shone in brightly from a high window, and a hum of ceaseless talking pervaded the hall cheerfully, as Lomaque entered it. He was a privileged man here, as at the prison; and he made his way in by a private door, so as to pass the prisoners' platform, and to walk round it, before he got to a place behind the president's chair. Trudaine, standing with his sister on the outermost limits of the group, nodded significantly as Lomaque looked up at him for an instant. He had contrived, on his way to the tribunal, to get an opportunity of reading the paper which the chief-agent had slipped into his cravat. It contained these lines:—"I have just discovered who the citizen and citoyenne Dubois are. There is no chance for you but to confess everything. By that means you may inculpate a certain citizen holding authority, and may make it his interest, if he loves his own life, to save yours and your sister's."

Arrived at the back of the president's chair, Lomaque recognised his two trusty subordinates, Magloire and Picard, waiting among the assembled patriot-officials, to give their evidence. Beyond them, leaning against the wall, addressed by no one, and speaking to no one, stood the superintendent Danville. Doubt and suspense were written in every line of his face; the fretfulness of an uneasy mind expressed itself in his slightest gestures—even in his manner of passing a handkerchief, from time to time, over his face, on which the perspiration was gathering thick and fast already.

"Silence!" cried the usher of the court for the time being—a hoarse-voiced man in top-boots, with a huge sabre buckled to his side, and a bludgeon in his hand. "Silence for the citizen-president!" he reiterated, striking his bludgeon on the table.

The president rose, and proclaimed that the sitting for the day had begun; then sat down again. The momentary silence which followed was interrupted by a sudden confusion among the prisoners on the platform. Two of the guards sprang in among them. There was the thump of a heavy fall—a

scream of terror from some of the female prisoners—then another dead silence, broken by one of the guards, who walked across the hall with a bloody knife in his hand, and laid it on the table. "Citizen-president," he said, "I have to report that one of the prisoners has just stabbed himself." There was a murmuring exclamation—"Is that all?" among the women-spectators, as they resumed their work. Suicide at the bar of justice was no uncommon occurrence under the Reign of Terror.

"Name?" asked the president, quietly taking up his pen, and opening a book.

"Martigné," answered the hump-backed gaoler, coming forward to the table.

"Description?"

"Ex-royalist coach-maker to the tyrant Capet."

"Accusation?"

"Conspiracy in prison."

The president nodded, and entered in the book—"Martigné, coachmaker. Accused of conspiring in prison. Anticipated course of law by suicide. Action accepted as sufficient confession of guilt. Goods confiscated. 1st Thermidor, year two of the Republic."

"Silence!" cried the man with the bludgeon, as the president dropped a little sand on the entry, and signing to the gaoler that he might remove the dead body, closed the book.

"Any special cases this morning?" resumed the president, looking round at the group behind him.

"There is one," said Lomaque, making his way to the back of the official chair. "Will it be convenient to you, citizen, to take the case of Louis Trudaine and Rose Danville first? Two of my men are detained here as witnesses; and their time is valuable to the Republic."

The president marked a list of names before him, and handed it to the crier or usher, placing the figures one and two against Louis Trudaine and Rose Danville.

While Lomaque was backing again to his former place behind the chair, Danville approached, and whispered to him—"There is a rumour that secret information has reached you about the citizen and citoyenne Dubois. Is it true? Do you know who they are?"

"Yes," answered Lomaque; "but I have superior orders to keep the information to myself, just at present."

The eagerness with which Danville put his question, and the disappointment he showed on getting no satisfactory answer to it, were of a nature to satisfy the observant chief-agent that his superintendent was really as ignorant as he appeared to be on the subject of the man and woman Dubois. That one mystery, at any rate, was still, for Danville, a mystery unrevealed.

"Louis Trudaine! Rose Danville!" shouted the crier, with another rap of his bludgeon.

The two came forward, at the appeal, to the front railing of the platform. The first sight of her judges, the first shock, on confronting

the pitiless curiosity of the audience, seemed to overwhelm Rose. She turned from deadly pale to crimson, then to pale again, and hid her face on her brother's shoulder. How fast she heard his heart throbbing! How the tears filled her eyes, as she felt that his fear was all for her!

"Now!" said the president, writing down their names. "Denounced by whom?"

Magloire and Picard stepped forward to the table. The first answered—"By citizen-superintendent Danville."

The reply made a great stir and sensation among both prisoners and audience.

"Accused of what?" pursued the president.

"The male prisoner, of conspiracy against the Republic; the female prisoner, of criminal knowledge of the same."

"Produce your proofs in answer to this order."

Picard and Magloire opened their minutes of evidence, and read to the president the same particulars which they had formerly read to Lomaque, in the Secret Police office.

"Good," said the president, when they had done. "We need trouble ourselves with nothing more than the identifying of the citizen and citoyenne Dubois, which, of course, you are prepared for. Have you heard the evidence?" he continued, turning to the prisoners; while Picard and Magloire consulted together in whispers, looking perplexedly towards the chief-agent, who stood silent behind them. "Have you heard the evidence, prisoners? Do you wish to say anything? If you do, remember that the time of this tribunal is precious, and that you will not be suffered to waste it."

"I demand permission to speak, for myself and for my sister," answered Trudaine. "My object is to save the time of the tribunal by making a confession."

The faint whispering, audible among the women spectators, a moment before, ceased instantaneously as he pronounced the word confession. In the breathless silence, his low, quiet tones penetrated to the remotest corners of the hall; while, suppressing externally all evidences of the death-agony of hope within him, he continued his address in these words:—

"I confess my secret visits to the house in the Rue de Cléry. I confess that the persons whom I went to see are the persons pointed at in the evidence. And, lastly, I confess that my object in communicating with them as I did was to supply them with the means of leaving France. If I had acted from political motives, to the political prejudice of the existing government, I admit that I should be guilty of that conspiracy against the Republic with which I am charged. But no political purpose animated, no political necessity urged me, in performing the action which has brought me to the bar of this tribunal. The persons whom I aided in leaving France were without political

influence, or political connections. I acted solely from private motives of humanity towards them and towards others—motives which a good republican may feel, and yet not turn traitor to the welfare of his country."

"Are you ready to inform the court, next, who the man and woman Dubois really are?" inquired the president, impatiently.

"I am ready," answered Trudaine. "But first I desire to say one word in reference to my sister, charged here at the bar with me." His voice grew less steady; and, for the first time, his colour began to change, as Rose lifted her face from his shoulder, and looked up at him eagerly, "I implore the tribunal to consider my sister as innocent of all active participation in what is charged against me as a crime—" he went on. "Having spoken with candour about myself, I have some claim to be believed when I speak of her; when I assert that she neither did help me nor could help me. If there be blame, it is mine only; if punishment, it is I alone who should suffer."

He stopped suddenly and grew confused. It was easy to guard himself from the peril of looking at Rose, but he could not escape the hard trial to his self-possession of hearing her, if she spoke. Just as he pronounced the last sentence, she raised her face again from his shoulder, and eagerly whispered to him:

"No, no, Louis! Not that sacrifice, after all the others—not that, though you should force me into speaking to them myself!"

She abruptly quitted her hold of him, and fronted the whole court in an instant. The railing in front of her shook with the quivering of her arms and hands as she held by it to support herself! Her hair lay tangled on her shoulders; her face had assumed a strange fixedness; her gentle blue eyes, so soft and tender at all other times, were lit up wildly. A low hum of murmured curiosity and admiration broke from the women of the audience. Some rose eagerly from the benches, others cried,

"Listen, listen! she is going to speak!"

She did speak. Silvery and pure the sweet voice, sweeter than ever in sadness, stole its way through the gross sounds—through the coarse humming and the hissing whispers.

"My lord the president"—began the poor girl, firmly. Her next words were drowned in a volley of hisses from the women.

"Ah! aristocrat, aristocrat! None of your accursed titles here!" was their shrill cry at her. She fronted that cry, she fronted the fierce gestures which accompanied it, with the steady light still in her eyes, with the strange rigidity still fastened on her face. She would have spoken again, through the uproar and execration, but her brother's voice overpowered her.

"Citizen president," he cried, "I have not concluded. I demand leave to complete my

confession. I implore the tribunal to attach no importance to what my sister says. The trouble and terror of this day have shaken her intellects. She is not responsible for her words—I assert it solemnly, in the face of the whole court!”

The blood flew up into his white face as he made the asseveration. Even at that supreme moment the great heart of the man reproached him for yielding himself to a deception, though the motive of it was to save his sister's life.

“Let her speak! let her speak!” exclaimed the women, as Rose, without moving, without looking at her brother, without seeming even to have heard what he said, made a second attempt to address her judges, in spite of Trudaine's interposition.

“Silence!” shouted the man with the bludgeon. “Silence, you women! the citizen-president is going to speak.”

“The prisoner, Trudaine, has the ear of the court,” said the president; “and may continue his confession. If the female prisoner wishes to speak, she may be heard afterwards. I enjoin both the accused persons to make short work of it with their addresses to me, or they will make their case worse instead of better. I command silence among the audience; and if I am not obeyed, I will clear the hall. Now, prisoner Trudaine, I invite you to proceed. No more about your sister; let her speak for herself. Your business and ours is with the man and woman Dubois now. Are you, or are you not, ready to tell the court who they are?”

“I repeat that I am ready,” answered Trudaine. “The citizen Dubois is a servant. The woman Dubois is the mother of the man who denounces me—superintendent Danville.”

A low, murmuring, rushing sound of hundreds of exclaiming voices, all speaking, half-suppressedly, at the same moment, followed the delivery of the answer. No officer of the court attempted to control the outburst of astonishment. The infection of it spread to the persons on the platform, to the crier himself, to the judges of the tribunal, lounging, but the moment before, so carelessly silent in their chairs. When the noise was at length quelled, it was subdued in the most instantaneous manner by one man, who shouted from the throng behind the president's chair,

“Clear the way there! Superintendent Danville is taken ill!”

A vehement whispering and contending of many voices interrupting each other, followed; then a swaying among the assembly of official people; then a great stillness; then the sudden appearance of Danville, alone, at the table. The look of him, as he turned his ghastly face towards the audience, silenced and steadied them in an instant, just as they were on the point of falling into fresh confusion. Everyone stretched forward eagerly

to hear what he would say. His lips moved; but the few words that fell from them were inaudible, except to the persons who happened to be close by him. Having spoken, he left the table supported by a police-agent, who was seen to lead him towards the private door of the court, and, consequently, also towards the prisoner's platform. He stopped, however, half-way, quickly turned his face from the prisoners, and pointing towards the public door at the opposite side of the hall, caused himself to be led out into the air by that direction. When he had gone, the president, addressing himself, partly to Trudaine and partly to the audience, said,—

“The citizen-superintendent Danville has been overcome by the heat in the court. He has retired (by my desire, under the care of a police-agent) to recover in the open air; pledging himself to me to come back and throw a new light on the extraordinary and suspicious statement which the prisoner has just made. Until the return of citizen Danville, I order the accused, Trudaine, to suspend any further acknowledgement of complicity which he may have to address to me. This matter must be cleared up before other matters are entered on. Meanwhile, in order that the time of the tribunal may not be wasted, I authorise the female prisoner to take this opportunity of making any statement concerning herself which she may wish to address to the judges.”

“Silence him!” “Remove him out of court!” “Gag him!” “Guillotine him!” These cries rose from the audience the moment the president had done speaking. They were all directed at Trudaine, who had made a last desperate effort to persuade his sister to keep silence, and had been detected in the attempt by the spectators.

“If the prisoner speaks another word to his sister, remove him,” said the president, addressing the guard round the platform.

“Good! we shall hear her at last. Silence! silence!” exclaimed the women, settling themselves comfortably on their benches, and preparing to resume their work.

“Rose Danville, the court is waiting to hear you,” said the president, crossing his legs, and leaning back luxuriously in his large arm-chair.

Amid all the noise and confusion of the last few minutes, Rose had stood ever in the same attitude, with that strangely fixed expression never altering on her face but once. When her husband made his way to the side of the table, and stood there prominently alone, her lips trembled a little, and a faint shade of colour passed swiftly over her cheeks. Even that slight change had vanished now—she was paler, stiller, more widely altered from her former self than ever, as she faced the president, and said these words:—

“I wish to follow my brother's example, and make my confession, as he has made his. I would rather he had spoken for me; but

he is too generous to say any words except such as he thinks may save me from sharing his punishment. I refuse to be saved, unless he is saved with me. Where he goes when he leaves this place, I will go; what he suffers, I will suffer; if he is to die, I believe God will grant me the strength to die resignedly with him! This is what I now wish to say, as to my share in the offence charged against my brother:—some time ago, he told me, one day, that he had seen my husband's mother in Paris, disguised as a poor woman; that he had spoken to her, and forced her to acknowledge herself. Up to this time we had all felt certain that she had left France, because she held old-fashioned opinions, which it is dangerous for people to hold now; had left France, before we came to Paris. She told my brother that she had indeed gone (with an old tried servant of the family to help and protect her) as far as Marseilles; and that, finding unforeseen difficulty there in getting farther, she had taken it as a warning from Providence not to desert her son, of whom she was very passionately fond, and from whom she had been most unwilling to depart. Instead of waiting in exile for quieter times, she determined to go and hide herself in Paris, knowing her son was going there too. She assumed the name of her old and faithful servant, who declined to the last to leave her unprotected; and she proposed to live in the strictest secrecy and retirement, watching, unknown, the career of her son, and ready at a moment's notice to disclose herself to him, when the settlement of public affairs might reunite her safely to her beloved child. My brother thought this plan full of danger both for herself, for her son, and for the honest old man who was risking his head for his mistress's sake. I thought so too; and in an evil hour, I said to Louis, 'Will you try, in secret, to get my husband's mother away, and see that her faithful servant makes her really leave France this time?' I wrongly asked my brother to do this for a selfish reason of my own—a reason connected with my married life, which has not been a happy one. I had not succeeded in gaining my husband's affection, and was not treated kindly by him. My brother, who has always loved me far more dearly, I am afraid, than I have ever deserved, my brother increased his kindness to me, seeing me treated unkindly by my husband. This made ill blood between them. My thought, when I asked my brother to do for me what I have said, was, that if we two, in secret, saved my husband's mother, without danger to him, from imperilling herself and her son, we should, when the time came for speaking of what we had done, appear to my husband in a new and better light. I should have shown how well I deserved his love, and Louis would have shown how well he deserved his brother-in-law's gratitude; and so, we should have made home happy at last, and all three have lived together affectionately. This

was my thought; and when I told it to my brother, and asked him if there would be much risk, out of his kindness and indulgence towards me, he said 'No!' He had so used me to accept sacrifices for my happiness, that I let him endanger himself to help me in my little household plan. I repent this bitterly now; I ask his pardon with my whole heart. If he is acquitted, I will try to show myself worthier of his love. If he is found guilty, I too will go to the scaffold, and die with my brother, who risked his life for my sake."

She ceased as quietly as she had begun; and turned once more to her brother. As she looked away from the court, and looked at him, a few tears came into her eyes, and something of the old softness of form and gentleness of expression seemed to return to her face. He let her take his hand; but he seemed purposely to avoid meeting the anxious gaze she fixed on him. His head sunk on his breast; he drew his breath heavily; his countenance darkened and grew distorted as if he were suffering some sharp pang of physical pain. He bent down a little; and, leaning his elbow on the rail before him, covered his face with his hand; and so quelled the rising agony, so forced back the scalding tears to his heart. The audience had heard Rose in silence; and they preserved the same tranquillity when she had done. This was a rare tribute to a prisoner from the people of the Reign of Terror.

The president looked round at his colleagues, and shook his head suspiciously.

"This statement of the female prisoner's complicates the matter very seriously," said he. "Is there anybody in court," he added, looking at the persons behind his chair, "who knows where the mother of superintendent Danville and the servant are now?"

Lomaque came forward at the appeal, and placed himself by the table.

"Why, citizen agent," continued the president, looking hard at him, "are you overcome with the heat too?"

"The fit seemed to take him, citizen president, when the female prisoner had made an end of her statement," explained Magloire, pressing forward officiously.

Lomaque gave his subordinate a look which sent the man back directly to the shelter of the official group; then said, in lower tones than were customary with him,

"I have received information relative to the mother of superintendent Danville and the servant, and am ready to answer any questions that may be put to me."

"Where are they now?" asked the President.

"She and the servant are known to have crossed the frontier, and are supposed to be on their way to Cologne. But since they have entered Germany, their whereabouts is necessarily a matter of uncertainty to the republican authorities."

"Have you any information relative to the

conduct of the old servant while he was in Paris?"

"I have information enough to prove that he was not an object for political suspicion. He seems to have been simply animated by servile zeal for the woman's interests; to have performed for her all the menial offices of a servant in private; and to have misled the neighbours by affected equality with her in public."

"Have you any reason to believe that Superintendent Danville was privy to his mother's first attempt at escaping from France?"

"I infer it from what the female prisoner has said, and for other reasons which it would be irregular to detail before the tribunal. The proofs can no doubt be obtained, if I am allowed time to communicate with the authorities at Lyons and Marseilles."

At this moment Danville re-entered the court, and, advancing to the table, placed himself close by the chief-agent's side. They looked each other steadily in the face for an instant.

"He has recovered from the shock of Trudaine's answer," thought Lomaque, retiring. "His hand trembles; his face is pale; but I can see regained self-possession in his eye; and I dread the consequences already."

"Citizen president," began Danville, "I demand to know if anything has transpired affecting my honour and patriotism in my absence?"

He spoke apparently with the most perfect calmness; but he looked nobody in the face. His eyes were fixed steadily on the green baize of the table beneath him.

"The female prisoner has made a statement, referring principally to herself and her brother," answered the president; "but incidentally mentioning a previous attempt on your mother's part to break existing laws by emigrating from France. This portion of the confession contains in it some elements of suspicion which seriously affect you"—

"They shall be suspicions no longer—at my own peril, I will change them to certainties!" exclaimed Danville, extending his arm theatrically, and looking up for the first time. "Citizen president, I avow it with the fearless frankness of a good patriot; I was privy to my mother's first attempt at escaping from France."

Hisses and cries of execration followed this confession. He winced under them at first; but recovered his self-possession before silence was restored.

"Citizens, you have heard the confession of my fault," he resumed, turning with desperate assurance towards the audience; "now hear the atonement I have made for it at the altar of my country."

He waited at the end of that sentence, until the secretary to the tribunal had done writing it down in the report-book of the court.

"Transcribe faithfully to the letter!" cried

Danville, pointing solemnly to the open page of the volume. "Life and death hang on my words."

The secretary took a fresh dip of ink, and nodded to show that he was ready. Danville went on:

"In these times of glory and trial for France," he proceeded, pitching his voice to a tone of deep emotion, "what are all good citizens most sacredly bound to do? To immolate their dearest private affections and interests before their public duties! On the first attempt of my mother to violate the laws against emigration, by escaping from France, I failed in making the heroic sacrifice which inexorable patriotism demanded of me. My situation was more terrible than the situation of Brutus sitting in judgment on his own sons. I had not the Roman fortitude to rise equal to it. I erred, citizens, erred as Coriolanus did, when his august mother pleaded with him for the safety of Rome! For that error I deserved to be purged out of the republican community; but I escaped my merited punishment,—nay, I even rose to the honour of holding an office under the government. Time passed; and again my mother attempted an escape from France. Again, inevitable fate brought my civic virtue to the test. How did I meet this second supremest trial? By an atonement for past weakness, terrible as the trial itself! Citizens, you will shudder; but you will applaud while you tremble. Citizens, look! and while you look, remember well the evidence given at the opening of this case. Yonder stands the enemy of his country, who intrigued to help my mother to escape; here stands the patriot son, whose voice was the first, the only voice, to denounce him for the crime!" As he spoke, he pointed to Trudaine, then struck himself on the breast, then folded his arms, and looked sternly at the benches occupied by the spectators.

"Do you assert," exclaimed the president, "that at the time when you denounced Trudaine, you knew him to be intriguing to aid your mother's escape?"

"I assert it," answered Danville.

The pen which the president held, dropped from his hand at that reply; his colleagues started and looked at each other in blank silence.

A murmur of "Monster! monster!" began with the prisoners on the platform, and spread instantly to the audience, who echoed and echoed it again; the fiercest woman-republican on the benches joined cause at last with the haughtiest woman-aristocrat on the platform. Even in that sphere of direst discords, in that age of sharpest enmities, the one touch of nature preserved its old eternal virtue; and roused the mother-instinct which makes the whole world kin!

Of the few persons in the court, who at once foresaw the effect of Danville's answer on the proceedings of the tribunal, Lomaque

was one. His sallow face whitened as he looked towards the prisoners' platform. "They are lost," he murmured to himself, moving out of the group in which he had hitherto stood. "Lost! The lie which has saved that villain's head leaves them without the shadow of a hope. No need to stop for the sentence—Danville's infamous presence of mind has given them up to the guillotine!" Pronouncing these words, he went out hurriedly by a door near the platform, which led to the prisoners' waiting-room.

Rose's head sank again on her brother's shoulder. She shuddered, and leaned back faintly on the arm which he extended to support her. One of the female prisoners tried to help Trudaine in speaking consolingly to her; but the consummation of her husband's perfidy seemed to have paralysed her at heart. She murmured once in her brother's ear, "Louis! I am resigned to die—nothing but death is left for me after the degradation of having loved that man." She said those words and closed her eyes wearily, and spoke no more.

"One other question, and you may retire," resumed the president, addressing Danville. "Were you cognisant of your wife's connection with her brother's conspiracy?"

Danville reflected for a moment, remembered that there were witnesses in court who could speak to his language and behaviour on the evening of his wife's arrest, and resolved this time to tell the truth.

"I was not aware of it," he answered. "Testimony in my favour can be called which will prove that when my wife's complicity was discovered I was absent from Paris."

Heartlessly self-possessed as he was, the public reception of his last reply had shaken his nerve. He now spoke in low tones, turning his back on the spectators, and fixing his eyes again on the green baize of the table at which he stood.

"Prisoners! have you any objection to make, any evidence to call, invalidating the statement by which citizen Danville has cleared himself of suspicion?" inquired the president.

"He has cleared himself by the most execrable of all falsehoods," answered Trudaine. "If his mother could be traced and brought here, her testimony would prove it."

"Can you produce any other evidence in support of your allegation?" asked the president.

"I cannot."

"Citizen-superintendent Danville, you are at liberty to retire. Your statement will be laid before the authority to whom you are officially responsible. Either you merit a civic crown for more than Roman virtue, or—" Having got thus far, the president stopped abruptly, as if unwilling to commit himself too soon to an opinion, and merely repeated,—"You may retire."

Danville left the court immediately, going

out again by the public door. He was followed by murmurs from the women's benches, which soon ceased, however, when the president was observed to close his note-book, and turn round towards his colleagues. "The sentence!" was the general whisper now. "Hush, hush—the sentence!"

After a consultation of a few minutes with the persons behind him, the president rose, and spoke the momentous words:—"Louis Trudaine and Rose Danville, the revolutionary tribunal, having heard the charge against you, and having weighed the value of what you have said in answer to it, decides that you are both guilty, and condemns you to the penalty of death."

Having delivered the sentence in those terms, he sat down again, and placed a mark against the two first-condemned names on the list of prisoners. Immediately afterwards, the next case was called on, and the curiosity of the audience was stimulated by a new trial.

CHAPTER V.

THE waiting-room of the revolutionary tribunal was a grim, bare place, with a dirty stone floor, and benches running round the walls. The windows were high and barred; and at the outer door, leading into the street, two sentinels kept watch. On entering this comfortless retreat from the court, Lomaque found it perfectly empty. Solitude was just then welcome to him. He remained in the waiting-room, walking slowly from end to end over the filthy pavement, talking eagerly and incessantly to himself.

After awhile, the door communicating with the tribunal opened, and the hump-backed gaoler made his appearance, leading in Trudaine and Rose.

"You will have to wait here," said the little man, "till the rest of them have been tried and sentenced; and then you will all go back to prison in a lump. Ha, citizen!" he continued, observing Lomaque at the other end of the hall, and bustling up to him. "Here still, eh? If you were going to stop much longer, I should ask a favour of you."

"I am in no hurry," said Lomaque, with a glance at the two prisoners.

"Good!" cried the hunchback, drawing his hand across his mouth; "I am parched with thirst, and dying to moisten my throat at the wine-shop over the way. Just mind that man and woman while I'm gone, will you? It's the merest form—there's a guard outside, the windows are barred, the tribunal is within hail. Do you mind obliging me?"

"On the contrary, I am glad of the opportunity."

"That's a good fellow—and, remember, if I am asked for, you must say I was obliged to quit the court for a few minutes, and left you in charge."

With these words, the hump-backed gaoler ran off to the wine-shop.

He had scarcely disappeared before Trudaine crossed the room, and caught Lomaque by the arm.

"Save her," he whispered; "there is an opportunity—save her!" His face was flushed—his eyes wandered—his breath on the chief-agent's cheek, while he spoke, felt scorching hot. "Save her!" he repeated, shaking Lomaque by the arm, and dragging him towards the door. "Remember all you owe to my father—remember our talk on that bench by the river—remember what you said to me yourself on the night of the arrest—don't wait to think—save her, and leave me without a word! If I die alone, I can die as a man should—if she goes to the scaffold by my side, my heart will fail me—I shall die the death of a coward! I have lived for her life—let me die for it, and I die happy!"

He tried to say more, but the violence of his agitation forbade it. He could only shake the arm he held again and again, and point to the bench on which Rose sat—her head sunk on her bosom, her hands crossed listlessly on her lap.

"There are two armed sentinels outside—the windows are barred—you are without weapons—and even if you had them, there is a guard-house within hail on one side of you, and the tribunal on the other. Escape from this room is impossible," answered Lomaque.

"Impossible!" repeated the other furiously. "You traitor! you coward! can you look at her sitting there helpless—her very life ebbing away already with every minute that passes—and tell me coolly that escape is impossible?"

In the frenzy of his grief and despair, he lifted his disengaged hand threateningly while he spoke. Lomaque caught him by the wrist, and drew him towards a window open at the top.

"You are not in your right senses," said the chief-agent firmly; "anxiety and apprehension on your sister's account have shaken your mind. Try to compose yourself, and listen to me. I have something important to say—" (Trudaine looked at him incredulously.) "Important," continued Lomaque, "as affecting your sister's interests at this terrible crisis."

That last appeal had an instantaneous effect. Trudaine's outstretched hand dropped to his side, and a sudden change passed over his expression.

"Give me a moment," he said faintly; and, turning away, leaned against the wall, and pressed his burning forehead on the chill, damp stone. He did not raise his head again till he had mastered himself, and could say quietly, "Speak—I am fit to hear you, and sufficiently in my senses to ask your forgiveness for what I said just now."

"When I left the tribunal and entered this room," Lomaque began, in a whisper; "there was no thought in my mind that could be turned to good account, either for your sister or for you. I was fit for nothing

but to deplore the failure of the confession which I came to St. Lazare to suggest to you as your best plan of defence. Since then, an idea has struck me, which may be useful—an idea so desperate, so uncertain—involving a proposal so absolutely dependent, as to its successful execution, on the merest chance, that I refuse to confide it to you except on one condition."

"Mention the condition! I submit to it beforehand."

"Give me your word of honour that you will not mention what I am about to say to your sister until I grant you permission to speak. Promise me that when you see her shrinking before the terrors of death to-night, you will have self-restraint enough to abstain from breathing a word of hope to her. I ask this, because there are ten—twenty—fifty chances to one that there *is* no hope."

"I have no choice but to promise," answered Trudaine.

Lomaque produced his pocket-book and pencil before he spoke again.

"I will enter into particulars as soon as I have asked a strange question of you," he said. "You have been a great experimenter in chemistry in your time—is your mind calm enough at such a trying moment as this to answer a question which is connected with chemistry in a very humble way? You seem astonished. Let me put the question at once. Is there any liquid, or powder, or combination of more than one ingredient known, which will remove writing from paper, and leave no stain behind?"

"Certainly! But is that all the question? Is there no greater difficulty—?"

"None. Write the prescription, whatever it may be, on that leaf," said the other, giving him the pocket-book. "Write it down, with plain directions for use." Trudaine obeyed. "This is the first step," continued Lomaque, putting the book in his pocket, "towards the accomplishment of my purpose—my uncertain purpose, remember! Now listen; I am going to put my own head in danger for the chance of saving your's and your sister's by tampering with the death-list. Don't interrupt me! If I can save one, I can save the other. Not a word about gratitude! Wait till you know the extent of your obligation. I tell you plainly, at the outset, there is a motive of despair, as well as a motive of pity, at the bottom of the action in which I am now about to engage. Silence! I insist on it. Our time is short: it is for me to speak, and for you to listen. The president of the tribunal has put the death-mark against your names on the prison list of to-day. That list, when the trials are over, and it is marked to the end, will be called in this room before you are taken to St. Lazare. It will then be sent to Robespierre, who will keep it, having a copy made of it the moment it is delivered, for circulation among his colleagues—St. Just, and the rest. It is my business to make a duplicate

of this copy in the first instance. The duplicate will be compared with the original, and possibly with the copy too, either by Robespierre himself, or by some one in whom he can place implicit trust, and will then be sent to St. Lazare without passing through my hands again. It will be read in public the moment it is received, at the grating of the prison, and will afterwards be kept by the gaoler, who will refer to it as he goes round in the evening with a piece of chalk, to mark the cell doors of the prisoners destined for the guillotine to-morrow. That duty happens, to-day, to fall to the hunchback whom you saw speaking to me. He is a confirmed drinker, and I mean to tempt him with such wine as he rarely tastes. If—after the reading of the list in public, and before the marking of the cell doors—I can get him to sit down to the bottle, I will answer for making him drunk, for getting the list out of his pocket, and for wiping your names out of it with the prescription you have just written for me. I shall write all the names, one under another, just irregularly enough in my duplicate to prevent the interval left by the erasure from being easily observed. If I succeed in this, your door will not be marked, and your names will not be called to-morrow morning when the tumbrils come for the guillotine. In the present confusion of prisoners pouring in every day for trial, and prisoners pouring out every day for execution, you will have the best possible chance of security against awkward enquiries, if you play your cards properly, for a good fortnight or ten days at least. In that time—

“Well! well!” cried Trudaine eagerly.

Lomaque looked towards the tribunal door, and lowered his voice to a fainter whisper before he continued: “In that time, Robespierre’s own head may fall into the sack! France is beginning to sicken under the Reign of Terror. Frenchmen of the Moderate faction, who have lain hidden for months in cellars and lofts, are beginning to steal out and deliberate by twos and threes together, under cover of the night. Robespierre has not ventured for weeks past to face the Convention committee. He only speaks among his own friends at the Jacobins. There are rumours of a terrible discovery made by Carnot, of a desperate resolution taken by Tallien. Men watching behind the scenes, see that the last days of the Terror are at hand. If Robespierre is beaten in the approaching struggle, you are saved—for the new reign must be a Reign of Mercy. If he conquers, I have only put off the date of your death and your sister’s, and have laid my own neck under the axe. Those are your chances—this is all I can do.”

He paused, and Trudaine again endeavoured to speak such words as might show that he was not unworthy of the deadly risk which Lomaque was prepared to encounter. But once more the chief-agent peremptorily

and irritably interposed. “I tell you, for the third time,” he said, “I will listen to no expressions of gratitude from you, till I know when I deserve them. It is true that I recollect your father’s timely kindness to me—true that I have not forgotten what passed, five years since, at your house, by the river-side. I remember everything, down to what you would consider the veriest trifle—that cup of coffee, for instance, which your sister kept hot for me. I told you then that you would think better of me some day. I know that you do now. But this is not all. You want to glorify me to my face for risking my life for you. I won’t hear you, because my risk is of the paltriest kind. I am weary of my life. I can’t look back to it with pleasure. I am too old to look forward to what is left of it with hope. There was something in that night at your house, before the wedding—something in what you said, in what your sister did—which altered me. I have had my days of gloom and self-reproach, from time to time, since then. I have sickened at my slavery, and subjection, and duplicity, and cringing, first under one master, then under another. I have longed to look back at my life, and comfort myself with the sight of some good action, just as a frugal man comforts himself with the sight of his little savings laid by in an old drawer. I can’t do this; and I want to do it. The want takes me like a fit, at uncertain intervals,—suddenly, under the most incomprehensible influences. A glance up at the blue sky—starlight over the houses of this great city, when I look out at the night from my garret window—a child’s voice coming suddenly, I don’t know where from—the piping of my neighbour’s linnet in his little cage—now one trifling thing, now another, wakes up that want in me in a moment. Rascal as I am, those few simple words your sister spoke to the judge went through and through me like a knife. Strange, in a man like me, isn’t it? I am amazed at it myself. *My life!* Bah! I’ve let it out for hire, to be kicked about by rascals from one dirty place to another, like a football! It’s my whim to give it a last kick myself, and throw it away decently before it lodges on the dunghill for ever. Your sister kept a good cup of coffee hot for me, and I give her a bad life in return for the compliment. You want to thank me for it? What folly! Thank me when I have done something useful. Don’t thank me for that!” He snapped his fingers contemptuously as he spoke, and walked away to the outer door, to receive the gaoler, who returned at that moment.

“Well,” inquired the hunchback, “has anybody asked for me?”

“No;” answered Lomaque, “not a soul has entered the room. What sort of wine did you get?”

“So-so! Good at a pinch, friend—good at a pinch.”

"Ah! you should go to my shop, and try a certain cask, filled with a certain vintage!"

"What shop? Which vintage?"

"I can't stop to tell you now; but we shall most likely meet again to-day. I expect to be at the prison this afternoon. Shall I ask for you? Good! I won't forget!" With those farewell words he went out; and never so much as looked back at the prisoners before he closed the door behind him.

Trudaine returned to his sister, fearful lest his face should betray what had passed during the extraordinary interview between Lomaque and himself. But, whatever change there might be in his expression, Rose did not seem to notice it. She was still strangely inattentive to all outward things. That spirit of resignation, which is the courage of women in all great emergencies, seemed now to be the one animating spirit that fed the flame of life within her. When her brother sat down by her, she only took his hand gently, and said—"Let us stop together like this, Louis, till the time comes. I am not afraid of it; for I have nothing but you to make me love life, and you, too, are going to die. Do you remember the time when I used to grieve that I had never had a child to be some comfort to me? I was thinking, a moment ago, how terrible it would have been now, if my wish had been granted. It is a blessing for me, in this great misery, that I am childless! Let us talk of old days, Louis, as long as we can—not of my husband, or my marriage—only of the old times, before I was a burden and a trouble to you."

The day wore on. By ones and twos and threes at a time, the condemned prisoners came from the tribunal, and collected in the waiting-room. At two o'clock all was ready for the calling over of the death-list. It was read and verified by an officer of the court; and then the gaoler took his prisoners back to Saint Lazare.

Evening came. The prisoners' meal had been served; the duplicate of the death-list had been read in public at the grate; the cell-doors were all locked. From the day of their arrest, Rose and her brother, partly through the influence of a bribe, partly through Lomaque's intercession, had been confined together in one cell; and together they now awaited the dread event of the morrow. To Rose, that event was death—death, to the thought of which, at least, she was now resigned. To Trudaine, the fast-nearing future was darkening hour by hour, with the uncertainty which is worse than death; with the faint, fearful, unpartaken suspense, which keeps the mind ever on the rack, and wears away the heart slowly. Through the long, unsolaced agony of that dreadful night, but one relief came to him. The tension of every nerve, the crushing weight of the one fatal oppression that clung to every thought, relaxed a little, when Rose's bodily powers

began to sink under her mental exhaustion—when her sad dying talk of the happy times that were past ceased softly, and she laid her head on his shoulder, and let the angel of slumber take her yet for a little while, even though she lay already under the shadow of the angel of death.

The morning came, and the hot summer sunrise. What life was left in the terror-struck city awoke for the day faintly; and still the suspense of the long night remained unlightened. It was drawing near the hour when the tumbrils were to come for the victims doomed on the day before. Trudaine's ear could detect even the faintest sound in the echoing prison-region outside his cell. Soon listening near the door, he heard voices disputing on the other side of it. Suddenly, the bolts were drawn back, the key turned in the lock, and he found himself standing face to face with the hunchback and one of the subordinate attendants on the prisoners.

"Look!" muttered this last man, sulkily, "there they are, safe in their cell, just as I said; but I tell you again they are not down in the list. What do you mean by bullying me about not chalking their door, last night, along with the rest? Catch me doing your work for you again, when you're too drunk to do it yourself!"

"Hold your tongue, and let me have another look at the list!" returned the hunchback, turning away from the cell-door, and snatching a slip of paper from the other's hand. "The devil take me if I can make head or tail of it!" he exclaimed, scratching his head, after a careful examination of the list. "I could swear that I read over their names at the grate, yesterday afternoon, with my own lips; and yet, look as long as I may, I certainly can't find them written down here. Give us a pinch, friend. Am I awake, or dreaming?—drunk, or sober, this morning?"

"Sober, I hope," said a quiet voice at his elbow. "I have just looked in to see how you are, after yesterday."

"How I am, citizen Lomaque? Petrified with astonishment. You yourself took charge of that man and woman for me, in the waiting-room, yesterday morning; and as for myself, I could swear to having read their names at the grate, yesterday afternoon. Yet, this morning, here are no such things as these said names to be found in the list! What do you think of that?"

"And what do you think," interrupted the aggrieved subordinate, "of his having the impudence to bully me for being careless in chalking the doors, when he was too drunk to do it himself?—too drunk to know his right hand from his left! If I wasn't the best-natured man in the world, I should report him to the head-gaoler."

"Quite right of you to excuse him, and quite wrong of him to bully you," said

Lomaque, persuasively. "Take my advice," he continued confidentially to the hunchback, "and don't trust too implicitly to that slippery memory of yours, after our little drinking bout yesterday. You could not really have read their names at the grate, you know, or of course they would be down on the list. As for the waiting-room at the tribunal, a word in your ear: chief-agents of police know strange secrets. The president of the court condemns and pardons in public; but there is somebody else, with the power of ten thousand presidents, who now and then condemns and pardons in private. You can guess who. I say no more, except that I recommend you to keep your head on your shoulders, by troubling it about nothing but the list there in your hand. Stick to that literally, and nobody can blame you. Make a fuss about mysteries that don't concern you, and —"

Lomaque stopped, and, holding his hand edgewise, let it drop significantly over the hunchback's head. That action, and the hints which preceded it, seemed to bewilder the little man more than ever. He stared perplexedly at Lomaque; uttered a word or two of rough apology to his subordinate, and rolling his mis-shapen head portentously, walked away with the death-list crumpled up nervously in his hand.

"I should like to have a sight of them, and see if they really are the same man and woman whom I looked after yesterday morning in the waiting-room," said Lomaque, putting his hand on the cell-door, just as the deputy-gaoler was about to close it again.

"Look in, by all means," said the man. "No doubt you will find that drunken booby as wrong in what he told you about them, as he is about everything else."

Lomaque made use of the privilege granted to him immediately. He saw Trudaine sitting with his sister in the corner of the cell farthest from the door, evidently for the purpose of preventing her from overhearing the conversation outside. There was an unsettled look, however, in her eyes, a slowly-heightening colour in her cheeks, which showed her to be at least vaguely aware that something unusual had been taking place in the corridor. Lomaque beckoned to Trudaine to leave her; and whispered to him—"The prescription has worked well. You are safe for to-day. Break the news to your sister as gently as you can. Danville——" He stopped and listened till he satisfied himself, by the sound of the deputy-gaoler's footsteps, that the man was lounging towards the farther end of the corridor. "Danville," he resumed, "after having mixed with the people outside the grate, yesterday, and having heard your names read, was arrested, in the evening, by secret order from Robespierre, and sent to the Temple. What charge will be laid to him, or when he will be brought to trial, it is impossible to say. I only know that he is arrested. Hush! don't talk now; my friend

outside is coming back. Keep quiet—hope everything from the chances and changes of public affairs; and comfort yourself with the thought that you are both safe for to-day."

"And to-morrow?" whispered Trudaine.

"Don't think of to-morrow," returned Lomaque, turning away hurriedly to the door. "Let to-morrow take care of itself."

THE FLOWERS' PETITION.

We flowers and shrubs in cities pent,
From fields and country places rent
(Without our own or friends' consent),
In desperate condition,
Yet on no wilful outrage bent,
Do humbly here petition.

Whereas: Against our silent wills,
With loss of sun and purling rills,
Cooped up in pots, on window-sills,
In rickety old boxes—
The city's breath our beauty kills,
And makes us gray as foxes;

Condemn'd in walls of brick and lime,
In narrow beds of clay and slime,
To ope our buds and shed our prime—
We need some kind defender;
We pray, oh, let us live our time!
And we are very tender!

Oh, cheat us not of heaven's dews;
Nor air (however stale) refuse:
God knows 'tis little we can use,
So choked are all our vitals:
No slightest care will we abuse,
Nor fail in fond requitals.

We'll breathe you delicate perfumes:
We'll glad your eyes with choicest blooms;
But do not shut us up in rooms,
Or stifling, crowded places—
The sky, in clouds and light, assumes
To us far lovelier faces.

Our sooty and bedraggled fate,
(Our ever-greens turn chocolate)
Do we ascribe to spite or hate?
No; we are sure you love us;
Yet, half-ashamed, we beg to state
We love the sun above us.

Then treat us in your gentlest ways,
And next unto the sun's own rays,
With beauty's homage, incense-praise,
We ever will caress you,
And to the ending of our days
In grateful silence bless you.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

We know in England much of the contents of the post-bag from the Crimea, and have been taught by the letters sent from persons in the army to their wives and mothers, that an English soldier, although a member of the lowest rank and file, has such a thing as a heart under his ribs,

and can be, on the very battle-field, as full of tenderness and genuine refinement as any well-bred Lady Doris, who, in May Fair, "lulls the sultry hours away." Who does not wish good wives and mothers to such men? Who does not feel that as the men are, so may the women be; that where the man is true-hearted and gentle, it is not in the nature of the woman to be otherwise than faithful and discreet?

But we know well that the character which attaches too generally, as a stain, to the private soldier's wife, is one that shamefully belies her nature and the nature of her sex. We know how this comes to pass. It is the public policy of this country to debase the wife of the common soldier, for the direct purpose of making marriage odious in his eyes. We, as a nation, are too virtuous to say this in so many words; but we do say it in a great many more words, and proclaim it by our public policy. It is not thought to be desirable that soldiers should marry: they have little pay, and cannot afford the luxury of any semblance of a home. Domestic ties, it has hitherto been thought, unfit them for their duty. Is this true? Surely that last dark fancy is dispersed for ever by the light we get out of the soldiers' letters, which have been published by thousands during the last six months. It is evident now, if it was ever anything but clear, that home thoughts and affections are predominant in men who win most honour by their courage on a scene of war. The military legislator knows nothing whatever of the spirit of an Englishman, who thinks him more likely to fight well as an animal than as a man loving his home and his country; whose heart is directed, after the English fashion, upon at least one strong feeling of domestic love. The soldier will but fight the better, when he is the hero up to the height of whose daring, wife and child look with an enthusiasm greater than they feel for any Agamemnon who has had his centuries of praise. He will not be a coward in the sight of those who can pay him out of all their love ten thousand times more richly than his country can pay him for every sacrifice he makes, and every great deed he does. He will, for the sake of the unstinted recompense his home affords,—for the sake of a proud flash in his mother's eyes, of a wife's trembling and admiring wonder,—be a lion in the field, and he will take care also to show the lion's generosity and to keep his soul pure from the filth and villainy that have, ere now, belonged to the vocation of the soldier. For the work he does, are they not pure-minded women whose reward he has to earn?

We are sure, then, that the English private soldier is improved in quality by the possession of a decent and an honourable domestic tie. The question of economy alone remains. Under the present system—by which soldiers'

wives are systematically and purposely converted into "drabs"—they are excluded as a body from almost all means of aiding their husbands in the establishment of anything like home. There are, indeed, in almost every regiment, some well-conducted women, who, by acting as servants to officers' wives,—by taking in washing, and in other little ways,—render themselves helps rather than burdens to their husbands. These women either have borne up with a rare strength of character against debasing influences, or they have been protected from them by the help of husbands gifted with unusual tact and self-denial.

The rule is against them. Great men who mould the fortunes of the little men in military life, declare against purity in woman; and, well knowing that her virtues open fairest in the shade, contrive their destruction by a process of exposure that we will not venture to describe in our own words. A sympathising lady—wife of an army surgeon—who has often pleaded their cause with the public,—in a little *Plea for Soldiers' Wives*, recently published, states the case thus:—"A young woman of highly moral and respectable character,—perhaps a farmer's daughter, or the servant of a family in good social position,—marries, with the consent of the commanding officer, a private in a regiment stationed in a provincial town. She has then a right to live in barracks; that is, the young married woman is allowed to occupy with her husband a sleeping room common to several other persons,—soldiers, single and married,—without the slightest protection to her feelings of womanly decency or religious habits. Appalled at the position in which she finds herself placed, her ears assailed on every side by ribaldry and blasphemy, the woman perhaps sits down and weeps; while one who has passed through agony such as hers now is, in earlier days, draws near, jests at her condition, and recommends her to try the soothing influence of the dram-shop. The poison does its work; the poor creature's sensibilities are dulled; she now endures the horror of her position, and, day by day, becomes more indifferent to it."

No day could be more fit than the present for putting aside the public indifference to this disgrace upon our barrack system. Vast barracks are to be built at Aldershot, and other new barracks on a scale hitherto unknown to us, are, we believe, designed in other places. We have dwelt upon the position of soldiers' wives rather fully in a former volume of this journal;* but we feel it to be a duty to renew our urgent appeal on their behalf now, when the greatest curse under which they suffer is, in the building of these new barracks, to be strengthened and perpetuated, or to be removed. It is for the

* Volume III., page 361.

public to request that in all pending arrangements for the lodging of our soldiers some consideration may be shown to the common soldier's wife who is admitted into barracks; a consideration to be conceded without wicked extravagance, we humbly trust, since it is one of common decency alone. According to regulation, only five out of every ninety-five soldiers are allowed to marry; consequently, no more than that proportion of wives are allowed residence with their husbands in barracks. But to suppose that the rule is adhered to; to suppose that clandestine marriages do not infinitely outnumber the prescribed proportion; and to suppose that the authorities are not fully aware of this general breach of rule, would be supposing that the soldier is not a human being, and that his officers are blind. In this case—as in every other round which routine tightens its red tape or plasters on its pipe-clay—the law is always being broken, with the connivance of those to whom the responsibility of enforcing it is confided; and broken because it cannot be kept. It is a fiction and a snare. If the soldier knew he could marry with leave and allowance, and that his wife would be permitted to take care of herself and of him, like the wives of other men, he would be much better worth his money (to adhere to the economical view of the subject) than he is. Desertion, drunkenness, and all sorts of insubordination must be caused by the present system. Soldiers whose wives live out of barracks are attracted to spend their time out of barracks more than is good for the performance of their professional duties within barracks, and thus are constantly offending. Their married life is marred by continual absence from what ought to be their home, and their professional life is ruined by constant transgression of barrack rules; which would not be broken if the two were combined. Soldiers' children, again, are often, not only brought into the world with a shameless want of privacy; but, as they grow up, the lessons they imbibe are not of the most wholesome character.

Even the small proportion of wives allowed to each regiment are not only not cared for, but are surrounded by such circumstances as allow them to escape demoralisation only by a miracle. Surely the present war has shown that there are duties connected with the army, as imperative as drill, which women ought to perform. There is a small staff of surgeons to each regiment: why should there not also be a staff of nurses? And who so fit to nurse as the soldier's wife? Washing and needlework might also be put under some sort of regulation, and soldiers' wives employed in those useful occupations "by authority." Routine is rigid about heel-ball, the form of a whisker, or the stiffness of a cravat, but it seldom regulates where regulation is required.

Shall the present system be continued in spite of the horrors it has bred? Or is our army really to be managed at all points in such a way that, from the noble general down to the poor soldier's wife, every one connected with it may be put officially upon the shortest road to shame?

GAMBLING.

A MAN will grow tired, in the long run, of every amusement or occupation in the world, except one—Gambling. Fickle, inconstant, and capricious human straws that we are, blown about from side to side by the wind of levity, we often think we have had enough of a bad as of a good thing. Many a one leaves off vicious practices, not because he feels an inclination towards virtue, but because he is tired with vice. We become a-weary, a-weary of rich meats and potent wines, of blood-horses and fair women; of jewels and pictures; of our mansion in Belgravia, and our palace in Hampshire—conservatories, fallow-deer, pheasant preserves, large footmen, bowing tenantry, and all. Among the many causes I have for thanking heaven that I am not a duke, one of the chiefest is the certitude I feel that at least five out of every half-dozen dukes are desperately bored with their state of dukedom: that their gorge rises at their stars, that they loathe their garters; and that they are heartily sick of being called your grace all day long. Yes, everything here below will pall upon us and find us used up at last. To every tragedy the sublimest—to every comedy the wittiest—there is an unfailing anti-strophe, long after the epilogue has been spoken—a yawn. To the Sir Charles Coldstream complexion we must come eventually; we must sicken of the Italian Opera, the Lord Mayor's dinner, Dod's Peerage and Baronetage, the Sacred Harmonic Society, the House of Peers, the Court Circular, the Freedom of the Chicken-butchers Company in a golden box, and the Council of the Royal Academy; topmost pinnacles of human felicity and grandeur as those institutions are thought to be. It is dreadful to reflect upon the vanity of mundane things, and it is enough to cause a shudder to every well regulated mind to have to remember that the water bailiff's young man will one day feel a disgustful fatigue for his proud position; that the gold-stick will become satiated with the possession of his auriferous bâton, and that his uncle, the marquis, will no longer feel any pleasure in being an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. There will come a time too, I think Mr. Chairman, when we shall all grow a-weary even of the day and night, and wish in the evening that it were morning, and in the morning that the night were come. Then we shall draw the curtains at the bed's foot, and shut out the bright sunlight, and turn the gay pictures with their

backs to the wall ; for we shall think then, as that Roman satirist thought nineteen hundred years ago, that we have eaten enough, and drunk enough, and played the fool enough, and that it is *tempus abire*—time for us to go.

But of that pleasant perdition Gambling a man never tires. No man ever tires of pitch and toss as long as he has an arm to pitch with, or a penny to toss. The gambler requires neither food nor drink, sleep nor raiment. As long as he has hands and a voice he will rattle the bones and bet ; when he has paralysis on his tongue and chalk-stones on his fingers, he will get his neighbour to throw the dice and call the mains for him : but gamble still. Addiction to play has not only the power of making the heart hard as the nether millstone, but it will confer insensibility to pain, and indifference to privation. It will even vanquish the great *edax rerum*—Time—and give the votaries of play longevity ; for unless the gambler's career be cut short by a quick despair and sudden suicide, he will outlive wives, children, friends, fortune, and will see new generations spring up whose fathers he has fleeced, or whose grandfathers have fleeced him, and,—gray-haired, gamble still. I know a white-headed old punter now, whose limbs are all in a quiver with the palsy, who has been ruined and hoping scores of times for the last half-century. He says that if I will only lend him forty pounds, and go with him to Hombourg, he will show me how the red must turn up, and he and I win an incalculable fortune. He comes to me with the theory of his infallible martingale engrossed on foolscap like an indenture. He brings packs of cards, and trembling shows me the combinations that must render gain certain. He picks out with a pin the chances of red against black upon a gambler's almanack. He nurses his martingale as old women, thirty years ago, used to nurse cabalistic numbers in the lottery ; numbers of which they had dreamed, or which had been sold to them by fortune-tellers, or which they had picked up in the street, and which were always to bring them the great prize, and wealth, but never did.

Look at the perseverance, persistence, incapacity of fatigue of gamblers. Consider once more Cardinal Mazarin on his death-bed. The last bulletin has been issued. His sovereign and master here below has made up his mind to lose his faithful servant, and has even so far recovered from the first shock of his grief as to give his place to another. The pallid spectre with the equal footsteps is waiting at the cardinal's door, like the printer's boy, at mine, for copy ; his friends are gathered round his bed ; he has had unction, absolution, tears, thanks, blessings ; and what is the cardinal doing ? Is he gathering the clothes over his head, or turning his face to the wall, or murmuring like Hadrian, *Animula vagula blandula* ! no ; he is sitting up in bed

playing at cards with the ladies of the court—the ladies with frizzled ringlets and low-necked dresses ! There is an awful story I have read somewhere of a man who refused to die ; who in extremis, had the card-table drawn up to his bedside and strong meats and drinks placed upon it, and so held the cards against Death : but Death had all the trumps, and the man lost the game. Consider this. The approach of death softens most men. The grim warrior becomes like unto a baby ; the reprobate wishes he could live his life over again ; the condemned criminal talks of his innocent school days, and his dead mother ; the callous old knave Falstaff babbles of green fields ; but the gambler relinquishes his hold of the cards or the dice-box only with his life. He will dice with the devil on the banks of the pit of perdition till he falls into it, for ever.

If I were to go to history or to antiquity I could find instances, and relate anecdotes, of that persistence and utter absorption to extraneous influences, which mark gamblers as with a hot iron, enough to fill this volume at the end of the half year. But I need not go even as far back as that Duke of Norfolk, in King William the Third's time, whose servant deposed on a trial, that his master would stop away for weeks together at play, and would only send home when he had lost all his gold. I need not search the *Annals* of the Four Masters for that fine old Irish gambling tradition of the two bogtrotters, who for eleven consecutive days and nights played at shove halfpenny on the back of a broken pair of bellows. I need not cross the Atlantic to narrate to you the bold spirit for play of Hon. Elkanah Mush, of the United States Senate, who, with the exception of the interregna of drinks and cutting fresh tobacco-plugs, passed the whole of four voyages, per steamer, from St. Louis to New Orleans and back again, in the exciting and national game of Poker (playing with a Texan land-speculator) and losing thereat twenty-five thousand dollars, five hundred niggers, and a double-barrelled rifle, besides hypothecating two cotton crops, not yet sown. I have but to look at home, and not much farther than the extremity of my own nose, for such instances and anecdotes. Go to the half built-upon slums behind Battlebridge, hard by the Great Northern Railway terminus. Take a walk, any Sunday morning, to the arches of the Greenwich Railway ; to the muddy shores of the Thames above Millbank ; you will find groups of boys—some coster boys, some thief boys, some boys of whom it is difficult to say more by way of description save that they are boys, and dirty and ragged,—squatting in the mud, among the rubbish, the broken bricks, the dust-heaps, and the fragments of timber ; playing for half-pence, for buttons and marbles when they have no money—these boys will gamble for hours and hours with a rapt eagerness, with a feverish determination,

with a strong will, that otherwise, and rightly directed, should make them emperors. 'Tis but the fondness of boys for a game, you may say; no boys would play at leap-frog, at hop-scotch, or cricket, or prisoners-bars, or at the more popular diversion, fighting, with this inflexible perseverance, in despite and defiance of ragged trousers, chilblains, cold, empty bellies, the imminent police, and possible incarceration for unlawfully gambling, and the certainty of being brutally beaten when they go home—a certainty at least to those who have any homes to go to. The spectators, as young, as ragged, as passionately excited by the chances of the game as the players themselves, stand or crouch in a ring around. Those who have coppers bet: those who have none scratch themselves convulsively, but watch the fluctuations of the game with the same rapt eagerness. They gasp with excitement: they have scarcely breath to swear with. And the players would play and the spectators stare till Doomsday, were it not for an inexorable, implacable spoil-sport, in the shape of a policeman, who charges down on the band of gamblers fiercer than any Turcoman, and puts them to flight with a "Now, then!" horrid to hear, and a dreadfully echoing—"Come out of that!" collaring many, hitting some, and scattering all; though the rout is but a partial one; for the broken ring collects again in smaller segments soon, behind angles of walls and under the lees of barges and brick-stacks, where the game begins afresh, and players and spectators are again excited and absorbed.

More: Go to the low coffee-shops and public-houses in Whitechapel, Spitalfields, Shoreditch, and that delightful region whose streets nestle in the shadow of the collegiate church of St. Peter's, Westminster, and which cling on to the skirts of broad, light Victoria Street, like barnacles to a ship's keel. Look at the Jew boys and men gambling—now for bank notes and jewels, now for cups of coffee and halfpenny tarts. Ask the thieves how they spend their nefarious earnings. If they answer you civilly (which is doubtful) and veraciously (which is more doubtful still) they will tell you that they game till they have lost all their money, and then go and steal more.

More: Leave these low haunts: put on a clean collar and enter respectable society. Ask the noble lord if he is not rather tired of, not to say disgusted with, the noble lord opposite, who has only been in the house a twelvemonth, and has only made half a dozen speeches, and then ask him if he has ever tired of his nightly game at whist, which he has played almost every night (Sundays excepted) for the last sixty years, and whether he will not shuffle the cards this evening with the same degree of pleasure as he was wont to do when he played with Mr. Fox and Lord Hertford in the year ninety-five. What can

there be in a few pieces of spotted pasteboard, and a board full of holes, to make old ladies love cribbage long after they are purblind—to make grave reverend men play at whist long after their strength is but labour and sorrow? And for halfpenny points, too. It cannot be avarice. I knew a venerable old lady in Cumberland, whom meeting one day remarkably red about the eyes, I took the liberty respectfully to question. I suggested cold.

"Eh!" she answered, "I've gat na cauld: Pinkie Saunders and Fly-me-Jack kem fra' Kendal on Tuesday, that loo's a game a' whisk dearly, an' Tse bin carding the morn and the e'en, the e'en an' the morn, twa days."

"And what, madam," I asked, "might you have won?"

"Eh!" she replied, with infinite simplicity, "it mun be a shilling."

No: it cannot always be avarice. The thirst for gain is of course one of the primary inducements to gaming; but the cause of causes of this inextinguishable desire for and addiction to play must be the fixed idea of conquering; the fierce desire of doing to your neighbour that which you would not like your neighbour to do unto you.

On a long sea voyage, every amusement—every subtle device for wiling away the time that seems so leaden-winged, and yet is withal so swift and defiant of pursuit and capture—every ingenious nostrum for curing ennui will pall upon the passengers—save one: gambling. Tarry, while on the shipman's card I point you out the bearings, or, with the compasses upon the chart find out the exact position of the teak-built East Indiaman "Huccabadar," Captain Chillumjee, homeward bound from Bombay. My word! how woefully sick the passengers have all become of the ship, themselves, and each other. Everything, almost, has been tried, worn out, and thrown aside. Mofuzzle, covenanted servant of the H.E.I.C., and collector of Brandipawnibad, coming home on leave, has grown tired of expatiating on the state of his liver, of exhibiting the shawls he is carrying to his female relatives in England, his collection of hookahs, the calomel in his medicine chest, and of disputing with Pawkey, the snuffy Scotch surgeon, as to the functions of the pancreas. Lieutenants Griffin and Tiffin, Bombay Native Infantry, have told all their stories about tiger-hunting, pig-sticking, riding unbroken horses at the Cape; travelling dawk; the Capsicumwallah steeple chases, rows at mess, the drunkenness of the Colonel, the vulgarity of the Major's wife, the scragginess of Captain Aitchbones unmarried daughters' shoulders, the superiority of Juffy's bungalow over Tuffy's, the performances of Griffin's rat-catching terrier, Choker; and the accomplishments of Tiffin's long-legged mare, Neilgherry. These young men have smoked out their biggest cigars, have worn their fanciest shirts, shooting-jackets, and trousers, and are bored to death.

Cady of the Indian bar is weary of attempting to play the "Fair Land of Poland" upon the German flute. Old Colonel Straubensee of the Budderchowrie Irregulars has tired everybody out with his droning stories of what his uncle did at the siege of Seringapatam, and what Sir David Baird said to him. Lady Tollodde and Miss Anne Tollodde (wife and daughter of Sir Gypes Tollodde, Judge of the Supreme Court), are evidently weary of perusing their collection of tracts: "the awakened Sikh," "the Clearstarcher of Booterstown," the Wheelbarrow of Repentance," "Grace for Grenadiers," &c. They don't say they are sick of those edifying works, but they are, depend upon it. Mrs. Captain Chutnee is weary of quarrelling with her Ayah, and dosing her unfortunate baby with deleterious medicaments. Mrs. Lechowder (wife of X. P. Lechowder, Esq., Magistrate of Mullagong), who has been generally weary ever since she left her English finishing school to come out to India on the matrimonial speculation that terminated so prosperously, has wearied of reading the novels of Miss Jane Porter, of lying on the sofa with her shoes off, of languidly assaulting her sallow little daughter with a hairbrush. Even Captain Chillumjee seems weary. He is testy with his men, morose with Bult, the first mate, whilom his boon companion; he tells no more jovial stories; the finished and ceremonious courtesy towards the ladies, by which he inaugurated the voyage has subsided into a moody respect; he looks wearily among the crew and the passengers, as if seeking a quarrel; as if he wanted a mutiny to break out, that he might put somebody in irons; or a pirate to be signalled on the weatherbow, that he might clear the decks for action. He is weary. Private theatricals have been tried. A weekly magazine of "Literature, Science, and Art," has been tried. Flirtation has been tried. Scandal, quarrelling (even to the extent of challenges to fight), sing-songs, debating societies, soirées musicales, magic lantern exhibitions in the cuddy; quadrilles and polkas on the poop; deep-sea-fishing; going aloft; electro-magnetism; table-turning; arguments about the Siege of Pondicherry, about Dupleix and Lally-Tollendal, about the case of the Begums and the execution of Nuncomar, and the exploits of Holkar; all these have been tried in succession, and found wanting at last, through weariness. The gallant teak-built vessel becomes a phantom ship—a very Flying Dutchman of boredom. The sea is no longer open, fresh, or ever free: it is a dreadful interminable prison-wall, painted blue. The fresh-baked bread; the fowls and ducks; the vegetables; the champagne on Wednesdays and Sundays; the Reverend Mr. Whackspang's sermons (he belongs to the Blunderpore mission) all the delicacies, luxuries, comforts, and appliances of an East Indiaman, teak-built, copper-bottomed, registered A 1 at

Lloyd's, and under engagement to the honourable company—all these delight the passengers no longer; for they are a-weary, a-weary, and wish that they were well out of the Huccabadar, or dead. The only contented person on board (excepting, of course, the sailors and common people of that sort, who are not to be named in the same breath with gentility) seems to be Rammajee Bobbajee, from Bombay, who is proceeding to England to hear his appeal to the Privy Council tried, in the interminable case of himself versus Lumpajee Chostanjee Lall. He has rolled himself into a white muslin ball; and eats rice; and in his brown face there is no particular expression of fatigue discernible; but a general, stolid, immovable, impassible indifference, combined with a settled and profound contempt for the ship, the captain, the passengers, and the crew.

The last subject of conversation has been exhausted, when the Huccabadar has left St. Helena behind; when the spot where the Emperor's body isn't buried has been visited, and when the life and adventures of Napoleon Bonaparte have been recounted and discussed for the five-thousandth time. All the books have been read, all the jokes are stale, everybody has quarrelled with everybody; there seems to be nothing but shipwreck, fire, or shortness of provisions that can come to the rescue; when, even as the albatross appeared on board the ship in Coleridge's immortal rhyme, a bird of promise, of strange and varied plumage appears on board the Huccabadar, and gladdens the bored-out passengers. It is the bird of play—the gamecock of the seas.

And now, away with melancholy, away with dullness, weariness, ennui—nunc est ludendum. Surreptitiously at first, for Captain Chillumjee is reported to have strict notions of discipline, and to have set his weather-embroidered face against gambling entirely. In Mr. Pawkey's snug cabin, in quiet corners of the cuddy and cosy state-rooms, noiseless hands at cards are sate down to. Colonel Straubensee happens to mention that he likes a rubber at whist; Griffin and Tiffin go into the maintop and toss for half-crowns privately. Mofuzzle and the purser go to backgammon furiously. Soon it begins to be whispered about that all the passengers are gambling like mad. They don't stop long at dinner; you don't see much of them in the cuddy or on deck; the fact is, they are all in each other's cabins gambling. Mrs. Lechowder makes up an apparently irreconcilable quarrel with Mrs. Captain Chutnee, borrows twenty pounds of her, and is reported to lose it all before eight bells at vingt-et-un. There is a wicked, scandalous rumour prevalent that the exemplary spouse of Sir Gypes Tollodde has been lured—heavily lured. They say that Cady of the Indian bar is a knowing hand at cribbage, and that he is ruining that inconsiderate lad Griffin. I hope that there is

no truth in the statement that Tiffin is fifty-eight pounds sterling (a dreadful amount of sicca rupees to deduct from your subaltern's pay, Tiffin) in debt to Miss Anne Tollodde—all money lost at cards. Can this be true? Can it be true that Captain Chillumjee shuts himself up in his cabin nightly with Cady, drinks cold rum and water, and plays at the coarse but exciting game of spoilt fives; aye, and that he plays deep? At all events, nobody looks weary now; nobody yawns, mopes about the deck, or potters in the rigging or hammock rattlings. Nobody cares when the ship is due at Plymouth; whether the winds are fair or adverse. The Log—that great nautical newspaper—is still interesting, for the passengers bet, and for heavy stakes, upon the number of knots the ship made yesterday, and the probable number she will make to-morrow. There are quarrels, but they are disputes about who had the king; the odd trick; the colour of the trump, the flush of five, and the last card. There are scandals; but they are gossiping reports of Cady's winnings, Griffin's losses, Lady Tollodde's avarice, and Colonel Straubensee's disinclination to fair play. And all this while—upon the topmast truck of the highest mast of the Huccabadar; above each yard and sail, above mainsail, main-topgallant, sky-scraper, moon-raker, and jack-above-all, is perched, crowing lustily, the bird of play, the gamecock. He crows, for he has cured the gentle-folks aft of their weariness; and the spurs on his heels are the spurs of avarice and lust of conquest, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. And so, for England ho!

I do not think that those who have undertaken a long voyage on ship-board, and have experienced that fine, exciting, unwholesome relief of the diversion that never flags—gambling—will accuse me of having overcharged this picture much. Nautical gambling is even historical. The Earl of Sandwich lost four hundred pieces at play in his cabin, the night before the engagement in which he lost his life. Sir Edward Morgan and his buccaneers gambled the spoils of Panama among themselves in their filibustering craft. Napoleon, they say, would have died of ennui in his voyage in the Northumberland from Plymouth to St. Helena, if it had not been for écarté.

But, if you would desire to see marine play in its perfection, take a trip to the Spanish Main, or to the scorching Brazils, and come back in the first cabin of a mail steamer,—say the Landerab, Captain Mango. Now a voyage from the West Indies, or even from the Brazils, is not so very wearisome an affair. In the first, there are numerous beautiful islands to touch at,—gardens of Eden, but with the deadly fever-serpent, Yellow Jack, coiled up in the midst. Then there is the excitement of sharks: then there are strange tempests and hurricanes, not to be seen in other latitudes,—storms

when the sky turns pitchy black and the waves foam white; when strange birds wheel about the masts, or fall dead with fright upon the decks; when the lightning rends and splits up the clouds into shreds; and when the thunder screams as well as roars. Take your berth in the saloon of the Landerab, and you may have your fill of play; for there are on board Spanish and Portuguese Dons,—sallow moustachioed senhors, with long black hair and long pedigrees. They wear broad-brimmed, grass-plait hats; nankeen coats, in which light pink and salmon-tint are the colours most affected; patent leather boots; large turn-down collars; gold sleeve-buttons; and striped pantaloons. Their fingers are covered with jewelled rings. They frequently carry uncut diamonds in their waistcoat pockets. They wear massive ear-rings. They smoke without cessation, save to eat, and even then they lay their cigarettes down on the table-cloth by the side of their soup-plates, and resume the fragrant weed when they have finished their potage. They have wives pale, youthful, and languid, who swing in silken hammocks, who sleep a great deal, who have large black eyes (such eyes!), and who, I regret to say, also smoke cigarettes. They have numerous families of gorgeously-dressed children, on whom attend black servants, with particoloured handkerchiefs tied round their heads. They (the Dons) have all a dozen names, more or less. Down in the hold they have vast amounts of specie, of which due mention will be made in the Times when the Landerab arrives at Southampton; huge clumsy-looking ingots like bricks, or rather pigs of gold; saffron-like gold-dust, in deal boxes, rudely nailed together; chips and splinters and flakes of gold; chests of fat pillar dollars, and flaccid, perspiring, bilious-looking doubloons; small kegs, where services of plate are packed in straw,—plate rude in workmanship, but, ah! how precious in metal at per ounce! These Dons—who will be set upon in London by touters, and conveyed forcibly to horrible dens smelling of bad oil and garlic, miscalled hotels and boarding-houses, situate in the purlieus of Finsbury Square, among sugar-bakers and second-hand furniture shops, and kept by mouldy females, single, of equivocal nationality, but who call themselves Doña, and where, unhappy Dons! they will have to pay about six times more than they ought for execrable accommodation—these Dons, for I need reiterate my words after a parenthesis of such unwarrantable length, are men singularly mild, amiable, and inoffensive in demeanour. They are neither so proud nor so saturnine as the European Spaniards; but they are mercurial, garrulous, gesticulatory, nay, what I may be permitted to call frisky. They are men, too, of admirable sobriety, taking very little wine, and never, by any chance, exceeding in their potations. But they gamble, these Dons, like the very

mischievous. Enter the saloon of the *Landerab*, at whatever hour you like of the day or evening (before, of course, all the lights in the ship are put out), and you will find the *Dons* hard at play. And for no paltry stakes be it understood, but for round sums of the bilious-looking doubloons, for handfuls of the gold-dust that is like saffron, and for the golden ingots that are like pigs of lead. There is no need for surreptitious gaming here; for on board the *Landerab* gaming is looked upon as an institution, as one of the natural products of that hot, passionate, excitable region, the Spanish Main—as a natural consequence and characteristic of men whose native home is on Tom Tiddler's Ground, who dwell on the banks of the Pactolus, and are connected with the *Cresus* family. Gambling is thought to be as indigenous to the Brazils as milreas, diamond mines, and the close-tufted forests of gigantic trees where the many-hued parrots scream, where the humming-bird is alive and hums; where the bird of paradise, undegraded by being made a plume for a dowager's turban, sighs down gently to earth through the interlaced branches; where the lithe monkeys, some big as men, some tiny as mice, leap chattering and gibing from branch to branch, and where there springs up in the underwood a myriad vegetation such as *Linnaeus* never dreamt of, and such as would puzzle Professor *Lindley* to take nature-prints of, were he to spend his whole life in the attempt.

It comes not, just now, within the province of these aspects of gambling to figure to you how the grave Sir Rufus Redhead, K.C.B., Governor of the Island of St. Febris, going out to his government in the *Shaddock* steamer, Captain *Arrowroot* (the mortal remains of the last governor, Sir *Naylor Croke*, were brought home, neatly preserved in spirits, in the *Landerab*), lost upwards of two thousand pounds sterling to Don *Thomas Aliboro Benvisto Quintal y Ruiz y Lomano y Diaz y Castellan y Marmora*, of *Carthagena*. Nor would it be edifying to tell you how the Hebrew speculator of Rio Janeiro, Don *Rafaele Peixotto*, gambled away the entire stock of gold epaulettes, sword-knots, sashes, and lace which he was taking out to Brazil with a special view to the benefit of the officers of the Brazilian army. Let those byegones sleep. His Excellency Sir *Rufus* will never mention his little losses at government-house St. Febris, and Don *Rafaele Peixotto* has long since had his financial revenge out of other matters besides epaulettes. Also will we drop the curtain upon the catastrophe of poor *Bob Clovers*, who had been clerk in a merchant's house at Rio, and who coming home after his third fever (he took too much *aguardiente*), and getting deep in play with the *Vicomte de Carambolaro*, foolishly gave him a bill for a large amount in payment of losses, and was positively sold up and arrested three weeks after he had landed at Southampton.

The *Vicomte de Carambolaro*! I had once the honour—no; I can't conscientiously say the honour—but I was once acquainted with that nobleman. It was but an equivocal, cloudy, at-long-dates—renewable, box-lobby, race-course, smoking-room, table-d'hôte, lazarretto, railway-train, shy-society sort of acquaintance at most. In short, we knew of, rather than knew, each other: still, at one time, I used to see a good deal of the *Vicomte de Carambolaro*. He was over six feet in height, and one of the handsomest of men. He had been originally, I believe, a Frenchman; but he had made so many (gambling) campaigns in different countries that he spoke French, English, Italian, German, Spanish, and Portuguese with equal ease and fluency, and had quite lost his nationality. He said that he was the best small-swordsman in Europe, and I have no reason to doubt his word. He danced beautifully; drew portraits, horses, and caricatures with grace and vigour; rode fearlessly; played the piano and guitar with taste and feeling, and swam like a duck. I don't think he could read or write much; but he could draw up a challenge and sign his name to a bill, and this was all the scholarship required of him. He was an irretrievable scoundrel. He was, very probably, a real viscount, which does not militate from his scoundrelism one iota. He was, by profession, a "mace-man,"—by which, I mean, that he lived at the best hotels, drank the most expensive wines; went frequently abroad; travelled a great deal in first-class carriages; wore the best clothes and a great deal of jewellery; continually changed sovereigns, and had no ostensible means of obtaining a livelihood. Of course, when you see a man who lives at the rate of five pounds a day upon an income of nothing a-year, you naturally infer that he "shakes his elbow," i.e., that he gambles. This, I should say, the *Vicomte de Carambola* did rather extensively.

I lost sight of the viscount for a considerable period of time. It chanced, however, one day, that it behoved me to call upon him on business—upon my word I think it was about a bill—which, together with a horse, a lady, a gambling debt, and a duel, were the only subjects about which you could possibly have business with the viscount. I traced him from hotel to hotel, and from lodging to lodging (he always lodged in aristocratic streets), till I was directed to a fashionable tailor's in Conduit Street. I am a man of a placid demeanour and nervous temperament, and after knocking in vain for some time at the tailor's private door I entered the shop, and asked meekly if the *Vicomte de Carambolaro* lived there. Suddenly there leaped down from a high desk a little man with a bald head and a yard measure hanging round his neck. He advanced towards me in a series of short jumps, brandishing a tremendous pair of shears, very much as a

Huron, a Pawnee, a Choctaw, or a Blackfoot Indian might flourish his tomahawk when decorated with his war-paint, and going forth to meet his enemies. Then, in a voice terribly like a war-whoop, he cried out, "Viscount! Viscount Skaramboles! Where is he?—where is he?—where is he, sir? Know the Viscount? oh, yes (sarcastically). Where's his friend, the marquis, eh?" I tried to explain, mildly, that far from being able to answer questions, I was myself seeking information; whereupon with a parting yell of "Viscount! Marquis!" and "Seventy-pounds!" the little man whirled his shears over his head like a meteor, cut six, and leaped into the high desk again. A large ledger upon the top thereof was immediately afterwards opened by unseen hands; and I opined (though I may have been wrong) that somebody was immediately debited with a new, superfine, Saxony black dress surtout, with fine silk velvet collar, rich silk skirt and sleeve-linings, by way of soothing the exacerbated feelings of the little man with a bald head. I made my escape from the shop as soon as I could; for it was evident that the foreign aristocracy as a body were distasteful to the man with the shears, and I was fearful that he might take me for a baron. It was many months before I discovered the viscount again. I lighted upon him at an hotel in that city of hotels—Southampton, and there I learnt, indirectly—through a private source, as the American papers say—what had become of him during his long absence.

He had found out the Dons, and how fond they were of gambling; and it is a fact that the Viscount de Carambolaro had been travelling backwards and forwards in West Indian and South American mail-steamers for the last two years, fleecing the Dons. As he had to pay something like a hundred pounds passage-money every voyage, it may be imagined that his profits were large. He was a general in the service of Paraguay now. He looked like one. He was one of those men who, dressed in uniform, look as though they had been born field-m Marshals; and who very probably, underneath their stars and embroidery, have the galley slaves' brand on their shoulders, or the cat o' nine-tails' scratch on their backs. The Emperor of Brazil, he said (not to the Dons, though), had given him the concession of a whole province full of mines of gold, silver, and diamonds—to say nothing of the less precious metals, mines of which existed in profusion. He engaged a simple draughtsman to plan him out from his own sketches a map of this metalliferous region, for the purpose of getting up a company. The man said to me afterwards, with uplifted eyes and hands, "Why, that viscount's neither more nor less than a swindler, sir. When I took him the map for approval, he grumbled because there weren't more diamond mines; and says he, 'Pop down three

more on that river and two more on that, and a gold mine in the left-hand top corner.' He's a do, sir." I tried to explain to the draughtsman that Carambolaro was a great man; but he persisted in considering him a do, because he put down diamond mines where no diamond mines existed.

The viscount, however, great as he was, did not invent the system of fleecing the Dons by travelling backwards and forwards in mail-steamers. The honour of the invention appertains, I believe, to the famous Mr. William Cauty, a play-man of long standing and first-rate abilities. A series of misconceptions, however, relative to a cash-box and the Westminster Bank, together with an erroneous view taken of Mr. Cauty's conduct by a jury of his countrymen, and the palpable misdirection of a learned judge, changed the venue of his nautical experiences from the Spanish Main to the Southern Pacific Ocean. In sober truth and sad earnest, he was transported for life. Play, like science, has had its martyrs.

These are some of the aspects of gambling. If I be asked, how many more there be, I require to be informed how many changes of pattern can be counted in a kaleidoscope; and, when I receive a reply, I will answer the question.

NOTHING LIKE RUSSIA-LEATHER.

WE will again call on M. Tourghenief* to illustrate the social condition of Russia.

"Monsieur," said Ermolai the huntsman, one day, "let us go and shoot at Lgof. We shall kill wild ducks by hundreds and thousands." I assented to the proposition, and we started together.

Lgof is a large village situated far away from all communication, and possessing a very ancient stone church with a single cupola, and two watermills on the muddy course of the river Rossota. Five versts (about three miles) from Lgof, the Rossota is converted into a vast pond, whose surface, both in the centre and round the edges, is enlivened by the verdure of thick beds of rushes. The bays and creeks between those rushes are tenanted by a population composed of every species of duck in the world; mallards, shovellers, pintails, widgeon, teal, dun-birds and golden-eyes, to say nothing of gulls, divers, and dabchicks. Little flocks are constantly rising and flying backwards and forwards over the surface of the water. If you fire, there rise such clouds of birds that the sportsman involuntarily lays his hand on the crown of his cap, and makes with his mouth a prolonged "trrrr!" Ermolai and I began by skirting the pond. We knew very well that the wild duck is a bird which, on the bank, is always on the alert, and never remains long in one place; and that, even if

* See pages 108 and 227 of the present volume.

some imprudent teal were to expose itself to our fire and lose its life, our dogs would be unable to extricate its body from the tangled thicket of rushes. In spite of their noble devotedness, they would be unable either to swim or to walk on the bottom of mud, and would do nothing but set their muzzles bleeding by cutting them against the sharp-edged sedge-leaves.

"Come," said Ermolai, "it is clear that we must now procure a boat. A man in the village, nicknamed Soutchok, or 'Dry Chips,' has a sort of raft which pretends to be a flat-bottomed boat; only I do not know where it is moored. I must go and find the fellow himself."

He soon returned, accompanied by Soutchok, who, lame, in rags, with bristling and untidy hair and beard, looked like a sexagenarian domestic that had passed into the service of a master who cared little about appearances.

"Have you a boat?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, in a hoarse, and hiccupping voice; "but it is a very bad one." Soutchok's habitual mode of speaking gave you the idea of a stupid clown who cannot quite succeed in waking himself up.

"What is the matter with it?"

"It leaks, and the rullocks are broken."

"The damage is not great," said Ermolai. "With tallow and hemp it will be easy to caulk it."

"Ah! certainly," said Soutchok; "get some hemp and tallow. There is plenty to be had."

"But what are you? What's your trade?" I inquired.

"I am our lady's fisherman."

"A capital fisherman, not to keep a boat on the river!"

"What good would that be, if there are no fish in the river?"

"Fish don't like the rusty taste of marsh waters," observed my huntsman, majestically.

"Pray tell me, have you long been a fisherman?"

"Seven years, Bârine."

"No more! And what did you do before that?"

"I was a coachman."

"Why didn't they let you remain a coachman?"

"The new lady ordered me out of the stables."

"What lady?"

The lady who bought us, Aléona Timoféevna; a very fat, stout woman, not particularly young. Don't you know her?"

"No. What put it into her head to make you her fisherman?"

"God knows. She came to look at her estate of Tambof; she summoned all the servants; she showed herself; we rushed upon her, to kiss her hand; she was by no means offended. After we had done, she asked each of us in succession what was his employment.

When my turn came, and she was informed that I was a coachman, she said, 'You, indeed, a coachman! A pretty sort of a coachman, with such a face and figure as yours! Really, I have got a handsome coachman! I won't have you belong to the stables any longer. Go and shave your beard and cut your hair short; you shall be my family fisherman. Every time that I come here, it is your duty to supply my table with fish, you understand; and if my pond is not kept in order, you will have to answer for it.'—But what a joke, to ask for fish here! Good heavens! That is more than I can manage, and I should be much obliged if any one would tell me how to keep such a pond as ours neat and tidy."

"To whom did you belong before that?"

"To Serge Serghéitch Pehtiref, who inherited us. He was our master only six years. I used to drive him when he was here; in town, he had another coachman."

"You were a coachman, then, from your youth upwards?"

"Ah, no, no! I was made a coachman in the time of Serge Serghéitch. Before then, I was a cook; but not in town, only here in the country."

"Cook, I dare say; but cook to whom?"

"Why, to the former master, to Athanase Nefédytch, who was Serge Serghéitch's uncle. The old gentleman had bought Lgof, and that's how Serge Serghéitch became our master; namely, by inheritance."

"From whom did old Athanase make the purchase?"

"Why, from Tatiana Vacilievna."

"What Tatiana Vacilievna?"

"Why, she who died single at Bolkhof near Karatchof; an old maid, look you. She was never married. Did't you know her? She had us from her father Vacili Séménitch. She was our mistress for a long while; oh! for a good space of twenty years."

"Were you not her cook?"

"Yes, at first; but she soon made me her kofichénok."

"Her what?"

"Her ko-fi-ché-nok."

"What sort of servant is that?"

"That's more than I can tell you, Bârine. Only I was put into the place, and was obliged to be called Anntonn, instead of Kouzma. Such were madame's orders."

"Your real name was Kouzma, then?"

"Why, yes! Kouzma."

"And you were her kofichénok for seventeen or eighteen years?"

"Ah, no; I had to be an actor?"

"Nonsense; what do you mean by actor?"

"I acted in her theatre. Our Lady made a theatre in a large chamber."

"What line of parts did you take?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"What had you to do in the theatre?"

"Ah! you don't know then. They took me and dressed me up. I walked about in the

clothes, in this way; I stood still, and I sat down. They gave me my orders,—‘Say so and so, and so and so.’—It was all one to me. I spoke what they told me. One day I represented a blind man, sir, and——”

“And afterwards; what were you next?”

“Next? Ah! next I was a cook again.”

“But why turn cook again?”

“One of my brothers ran away, and I had to take his place.”

“Good; and what were you in the establishment of your first mistress’s father?”

“With her father? With her father; look you, I have been all sorts of things. At first I was a little kazac; I had to remain standing behind a door, ready to fetch and carry messages. Then I was a postillion. We drove only four horses; I used to ride, on a high saddle, on the left hand horse of the front pair. But they made me turn huntsman, and——”

“Huntsman—mounted—with dogs?”

“Yes; mounted, and with dogs. But I had a fall and lamed myself, and the horse likewise. The old Bârine was very severe; he had me well beaten, and I was sent to Moscow to be apprenticed to a boot-maker.”

“Apprenticed! What are you talking about? You were a child when they made you a huntsman and a whipper-in.”

“I was something like twenty years of age. But that had nothing to do with it. The thing must be done, because the master ordered it; but, as he died shortly afterwards, they made me go back to the village again.”

“And when did you serve your apprenticeship as cook?”

“There is no need of any apprenticeship to that. You make the women cook a few things, you taste of them, and that’s quite sufficient,” said Southok raising his thin and yellow face, on which a smile struggled to break forth in vain.

“Come, come,” I continued; “you have played a good many parts in the course of your life; but now that you are a fisherman, what do you do, as there is no fish in the pond?”

“Oh! I make no complaint. I thank God, as they say, that they have made me a fisherman. But there is another old man, André Poutyr, whom Madame sent to work in the paper manufactory. But they didn’t make any paper. Poutyr said to himself that it was a sin to eat bread that he had not earned; at the same time, he looked out for a change for the better. He had a nephew who was a clerk in the Bârynia’s counting-house; and he promised to speak to Madame, to obtain for him something, I don’t know what. He fulfilled his promise; he spoke to her! and Uncle Poutyr fell at his nephew’s feet. I was there.”

“Enough. Have you any family? Are you married?”

“No, Sir; that was impossible. Tatiana Vacilievna,—God open the skies to her! I hope so—our late mistress, did not allow any one here to get married. She sometimes said, even before the priest, ‘Heaven defend me from suffering that! I am single, and it does not kill me; I lead a maiden life. What would they have, I should like to know? I have spoiled them. What will they want next?’”

“How do you live? Do you receive any wages, any fixed payment?”

“Wages! Why, Bârine, they give us victuals to eat; that is all we require. Gracious Goodness! Heaven grant long life to our lady!”

Ermolai informed me, in a cross tone of voice, that the boat was caulked and put in order, and sent off Southok to fetch his punting-pole. Ermolai, a serf himself, dismissed the brave fellow with a smile of the utmost contempt.

“What an idiot!” he said, as the other went away; “a real brute, a clumsy moujik, not a bit better. You cannot call that animal a servant. And yet he presumes to boast. Is it likely he could ever perform a part in a play? Answer me that question, sir? You have done him too much honour by talking to him.”

In a quarter of an hour, we were all three seated on the edge of the flat-bottomed boat. We shot away at a great rate; Ermolai continuously victorious, I, as usual, very indifferently. Southok watched us with the look of a man who has been in a state of servitude from childhood upwards. From time to time he shouted, “There! there! another duck!” Then, abashed at the sound of his own voice, he scratched his back, not with his hands, but by a particular movement of his shoulders. By noontime our boat was overlaid with victims piled in pyramids. Instead of remarking that our vessel leaked faster and faster, we neglected to bale the water out. Just as we were about to leave off shooting, clouds of ducks, teal, and pintails, rose so thick and frequent, as if to bid us good bye effectually, that we had not time to reload between the flights. We so completely lost sight of the state of our skiff, that Ermolai, by a sudden grasp at an expiring mallard, made the boat lean too far on one side. It filled, was swamped, and majestically descended to the muddy bottom.

“Gently!” we all shouted at once; but it was too late. In two minutes we were up to our chins in water, “Dry Chips” included.

Ermolai was the first to break silence.

“Pouah!” he vociferated, spitting on the water. “What an abominable ducking! It is your fault, old devil,” he said angrily to Southok, “with your pretended boat—Pouah!”

“I beg your pardon,” muttered the poor old man.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE THOUSAND AND ONE HUMBUGS.

THE STORY OF SCARLI TAPA AND THE FORTY
THIEVES.

ACCOMPANIED by the Grand Vizier Parmarstoon, and the black mute Mistaspeeka the chief of the Seraglio, Hansardade again repaired next day to the august presence, and, after making the usual prostrations before the Sultan, began thus:

Sire, there was once a poor relation who lived in a town in the dominions of the Sultan of the Indies, and whose name was Scarli Tapa. He was the youngest son of a Dowajah—which, as your Majesty knows, is a female spirit of voracious appetites, and generally with a wig and a carmine complexion, who prowls about old houses and preys upon mankind. This Dowajah had attained an immense age, in consequence of having been put by an evil Genie on the PENHUNLIST, or talisman to secure long life; but, at length she very reluctantly died towards the close of a quarter, after making the most affecting struggles to live into the half-year.

Scarli Tapa had a rich elder brother named CASHIM, who had married the daughter of a prosperous merchant, and lived magnificently. Scarli Tapa, on the other hand, could barely support his wife and family by lounging about the town and going out to dinner with his utmost powers of perseverance, betting on horse-races, playing at billiards, and running into debt with everybody who would trust him—the last being his principal means of obtaining an honest livelihood.

One day, when Scarli Tapa had strolled for some time along the banks of a great river of liquid filth which ornamented that agreeable country and rendered it salubrious, he found himself in the neighbourhood of the Woods and Forests. Lifting up his eyes, he observed in the distance a great cloud of dust. He was not surprised to see it, knowing those parts to be famous for casting prodigious quantities of dust into the eyes of the Faithful; but, as it rapidly advanced towards him, he climbed into a tree, the better to observe it without being seen himself.

As the cloud of dust approached, Scarli Tapa perceived it from his hiding-place to be

occasioned by forty mounted robbers, each bestriding a severely-goaded and heavily-laden Bull. The whole troop came to a halt at the foot of the tree, and all the robbers dismounted. Every robber then tethered his hack to the most convenient shrub, gave it a full meal of very bad chaff, and hung over his arm the empty sack which had contained the same. Then the Captain of the Robbers, advancing to a door in an antediluvian rock, which Scarli Tapa had not observed before, and on which were the enchanted letters O. F. F. I. C. E., said, Debrett's Peerage. Open Sesame! As soon as the Captain of the Robbers had uttered these words, the door, obedient to the charm, flew open, and all the robbers went in. The captain went in last, and the door shut of itself.

The robbers stayed so long within the rock that Scarli Tapa more than once felt tempted to descend the tree and make off. Fearful, however, that they might reappear and catch him before he could escape, he remained hidden by the leaves, as patiently as he could. At last the door opened, and the forty robbers came out. As the captain had gone in last, he came out first, and stood to see the whole troop pass him. When they had all done so, he said, Debrett's Peerage. Shut Sesame! The door immediately closed again as before. Every robber then mounted his Bull, adjusting before him his sack well filled with gold, silver, and jewels. When the captain saw that they were all ready, he put himself at their head, and they rode off by the way they had come.

Scarli Tapa remained in the tree until the receding cloud of dust occasioned by the troop of robbers with their captain at their head, was no longer visible, and then came softly down and approached the door. Making use of the words that he had heard pronounced by the Captain of the Robbers, he said, after first piously strengthening himself with the remembrance of his deceased mother the Dowajah, Debrett's Peerage. Open Sesame! The door instantly flew wide open.

Scarli Tapa, who had expected to see a dull place, was surprised to find himself in an exceedingly agreeable vista of rooms, where everything was as light as possible, and where vast quantities of the finest wheaten loaves, and the richest gold and silver fishes, and all

kinds of valuable possessions, were to be got for the laying hold of. Quickly loading himself with as much spoil as he could move under, he opened and closed the door as the Captain of the Robbers had done, and hurried away with his treasure to his poor home.

When the wife of Scarli Tapa saw her husband enter their dwelling after it was dark, and proceed to pile upon the floor a heap of wealth, she cried, Alas! husband, whom have you taken in, now? Be not alarmed, wife, returned Scarli Tapa, no one suffers but the public. And then told her how he, a poor relation, had made his way into Office by the magic words and had enriched himself.

There being more money and more loaves and fishes than they knew what to do with at the moment, the wife of Scarli Tapa, transported with joy, ran off to her sister-in-law, the wife of Cashim Tapa, who lived hard by, to borrow a Measure by means of which their property could be got into some order. The wife of Cashim Tapa looking into the measure when it was brought back, found at the bottom of it, several of the crumbs of fine loaves and of the scales of gold and silver fishes; upon which, flying into an envious rage, she thus addressed her husband: Wretched Cashim, you know you are of high birth as the eldest son of a Dowajah, and you think you are rich, but your despised younger brother, Scarli Tapa, is infinitely richer and more powerful than you. Judge of his wealth from these tokens. At the same time she showed him the measure.

Cashim, who since his marriage to the merchant's widow, had treated his brother coolly and held him at a distance, was at once fired with a burning desire to know how he had become rich. He was unable to sleep all night, and at the first streak of day, before the summons to morning prayers was heard from the minarets of the mosques, arose and went to his brother's house. Dear Scarli Tapa, said he, pretending to be very fraternal, what loaves and fishes are these that thou hast in thy possession! Scarli Tapa perceiving from this discourse that he could no longer keep his secret, communicated his discovery to his brother, who lost no time in providing all things necessary for the stowage of riches, and in repairing alone to the mysterious door near the Woods and Forests.

When night came, and Cashim Tapa did not return, his relatives became uneasy. His absence being prolonged for several days and nights, Scarli Tapa at length proceeded to the enchanted door in search of him. Opening it by the infallible means, what were his emotions to find that the robbers had encountered his brother within, and had quartered him upon the spot for ever!

Commander of the Faithful, when Scarli Tapa beheld the dismal spectacle of his brother everlastingly quartered upon Office for having merely uttered the magic words, Debrett's Peerage. Open Sesame! he was

greatly troubled in his mind. Feeling the necessity of hushing the matter up, and putting the best face upon it for the family credit, he at once devised a plan to attain that object.

There was, in the House where his brother had sat himself down on his marriage with the merchant's daughter, a discreet slave whose name was Jobbiana. Though a kind of under secretary in the treasury department, she was very useful in the dirty work of the establishment, and had also some knowledge of the stables, and could assist the whippers-in at a pinch. Scarli Tapa, going home and taking the discreet slave aside, related to her how her master was quartered, and how it was now their business to disguise the fact, and deceive the neighbours. Jobbiana replied, To hear is to obey.

Accordingly, before day—for she always avoided daylight—the discreet slave went to a certain cobbler whom she knew, and found him sitting in his stall in the public street. Good morrow, friend, said she, putting a bribe into his hand, will you bring the tools of your trade and come to a House with me? Willingly, but what to do? replied the cobbler, who was a merry fellow. Nothing against my patriotism and conscience, I hope? (at which he laughed heartily). Not in the least, returned Jobbiana, giving him another bribe. But, you must go into the House blindfold and with your hands tied; you don't mind that for a job? I don't mind anything for a job, returned the cobbler with vivacity; I like a job. It is my business to job; only make it worth my while, and I am ready for any job you may please to name. At the same time he arose briskly. Jobbiana then imparted to him the quartering that had taken place, and that he was wanted to cobble the subject up and hide what had been done. Is that all? If it is no more than that, returned the cobbler, blind my eyes and tie my hands, and let us cobble away as long as you like!

Sire, the discreet slave blindfolded the cobbler, and tied his hands, and took him to the House; where he cobbled the subject up with so much skill, that she rewarded him munificently. We must now return to the Captain of the Robbers, whose name was Yawyawah, and whose soul was filled with perplexities and anxieties, when he visited the cave and found, from the state of the wheaten loaves and the gold and silver fishes, that there was yet another person who possessed the secret of the magic door.

Your majesty must know that Yawyawah, Captain of the Robbers (most of whose forefathers had been rebellious Genii, who never had had anything whatever to do with SOLOMON), sauntering through the city, in a highly disconsolate and languid state, chanced to come before daylight upon the cobbler working in his stall. Good morrow, honourable friend, said he, you job early. My Lord, returned the cobbler, I job early and late.

You do well, observed the Captain of the Robbers; but, have you light enough? The less light the better, said the cobbler, for *my* work. Ay! returned Yawyawah; why so? Why so! repeated the cobbler, winking, because I can cobble certain businesses, best, in the dark. When the Captain of the Robbers heard him say this, he quickly understood the hint. He blindfolded him, and tied his hands, as the discreet slave had done, turned his coat, and led him away until he stopped at the House. This is the House that was concerned in the quartering and cobbling, said he. The captain set a mark upon it. But, Jobbiana coming by soon afterwards, and seeing what had been done, set exactly the same mark upon twenty other Houses in the same row. So that in truth they were all precisely alike, and one was marked by Jobbiana exactly as another was, and there was not a pin to choose between them.

Thus discomfited, the Captain of the Robbers called his troop together and addressed them. My noble, right honorable, honorable and gallant, honourable and learned, and simply honourable, friends, said he, it is apparent that we, the old band who for so many years have possessed the command of the magic door, are in danger of being superseded. In a word, it is clear that there are now two bands of robbers, and that we must overcome the opposition, or be ourselves vanquished. All the robbers applauded this sentiment. Therefore, said the captain, I will disguise myself as a trader—in the patriotic line of business—and will endeavour to prevail by stratagem. The robbers assented with one voice approved of this design.

The Captain of the Robbers accordingly disguised himself as a trader of that sort which is called at the bazaars a patriot, and, having again had recourse to the cobbler, and having carefully observed the House, arranged his plans without delay. Feigning to be a dealer in soft-soap, he concealed his men in nine-and-thirty jars of that commodity, a man in every jar; and, loading a number of mules with this pretended merchandise, appeared at the head of his caravan one evening at the House, where Scarli Tapa was sitting on a bench in his usual place, taking it (as he generally did in the House) very coolly. My Lord, said the pretended trader, I am a stranger here, and know not where to bestow my merchandise for the night. Suffer me then, I beseech you, to warehouse it here. Scarli Tapa rose up, showed the pretended merchant where to put his goods, and instructed Jobbiana to prepare an entertainment for his guest. Also a bath for himself; his hands being very far from clean.

The discreet slave, in obedience to her orders, proceeded to prepare the entertainment and the bath; but was vexed to discover, when it was late and the shops of the dealers were all shut, that there was no soft-soap in the House—which was the more

unexpected, as there was generally more than enough. Remembering however, that the pretended trader had brought a large stock with him, she went to one of the jars to get a little. As she drew near to it, the impatient robber within, supposing it to be his leader, said in a low voice,—Is it time for our party to come in? Jobbiana, instantly comprehending the danger, replied, Not yet, but presently. She went in this manner to all the jars, receiving the same question, and giving the same answer.

The discreet slave returned into the kitchen, with her presence of mind not at all disturbed, and there prepared a lukewarm mess of soothing syrup, worn-out wigs, weak milk and water, poppy-heads, empty nutshells, froth, and other similar ingredients. When it was sufficiently mawkish, she returned to the jars, bearing a large kettle filled with this mixture, poured some of it upon every robber, and threw the whole troop into a state of insensibility or submission. She then returned to the House, served up the entertainment, cleared away the fragments, and attired herself in a rich dress to dance before her master and his disguised visitor.

In the course of her dances, which were performed in the slowest time, and during which she blew both her own and the family trumpet with extraordinary pertinacity, Jobbiana took care always to approach nearer and still nearer to the Captain of the Robbers. At length she seized him by the sleeve of his disguise, disclosed him in his own dress to her master, and related where his men were, and how they had asked Was it time to come in? Scarli Tapa, so far from being angry with the pretended trader, fell upon his neck and addressed him in these friendly expressions: Since our object is the same and no great difference exists between us, O my brother, let us form a Coalition. Debrett's Peerage will open Sesame to the Scarli Tapa and the Yawyawahs equally, and will shut out the rest of mankind. Let it be so. There is plunder enough in the cave. So that it is never restored to the original owners and never gets into other hands but ours, why should we quarrel overmuch! The Captain made a suitable reply and embraced his entertainer. Jobbiana, shedding tears of joy, embraced them both.

Shortly afterwards, Scarli Tapa in gratitude to the wise Jobbiana, caused her to be invested with the freedom of the City—where she had been very much beloved for many years—and gave her in marriage to his own son. They had a large family and a powerful number of relations, who all inherited, by right of relationship, the power of opening Sesame and shutting it tight. The Yawyawahs became a very numerous tribe also, and exercised the same privilege. This, Commander of the Faithful, is the reason why, in that distant part of the dominions

of the Sultan of the Indies, all true believers kiss the ground seven hundred and seventy-seven times on hearing the magic words, Debreth's Peerage—why the talisman of Office is always possessed in common by the three great races of the Scarli Tapas, the Yawyawahs, and the Jobbianas—why the public affairs, great and small, and all the national enterprises both by land and sea are conducted on a system which is the highest peak of the mountain of justice, and which always succeeds—why the people of that country are serenely satisfied with themselves and things in general, are unquestionably the envy of surrounding nations, and cannot fail in the inevitable order of events to flourish to the end of the world—why all these great truths are incontrovertible, and why all who dispute them receive the bastinado as atheists and rebels.

Here, Hansardade concluded the story of the Forty Thieves, and said, If my Lord the Sultan will deign to hear another narrative from the lips of the lowest of his servants, I have adventures yet more surprising than these to relate: adventures that are worthy to be written in letters of gold. By Allah! exclaimed the Sultan, whose hand had been upon his scimitar several times during the previous recital, and whose eyes had menaced Parniarstoon until the soul of that Vizier had turned to water, what thou hast told but now, deserves to be recorded in letters of Brass!

Hansardade was proceeding, Sire, in the great plain at the feet of the mountains of Casgar, which is seven weeks' journey across—when Brothartoon interrupted her: Sister it is nearly daybreak, and if you are not asleep you ought to be. I pray you dear sister, tell us at present no more of those stories that you know so well, but hold your tongue and go to bed. Hansardade was silent, and the Sultan arose in a very indifferent humour and gloomily walked out—in great doubt whether he would let her live, on any consideration, over another day.

SISTER ROSE.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER VI.

On a spring morning, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, the public conveyance then running between Chalons-sur-Marne and Paris set down one of its outside passengers at the first post station beyond Meaux. The traveller, an old man, after looking about him hesitatingly for a moment or two, betook himself to a little inn opposite the post-house known by the sign of the Piebald Horse, and kept by the Widow Duval,—a woman who enjoyed and deserved the reputation of being the fastest talker and the best maker of gibelotte in the whole locality.

Although the traveller was carelessly noticed by the village idlers, and received without ceremony by the Widow Duval, he

was by no means so ordinary and uninteresting a stranger as the rustics of the place were pleased to consider him. The time had been when this quiet, elderly, unobtrusive applicant for refreshment at the Piebald Horse was trusted with the darkest secrets of the Reign of Terror, and was admitted at all times and seasons to speak face to face with Maximilien Robespierre himself. The Widow Duval and the hangers-on in front of the post-house would have been all astonished indeed, if any well-informed personage from the metropolis had been present to tell them that the modest old traveller, with the shabby little carpet-bag, was an ex-chief agent of the secret police of Paris!

Between three and four years had elapsed since Lomaque had exercised, for the last time, his official functions under the Reign of Terror. His shoulders had contracted an extra stoop, and his hair had all fallen off, except at the sides and back of his head. In some other respects, however, advancing age seemed to have improved rather than deteriorated him in personal appearance. His complexion looked healthier, his expression cheerfuller, his eyes brighter than they had ever been of late years. He walked, too, with a brisker step than the step of old times in the police-office; and his dress, although it certainly did not look like the costume of a man in affluent circumstances, was cleaner and far more neatly worn than ever it had been in the past days of his political employment at Paris.

He sat down alone in the inn parlour, and occupied the time, while his hostess had gone to fetch the half bottle of wine that he ordered, in examining a dirty old card which he extricated from a mass of papers in his pocket-book, and which bore, written on it, these lines:—"When the troubles are over, do not forget those who remember you with eternal gratitude. Stop at the first post station beyond Meaux, on the high road to Paris, and ask at the inn for citizen Maurice, whenever you wish to see us or to hear of us again."

"Pray," inquired Lomaque, putting the card in his pocket when the Widow Duval brought in the wine, "can you inform me whether a person named Maurice lives anywhere in this neighbourhood?"

"Can I inform you?" repeated the voluble widow. "Of course I can! Citizen Maurice, and the citoyenne, his amiable sister—who is not to be passed over because you don't mention her, my honest man!—live within ten minutes' walk of my house. A charming cottage, in a charming situation, inhabited by two charming people,—so quiet, so retiring, such excellent pay. I supply them with everything,—fowls, eggs, bread, butter, vegetables (not that they eat much of anything), wine (which they don't drink half enough of to do them good); in short, I victual the dear little hermitage, and love the two amiable

recluses with all my heart. Ah! they have had their troubles, poor people, the sister especially, though they never talk about them. When they first came to live in our neighbourhood"—

"I beg pardon, citoyenne, but if you would only be so kind as to direct me"—

"Which is three—no, four—no, three years and a half ago—in short, just after the time when that Satan of a man, Robespierre, had his head cut off (and serve him right!), I said to my husband (who was on his last legs then, poor man!), 'She'll die,'—meaning the lady. She didn't though. My fowls, eggs, bread, butter, vegetables, and wine, carried her through,—always in combination with the anxious care of citizen Maurice. Yes, yes! let us be tenderly conscientious in giving credit where credit is due; let us never forget that the citizen Maurice contributed something to the cure of the interesting invalid, as well as the victuals and drink from the Piebald Horse. There she is now, the prettiest little woman in the prettiest little cottage—"

"Where? Will you be so obliging as to tell me where?"

"And in excellent health, except that she is subject now and then to nervous attacks, having evidently, as I believe, been struck with some dreadful fright,—most likely during that accursed time of the Terror, for they came from Paris—you don't drink, honest man! Why don't you drink?—Very, very pretty in a pale way; figure perhaps too thin—let me pour it out for you—but an angel of gentleness, and attached in such a touching way to the citizen Maurice"—

"Citizen hostess! will you, or will you not, tell me where they live?"

"You droll little man! why did you not ask me that before, if you wanted to know? Finish your wine and come to the door. There's your change, and thank you for your custom, though it isn't much. Come to the door, I say, and don't interrupt me! You're an old man,—can you see forty yards before you?—Yes, you can! Don't be peevish,—that never did anybody any good yet. Now look back, along the road, where I am pointing. You see a large heap of stones? Good. On the other side of the heap of stones, there is a little path,—you can't see that, but you can remember what I tell you? Good. You go down the path till you get to a stream; down the stream till you get to a bridge; down the other bank of the stream (after crossing the bridge) till you get to an old water-mill,—a jewel of a water-mill! famous for miles round; artists from the four quarters of the globe are always coming to sketch it! Ah! what you are getting peevish again? You won't wait? Impatient old man, what a life your wife must lead, if you have got one! Remember the bridge! Ah! your poor wife and children, I pity them,—

your daughters especially. Pst! pst! Remember the bridge,—peevish old man, remember the bridge!"

Walking as fast as he could out of hearing of the Widow Duval's tongue, Lomaque took the path by the heap of stones which led out of the high-road, crossed the stream, and arrived at the old water-mill. Close by it stood a cottage,—a rough, simple building, with a strip of garden in front. Lomaque's observant eyes marked the graceful arrangement of the flower-beds and the delicate whiteness of the curtains that hung behind the badly-glazed narrow windows. "This must be the place," he said to himself as he knocked at the door with his stick. "I can see the traces of her hand before I cross the threshold."

The door was opened. "Pray, does the citizen Maurice—?" Lomaque began, not seeing clearly for the first moment, in the dark little passage.

Before he could say any more his hand was grasped, his carpet-bag was taken from him, and a well-known voice cried, "Welcome! a thousand thousand times welcome, at last! Citizen Maurice is not at home; but Louis Trudaine takes his place, and is overjoyed to see once more the best and dearest of his friends!"

"I hardly know you again. How you are altered for the better!" exclaimed Lomaque, as they entered the parlour of the cottage.

"Remember that you see me after a long freedom from anxiety. Since I have lived here, I have gone to rest at night, and have not been afraid of the morning," replied Trudaine. He went out into the passage, while he spoke, and called at the foot of the one flight of stairs which the cottage possessed, "Rose! Rose! come down! The friend whom you most wished to see has arrived at last!"

She answered the summons immediately. The frank friendly warmth of her greeting; her resolute determination, after the first inquiries were over, to help the guest to take off his upper coat with her own hands, so confused and delighted Lomaque, that he hardly knew which way to turn, or what to say.

"This is even more trying, in a pleasant way, to a lonely old fellow like me"—he was about to add, "than the unexpected civility of the hot cup of coffee, years ago;" but remembering what recollections even that trifling circumstance might recal, he checked himself.

"More trying than what?" asked Rose, leading him to a chair.

"Ah! I forget. I am in my dotage already!" he answered confusedly. "I have not got used just yet to the pleasure of seeing your kind face again."

It was indeed a pleasure to look at that face now, after Lomaque's last experience of it. Three years of repose, though they had not restored to Rose those youthful attractions which she had lost for ever in the days

of the Terror, had not passed without leaving kindly outward traces of their healing progress. Though the girlish roundness had not returned to her cheeks, or the girlish delicacy of colour to her complexion, her eyes had recovered much of their old softness, and her expression all of its old winning charm. What was left of latent sadness in her face, and of significant quietness in her manner, remained gently and harmlessly—remained rather to show what had been once, than what was now.

When they were all seated, there was, however, something like a momentary return to the suspense and anxiety of past days in their faces, as Trudaine, looking earnestly at Lomaque, asked—"Do you bring any news from Paris?"

"None," he replied; "but excellent news, instead, from Rouen. I have heard, accidentally, through the employer whom I have been serving since we parted, that your old house by the river side is to let again."

Rose started from her chair. "Oh, Louis, if we could only live there once more! My flower-garden?" she continued, turning to Lomaque.

"Cultivated throughout," he answered, "by the late proprietor."

"And the laboratory?" added her brother.

"Left standing," said Lomaque. "Here is a letter with all the particulars. You may depend upon them; for the writer is the person charged with the letting of the house."

Trudaine looked over the letter eagerly.

"The price is not beyond our means," he said. "After our three years' economy here, we can afford to give something for a great pleasure."

"Oh, what a day of happiness it will be when we go home again!" cried Rose. "Pray, write to your friend at once," she added, addressing Lomaque, "and say we take the house, before any one else is beforehand with us!"

He nodded; and folding up the letter mechanically in the old official form, made a note on it in the old official manner. Trudaine observed the action, and felt its association with past times of trouble and terror. His face grew grave again, as he said to Lomaque, "And is this good news really all the news of importance you have to tell us?"

Lomaque hesitated, and fidgeted in his chair. "What other news I have will well bear keeping," he replied. "There are many questions I should like to ask, first, about your sister and yourself. Do you mind allowing me to refer for a moment to the time when we last met?"

He addressed this enquiry to Rose, who answered in the negative; but her voice seemed to alter, even in saying the one word "No." She turned her head away when she spoke; and Lomaque noticed that her hands trembled as she took up some work lying on

a table near, and hurriedly occupied herself with it.

"We speak as little about that time as possible," said Trudaine, looking significantly towards his sister; "but we have some questions to ask you, in our turn; so the allusion, for this once, is inevitable. Your sudden disappearance at the very crisis of that terrible time of danger has not yet been fully explained to us. The one short note which you left behind you, helped us to guess at what had happened, rather than to understand it."

"I can easily explain it now," answered Lomaque. "The sudden overthrow of the Reign of Terror, which was salvation to you, was destruction to me. The new republican reign was a reign of mercy, except for the tail of Robespierre, as the phrase ran then. Every man who had been so wicked or so unfortunate as to be involved, even in the meanest capacity, with the machinery of the government of Terror, was threatened, and justly, with the fate of Robespierre. I, among others, fell under this menace of death. I deserved to die, and should have resigned myself to the guillotine, but for you. From the course taken by public events, I knew you would be saved; and although your safety was the work of circumstances, still, I had a hand in rendering it possible at the outset; and a yearning came over me to behold you both free again with my own eyes—a selfish yearning, to see, in you, a living, breathing, real result of the one good impulse of my heart which I could look back on with satisfaction. This desire gave me a new interest in life. I resolved to escape death, if it were possible. For ten days I lay hidden in Paris. After that—thanks to certain scraps of useful knowledge, which my experience in the office of secret police had given me—I succeeded in getting clear of Paris, and in making my way safely to Switzerland. The rest of my story is so short, and so soon told, that I may as well get it over at once. The one relation I knew of in the world to apply to, was a cousin of mine (whom I had never seen before), established as a silk-mercator at Berne. I threw myself on this man's mercy. He discovered that I was likely, with my business habits, to be of some use to him, and he took me into his house. I worked for what he pleased to give me; travelled about for him in Switzerland; deserved his confidence, and won it. Till within the last few months, I remained with him; and only left my employment, to enter, by my master's own desire, the house of one of his sons, established also as a silk-mercator, at Chalons-sur-Marne. In the counting-house of this merchant I am corresponding clerk; and am only able to come and see you now, by offering to undertake a special business-mission, for my employer, at Paris. It is drudgery, at my time of life, after all I have gone through—but my hard work is innocent work. I am not obliged to cringe for every

crown-piece I put in my pocket—not bound to denounce, deceive, and dog to death other men, before I can earn my bread, and scrape together money enough to bury me. I am ending a bad, base life, harmlessly at last. It is a poor thing to do, but it is something done—and even that contents a man at my age. In short, I am happier than I used to be, or, at least, less ashamed when I look people like you in the face.”

“Hush! hush!” interrupted Rose, laying her hand on his arm. “I cannot allow you to talk of yourself in that way, even in jest.”

“I was speaking in earnest,” answered Lomaque, quietly; “but I won’t weary you with any more words about myself. My story is told.”

“All?” asked Trudaine. He looked searchingly, almost suspiciously, at Lomaque, as he put the question. “All?” he repeated. “Yours is a short story, indeed, my good friend! Perhaps you have forgotten some of it?”

Again Lomaque fidgetted and hesitated.

“Is it not a little hard on an old man, to be always asking questions of him, and never answering one of his inquiries in return?” he said to Rose, very gaily as to manner, but rather uneasily as to look.

“He will not speak out till we are alone,” thought Trudaine. “It is best to risk nothing, and to humour him.”

“Come, come,” he said aloud, “no grumbling. I admit that it is your turn to hear our story now; and I will do my best to gratify you. But before I begin,” he added, turning to his sister, “let me suggest, Rose, that if you have any household matters to settle up stairs”—

“I know what you mean,” she interrupted, hurriedly taking up the work which, during the last few minutes, she had allowed to drop into her lap; “but I am stronger than you think; I can face the worst of our recollections composedly. Go on, Louis; pray go on—I am quite fit to stop and hear you.”

“You know what we suffered in the first days of our suspense, after the success of your stratagem,” said Trudaine, turning to Lomaque. “I think it was on the evening after we had seen you for the last time, at St. Lazare, that strange confused rumours of an impending convulsion in Paris first penetrated within our prison walls. During the next few days, the faces of our gaolers were enough to show us that those rumours were true, and that the Reign of Terror was actually threatened with overthrow at the hands of the Moderate Party. We had hardly time to hope everything from this blessed change, before the tremendous news of Robespierre’s attempted suicide, then of his condemnation and execution, reached us. The confusion produced in the prison was beyond all description. The accused who had been

tried and the accused who had not been tried got mingled together. From the day of Robespierre’s arrest, no orders came to the authorities, no death-lists reached the prison. The gaolers, terrified by rumours, that the lowest accomplices of the tyrant would be held responsible, and be condemned with him, made no attempt to maintain order. Some of them—that hump-backed man among the rest—deserted their duties altogether. The disorganisation was so complete, that when the commissioners from the new government came to St. Lazare, some of us were actually half-starving from want of the bare necessities of life. To inquire separately into our cases was found to be impossible. Sometimes the necessary papers were lost; sometimes what documents remained were incomprehensible to the new commissioners. They were obliged, at last, to make short work of it by calling us up before them in dozens. Tried or not tried, we had all been arrested by the tyrant, had all been accused of conspiracy against him, and were all ready to hail the new government, as the salvation of France. In nine cases out of ten, our best claim to be discharged was derived from these circumstances. We were trusted by Tallien and the men of the Ninth Thermidor, because we had been suspected by Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just. Arrested informally, we were now liberated informally. When it came to my sister’s turn and mine, we were not under examination five minutes. No such thing as a searching question was asked of us; I believe we might even have given our own names with perfect impunity. But I had previously instructed Rose that we were to assume our mother’s maiden name—Maurice. As the citizen and citoyenne Maurice, accordingly, we passed out of prison—under the same name we have lived ever since in hiding here. Our past repose has depended, our future happiness will depend, on our escape from death being kept the profoundest secret among us three. For one all-sufficient reason, which you can easily guess at, the brother and sister Maurice must still know nothing of Louis Trudaine and Rose Danville, except that they were two among the hundreds of victims guillotined during the Reign of Terror.”

He spoke the last sentence with a faint smile, and with the air of a man trying, in spite of himself, to treat a grave subject lightly. His face clouded again, however, in a moment, when he looked towards his sister, as he ceased. Her work had once more dropped on her lap; her face was turned away, so that he could not see it; but he knew by the trembling of her clasped hands, as they rested on her knee, and by the slight swelling of the veins on her neck, which she could not hide from him, that her boasted strength of nerve had deserted her. Three years of repose had not yet enabled her to hear her marriage name uttered, or to be

present when past times of deathly suffering and terror were referred to, without betraying the shock in her face and manner. Trudaine looked saddened, but in no way surprised by what he saw. Making a sign to Lomaque to say nothing, he rose and took up his sister's hood, which lay on a window-seat near him.

"Come, Rose," he said, "the sun is shining, the sweet spring air is inviting us out. Let us have a quiet stroll along the banks of the stream. Why should we keep our good friend here, cooped up in this narrow little room, when we have miles and miles of beautiful landscape to show him on the other side of the threshold? Come! it is high treason to Queen Nature to remain indoors on such a morning as this."

Without waiting for her to reply, he put on her hood, drew her arm through his, and led the way out. Lomaque's face grew grave as he followed them.

"I am glad I only showed the bright side of my budget of news in her presence," thought he. "She is not well at heart yet. I might have hurt her, poor thing! I might have hurt her again sadly, if I had not held my tongue!"

They walked for a little while down the banks of the stream, talking of indifferent matters; then returned to the cottage. By that time Rose had recovered her spirits, and could listen with interest and amusement to Lomaque's drily-humorous description of his life as a clerk at Chalons-sur-Marne. They parted for a little while at the cottage-door. Rose retired to the up-stairs room from which she had been summoned by her brother. Trudaine and Lomaque returned to wander again along the banks of the stream.

With one accord, and without a word passing between them, they left the neighbourhood of the cottage hurriedly; then stopped on a sudden, and attentively looked each other in the face—looked in silence for an instant. Trudaine spoke first.

"I thank you for having spared her," he began, abruptly. "She is not strong enough, yet, to bear hearing of a new misfortune, unless I break the tidings to her first."

"You suspect me then of bringing bad news?" said Lomaque.

"I know you do. When I saw your first look at her, after we were all seated in the cottage-parlour, I knew it. Speak! without fear, without caution, without one useless word of preface. After three years of repose, if it pleases God to afflict us again, I can bear the trial calmly; and, if need be, can strengthen her to bear it calmly too. I say again, Lomaque, speak at once, and speak out! I know your news is bad, for I know beforehand that it is news of Danville."

"You are right, my bad news is news of him."

"He has discovered the secret of our escape from the guillotine—?"

"No—he has not a suspicion of it. He believes—as his mother, as every one does—that you were both executed the day after the Revolutionary Tribunal sentenced you to death."

"Lomaque! you speak positively of that belief of his—but you cannot be certain of it."

"I can, on the most indisputable, the most startling evidence—on the authority of Danville's own act. You have asked me to speak out—?"

"I ask you again—I insist on it! Your news, Lomaque—your news, without another word of preface!"

"You shall have it without another word of preface. Danville is on the point of being married."

As the answer was given they both stopped by the bank of the stream, and again looked each other in the face. There was a minute of dead silence between them. During that minute, the water bubbling by happily over its bed of pebbles, seemed strangely loud, the singing of birds in a little wood by the stream side strangely near and shrill, in both their ears. The light breeze, for all its mid-day warmth, touched their cheeks coldly; and the spring sunlight pouring on their faces, felt as if it were glimmering on them through winter-clouds.

"Let us walk on," said Trudaine, in a low voice. "I was prepared for bad news, yet not for that. Are you certain of what you have just told me?"

"As certain as that the stream here is flowing by our side. Hear how I made the discovery, and you will doubt no longer. Before last week, I knew nothing of Danville, except that his arrest on suspicion by Robespierre's order, was, as events turned out, the saving of his life. He was imprisoned, as I told you, on the evening after he had heard your names read from the death-list at the prison-grate. He remained in confinement at the Temple, unnoticed in the political confusion out of doors, just as you remained unnoticed at St. Lazare; and he profited, precisely in the same manner that you profited by the timely insurrection which overthrew the Reign of Terror. I knew this, and I knew that he walked out of prison in the character of a persecuted victim of Robespierre's—and for better than three years past, I knew no more. Now listen. Last week I happened to be waiting in the shop of my employer, citizen Clairfait, for some papers to take into the counting-house, when an old man enters with a sealed parcel, which he hands to one of the shopmen, saying:

"Give that to citizen Clairfait."

"Any name?" says the shopman.

"The name is of no consequence," answers the old man; "but if you please you can give mine. Say the parcel came from citizen Dubois;" and then he goes out. His name in connection with his elderly look, strikes me directly.

"Does that old fellow live at Chalons ? I ask.

"No," says the shopman. "He is here in attendance on a customer of ours—an old ex-aristocrat named Danville. She is on a visit in our town."

"I leave you to imagine how that reply startles and amazes me. The shopman can answer none of the other questions I put to him; but the next day I am asked to dinner by my employer (who, for his father's sake, shows me the utmost civility). On entering the room, I find his wife just putting away a lavender-coloured silk scarf, on which she has been embroidering in silver what looks to me very like a crest and coat of arms.

"I don't mind your seeing what I am about, citizen Lomaque," says she; "for I know we can trust you. That scarf is sent back to us by the purchaser, an ex-emigrant lady of the old aristocratic school, to have her family coat-of-arms embroidered on it."

"Rather a dangerous commission even in these mercifully democratic times, is it not?" says I.

"The old lady, you must know," says she, "is as proud as Lucifer; and having got back safely to France in these days of moderate republicanism, thinks she may now indulge with impunity in all her old-fashioned notions. She has been an excellent customer of ours, so my husband thought it best to humour her, without, however, trusting her commission to any of the work-room women to execute. We are not living under the Reign of Terror now, certainly; still there is nothing like being on the safe side."

"Nothing," I answer. "Pray what is this ex-emigrant's name?"

"Danville," replies the citoyenne Clairfait. "She is going to appear in that fine scarf at her son's marriage."

"Marriage!" I exclaim, perfectly thunder-struck.

"Yes," says she. "What is there so amazing in that? By all accounts, the son, poor man, deserves to make a lucky marriage this time. His first wife was taken away from him in the Reign of Terror by the guillotine."

"Who is he going to marry?" I enquire, still breathless.

"The daughter of General Berthelin—an ex-aristocrat by family, like the old lady, but by principle as good a republican as ever lived—a hard-drinking, loud-swearing, big-whiskered old soldier, who snaps his fingers at his ancestors, and says we are all descended from Adam, the first genuine sans-culotte in the world."

"In this way the citoyenne Clairfait gossips on all dinner-time, but says nothing more of any importance. I, with my old police-office habits, set to the next day, and try to make some discoveries for myself. The sum of what I find out is this: Danville's mother is staying with General Berthelin's sister and daughter at Chalons; and Danville

himself is expected to arrive every day to escort them all three to Paris, where the marriage contract is to be signed at the general's house. Discovering this, and seeing that prompt action is now of the most vital importance, I undertake, as I told you, my employer's commission for Paris; depart with all speed; and stop here on my way.—Wait! I have not done yet. All the haste I can make is not haste enough to give me a good start of the wedding party. On my road here, the diligence by which I travel is passed by a carriage, posting along at full speed. I cannot see inside that carriage; but I look at the box-seat, and recognise on it the old man Dubois. He whirls by in a cloud of dust, but I am certain of him; and I say to myself, what I now say again to you, no time is to be lost!"

"No time *shall* be lost," answered Trudaine firmly. "Three years have passed," he continued, in a lower voice, speaking to himself rather than to Lomaque; "three years since the day when I led my sister out of the gates of the prison,—three years since I said in my heart I will be patient, and will not seek to avenge myself. Our wrongs cry from earth to heaven; from man who inflicts to God who redresses. When the day of reckoning comes, let it be the day of His vengeance, not of mine. In my heart I said those words—I have been true to them—I have waited. The day has come, and the duty it demands of me shall be fulfilled."

There was a moment's silence before Lomaque spoke again. "Your sister?" he began hesitatingly.

"It is there only that my purpose falters," said the other earnestly. "If it were but possible to spare her all knowledge of this last trial, and to leave the accomplishment of the terrible task to me alone?"

"I think it is possible," interposed Lomaque. "Listen to what I advise. We must depart for Paris by the diligence to-morrow morning, and we must take your sister with us—to-morrow will be time enough: people don't sign marriage contracts on the evening after a long day's journey. We must go then, and we must take your sister. Leave the care of her in Paris, and the responsibility of keeping her in ignorance of what you are doing, to me. Go to this General Berthelin's house at a time when you know Danville is there (we can get that knowledge through the servants); confront him without a moment's previous warning; confront him as a man risen from the dead; confront him before every soul in the room, though the room should be full of people—and leave the rest to the self-betrayal of a panic-stricken man. Say but three words, and *your* duty will be done; you may return to your sister, and may depart with her in safety to your old retreat at Rouen, or where else you please, on the very day when you have put it out of her infamous husband's power to add another to the list of his crimes."

"You forget the suddenness of the journey to Paris," said Trudaine. "How are we to account for it without the risk of awakening my sister's suspicions?"

"Trust that to me," answered Lomaque. "Let us return to the cottage at once. No! not you," he added suddenly, as they turned to retrace their steps. "There is that in your face which would betray us. Leave me to go back alone—I will say that you have gone to give some orders at the inn. Let us separate immediately. You will recover your self-possession, you will get to look yourself again sooner, if you are left alone—I know enough of you to know that. We will not waste another minute in explanations, even minutes are precious to us on such a day as this. By the time you are fit to meet your sister again, I shall have had time to say all I wish to her, and shall be waiting at the cottage to tell you the result."

He looked at Trudaine, and his eyes seemed to brighten again with something of the old energy and sudden decision of the days when he was a man in office under the Reign of Terror. "Leave it to me," he said; and, waving his hand, turned away quickly in the direction of the cottage.

Nearly an hour passed before Trudaine ventured to follow him. When he at length entered the path which led to the garden gate, he saw his sister waiting at the cottage door. Her face looked unusually animated; and she ran forward a step or two to meet him.

"Oh, Louis!" she said, "I have a confession to make, and I must beg you to hear it patiently to the end. You must know that our good Lomaque, though he came in tired from his walk, occupied himself the first thing, at my request, in writing the letter which is to secure to us our dear old home by the banks of the Seine. When he had done, he looked at me, and said, 'I should like to be present at your happy return to the house where I first saw you.' 'Oh, come, come with us!' I said directly. 'I am not an independent man,' he answered, 'I have a margin of time allowed me at Paris, certainly, but it is not long—if I were only my own master—' and then he stopped. Louis! I remembered all we owed to him; I remembered that there was no sacrifice we ought not to be too glad to make for his sake; I felt the kindness of the wish he had expressed; and, perhaps, I was a little influenced by my own impatience to see my flower garden and the rooms where we used to be so happy again. So I said to him, 'I am sure Louis will agree with me, that our time is yours, and that we shall be only too glad to advance our departure so as to make travelling-leisure enough for you to come with us to Rouen. We should be worse than ungrateful—' He stopped me. 'You have always been good to me,' he said, 'I must not impose on your kindness now. No! no! you have formalities to settle before you

can leave this place.' 'Not one,' I said—for we have not, as you know, Louis? 'Why, here is your furniture to begin with,' he said. 'A few chairs and tables hired from the inn,' I answered; 'we have only to give the landlady our key, to leave a letter for the owner of the cottage, and then—' He laughed. 'Why, to hear you talk, one would think you were as ready to travel as I am!' 'So we are,' I said, 'quite as ready, living in the way we do here.' He shook his head; but you will not shake yours, Louis, I am sure, now you have heard all my long story? You can't blame me, can you?"

Before Trudaine could answer, Lomaque looked out of the cottage window.

"I have just been telling my brother everything," said Rose, turning round towards him.

"And what does he say?" asked Lomaque.

"He says what I say," replied Rose, answering for her brother; "that our time is your time—the time of our best and dearest friend."

"Shall it be done, then?" asked Lomaque, with a meaning look at Trudaine.

Rose glanced anxiously at her brother: his face was much graver than she had expected to see it, but his answer relieved her from all suspense.

"You were quite right, love, to speak as you did," he said gently. Then, turning to Lomaque, he added in a firmer voice, "It shall be done!"

CHAPTER VII.

Two days after the travelling carriage described by Lomaque had passed the diligence on the road to Paris, Madame Danville sat in the drawing-room of an apartment in the Rue de Grenelle, handsomely dressed for driving out. After consulting a large gold watch that hung at her side, and finding that it wanted a quarter of an hour only to two o'clock, she rang her hand-bell, and said to the maid servant who answered the summons: "I have five minutes to spare. Send Dubois here with my chocolate."

The old man made his appearance with great alacrity. After handing the cup of chocolate to his mistress, he ventured to use the privilege of talking, to which his long and faithful services entitled him, and paid the old lady a compliment. "I am rejoiced to see madame looking so young and in such good spirits this morning," he said, with a low bow and a mild deferential smile.

"I think I have some reason for being in good spirits on the day when my son's marriage contract is to be signed," said Madame Danville, with a gracious nod of the head. "Ha, Dubois, I shall live yet to see him with a patent of nobility in his hand. The mob has done its worst; the end of this infamous revolution is not far off; our order will have its turn again soon, and then who

will have such a chance at court as my son? He is noble already through his mother; he will then be noble also through his wife. Yes, yes, let that coarse-mannered, passionate, old soldier-father of hers be as unnaturally republican as he pleases, he has inherited a name which will help my son to a peerage! The Vicomte D'Anville (D with an apostrophe, Dubois, you understand)! The Vicomte D'Anville—how prettily it sounds!"

"Charmingly, madame—charmingly. Ah! this second marriage of my young master's begins under much better auspices than the first."

The remark was an unfortunate one. Madame Danville frowned portentously, and rose in a great hurry from her chair.

"Are your wits failing you, you old fool!" she exclaimed, indignantly; "what do you mean by referring to such a subject as that, on this day of all others? You are always harping on those two wretched people who were guillotined, as if you thought I could have saved their lives. Were you not present when my son and I met, after the time of the Terror? Did you not hear my first words to him, when he told me of the catastrophe? Were they not:—'Charles, I love you; but if I thought you had let those two unfortunates, who risked themselves to save me, die without risking your life in return to save them, I would break my heart, rather than ever look at you or speak to you again!'—Did I not say that? And did he not answer:—'Mother, my life was risked for them. I proved my devotion by exposing myself to arrest—I was imprisoned for my exertions,—and then I could do no more!' Did you not stand by, and hear him give that answer, overwhelmed while he spoke, by generous emotion? Do you not know that he really was imprisoned in the Temple? Do you dare to think that we are to blame after that? I owe you much, Dubois, but if you are to take liberties with me—"

"Oh, madame! I beg pardon a thousand times. I was thoughtless; only thoughtless—"

"Silence! Is my coach at the door?—Very well. Get ready to accompany me. Your master will not have time to return here. He will meet me, for the signing of the contract, at General Berthelin's house at two precisely.—Stop! Are there many people in the street? I can't be stared at by the mob, as I go to my carriage."

Dubois hobbled penitently to the window and looked out, while his mistress walked to the door.

"The street is almost empty, madame," he said. "Only a man, with a woman on his arm, stopping and admiring your carriage. They seem like decent people, as well as I can tell, without my spectacles. Not mob, I should say, madame, certainly not mob!"

"Very well. Attend me down stairs; and bring some loose silver with you, in case

those two decent people should be fit objects for charity. No orders for the coachman, except that he is to go straight to the general's house."

The party assembled at General Berthelin's to witness the signature of the marriage-contract, comprised, besides the persons immediately interested in the ceremony of the day, some young ladies, friends of the bride, and a few officers, who had been comrades of her father's in past years. The guests were distributed, rather unequally, in two handsome apartments opening into each other,—one called in the house the drawing-room, and the other the library. In the drawing-room were assembled the notary, with the contract ready, the bride, the young ladies, and the majority of General Berthelin's friends. In the library, the remainder of the military guests were amusing themselves at a billiard-table until the signing of the contract should take place; while Danville and his future father-in-law walked up and down the room together; the first listening absently, the last talking with all his accustomed energy, and with more than his accustomed allowance of barrack-room expletives. The general had taken it into his head to explain some of the clauses in the marriage-contract to the bridegroom, who, though far better acquainted with their full scope and meaning than his father-in-law, was obliged to listen for civility's sake. While the old soldier was still in the midst of his long and confused harangue, a clock struck on the library mantelpiece.

"Two o'clock!" exclaimed Danville, glad of any pretext for interrupting the talk about the contract. "Two o'clock; and my mother not here yet! What can be delaying her?"

"Nothing," cried the general. "When did you ever know a woman punctual, my lad? If we wait for your mother—and she's such a rabid aristocrat that she would never forgive us for not waiting—we shan't sign the contract yet this half-hour. Never mind! let's go on with what we were talking about. Where the devil was I when that cursed clock struck and interrupted us? Now then, Black Eyes, what's the matter?"

This last question was addressed to Mademoiselle Berthelin, who at that moment hastily entered the library from the drawing-room. She was a tall and rather masculine-looking girl, with superb black eyes, dark hair, growing low on her forehead, and something of her father's decision and bluntness in her manner of speaking.

"A stranger in the other room, papa, who wants to see you. I suppose the servants showed him up-stairs, thinking he was one of the guests. Ought I to have had him shown down again?"

"A nice question! How should I know? Wait till I have seen him, miss, and then I'll tell you." With these words the general

turned on his heel, and went into the drawing-room.

His daughter would have followed him; but Danville caught her by the hand.

"Can you be hard-hearted enough to leave me here alone?" he asked.

"What is to become of all my bosom friends in the next room, you selfish man, if I stop here with you?" retorted mademoiselle, struggling to free herself.

"Call them in here," said Danville, gaily, making himself master of her other hand.

She laughed, and drew him away towards the drawing-room.

"Come!" she cried, "and let all the ladies see what a tyrant I am going to marry. Come and show them what an obstinate, unreasonable, wearisome—"

Her voice suddenly failed her; she shuddered, and turned faint. Danville's hand had in one instant grown cold as death in hers: the momentary touch of his fingers, as she felt their grasp loosen, struck some mysterious chill through her from head to foot. She glanced round at him affrightedly; and saw his eyes looking straight into the drawing-room. They were fixed in a strange, unwavering, awful stare; while, from the rest of his face, all expression, all character, all recognisable play and movement of feature had utterly gone. It was a breathless, lifeless mask—a white blank. With a cry of terror, she looked where he seemed to be looking; and could see nothing but the stranger standing in the middle of the drawing-room. Before she could ask a question, before she could speak even a single word, her father came to her, caught Danville by the arm, and pushed her roughly back into the library.

"Go there, and take the women with you," he said in a quick fierce whisper. "Into the library!" he continued, turning to the ladies, and raising his voice. "Into the library, all of you, along with my daughter."

The women, terrified by his manner, obeyed him in the greatest confusion. As they hurried past him into the library, he signed to the notary to follow; and then closed the door of communication between the two rooms.

"Stop where you are!" he cried, addressing the old officers who had risen from their chairs. "Stay, I insist on it! Whatever happens, Jacques Berthelin has done nothing to be ashamed of in the presence of his old friends and companions. You have seen the beginning, now stay and see the end."

While he spoke, he walked into the middle of the room. He had never quitted his hold of Danville's arm—step by step, they advanced together to the place where Trudaine was standing.

"You have come into my house, and asked me for my daughter in marriage—and I have given her to you," said the general, addressing Danville quietly. "You told me that your first wife and her brother were guillotined

three years ago in the time of the Terror—and I believed you. Now, look at that man—look him straight in the face. He has announced himself to me as the brother of your wife, and he asserts that his sister is alive at this moment. One of you two has deceived me. Which is it?"

Danville tried to speak; but no sound passed his lips; tried to wrench his arm from the grasp that was on it, but could not stir the old soldier's steady hand.

"Are you afraid? are you a coward? Can't you look him in the face?" asked the general, tightening his hold sternly.

"Stop! stop!" interposed one of the old officers, coming forward. "Give him time. This may be a case of strange accidental resemblance; which would be enough, under the circumstances, to discompose any man. You will excuse me, citizen," he continued, turning to Trudaine. "But you are a stranger; you have given us no proof of your identity."

"There is the proof," said Trudaine, pointing to Danville's face.

"Yes, yes," pursued the other; "he looks pale and startled enough, certainly. But I say again—let us not be too hasty: there are strange cases on record of accidental resemblances, and this may be one of them!"

As he repeated those words, Danville looked at him with a faint, cringing gratitude stealing slowly over the blank terror of his face. He bowed his head, murmured something, and gesticulated confusedly with the hand that he was free to use.

"Look!" cried the old officer; "look, Berthelin, he denies the man's identity."

"Do you hear that?" said the general, appealing to Trudaine. "Have you proofs to confute him? If you have, produce them instantly."

Before the answer could be given, the door leading into the drawing-room from the staircase was violently flung open, and Madame Danville—her hair in disorder, her face in its colourless terror looking like the very counterpart of her son's—appeared on the threshold, with the old man Dubois and a group of amazed and startled servants behind her.

"For God's sake don't sign! for God's sake come away!" she cried. "I have seen your wife—in the spirit, or in the flesh, I know not which—but I have seen her. Charles! Charles! as true as Heaven is above us, I have seen your wife!"

"You have seen her in the flesh, living and breathing as you see her brother yonder," said a firm, quiet voice from among the servants on the landing outside.

"Let that man enter, whoever he is!" cried the general.

Lomaque passed Madame Danville on the threshold. She trembled as he brushed by her; then, supporting herself by the wall, followed him a few paces into the room. She looked first at her son—after that, at

Trudaine—after that, back again at her son. Something in her presence silenced everyone. There fell a sudden stillness over all the assembly—a stillness so deep, that the eager, frightened whispering, and sharp rustling of dresses among the women in the library became audible from the other side of the closed door.

"Charles!" she said, slowly advancing; "why do you look—?" She stopped, and fixed her eyes again on her son more earnestly than before; then turned them suddenly on Trudaine. "You are looking at my son, sir," she said, "and I see contempt in your face. By what right do you insult a man whose grateful sense of his mother's obligations to you, made him risk his life for the saving of your's and your sister's? By what right have you kept the escape of my son's wife from death by the guillotine—an escape which, for all I know to the contrary, his generous exertions were instrumental in effecting—a secret from my son? By what right, I demand to know, has your treacherous secrecy placed us in such a position as we now stand in before the master of this house?"

An expression of sorrow and pity passed over Trudaine's face while she spoke. He retired a few steps, and gave her no answer. The general looked at him with eager curiosity; and, dropping his hold of Danville's arm, seemed about to speak; but Lomaque stepped forward at the same time, and held up his hand to claim attention.

"I think I shall express the wishes of citizen Trudaine," he said, addressing Madame Danville, "if I recommend this lady not to press for too public an answer to her questions."

"Pray who are you, sir, who take it on yourself to advise me?" she retorted haughtily. "I have nothing to say to you, except that I repeat those questions, and that I insist on their being answered."

"Who is this man?" asked the general, addressing Trudaine, and pointing to Lomaque.

"A man unworthy of credit," cried Danville, speaking audibly for the first time, and darting a look of deadly hatred at Lomaque. "An agent of police under Robespierre."

"And in that capacity capable of answering questions which refer to the transactions of Robespierre's tribunals," remarked the ex-chief-agent with his old official self-possession.

"True!" exclaimed the general; "the man is right—let him be heard."

"There is no help for it," said Lomaque, looking at Trudaine; "leave it to me—it is fittest that I should speak. I was present," he continued, in a louder voice, "at the trial of citizen Trudaine and his sister. They were brought to the bar through the denunciation of citizen Danville. Till the confession of the male prisoner exposed the fact, I can answer for Danville's not being aware of the real nature of the offences charged against Trudaine and his sister. When it became

known that they had been secretly helping this lady to escape from France, and when Danville's own head was consequently in danger, I myself heard him save it by a false assertion that he had been aware of Trudaine's conspiracy from the first—"

"Do you mean to say," interrupted the general, "that he proclaimed himself in open court, as having knowingly denounced the man who was on trial for saving his mother?"

"I do," answered Lomaque. (A murmur of horror and indignation rose from all the strangers present, at that reply). "The reports of the Tribunal are existing to prove the truth of what I say," he went on. "As to the escape of citizen Trudaine and the wife of Danville from the guillotine, it was the work of political circumstances, which there are persons living to speak to, if necessary; and of a little stratagem of mine, which need not be referred to now. And, last, with reference to the concealment which followed the escape, I beg to inform you that it was abandoned the moment we knew of what was going on here; and that it was only persevered in up to this time, as a natural measure of precaution on the part of citizen Trudaine. From a similar motive we now abstain from exposing his sister to the shock and the peril of being present here. What man with an atom of feeling, would risk letting her even look again on such a husband as that?"

He glanced round him, and pointed to Danville, as he put the question. Before a word could be spoken by any one else in the room, a low wailing cry of, "My mistress! my dear, dear mistress!" directed all eyes first on the old man, Dubois, then on Madame Danville.

She had been leaning against the wall, before Lomaque began to speak; but she stood perfectly upright now. She neither spoke nor moved. Not one of the light gaudy ribands flaunting on her disordered head-dress so much as trembled. The old servant Dubois was crouched on his knees at her side, kissing her cold right hand, chafing it in his, reiterating his faint mournful cry, "Oh my mistress! my dear, dear mistress!" but she did not appear to know that he was near her. It was only when her son advanced a step or two towards her that she seemed to awaken suddenly from that death-trance of mental pain. Then she slowly raised the hand that was free, and waved him back from her. He stopped in obedience to the gesture, and endeavoured to speak. She waved her hand again, and the deathly stillness of her face began to grow troubled. Her lips moved a little—she spoke.

"Oblige me, sir, for the last time, by keeping silence. You and I have henceforth nothing to say to each other. I am the daughter of a race of nobles, and the widow of a man of honour. You are a traitor and a false witness; a thing from which all true men

and true women, turn with contempt. I renounce you! Publicly, in the presence of these gentlemen, I say it—I have no son."

She turned her back on him; and bowing to the other persons in the room, with the old formal courtesy of bygone times, walked slowly and steadily to the door. Stopping there, she looked back; and the artificial courage of the moment failed her. With a faint, suppressed cry she clutched at the hand of the old servant, who still kept faithfully at her side; he caught her in his arms, and her head sank on his shoulder.

"Help him!" cried the general to the servants near the door. "Help him to take her into the next room!"

The old man looked up suspiciously from his mistress to the persons who were assisting him to support her. With a strange, sudden jealousy he shook his hand at them. "Home," he cried, "she shall go home, and I will take care of her. Away! you there—nobody holds her head but Dubois. Downstairs! down-stairs, to her carriage! She has nobody but me now; and I say that she shall be taken home."

As the door closed, General Berthelin approached Trudaine, who had stood silent and apart from the time when Lomaque first appeared in the drawing-room.

"I wish to ask your pardon," said the old soldier; "because I have wronged you by a moment of unjust suspicion. For my daughter's sake, I bitterly regret that we did not see each other long ago; but I thank you, nevertheless, for coming here, even at the eleventh hour."

While he was speaking, one of his friends came up, and touching him on the shoulder, said:

"Berthelin, is that scoundrel to be allowed to go?"

The general turned on his heel directly, and beckoned contemptuously to Danville to follow him to the door. When they were well out of earshot, he spoke these words:

"You have been exposed as a villain by your brother-in-law, and renounced as a liar by your mother. They have done their duty by you; and now it only remains for me to do mine. When a man enters the house of another under false pretences, and compromises the reputation of his daughter, we old army men have a very expeditious way of making him answer for it. It is just three o'clock now; at five you will find me and one of my friends—"

He stopped, and looked round cautiously—then whispered the rest in Danville's ear—threw open the door, and pointed downstairs.

"Our work here is done," said Lomaque, laying his hand on Trudaine's arm. "Let us give Danville time to get clear of the house, and then leave it too."

"My sister! where is she?" asked Trudaine, eagerly.

"Make your mind easy about her. I will tell you more when we get out."

"You will excuse me, I know," said General Berthelin, speaking to all the persons present, with his hand on the library door, "if I leave you. I have bad news to break to my daughter, and private business after that to settle with a friend."

He saluted the company, with his usual bluff nod of the head, and entered the library. A few minutes afterwards, Trudaine and Lomaque left the house.

"You will find your sister waiting for you in our apartment at the hotel," said the latter. "She knows nothing, absolutely nothing, of what has passed."

"But the recognition?" asked Trudaine, amazedly. "His mother saw her. Surely she—?"

"I managed it so that she should be seen, and should not see. Our former experience of Danville suggested to me the propriety of making the experiment, and my old police-office practice came in useful in carrying it out. I saw the carriage standing at the door, and waited till the old lady came down. I walked your sister away, as she got in, and walked her back again past the window, as the carriage drove off. A moment did it; and it turned out as useful as I thought it would. Enough of that! Go back now to your sister. Keep in-doors till the night-mail starts for Rouen. I have had two places taken for you on speculation. Go! resume possession of your old house, and leave me here to transact the business which my employer has entrusted to me, and to see how matters end with Danville and his mother. I will make time somehow to come and bid you good-bye at Rouen, though it should only be for a single day. Bah! no thanks. Give us your hand. I was ashamed to take it eight years ago—I can give it a hearty shake now! There is your way; here is mine. Leave me to my business in silks and satins; and go you back to your sister, and help her to pack up for the night-mail."

* * * * *

Three more days have passed. It is evening. Rose, Trudaine, and Lomaque are seated together on the bench that overlooks the windings of the Seine. The old familiar scene spreads before them, beautiful as ever—unchanged, as if it was but yesterday since they had all looked on it for the last time.

They talk together seriously and in low voices. The same recollections fill their hearts—recollections which they refrain from acknowledging, but the influence of which each knows by instinct that the other partakes. Sometimes one leads the conversation, sometimes another; but whoever speaks, the topic chosen is always, as if by common consent, a topic connected with the future.

The evening darkens in, and Rose is the first to rise from the bench. A secret look

of intelligence passes between her and her brother; and then she speaks to Lomaque.

"Will you follow me into the house," she asks, "with as little delay as possible? I have something that I very much wish to show you."

Her brother waits till she is out of hearing; then inquires anxiously what has happened at Paris since the night when he and Rose left it.

"Your sister is free," Lomaque answers.

"The duel took place, then?"

"The same day. They were both to fire together. The second of his adversary asserts that he was paralysed with terror: his own second declares that he was resolved, however he might have lived, to confront death courageously by offering his life at the first fire to the man whom he had injured. Which account is true, I know not. It is only certain that he did not discharge his pistol; that he fell by his antagonist's first bullet; and that he never spoke afterwards."

"And his mother?"

"It is hard to gain information. Her doors are closed; the old servant guards her with jealous care. A medical man is in constant attendance, and there are reports in the house that the illness from which she is suffering affects her mind more than her body. I could ascertain no more."

After that answer they both remain silent for a little while—then rise from the bench and walk towards the house.

"Have you thought yet about preparing your sister to hear of all that has happened?" Lomaque asks, as he sees the lamp-light glimmering in the parlour-window.

"I shall wait to prepare her till we are settled again here—till the first holiday pleasure of our return has worn off, and the quiet realities of our every-day life of old have resumed their way," answers Trudaine.

They enter the house. Rose beckons to Lomaque to sit down near her, and places pen and ink and an open letter before him.

"I have a last favour to ask of you," she says, smiling.

"I hope it will not take long to grant," he rejoins; "for I have only to-night to be with you. To-morrow morning, before you are up, I must be on my way back to Chalons."

"Will you sign that letter?" she continues, still smiling, "and then give it to me to send to the post? It was dictated by Louis, and written by me, and it will be quite complete if you will put your name at the end of it."

"I suppose I may read it?"

She nods, and Lomaque reads these lines:—

"CITIZEN,—I beg respectfully to apprise you that the commission you entrusted to me at Paris has been performed.

"I have also to beg that you will accept my resignation of the place I hold in your counting-house.

The kindness shown me by you and your father emboldens me to hope that you will learn with pleasure the motive of my withdrawal. Two friends of mine who consider that they are under some obligations to me, are anxious that I should pass the rest of my days in the quiet and protection of their home. Troubles of former years have knit us together as closely as if we were all three members of one family. I need the repose of a happy fireside as much as any man, after the life I have led; and my friends assure me so earnestly that their whole hearts are set on establishing the old man's easy chair by their hearth, that I cannot summon resolution enough to turn my back on them and their offer.

"Accept then, I beg of you, the resignation which this letter contains, and with it the assurance of my sincere gratitude and respect.

"To Citizen Clairfait, Silk Mercer,
Chalons-sur-Marne."

After reading those lines, Lomaque turned round to Trudaine and attempted to speak; but the words would not come at command. He looked up at Rose, and tried to smile; but his lip only trembled. She dipped the pen in the ink, and placed it in his hand. He bent his head down quickly over the paper, so that she could not see his face; but still he did not write his name. She put her hand caressingly on his shoulder, and whispered to him:—

"Come, come, humour 'Sister Rose.' She must have her own way now she is back again at home."

He did not answer—his head sank lower—he hesitated for an instant—then signed his name in faint, trembling characters at the end of the letter.

She drew it away from him gently. A few tear-drops lay on the paper. As she dried them with her handkerchief she looked at her brother.

"They are the last he shall ever shed, Louis, you and I will take care of that!"

BABY BEATRICE.

Who brought baby Beatrice?

Out of the cold, out of the rain,
Out of the March-gust wet and hollow,
Twittering faint like a nestling swallow;
Ruffled and scared by the mad storm's kiss,
She came and tapp'd at the window-pane;
Down from God's garden the rough wind brought her,
With silken wings aching,
And timid heart quaking.
So gladly we open'd our arms and caught her,
And the wild bird changed to a tiny daughter?

Who found baby Beatrice?

Under the briars and grass-tufts wet,
Under the larch-cones pink and pouting,
Half pursed up with a shy misdoubting
Whether 'twere wiser to cry or kiss,
She sat, like a sweet March violet.
Down from God's chaplet an angel brought her,
With dewy eyes gleaming,
And leafy heart dreaming.
So softly we parted the boughs, and sought her,
And the hedge-flower changed to a tiny daughter.

All know baby Beatrice!

With her clear eyes, nor sly nor simple,
 And merry bright curls of sunstreak'd brown,
 Her broad brow arch'd for a laurel crown,
 Her shy lip curved for a mother's kiss,
 Ankle and wrist that a fay might own,
 Waxed cheeks with a lurking dimple,
 A two years' shape, a six years' air,
 A neck as white as the lily's wimple.
 And better and happier far than this,
 To keep her from doing or dreaming amiss,
 Two guardian spirits hold her in care,
 Whom wizards twain of matchless mind,
 The greatest that ever have witch'd mankind,
 Sang into being from ether and flame,
 And gave to the nursing to brighten her name;
 Dante for Italy, where her life groweth,
 Shakespeare for England, whence her blood floweth.
 She has Beatrice dark, and Beatrice fair,
 Beatrice saint, and Beatrice woman.
 One throned with the angels in deep blue air,
 One sporting and jesting with all things human.
 The wand of dominion they hold by turns,
 Calling glad smiles to the eyes that love her,
 Whether of this one or that she learns.
 For her little bright soul, like a glassy stream,
 Changing and ranging from shade to beam,
 Tells which of her name-saints bends above her.

Now 'tis grave-eyed Beatrice!

And tender and still as a new-made bride,
 Her baby Sainthood puts aside
 Her frolicsome freaks, with deep eyes glistening,
 And sits as her inner sense were listening
 To a heartfelt of plaintive melodies.
 Or over the cups of the wind-flowers pied,
 After her sweet and earnest fashion,
 She folds soft hands of adoration.
 With such pure worship, through lawn and dell
 The stern world-poet of heaven and hell
 Saw Beatrice the angel glide
 Over the golden and crimson blossoms
 Of the penal mount, whose clear, deep tide
 "The brown perpetual shade" embosoms.
 A lonely maiden who roam'd along,
 Choosing fresh flowers to match her song.

Anon 'tis madcap Beatrice!

Hazel-eyed Beatrice—flirt and sinner!
 And straight her baby highness pleases
 To banter her subjects, and twits and teases,
 (Shrieking with laughter and wild caprice),
 Her luckless Benedicks, frock'd and belted,
 Who, spite of their sighs, get pinch'd and pelted.
 Yet warm sweet womanhood buds within her,
 Making her helpful, and kind, and tender
 To all weak creatures that chance may send her.
 Kitten and cur
 Call friends with her,
 And she rights their wrongs with a mighty stir,
 Protecting, directing, and making them share
 Her pretty provisions of motherly care.
 With such warm service at Sicily's court,
 The wise-world poet of sooth and sport
 Saw Beatrice, the madcap, stand
 (To never a jest nor a gibe replying),
 And wring the glove from her small clench'd hand,
 Looking hot scorn on the courtiers bland,
 At sight of her "sweet coz" wrong'd and dying.
 A brave true woman who sobb'd and spake,
 "O were I man for my cousin's sake!"

Bless thee, baby Beatrice

Bright little lode-star of many a love
 Cherish'd and cherishing, priceless possession!
 Say an amen to my heart's profession;—
 The pretty so be it of one sweet kiss!
 Then sleep, to the music that lull'd thee above,
 For once on his bosom an angel wore thee.
 Therefore thou earnest
 Smiles from the sternest;
 Therefore God's garden yet blooms before thee,
 Rock'd in thy dream on the heart that bore thee.

PHYSIC A-FIELD.

PHYSIC was all a-field with the learned two or three centuries ago, and it is so still with the unlearned in our villages and country towns.

Here is a book printed in black letter, which contains nearly eight hundred prescriptions, under the title of "A Rich Storehouse or Treasure for the Diseased, wherein are many approved medicines for divers and sundrie diseases which have been long hidden, and not come to light before this time. First, set forth for the benefit of the poorer sorte of people, that are not of abilitie to goe to the Physicians." The book was published upwards of two centuries ago, and marvellous as its ideas may now seem to educated people, it is proper to state that few of them are altogether obsolete, that at least every one can be matched with some notion of its kind that will look quite as absurd in the light of existing knowledge.

Physic a-field did not overlook even the blades of meadow-grass. And who that took note of the grass would overlook the little modest, crimson-tippit flower which a good modern poet has characterised in a tooth-breaking line as:—

"Fringed with pink-tipped petals piled."

"Take a good quantitie of small daysies," says Master Blower, author of the *Treasure*, "and boyle them in a little faire running water, and straine them, and let the patient drinke the juyce thereof and it will cure him of the ague."

Such being the strength of daisies, of course primroses assert their power. It was not the fault of the simple gatherer if the poets talked of The rath Primrose that forsaken blooms; by him, at least, its blossoms were sought after. Powder of primroses blown into the nose through a quill, is recommended by Master Blower, as a certain cure for stoppage in the nose and head resulting from a cold.

When a man feels weak in the back let him "Take a quart of sacke, a top of rosemary, winter-sucory, and peniroyall, of each a like quantitie, ginger and nuttmeggs, as much as will burne the wine: then take two new-laid eggs, yolkes and all, and temper them with three or foure spoonefulls of red rose-water, and put thereto a good piece of fine suger,

then take the burnt sacke and burn it again with the egges, and put into it a little mace, and it will be in manner of a candle, and let the patient drinke this thrice a day (that is to say) in the morning fasting, after dinner, and when he goeth to bed, and this will help him in a short space. For it bathe beene well proved." A sort of thing, in fact, which nobody would be remiss in putting to good proof. Very good stuff to recommend poor people to get themselves, and sure enough to do them good. So is this excellent good jelly to be made and had for one that is in a consumption:—"Take a cocke or capon that is new killed, and scalde him and wash him cleane, then take a legge of veale and cut away all the fat from it, and let the cocke and veale lye in water for the space of foure or five houres, and seethe them together in a gallon of faire running water, and as it doth seethe still scum off the fat, untill you have left no fat at all upon it, and let it seeth continually over a soft fire untill halfe the broth bee consumed: then put into it rackt rhennish wine or else white wine, to the quantitie of a pottle, and then let it boyle all together untill it bee come to a quart, and then put therein the whites of three or four new-laid eggs, and then clarifie it, and let it run thorow a jellie-bag, and put into it an ounce of synnamon grosse beaten and a pound of fine suger, and make a jellie thereof, and let the patient eat thereof cold, and hee shall receive much comfort thereby. This also good for many other diseases." A quart of jellie made out of a whole leg of veal, a capon, and a pottle of hock or moselle—to say nothing of the eggs thrown into it—ought certainly to do a poor man good. Here is a physick, expressly contrived by Master Blower, to relieve the fatigues of workmen:—"An approved medicine for one that is molten with over much trauell or labour, take a quart of good claret wine and seethe therein a good quantitie of barley, and make a posset with the same wine, and let the patient drinke three or foure times thereof warm (bedward) and it will help him."

Ralph Blower looked upon poor people as a rather jolly set of dogs, but he was sorry to think that their health should be sometimes injured by high feeding, and he therefore tells them of some remedies in case of "surfeit;" for example, he says:—"Take a good thick piece of white bred and toast it, and then dip the same in aqua-vite very well, and that being done, apply it to the stomache of the partie grieved, as hotte as possible hee may abide it, and let him be kept very warme, and this will presently help him."

To him who has sore eyes, Ralph Blower, greeting:—"Take rotten apples and distill them in a common stillatory, and with the water thereof wash your eyes often, and it will both cleanse and cleare your sight."

It is well at the same time to know by what things the eyes are damaged. They are

the eating of garlic, onions, and leeks; or too much lettuce, travelling or moving about too sudden after meat; hot wines, cold air, milk, cheese; overmuch beholding of white and colours; much sleep after meat; too frequent blood-letting; coleworts; dust, fire, weeping and watching. Things good for the sight follow, and are "measurable sleep, red roses, vervain, fennel, celandine, pimpermell, oculus christi, rue, betony; to wash your eyes often with faire running water; to look upon any greene or pleasant colours—to look often in a faire, pleasant and perfect glasse, and to wash your hands and feet very often." As for the washing of the body often, that was too much to ask.

Among things good for the heart are "saffron, cloves, muske, mirthe and gladnesse." And among things "ill for the heart," are "beans, pease, sadnesse, anger, onions, evil-tidings, losse of friends," &c. Prescriptions are given whereby "to open the pipes of the heart, being stopped," and also "to comfort the heart that is weak." They are not stupidly conceived, inasmuch as their base consists of "a pinte of sacke, also a pinte of malmesie."

"A rule to know what things are good and wholesome for the braines and what are not. Good for the braines:—To eat sage, but not overmuch at a time; to smell to camemill or musk; to drink wine measurably; to sleepe measurably; to hear but little noyse of musicke or singers." Learn, therefore, all people to absent themselves from operas and oratorios, and "to eat mustard and pepper; to keep the head warme; to wash the hands often; to walke measurably; to wash ye temples of the heade often with rose-water; to smell to red roses."

"Bad for the braines:—To sleepe much after meat; all manner of braines; gluttonie; drunkennesse; corrupt ayres; overmuch watching; overmuch colde; overmuch bathing; late suppers; anger; heavinesse of mind; to stand much bare-head; milke, cheese, garlicke, onions; to eat overmuch or hastily; overmuch heat in traueilling or labouring; overmuch knocking or noyse; to smell to a white rose."

Our forefathers and foremothers did not go a-field for physick only to find plants. Precious to them was the iuyce of an eel, a hedghog's fat, goose-grease, the fat of mice, cats, rabbits, moles and ducks, and doves; precious the fat that lies under the manes of horses. The gall of a goat or raven, the pith of an ox's back, the milk of a red cow, or of a cow all of one colour, a buck's-horn, the brain of a weazel, the blood of a stock-dove, and the "little bone that is in the knee-joynt of the hinder legge of a hare, which will speedily helpe the crampe," all belong to Ralph Blower's pharmacy, and are still sought as remedies by many in our rural districts.—"A herring that is well-pickled and split on the belly-side, and warmed very hot, and

layed on to both the soles of the feet, will helpe an ague."

Also, "snales which bee in shells, beat together with bay salt and mallowes, and laid to the bottomes of your feet, and to the wristes of your hands, before the fit commeth, appeaseth the ague." "Twenty garden snales, beaten shelles and all, in a morter, until you perceive them to be come to a salve, will both heale a bile and drawe it." "A drop or two of the iuyce of a black snale, dropped on a corne, with the powder of sandphere (samphire), will take it away speedilie."

A wine of earthworms, with a little scraped ivory and English saffron will do a man who has the iaundice "maruellous much good." Earthworms are also an infallible test in the diagnosis of king's euil. "Take a ground worme, and lay it aline upon the place grieved, then take a greene dock-leave or two, and lay them upon the worme, and then binde the same about the necke of the partie diseased, at night when hee goeth to bed, and in the morning when hee riseth take it off againe, and if it bee the king's euil the worme will turne into a powder or duste; otherwise the worme will remaine dead in his own former forme, as it was before aline." For the cure of hooping-cough, "take a mouse and flea it, and drie it in ouen, and beate it to powder, and let the partie grieved drinke it in ale, and it will help him." For the cure of deafness, "take an hedgehog, and flea him and roste him, and let the patient put some of the grease that commeth from him, into his eare, with a little liquid storax mingled therewith, and he shall recover his hearing in a short space. This hath holpen some that could not heare almost any thing at all for the space of twentie yeares, and yet were holpen with this medicine." Or, "Take a goode siluer eele (if possibly shee may bee gotten) or else some other bright eele, and roste her upon a spitte, and let the dripping of her be kept very cleane in some earthen vessell, and when you do goe to bed put the quantitie of a quarter of a spoonfulle thereof at a time into your eare, and then stop it up with a little of the wooll that groweth betwixt the two eares of a black sheepe, and the next night following use the contrary eare, as afore is said, and so continue this for the space of nine or ten dayes, and it will helpe you."

The marrow of swine's feet is a cosmetic if applied with the juice of a lemon, cow's milk, and rose-water. Master Blower shows also, how by the use of compounds similar to these already described, "to take away the pimples and high colour out of one's face, be it never so farre spent and gone"—"to make one's face faire, cleare, and to shine"—"to cause one to looke with a faire and goode colour, be hee never so pale-faced and wanne." Gout is cured by an oil got from moles that have been potted and buried for a month. This, too, is "An excellent goode

oyntment for the gowt.—Take a fat goose and plucke her, and dresse her as if shee should be eaten: then stuffe the belly of her with 3 or 4 younge cats, well chopped into small pieces, with a handfull of bay salt, and 10 snales, and then sewe up her belly againe, and roste her at a small fire, and saue all the dripping of her, and keepe it for a precious oyntment." The use of young cats "well chopped into small pieces," certainly is not extinct among the "poorer sorte of people," but they belong now to food rather than medicine, being not seldom supplied in the form of saveloys.

"A very good medicine to stanch blood, when nothing else will doe it, by reason the veine is cut, or that the wound is great:—Take a toad and drie him very well in the sunne, and then put him into a linnen bagge, and hang him about the necke of him that bleedeth with a string, and let it hang so low that it may touch his brest on the left side neere unto his heart; and commonly this will stay all manner of bleeding at the mouth, nose, wounde, or otherwise whatsoever."

Ralph Blower, who finds "the poorer sort of people" able to surfeit upon claret, sack, and capons, is a man able to get blood out of a stone. "Take," he says, "a stone that is white, and hath red veines in it, and boyle it in a quart of new milke, untill one halfe of the milke be consumed, and then let the patient drinke often thereof and hee shall find great virtue therein." A wine made of flint stones he recommends also as a good thing to drink in case of gout.

Potable gold was still remembered as a medicine in those days. This is a "sovereign drink for any infected person," in R. B.'s opinion. "Take a piece of fine gold, and put it into the iuyce of lemons, for the space of foure and twentie houres, and put to it a little powder of angelica-roots, mingled with white-wine, and let the patient drinke a goode draught thereof. This is a most precious drinke, and it is greatly to be wondered at what helpe and remedie some that used this drinke have had thereby, although it hath bene supposed by many learned physicians that sicke persons were past all hope of remedie; yet by God's providence they have recovered againe." That was a remedie as good as gold against infection. But, infection being taken, here we are told of an "experienced medicine for the plague."—"Take a cocke, a chicken, or a pullet, and pull off all the feathers cleane off the taile, so that the pumpe may be bare, and then hold the bare place to the sore, and immediately you shall see the cocke, chicken, or pullet gape and labour for life, and in the end it will dye: then take another cocke, chicken, or pullet againe, and doe the like, and if the same dye, then take another, and so doe as aforesaid, and let the party grieved be applied therewith as aforesaid, as long as any of them doe dye."

That is abominable. Now for something horrible.

"It is said many men have been cured of the falling euill (epilepsy) by drinking of the powder of dead men's skulles burnt. The skulle of a dead-man whereon mosse groweth, being taken and washed very cleane, and dried in an ouen, and then beaten to powder, will cure this infirmite, although the partie grieved have been troubled therewith many yeares before. But this skulle must be the skulle of one that hath beens slaine, or of one that was hanged, or that came to a sudden death, and not the skulle of one that dyed of any sicknesse, or else by other maladies growing of long continuance in the head."

By this spectre of a prescription we are fairly frightened out of Mr. Blower's churchyard. It is not a very long way in the churchyard from the daisy to the dead man's skull, and just so deeply we have dug, through snails and moles and worms. Therefore, at least, if for no worse reason, "the Rich Store House" filled by Mr. Blower's wit may be as fairly called a churchyard as a surgery.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

FROM VARNA TO RUSTCHUK.

I HAD a uniform in a tin box—a German tin box, which of course would neither shut nor open. I had that most awkward of all things to pack, a cocked-hat-case, and a long frail slender sword. I was perfectly right in resolving to take these things, encumbrances as they are; for, in passing through a war-country, I might come to grief, and in all lands under despotic governments—in Russia, or in lands semi-Russianised, such as Wallachia, Moldavia, the Banat, Poland and Hungary, as well as in Austria, Prussia, and even Bavaria and Saxony—a uniform goes a great way; and, whichever route I might finally decide on taking to England, it was extremely probable that my uniform might come in very seasonably in the case of any untoward occurrence. I had also two leather portmanteaus which might have been dispensed with, if British friends and relatives were not always so anxious to receive presents from the East. I had two carpet bags, one oke (about two British pounds) of Constantinople tobacco,—a great treat to any one living away from the capital. I had six game pies as a provision for the road, and which turned out to be worse than unnecessary. I had a short great-coat, a mackintosh and a thick Albanian cloak which were very well worth their carriage. If I were going to make the same journey again I would take a uniform, most certainly, a complete oversuit of mackintosh or oilskin, including leggings and coverings for the feet; but I would unhesitatingly reduce the rest of my luggage to the smallest of all possible carpet-bags, and buy

such things as I wanted for immediate use in the towns upon my way.

However, there these things were now, piled up (a disheartening heap!) in the court of a dirty inn at Varna, and the difficulty was how to get them away. The luggage delayed us at least six and thirty hours in the comparatively short distance between Varna and Rustchuk. We could not go more than three miles an hour because of them, and we might have gone always five, and sometimes seven or eight. The portmanteaus were particularly difficult things to gird on the pack-horses; but at last we contrived means by which, with a great expenditure of time and rope, we succeeded in lashing them on with some degree of security. To be sure they galled the horses cruelly wherever their sharp edges and angles happened to touch them; but we could get along, and that is the most which can be fairly said.

We started from Varna long before daylight, and I could not help reflecting that the style in which we were travelling was very much the same as that which was usual in England during the reign of Elizabeth. So rode the courtly Raleigh nourishing ambitious dreams and fancies of new worlds. So rode bluff Suffolk and the stately Earl of Leicester, when he sped upon his stolen visits to his hidden bride, and so came Master Shakespeare from Stratford to London in fifteen hundred and eighty-seven. The usages of all countries are the same in the same stage of history. Ay! even to the food the people eat, and the manner of dressing it. The clothes they wear; their houses, and their very minds.

Our Sourondjee, or hired groom, sent to take care of the horses, rode first. Then came our pack-horses, the halter of the foremost tied on to the tail of the Sourondjee's horse, and the second pack-horse's halter made fast in the same way to the tail of the other. To this one again was lashed on an extra horse on which to shift the whole or any portion of another's burthen if it should prove too heavy, or if a horse should by mischance fall lame; our Tatar or armed guide, guard and courier, brought up the rear. In his hand he carried a long whip, and with this sometimes he lashed the post-horses, sometimes their owner.

Lastly, rode we, a merry company smoking and chatting along the wild romantic road, but also having a sort of crook in our lots with respect to our saddles, which were Turkish wooden saddles, bought at Varna, and made up of galling red cloth and fringe, exasperating brass nails rudely stuck in the most impossible places, and unexpected bumps wherever they ought not to have been. We thought naturally enough of the testy invalid who cursed his bed, because the longer he lay in it the harder it grew. As for the Turkish stirrups they were neither more or less than a pair of excruciating stocks for the feet, and their mere weight and shortness kept them so

close to the horses' sides and forced our knees into so torturing and unnatural a position that it is odd they were not dislocated. The horses, which cost two piastres and a half each per hour, were small, wiry little things of wonderful endurance, though not much courage and action. They were half starved also, and quite worn out by the marchings and counter-marchings of officers speeding hither and thither on military service, and couriers carrying despatches from the seat of war on which the fate of a beleaguered city or an army might depend. In any case, however, they would have been inferior to the horses of Asia Minor or Syria, and other parts of Turkey.

Upon the whole I do not remember to have ever travelled through a country more uninteresting to the mere wayfarer than Bulgaria. It is, indeed, comparatively untrodden, and I dare say that a person who was disposed to spend any considerable time in exploring it, would be extremely well rewarded for the trouble and the many privations he would be obliged to experience in so doing. Many curious ancient games and customs, I know, may still be witnessed lingering among the inhabitants of its rarely-disturbed villages, and some singular glimpses of a society and local institutions of which we absolutely know nothing, would repay him at every step. The country abounds with game, and the sportsman would hear the echo of few guns but his own in its boundless covers and marshes, which are quite alive with water-fowl. The villagers also, knowing nothing of the common golden British traveller, are hospitable, without thought of gain; and a shilling or two a-day would be the utmost he could spend.

A passenger, however, who is obliged to keep the high road enjoys none of these advantages. All the richest and pleasantest of the villages are built in secluded nooks, as far away from the road as possible. It is difficult to find them without careful inquiry; and a stranger would excite as much astonishment as he felt. If any consular dignitary or tax-gathering Pasha had recently passed that way, he would also create some alarm; so that, if alone, he might be in danger. He should therefore go with one or two attached attendants, perfectly familiar with the country, as well as with the language and habits of the people.

The Greek population is, of course, far the most numerous; but they are said to have well deserved a very ill reputation. They are generally considered as cunning, insincere, and dishonest, so that it would be well to sojourn among the Turks whenever a preference was possible. The Bulgarians and the Arabs are remarkable as being the best grooms in Turkey, and the Bulgarians, as a rule, are even better than the Arabs. I am unable to explain this on any supposition

save the extraordinary value that horses acquire in a flat marshy country, where the distances between the towns and villages are very great, and not easily traversed on foot. Bulgaria is also a corn country, where horses are in much demand for field-labour and are cheaply kept. It is worthy of observation that they are comparatively seldom harnessed; the ploughs and small agricultural waggons of the country are almost entirely drawn by oxen.

The post-houses are usually about five or six miles apart, and it is seldom indeed that a house intervenes, or that any object of interest whatever is seen upon the road. The postmasters are required by law to furnish food to travellers on demand, and at moderate prices. It is seldom, however, that anything eatable is to be obtained from them, and any traveller of even minor importance will therefore do well to ask for the house of the first man in the village at which he halts; and, riding unhesitatingly up to it, ask entertainment for himself and suite. It will be readily accorded. Food is excellent and plentiful everywhere except at the post-houses; and, as any person other than a consular magnate, would take care to give a present in proportion to his consumption and the trouble he occasioned, no party concerned would have the smallest reason to be dissatisfied with the result of the visit.

THE MUSE IN LIVERY.

THERE is a volume of verse too little known for which I must express a particular liking. It is a thin octavo, printed at London in seventeen hundred and thirty-two. The frontispiece is curious. It represents a young man who, although his right leg is tied to a log inscribed Despair, and his left leg is tied by a chain of Poverty to a never-ceasing circle of Misery, Folly, and Ignorance, is grasping at the tree of Happiness, Virtue, and Knowledge. His left hand, with which he is eagerly reaching at what he sees before him, is winged with Desire. His face is full of honest earnestness, and the title of his book is *A Muse in Livery*, or the *Footman's Miscellany*.

This humble Miscellany is dedicated to the subscribers. "I have not," he says, "the vanity to think it is to any merit in myself, or these poor performances, that I owe the honour of being allowed to place so many great names at the beginning of them. No; I am very sensible it is, in some, who know my condition, from charity; in others, from generosity; and by many it is intended only as a compliment to the person whom I have the honour and (as I have just cause to esteem it) the happiness to serve." Few in his station of life, he justly remarks, are able to find leisure for verse; "and what," he exclaims, "can be expected from the pen of a poor footman?—a character that expresses a want

both of friends, fortune, and all the advantages of a liberal education; but I will seek no other excuse for what follows, than the candour and good nature of my readers will, I hope, supply, when they recollect that the author lies under all the disadvantages of an uncultivated mind; his natural genius suppressed by the sense of his low condition—a condition from which he never hopes to rise, but by the goodness of Providence influencing some generous mind to support an honest and a grateful heart."

This honest and grateful heart was a native of Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, and a footman in the service of Lady Lowther, aunt to that rich Lord Lonsdale who died in eighteen hundred and two, with a small portion of his property—fifty thousand pounds—in gold, in his house. His name was Robert Dodsley; and the noble nature that assisted him to rise, and made him what he afterwards became—one of the most eminent publishers of his time—was no less a person than the poet Pope. When Dodsley doffed his livery, and sought to establish himself as a bookseller, Pope lent him one hundred pounds, to open a shop, and, better still, made him his own publisher.

But I am forestalling events; for I have not yet done with the little volume of verse, *A Muse in Livery*. The most characteristic, if not the best poem in his *Footman's Miscellany*, is, *The Footman: an Epistle to his friend, Mr. Wright*, in which he describes, with graphic power, and great ease of versification, his daily life during a London season.

Dear Friend,—Since I am now at leisure,
And in the country taking pleasure,
If it be worth your while to hear
A silly Footman's business there,
I'll try to tell in easy rhyme
How I in London spend my time.

And first.

As soon as laziness will let me,
I rise from bed and down I sit me,
To cleaning glasses, knives, and plate,
And such like dirty work as that
Which, by-the-bye, is what I hate.
This done, with expeditious care,
To dress myself I straight prepare.
I clean my buckles, black my shoes,
Powder my wig and brush my clothes—
Take off my beard and wash my face,
And then I'm ready for the chase.

Down comes my lady's woman strait:
Where's Robin? Here! Pray take your Hat,
And go—and go—and go—and go—;
And this—and that desire to know.
The charge received, away run I,
And here, and there, and yonder fly,
With Services, and How-d'ye-does;
Then home return full fraught with news.

Here some short time does interpose,
'Till warm effluvia greet my nose,
Which from the spits and kettles fly,
Declaring dinner-time is nigh.
To lay the cloth I now prepare,
With uniformity and care;

In order knives and forks are laid,
With folded napkins, salt, and bread:
The sideboards glittering, too, appear,
With plate, and glass, and china-ware.
Then ale, and beer, and wine decanted,
And all things ready which are wanted,
The smoking dishes enter in,
To stomachs sharp a grateful scene;
Which on the table being placed,
And some few ceremonies past,
They all sit down, and fall to eating,
Whilst I behind stand silent waiting.

This is the only pleasant hour
Which I have in the twenty-four;
For whilst I unregarded stand,
With ready salver in my hand,
And seem to understand no more
Than just what's called for, out to pour;
I hear, and mark the courtly phrases,
And all the elegance that passes;
Disputes maintained without digression,
With ready wit, and fine expression;
The laws of true politeness stated,
And what good-breeding is, debated;
Where all unanimously exclude
The vain coquet, the formal prude,
The ceremonious, and the rude.
The flattering, fawning, praising train;
The fluttering, empty, noisy, vain;
Detraction, smut, and what's profane.

This happy hour claps'd and gone,
The time of drinking tea comes on.
The kettle fill'd, the water boil'd,
The cream provided, biscuits pil'd,
And lamp prepar'd; I strait engage
The Lilliputian equipage
Of dishes, saucers, spoons, and tongs,
And all th' etcetera which thereto belongs.
Which rang'd in order and decorum,
I carry in, and set before 'em;
Then pour or Green, or Bohea out,
And, as commanded, hand about.

This business over, presently
The hour of visiting draws nigh;
The chairmen strait prepare the chair,
A lighted flambeau I prepare;
And orders given where to go,
We march along, and bustle thro'
The parting crowds, who all stand off
To give us room. O how you'd laugh!
To see me strut before a chair,
And with a sturdy voice and air
Crying, By your leave, sir! have a care!
From place to place with speed we fly,
And rat-tatat the knockers cry:
Pray, is your lady, sir, within?
If no, go on; if yes, we enter in.

Then to the Hall I guide my steps
Amongst a croud of brother skips,
Drinking small beer, and talking smut,
And this fool's nonsense putting that fool's out;
Whilst oaths and peals of laughter meet,
And he who's loudest is the greatest wit.
But here amongst us the chief trade is
To rail against our lords and ladies;
To aggravate their smallest failings,
'T' expose their faults with saucy railings.
For my part, as I hate the practice,
And see in them how base and black 'tis,
To some bye place I therefore creep,
And sit me down, and feign to sleep;
And could I with old *Morpheus* bargain

'Twould save my ears much noise and jargon,
But down my lady comes again,
And I'm released from my pain.
To some new place our steps we bend,
The tedious evening out to spend ;
Sometimes, perhaps, to see the play,
Assembly, or the opera ;
Then home and sup, and thus we end the day. }

There are many versifiers considered as poets by the charity of criticism, whose rhymes have found a place in the great body of English poetry, whose untried muses have written infinitely worse than Lady Lowther's footman.

No one has told us when and how the Muse in Livery became acquainted with the Muse at Twickenham. "All fly to Twickenham" is Pope's own bill of complaint against the fraternity of scribblers who molested him on Sunday ; and it is probable that Dodsley introduced himself to the poet by a copy of complimentary verses, for the little nightingale was not averse to flattery. But an easier mode of introduction may reasonably be inferred. The Muse in Livery left the service of Lady Lowther, and entered that of Charles Dartigueuue, Esq., a great epicure, whose ham pie is made immortal by Pope. Darty—for so he was called by his acquaintances as well as by the poet—is described by Swift in his *Journal to Stella* thus briefly: "Do you not know Dartigueuue ? That is the man that knows everything and that everybody knows—the greatest punner of the town next myself." Here he easily attained that relish for good bits and good sups which he continued to like, though never to any excess of indulgence. Darty was, it is said, the natural son of Charles the Second by a foreign lady, and his portrait in the *Kit-Kat* series seems to support a belief (unless it suggested it) that was once very general. But he has other claims to our remembrance ; he is the author of one of the best papers in *The Tatler*.

While still in service, and anxiously longing for that time when he could emerge from a position distasteful to his feelings and cultivate the natural ambition of bettering himself in the world, the Muse in Livery produced a farce called *The Toyshop*, which by Pope's interest Rich was induced to exhibit on the stage. The *Toyshop* took the town ; and though it has more merit in dialogue than construction, and is fitter for perusal than representation, it continued a stock-piece, and was acted at Drury Lane within the memory of many who are now alive. The first night was the third of February, seventeen hundred and thirty-five, and the place of representation Covent Garden Theatre.

It was in the same year (when George the Second was king) that the Muse in Livery appeared as a publisher in Pall Mall. There was something of the footman, as well as of the sensible shopman, in this selection of a locality.

This was the first move westward of the publishing interest, for Lintot lived in Fleet Street, and Tonson, his rival, in the Strand. Oddly enough, both Lintot and Tonson were removed by death almost within a year of the appearance of Dodsley as a publisher. There was therefore a good opening for an enterprising successor, and Dodsley availed himself of the opportunity with equal energy and prudence. Tully's Head was the sign of his shop, and an epic in quarto his first publication.

In the present state of poetry, neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Moxon would recommend a young publisher to have anything whatever to do with an epic in any shape. But when Dodsley flourished, poetry was not, as now, a drug in the market, and the epic put forth from Tully's head—it was the *Leonidas* of Glover—was a successful hit. Glover was a young merchant in the City, of wealth and family, and with a good West-end and Court interest. His book sold, and Dodsley was encouraged into other speculations.

Pope, who seems to have employed more publishers than any other poet, came to Dodsley's assistance, and the second publication of the Muse out of Livery was "The Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace, translated by Mr. Pope," printed in folio, price one shilling. This was followed the next year by "The Universal Prayer, by the author of the *Essay on Man*." The Prayer was published in folio and octavo, and had a large and immediate run. The folio price was sixpence. Another publication which Pope entrusted the same year to Dodsley was his *Satire* by way of a Second Dialogue, called *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight*, of which the sale was very large and very profitable.

In the year in which these poems were published, two men—whose names are now known wherever letters are known—found their way to Tully's Head in Pall Mall, both bringing poems for publication. One was Richard Savage, with a Volunteer Laureat ; the other was Samuel Johnson, with his London, a Poem in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal. Dodsley published both poems. Johnson read his London to Doddy—as he delighted to call him—and observed with proper pride, that the Tonson of Tully's Head had spoken of it as a creditable thing to be concerned in. At a future conference he bought it outright for ten guineas. "I might perhaps have accepted less," said Johnson to Boswell ; "but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a poem, and I would not take less than Paul Whitehead." Dodsley did well with this purchase ; for London was in a second edition within a week, and in a fourth edition within a year.

Dodsley was not so happy with his next publication. This was a satire, entitled *Manners*, by Paul Whitehead—a small poet—for which

both poet and publisher were summoned before the House of Lords. Whitehead, who hung loose on society, skulked and escaped, but Dodsley's shop and family made his appearance necessary. After a week's confinement, and on his petition, he was, on his knees, reprimanded by the Lord Chancellor, and discharged on paying the fees. The whole process, it is thought, was intended rather to intimidate Pope than punish Whitehead. Pope understood it as such, and suppressed a third Dialogue. The complaint was made by Sherlock, Bishop of Salisbury. The fees were seventy pounds.

The money lost by this prosecution was more than made up by the active sympathy expressed in his behalf. The next morning, as he told Dr. Warton, the neighbouring street was crowded with the carriages of some of the first noblemen and gentlemen, who came to offer him their services and to be his bail. Among those who thus honoured him, he named to Warton, five lords, Chesterfield, Marchmont, Granville, Bathurst, and Essex, and two well-known members of the House of Commons, Mr. Pulteney and Mr. Lyttelton.

Dodsley's next publications of note were the *Night Thoughts* of Dr. Young (of which he published the first six) and *The Pleasures of Imagination*, of Dr. Akenside. For the first three *Night Thoughts* he gave two hundred guineas, and for Akenside's poem one hundred and twenty pounds. Speaking of Akenside's poem, Johnson observes, "I have heard Dodsley, by whom it was published, relate, that when the copy was offered him, the price demanded for it, which was a hundred and twenty pounds, being such as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, advised him not to make a niggardly offer, for this was no every-day writer."

His business as a bookseller did not altogether interfere with his cultivation of the Muse. In seventeen hundred and forty-three he published *The Cave*, of Pope—a Prophecy—in which he foretells the interest and veneration with which the grotto of the poet will be viewed hereafter by pilgrims from all parts of the world; and the next year, on the death of Pope, he produced a copy of verses, in which he speaks of himself as the poet's humblest friend, and of the grateful tear he has to pay to so honoured a memory.

As a publisher he did not confine his attention to the manuscripts submitted to his judgment: but carried out happy suggestions of his own. Thus we owe to him that excellent collection of our old plays, known as Dodsley's Collection, of which the first edition, in ten neat pocket-volumes, included fifty plays. To this sensible and industrious man we are indebted for that collection of scattered poetry of his own time, still known as Dodsley's Collection, to which he was fond of appealing, and of which the first edition,

in three volumes, appeared in seventeen hundred and forty-eight. To the same tact in supplying the public we were indebted for an evening newspaper—*The London Chronicle*, or *Universal Evening Post*, that rendered admirable service in its day; it was published thrice a week, and had the largest continental sale of any newspaper of its time. But a greater obligation that we owe to him is that of the *Annual Register*, which still usefully exists, and which Robert Dodsley had the sense to start, and to employ as its editor a young man then but little known—Edmund Burke. Few booksellers have been more happy in their judgment of what is good than the livery-servant turned publisher. "Dodsley," said Johnson, "first mentioned to me the scheme of an English Dictionary, but I had long thought of it."

It has been well remarked that the successors of *The Spectator* and the *Tatler*, even those that have been most popular, have not been fortunate in their titles. There is, however, an exception, and that is in the title of *The World*, to which Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole were among the earliest and most constant contributors. This significant title was given to it by the sensible publisher of it, Mr. Robert Dodsley, who at a meeting held for the purpose of a name, universally gave the preference to his proposal to any they had suggested themselves, or had heard suggested. A happy title, it has been said, is half a success.

It was the good fortune of Dodsley to rank among his friends the best authors of the age in which he lived, and to have been the publisher of some of the best. I have already enumerated Pope, Dr. Young, Akenside, the two Wartons, and Dr. Johnson; I have now to add Shenstone, Bishop Percy, Spence, and John Dyer to the list of authors who were often at Tully's Head, and that from Dodsley's shop in Pall Mall issued the first editions of Gray's *Elegy*, of Gray's *Odes*, of Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, of Goldsmith's first work, of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, and of Percy's *Reliques*.

Johnson was particularly partial to Dodsley, or Doddy, as he delighted to call him. Doddy gave him one hundred pounds for his tragedy of *Irene*, and fifteen guineas for his *Vanity of Human Wishes*; the former sum was too much, the latter too little.

Whilst Dodsley was busy concocting new publications to take the taste of the town, he published a poem of his own in blank verse called *Public Virtue*, and sought to pit, box, and gallery it by a tragedy called *Cleone*. The poem was a failure, (*Public Virtue* he discovered was not a subject to interest the age), but the tragedy was a hit. *Cleone* had been refused by Garrick, then manager supreme at Drury Lane. This was galling to a man who had given laws to letters for some twenty years, and was still a judge looked up to by young and old. But the success of the play was not a little annoying to Garrick.

They had quarrelled about its appearance, they had now a new quarrel about its success, and it was said by Johnson could not conveniently quarrel any more. The first night of *Cleone*, a Tragedy, was Saturday, the second of December, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight, and on Sunday morning the manager wrote to the bookseller sincerely congratulating him upon his last night's success. In the same brief letter Garrick expressed the concern with which he had heard from some of Dodsley's friends, that his appearance in a new part on the same night, was designed to be detrimental to his play, and a wish to be informed how he could best support his interest in its continued success. To this Dodsley replied somewhat haughtily wishing that he could have thanked him for contributing in any way to its success. Garrick acknowledges the peevish answer of the poet-publisher to his well-meant proposal, and sinks in his address from "Dear Sir" to "Master Robert Dodsley." The letters may be seen in the Garrick Correspondence, though wrongly dated there. In any future edition of Boswell they should be particularly referred to in illustration of Johnson's letter about Garrick and *Cleone*.

Dodsley was present the first night, and could not have failed to contrast his then appearance, rich and successful and his own master, with his early attendance in livery in the footman's gallery, to carry a flambeau in the streets before his mistress's chair. "*Cleone* was well acted," says Dr. Johnson, writing to Langton, "but Bellamy left nothing to be desired. I went the first night, and supported it as well as I might; for Doddy you know is my patron, and I would not desert him. The play was very well received. Doddy, after the danger was over, went every night to the stage-side, and cried at the distress of poor *Cleone*." To this account we are enabled to add two illustrations new to the editors of Boswell. Dodsley dedicates his play to the witty Earl of Chesterfield, and I have seen a letter from the earl to the poet, in which he says, "you should also instruct the actors not to mouth out the y in the name of Siffroy, as if they were crying oysters." The other illustration is more important. Johnson's picture of Doddy at his own play is supported by Churchill.

Let them with Dodsley wail *Cleone's* woes
Whilst he, fine feeling creature all in tears,
Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers.

Long after Dodsley's death, Mrs. Siddons appeared as *Cleone*. Doddy would have died of mixed grief and delight had he lived to see Mrs. Siddons in his favourite character. But Mrs. Siddons could not support the play, and *Cleone* has joined the limbo of abdicated and rejected pieces.

Doddy was now rich and well to do, with a brother as a partner, to assist him in his

business; keeping good company, and enjoying himself at his own table, in the society of the best authors. His liberality was long remembered. Three-and-thirty years after his death, the elegance and hospitality of the house at Tully's Head are recorded, in print, by the elder Warton. "I reflect with pleasure," he says, "on the number of eminent men I have met at Dodsley's table." "The true *Noctes Attice*," Johnson used to say, "are revived at honest Dodsley's house." Nor was he ashamed of his early condition in the world. When Boswell observed, that Mr. Robert Dodsley's life should be written, "I doubt," said Johnson, "whether Dodsley's brother would thank a man who should write his Life; yet Dodsley himself was not unwilling that his original low condition should be recollected. When Lord Lyttleton's *Dialogues of the Dead* came out, one of which is between Apicius, an ancient epicure, and Dartiqueneuve, a modern epicure, Dodsley said to me, 'I knew Dartiqueneuve well, for I was once his footman.'"

This modest, clever, and useful man (whose features have been preserved by the pencil of Sir Joshua) died at Durham, in the year seventeen hundred and sixty-four, while on a visit to his friend, Mr. Spence, then a prebendary of that cathedral, and was buried on the north side of the cathedral, beneath a stone recently repaired by the interposition of the Rev. James Raine, the friend of Surtees, and the learned continuator of his *History of Durham*. If Dodsley were but a poor poet, he did not die of a poet's complaint. The disease that carried him off was gout. His old master could not have died of a more epicurean complaint.

I cannot quit this subject without referring to another case of a man emancipating himself from the badge of livery and soaring into public distinction—of one who rose from being footman to a duchess, to be his Majesty's postmaster-general, and whose only child was that secretary of state, to whom Addison bequeathed his works, in an exquisite Dedication, well known to all readers of a classic author, and whose early death Pope bewailed, in a poem of great beauty. The father of Mr. Secretary Craggs was nothing more considerable at his first appearance in the world than footman to Lady Mary Mordaunt; and yet, as Lady Wortley Montagu informs us, the meanness of his education never appeared in his conversation.

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[Price 2d.]

THE THOUSAND AND ONE HUMBUGS.

On the following night, Hansardadade proceeded with :

THE STORY OF THE TALKATIVE BARBER.

In the great plain which lies at the feet of the mountains of Casgar, and which is seven weeks' journey across, there is a city where a lame young man was once invited, with other guests, to an entertainment. Upon his entrance, the company already assembled rose up to do him honour, and the host taking him by the hand invited him to sit down with the rest upon the estrade. At the same time the master of the house greeted his visitor with the salutation, Allah is Allah, there is no Allah but Allah, may his name be praised, and may Allah be with you!

Sire, the lame young man, who had the appearance of one that had suffered much, was about to comply with the invitation of the master of the house to seat himself upon the estrade with the rest of the company, when he suddenly perceived among them, a Barber. He instantly flew back with every token of abhorrence, and made towards the door. The master of the house, amazed at this behaviour, stopped him. Sir, exclaimed the young man, I adjure you by Mecca, do not stop me, let me go. I cannot without horror look upon that abominable Barber. Upon him and upon the whole of his relations be the curse of Allah, in return for all I have endured from his intolerable levity, and from his talk never being to the point or purpose! With these words, the lame young man again made violently towards the door. The guests were astonished at this behaviour, and began to have a very bad opinion of the Barber.

The master of the house so courteously entreated the lame young man to recount to the company the causes of this strong dislike, that at length he could not refuse. Averting his head so that he might not see the Barber, he proceeded. Gentlemen, you must know that this accursed Barber is the cause of my being crippled, and is the occasion of all my misfortunes. I became acquainted with him in the following manner.

I am called PUBLEEK, or The Many Headed. I am one of a large family, who have undergone an infinite variety of adventures and afflictions. One day, I chanced to sit down to rest on a seat in a narrow lane, when a lattice over against me opened, and I obtained a glimpse of the most ravishing Beauty in the world. After watering a pot of budding flowers which stood in the window, she perceived me and modestly withdrew; but, not before she had directed towards me a glance so full of charms, that I screamed aloud with love and became insensible for a considerable time.

When I came to myself, I directed a favourite slave to make enquiries among the neighbours, and, on pain of death, to bring me an exact account of the young lady's family and condition. The slave acquitted himself so well, that he informed me within an hour that the young lady's name was FAIR GUVAWNMENT, and that she was the daughter of the chief Cadi. The violence of my passion became so great that I took to my bed that evening, fell into a fever, and was reduced to the brink of death, when an old lady of my acquaintance came to see me. Son, said she, after observing me attentively, I perceive that your disease is love. Inform me who is the object of your affections, and rely upon me to bring you together. This address of the good old lady's had such an effect upon me, that I immediately arose quite restored in health, and began to dress myself.

In a word (continued the lame young man, addressing the company assembled in the house of the citizen of the plain at the feet of the mountains of Casgar, and always keeping his head in such a position as that he could not see the Barber), the old lady exerted herself in my behalf with such effect, that on the very next day she returned, commissioned by the enchantress of my soul to appoint a meeting between us. I arranged to attire myself in my richest clothes, and dispatched the same favourite slave with instructions to fetch a Barber, who knew his business, and who could skilfully prepare me for the interview I was to have, for the first time in all my life, with Fair Guvawnment. Gentlemen, the slave returned with the wretch whom you see here.

Sir, began this accursed Barber whom a malignant destiny thus inflicted on me, how do you do, I hope you are pretty well. I do not wish to praise myself, but you are lucky to have sent for me. My name is PRAYMIAH. In me you behold an accomplished diplomatist, a first-rate statesman, a frisky speaker, an easy shaver, a touch-and-go joker, a giver of the go-by to all complainers, and above all a member of the aristocracy of Barbers. Sir, I am a lineal descendant of the Prophet, and consequently a born Barber. All my relations, friends, acquaintances, connexions, and associates, are likewise lineal descendants of the Prophet, and consequently born Barbers every one. As I said, but the other day, to LATARDEEN, or the Troublesome, the aristocracy—May Allah confound thy aristocracy and thee! cried I, will you begin to shave me?

Gentlemen (proceeded the lame young man), the Barber had brought a showy case with him, and he consumed such an immense time in pretending to open it, that I was well nigh fretted to death. I will not be shaved at all, said I. Sir, returned the unabashed Barber, you sent for me to shave you, and with your pardon I will do it, whether you like it or not. Ah, Sir! you have not so good an opinion of me as your father had. I knew your father, and he appreciated me. I said a thousand pleasant things to him, and rendered him a thousand services, and he adored me. Just Heaven, he would exclaim, you are an inexhaustible fountain of wisdom, no man can plumb the depth of your profundity! My dear Sir, I would reply, you do me more honour than I deserve. Still, as a lineal descendant of the Prophet, and one of the aristocracy of born Barbers, I will, with the help of Allah, shave you pretty close before I have done with you.

You may guess, gentlemen, in my state of expectancy, with my heart set on Fair Guvawment, and the precious time running by, how I cursed this impertinent chattering on the part of the Barber. Barber of mischief, Barber of sin, Barber of false pretence, Barber of froth and bubble, said I, stamping my foot upon the ground, will you begin to do your work? Fair and softly, Sir, said he, let me count you out first. With that, he counted from one up to thirty-eight with great deliberation, and then laughed heartily and went out to look at the weather.

When the Barber returned, he went on prattling as before. You are in high feather, Sir, said he. I am glad to see you look so well. But, how can you be otherwise than flourishing, after having sent for me! I am called the Careless. I am not like Dizze, who draws blood; nor like Darbee, who claps on blisters; nor like Johnnee, who works with the square and rule; I am the easy shaver, and I care for nobody, I can do anything. Shall I dance the dance of Mistapit to please you, or shall I sing the song of

Mistafoks, or joke the joke of Jomillah? Honor me with your attention while I do all three.

The Barber (continued the lame young man, with a groan), danced the dance of Mistapit, and sang the song of Mistafoks, and joked the joke of Jomillah, and then began with fresh impertinences. Sir, said he, with a lofty flourish, when Britteen first at Heaven's command, arose from out the azure main, this was the charter of the land, and guardian angels sang this strain: Singing, as First Lord was a wallerking the Office-garding around, no end of born Barbers he picked up and found, Says he I will load them with silvier and gold, for the country's a donkey, and as such is sold.—At this point I could bear his insolence no longer, but starting up, cried, Barber of hollowness, by what consideration am I restrained from falling upon and strangling thee? Calmly, Sir, said he, let me count you out first. He then played his former game of counting from one to under forty, and again laughed heartily, and went out to take the height of the sun, and make a calculation of the state of the wind, that he might know whether it was an auspicious time to begin to shave me.

I took the opportunity (said the young man) of flying from my house so darkened by the fatal presence of this detestable Barber, and of repairing with my utmost speed to the house of the Cadi. But, the appointed hour was long past, and Fair Guvawment had withdrawn no one knew whither. As I stood in the street cursing my evil destiny and execrating this intolerable Barber, I heard a hue and cry. Looking in the direction whence it came, I saw the diabolical Barber, attended by an immense troop of his relations and friends, the lineal descendants of the Prophet and aristocracy of born Barbers, all offering a reward to any one who would stop me, and all proclaiming the unhappy Publeek to be their natural prey and rightful property. I turned and fled. They jostled and bruised me cruelly among them, and I became maimed, as you see. I utterly detest, abominate, and abjure this Barber, and ever since and evermore I totally renounce him. With these concluding words, the lame young man arose in a sullen way that had something very threatening in it, and left the company.

Commander of the Faithful, when the lame young man was gone, the guests, turning to the Barber, who wore his turban very much on one side and smiled complacently, asked him what he had to say for himself? The Barber immediately danced the dance of Mistapit, and sang the song of Mistafoks, and joked the joke of Jomillah. Gentlemen, said he, not at all out of breath after these performances, it is true that I am called the Careless; permit me to recount to you, as a lively diversion, what happened to a twin-brother of that young man who has so undeservedly abused me, in connexion with a near

relation of mine. No one objecting, the Barber related:

THE STORY OF THE BARMECIDE FEAST.

The young man's twin-brother, GULD PUBLEEK, was in very poor circumstances and hardly knew how to live. In his reduced condition he was fain to go about to great men, begging them to take him in—and to do them justice, they did it extensively.

One day in the course of his poverty-stricken wanderings, he came to a large house with two high towers, a spacious hall, and abundance of fine gilding, statuary, and painting. Although the house was far from finished, he could see enough to assure him that enormous sums of money must be lavished upon it. He inquired who was the master of this wealthy mansion, and received for information that he was a certain Barmecide. (The Barmecide, gentlemen, is my near relation, and, like myself, a lineal descendant of the Prophet, and a born Barber.)

The young man's twin brother passed through the gateway, and crept submissively onward, until he came into a spacious apartment, where he descried the Barmecide sitting at the upper end in the post of honour. The Barmecide asked the young man's brother what he wanted? My Lord, replied he, in a pitiful tone, I am sore distressed, and have none but high and mighty nobles like yourself, to help me. That much at least is true, returned the Barmecide, there is no help save in high and mighty nobles, it is the appointment of Allah. But, what is your distress? My Lord, said the young man's brother, I am fasting from all the nourishment I want, and—whatever you may please to think—am in a dangerous extremity. A very little more at any moment, and you would be astonished at the figure I should make. Is it so, indeed? inquired the Barmecide. Sir, returned the young man's brother, I swear by Heaven and Earth that it is so, and Heaven and Earth are every hour drawing nearer to the discovery that it is so. Alas, poor man! replied the Barmecide, pretending to have an interest in him. Ho, boy! Bring us of the best here, and let us not spare our liberal measures. This poor man shall make good cheer without delay.

Though no boy appeared, gentlemen, and though there was no sign of the liberal measures of which the Barmecide spoke so ostentatiously, the young man's brother, Guld Publeek, endeavoured to fall in with the Barmecide's humour. Come! cried the Barmecide, feigning to pour water on his hands, let us begin fair and fresh. How do you like this purity? Ah, my Lord, returned Guld Publeek, imitating the Barmecide's action, this is indeed purity: this is in truth a delicious beginning. Then let us proceed, said the Barmecide, seeming to dry his hands, with this smoking dish of Reefawm. How do

you like it? Fat? At the same time he pretended to hand choice morsels to the young man's brother. Take your fill of it, exclaimed the Barmecide, there is plenty here, do not spare it, it was cooked for you. May Allah prolong your life, my Lord, said Guld Publeek, you are liberal indeed!

The Barmecide having boasted in this pleasant way of his smoking dish of Reefawm, which had no existence, affected to call for another dish. Ho! cried he, clapping his hands, bring in those Educational Kabobs. Then, he imitated the action of putting some upon the plate of the young man's brother, and went on. How do you like these Educational Kabobs? The cook who made them is a treasure. Are they not justly seasoned? Are they not so honestly made, as to be adapted to all digestions? You want them very much, I know, and have wanted them this long-time. Do you enjoy them? And here is a delicious mess, called Foreen Leejun. Eat of it also, for I pride myself upon it, and expect it to bring me great respect and much friendship from distant lands. And this pillau of Church-endowments-and-duties, which you see so beautifully divided, pray how do you approve of this pillau? It was invented on your account, and no expense has been spared to render it to your taste. Ho, boy, bring in that ragout! Now here, my friend, is a ragout, called Law-of-Partnership. It is expressly made for poor men's eating, and I particularly pride myself upon it. This is indeed a dish at which you may cut and come again. And boy! hasten to set before my good friend, Guld Publeek, the rare stew of colonial spices, minced crime, hashed poverty, swollen liver of ignorance, stale confusion, rotten tape, and chopped-up bombast, steeped in official sauce, and garnished with a great deal of tongue and a very little brains—the crowning dish, of which my dear friend never can have enough, and upon which he thrives so well! But, you don't eat with an appetite, my brother, said the Barmecide. I fear the repast is hardly to your liking? Pardon me, my benefactor, returned the guest, whose jaws ached with pretending to eat, I am full almost to the throat.

Well then, said the Barmecide, since you have dined so well, try the dessert. Here are apples of discord from the Horse Guards and Admiralty, here is abundance of the famous fruit from the Dead Sea that turns to ashes on the lips, here are dates from the Peninsula in great profusion, and here is a fig for the nation. Eat and be happy! My Lord, replied the object of his merriment, I am quite worn out by your liberality, and can bear no more.

Gentlemen (continued the loquacious Barber), when the humorous Barmecide, my near relation lineally descended from the Prophet, had brought his guest to this pass, he clapped his hands three times to summon around him his slaves, and instructed them

to force in reality the vile stew of which he had spoken down the throat of the hungry Guld Publeek, together with a nauseous mess called DUBLINCUMTAX, and to put bitters in his drink, strew dust on his head, blacken his face, shave his eyebrows, pluck away his beard, insult him and make merry with him. He then caused him to be attired in a shameful dress and set upon an ass with his face to the tail, and in this state to be publicly exposed with the inscription round his neck, This is the punishment of Guld Publeek who asked for nourishment and said he wanted it. Such is the present droll condition of this person; while my near relation, the Barmecide, sits in the post of honour with his turban very much on one side, enjoying the joke. Which I think you will all admit is an excellent one.

Hansardade having made an end of the discourse of the loquacious Barber, would have instantly begun another story, had not Brothartoon shut her up with, Dear Sister, it will be shortly daybreak. Get to bed and be quiet.

PLAGUES OF LONDON.

HARROWING accounts of the great plague are familiar to all readers. We do not wish to add to their number, and mean only to suggest some analogies between the plague of sixteen hundred and sixty-five and the plague of our own times, say of eighteen hundred and fifty-five, by showing how a sensible man talked about it. There are extant a number of unpublished letters from the Rev. Patrick Symon, Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, afterwards Lord Bishop of Ely. He addressed these letters to a lady who had retired, for safety's sake, into the country. On the ninth of August, sixteen hundred and sixty-five, he wrote to his friend in a tone used certainly by many who wrote from London in the same month of last year. "There is some danger, no doubt, in this place, and it increases a little; but I am not in any fear, which will make the danger less. There died, as you will see by the bills of mortality to-morrow, twenty in this parish, whereof sixteen of the plague. This, I know, will debar me of the liberty of seeing you, and I submit to that restraint. For though you will be inclined, I believe, to give me that freedom, yet it will not be either civil or kind to accept of that grant till we be in a better condition of health." But he went on to suggest a terror happily banished from the current history of London pestilence. "If you think there is any danger from those papers which you receive, the fire, I suppose, will expel it, if you let them see it before they come into your hands. You see how cautious I am grown." In the month following says the good pastor—"Last week I was more than ordinary feeble, which was

a thing common to me with others, the effects of which you see in the vast increase of the sickness. It was a lovely season yesterday, and we hoped for some sweet, clear weather, but it pleases God the wind is changed again, and brings abundance of rain with it; and, indeed, we have had no settled weather since I saw you, which hath made the sickness, I believe, rage more. For south winds are always observed to be bad in such times, and the wind stays not long out of that quarter. It (the plague) decreases in some places and grows very much in others. I hope that there will not so many die here as did last week, and yet we have twenty-one or twenty-two dead already. I suppose you think that I intend to stay here still, though I understand by your question you would not have me. But, my friend, what am I better than another? Somebody must be here, and is it fit I should set such a value upon myself as my going away and leaving another will signify?" [Here you speak, Mr. Symon, like a minister right worthy of your calling.] "I preach to those who are well, and write to those who are ill (I mean, print little papers for them, which yet are too big to send to you by the post); but I am sure while I stay here I shall do good to their bodies, and perhaps save some from perishing."

The terrible phantom which was the especial horror of the plagues of our forefathers rises in this passage from a letter written later in the autumn; "May I not buy a pair of stockings of a friend whom I can be confident is not infected, and which have lain long in his shop? I want nothing else at present, and how should it be more dangerous than to receive beer and wine, the vessels being capable of infection; but, especially Bread, they say, is the most attractive of it, which I am forced to buy, for I have no other ways to have it." Upon the daily bread of the poor with how terrible a curse must this notion have rested!

"I saw last Tuesday," says the Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, "about thirty people in the Strand, with white sticks in their hands, and the doctor of the pest-house, in his gown, walking before them. The first woman rid on an horse, and had a paper flag on the top of her stick with LAUS DEO written in it. They were going to the justice's, being poor people sent thither and recovered by him" (the doctor) "of the plague. He seemed to take no small content in his stately march before them."

Dr. Patrick tells how he took treacle as an antidote, and grew fat, although many clergymen were dying round about him. The depression of his mind, probably, caused the slovenly manner of his letters, full of dejected I believes and I supposes. The main exciting cause of the old plagues as of the modern cholera was, beyond doubt, confinement in foul air, living among the filth of towns or villages in ill-constructed houses. When the

foul air in a house was bad enough to kill birds in their cages, plague was pretty sure to follow. "The death of birds," says Dr. Symon, "in houses where they are caged, ordinarily precedes the death of the inhabitants."

A good many auspices were at that time drawn from birds, and signs were watched for not from birds alone. "There are people who rely on pitiable things as certain tokens of the plague's going very shortly. I have been told more than once," says the good Rector, "of the falling out of the clapper of the great bell at Westminster, which they say it did before the last great plague ended; and this they take for a very comfortable sign. Others speak of the daws more frequenting the palace and abbey, which, if true, is a better sign, supposing the air to have been infected; for the books I read tell me that the going away of birds is the fore-runner of a plague, and that we shall see few in a plague year."

When the plague was declining, the Rector wrote to his friend—"In a month's time, I believe, the town will fill, and then, if the sickness do not increase, you may venture not long after that to come to your habitation. Yet, if you consult your brother he will tell you the physician's rule is composed in three words when they advise what to do in the plague, which in English are, Quickly—far-off—slowly; that is, Fly soon and far enough, and return late. To his counsel and opinion I refer you. Set a watch at your door, and let it be known that you admit of no visits—not even mine."

Another plague of London, that has made it necessary enough for people to set watch at their doors, remains with us; but in a less virulent form than that which it took in the olden time—the plague of street rogues and sharpers. Very long ago, it was necessary to dismantle the forest of Middlesex, to widen the roads, to fill ditches, to remove trees, and otherwise to take measures to deprive the thieves of cover. Hanging, and other measures taken against the rogues of London, having failed to produce any good result, in the year one thousand five hundred and sixty-three, the most awful scheme was devised of appointing beadles for the apprehension of vagabonds and sturdy beggars. The beadles, armed with their own inherent terrors, went briskly to work, carried the rogues to Bridewell, and conveyed to hospital the blind, the lame and impotent, and sick and sore. Children aged sixteen were received into Christ's Hospital; and citizens were earnestly entreated to give employment to such men and women as were able and disposed to work.

In the year fifteen hundred and eighty-one, Recorder Fleetwood established a body of detective police, or privy searchers, who hunted up loose vagabonds and sharpers, then in great number pestering the city. Not

very long afterwards, in spite of detectives, and of arrests of rogues by the hundred in a batch, a company of vagabonds encompassed Queen Elizabeth's coach while she was riding abroad in the evening, to take the air." They hovered before her face in a swarm, like summer gnats, and "on that night and the next day seventy-four were taken." I am afraid the justice done on these occasions was but rough, and that many of these vagabonds had sorrows greater than arrest to vex their hearts. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, a year of plague, and consequent distress, through loss of occupation, was followed by a year in which the city, as also other parts of the country, "was grievously pestered with beggars, and there were many of them disbanded soldiers, become poor and maimed by the war with the Low Countries and Spain." Against these and worse rascals, by whom their distress was counterfeited, glorious Queen Bess issued a proclamation.

Soon afterwards, the thieves of London almost succeeded in a plan of robbery upon her Majesty's person, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and quite succeeded in robbing an alderman on his way home from a City feast. As Sidney Smith hoped for a little safety in a railway carriage after a bishop had been burnt, so there was hope for safety in the streets of London after an alderman had been waylaid and robbed. The proper measures were then taken, which consist always not so much in multiplying penalties against crime, as in removing the facilities for its commission. An alderman having been robbed, at night, in a dark street, it was ordered that, in the close London streets and alleys, more lamps should be hung. There was an immediate decrease in the number of offences.

But the most troublesome and filthy of the London plagues of this description is not one to be removed by putting light into a lantern; it needs, rather, the putting of light into men's heads. The best way to abolish knaves is to abolish fools. It is only because tens of thousands traverse London streets, who are grossly ignorant and stupid, that the same streets abound in sharpers ever ready to delude. Education most effectually lessens crime; not by direct conversion of vice into virtue, but checks it, as gas-light does, by baulking it of one of the conditions under which it works. As you may kill a plant by depriving it of air or water, although you leave the plant itself untouched, so you may kill crime by removing all the ignorance on which it feeds. It is only because men are less stupid than they used to be that they are less willing to go down the small streets in the Strand with gentlemen who whisper promises of fine smuggled cigars and handkerchiefs, or less disposed to go down on their knees to pick up the choke-pears, scattered by a costermonger, at the cost of their hats and other personals, which become liable to seizure by the costermonger's friends.

Highway robbery is a plague nearly extinct. Mr. Porter mentions (in his work on the Progress of the Nation), on the authority of persons who formerly lived in the environs of London, that it was their uniform practice to rendezvous every evening, after the day's work was over, and proceed to their homes in a body—especially those whose road lay south of the Thames, at Dulwich and Norwood—for mutual protection. A physician, who resided at Blackheath, and had to cross the country at all hours of the night, had, at different times, been obliged to shoot several robbers, by whom his carriage was attacked. Highwaymen's horses stood at livery, at the different stables in town, as openly as the horses of honest men. Nor was it always easy to distinguish the one from the other; for the old amusement of Prince Henry, practised on Gad's Hill and elsewhere, was not quite extinct late in the last century. Respectable tradesmen—reputed respectable until they were found out—took to the road after business hours, booted and masked, and made the lieges stand and deliver in the manner of professional highwaymen. The Newgate Calendar is not without instances of flourishing retailers being taken in the fact of highway robbery, tried, and hanged. Pathetic stories were also current in the magazines of that time respecting decayed gentlemen robbing from distress; and, on being expostulated with by their victims, bursting into tears, telling a piteous tale of distress, courting corroboration of it by ushering them into some garret to behold a dying wife and starving children, and finally being, not only forgiven, but put into a good way of life on the spot. This sort of plague has been thoroughly eradicated. Happily there are few respectable shopkeepers who do not now possess money in the funds, a suburban villa, and a one-horse carriage. The modern refuge for decayed gentlemen is employment in one or other of our great National Red Taperies.

Amateur felony is not of so old a date as professional thieving. Three hundred years ago, there was a London thieves' slang, not unlike the present; and there were men who maintained schools of vice. There was "one Woolton, a gentleman born, and some time a merchant of good credit, but falling by time into decay." This man kept an ale-house, at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate, which, being suppressed, he "reared up a new trade in life. And in the same house he procured all the cut-purses of the city to repair to him. There was a school-house for young boys to cut purses. Two devices were hung up: the one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawks' bells, and over the top did hang a little sacristy bell. The purse had silver in it; and he that could take out a counter, without any noise, was allowed to be

a public foister; and he that could take out a piece of silver out of the purse was adjudged a judicial nipper, according to their terms of art." A foister being a cutter of pockets; a nipper, a picker of the same. A lifter was a robber of shops or chambers; a shaver, a filcher of cloaks, swords, or spoons, that might happen to lie unwatched; and a night burglar was a mylken ken. Mr. Woolton, who was a professor of thieving, in the year fifteen hundred and eighty-five, hung mottoes on his school-room wall, rogues' texts, such as the following:—

*Si spie, si mon spie, foyste, nippe,
Lyfte, shave and spare not.*

The writer of a Trip through Town, six score years ago, tells how, in the parish of Saint Giles's-in-the-Fields, among other sights that he saw, was a place called the Infant Office, where young children stand at livery, and are let out by the day to the town mendicants. After some description of the hiring of boys, girls, and infants at this office, the writer says that "An ancient matron, who had the superintendence of the place, held forth in her arms a pretty poppet of about a year old, telling her customers there was a sweet, innocent picture, a moving countenance that would not fail making a serjeant-at-law feel for his half-pence." A beggar-woman, who was vastly in arrear for the hire of children, was refused credit until she had paid off the old score, and so forth.

In a form, I trust somewhat abated, this plague remains, and a thousand small street rogueries, known to most of our readers, are as old as those to which we have referred. Knaves in this country follow the old path of tradition quite as blindly as right honourable ministers of state; so that if it were not that the knaves, through cunning, acquire now and then a new idea, and that anything of that nature dawns less frequently upon the modern statesman, we should be disposed to say that, evil-intentioned as is the one class, and good-intentioned as is the other, there is one way to them both. There used to be thieves of genius who conceived bold projects of their own, and achieved great triumphs over difficulty that appeared insuperable. The world has also known great statesmen who could do and dare, and justify their daring. Now, again, as the noble so are the ignoble. Few, indeed, escape infection by the newest of the plagues of London, known as the Routine. Who does not know how, when a man catches anywhere the routine disease, he becomes feeble and wastes to a shadow of himself, how rapidly he becomes blotted over, and goes the way of all flesh into rottenness? Who does not know how dreadfully infectious this new sickness is? How it is communicated by papers and documents, lurks in the horsehair of stools, and how it clings to tape (especially to tape of a red colour) with so much energy that no known

disinfectant—and the strongest have been freely tried—is able to remove it? For very many years this pestilence has waged its war against humanity, being most dangerous in the more central parts of the city of London, and in the districts of Whitehall and Westminster. It is also our decided opinion, whatever the Rector of Saint Paul's, Covent Garden, may have thought of it in his day, that one popular opinion of the year sixteen hundred and sixty-five, to which that excellent man adverts, still holds its place fast in the public mind. We are, for our own parts, not ashamed to confess our belief that if the clapper were to fall out of the bell at Westminster there would be good hope of some speedy abatement of this plague.

GOD'S GIFTS.

God gave a gift to Earth :—a child,
Weak, innocent, and undefiled,
Opened its ignorant eyes and smiled

It lay so helpless, so forlorn,
Earth took it coldly and in scorn,
Cursing the day when it was born.

She gave it first a tarnished name,
For heritage, a tainted fame,
Then cradled it in want and shame.

All influence of Good or Right,
All ray of God's most holy light,
She curtailed closely from its sight.

Then turned her heart, her eyes away,
Ready to look again, the day
Its little feet began to stray.

In dens of guilt the baby played,
Where sin, and sin alone, was made
The law that all around obeyed.

With ready and obedient care,
He learnt the tasks they taught him there ;
Black sin for lesson—oaths for prayer.

Then Earth arose, and, in her might,
To vindicate her injured right,
Thrust him in deeper depths of night.

Branding him with a deeper brand
Of shame, he could not understand,
The felon outcast of the land.

God gave a gift to Earth :—a child,
Weak, innocent, and undefiled,
Opened its ignorant eyes and smiled.

And Earth received the gift, and cried
Her joy and triumph far and wide,
Till echo answered to her pride.

She blest the hour when first he came
To take the crown of pride and fame,
Wreathed through long ages for his name.

Then bent her utmost art and skill
To train the supple mind and will,
And guard it from a breath of ill.

She strewed his morning path with flowers,
And Love, in tender dropping showers,
Nourished the blue and dawning hours.

She shed, in rainbow hues of light,
A halo round the Good and Right,
To tempt and charm the baby's sight.

And every step, of work or play,
Was lit by some such dazzling ray,
Till morning brightened into day.

And then the World arose, and said—
Let added honours now be shed
On such a noble heart and head !

O World, both gifts were pure and bright,
Holy and sacred in God's sight :
God will judge them and thee aright !

YADACÉ.

Now yadacé is a game. There are required to play it neither cards nor dice, cues, balls, chequer-board, counters, fish, pawns, castles nor rooks. It can be played in winter or in summer, at home or abroad, in perfect silence, amidst the greatest hubbub. The race is to the swift in yadacé, for the most skilful player must win. You cannot cheat at yadacé ; and it is a game that a child of nine may begin, and may not have finished when he finds himself an old man of ninety.

To give you a proper notion of yadacé I must take you to Algiers.

Are you acquainted with that strange town ? the aspect of which—half Oriental half Parisian—puts me in mind fantastically of a fierce Barbary lion that has had his claws pared and his teeth drawn, and has been clipped, shaven, and curled into a semi-similitude of a French poodle. I never was in Algiers, myself. I mean to go there, of course (when I have visited Persia, Iceland, Tibet, Venice, the ruined cities of Central America, Heligoland, and a few other places I have down in my note-book), but my spirit has been there, and with its aid, that of my friend Doctor Cicco, who was formerly a surgeon in the Foreign Legion out there, and a file of the Akbar newspaper I can form a tolerably correct mind-picture of the capital of Algeria. A wonderful journal is the Akbar, and a magic mirror of Algiers in itself. Commandants d'état major, chefs d'escadron, and chirurgiens major are mixed up with sheikhs, mollahs, dervishes and softas ; spahis and zouaves indigènes. There are reports of trials for murder where Moorish women have been slain in deserted gardens, by choked up wells, under the shadows of date-trees—slain by brothers and cousins El This, Ben That, and Sidi Somebody—for the unpardonable eastern offence of appearing in the presence of Christians without their veils ; the witnesses are sworn on the Koran ; the prisoner appears at the bar in a snowy burnous ; the galleries are full of Moorish ladies in white yashmaks or veils, and Jewish women in jewelled turbans ; and the prosecution is conducted by a Procureur Imperial in such a square toque or cap, and

black gown, as you may see any day in the Salle des Pas Perdus of the Paris Palais de Justice for a twenty-eight shilling return-ticket. There is a Monsieur le President, glib clerks, to read the code Napoleon; gendarmes to keep order, and outside the court a guillotine, spick and span new from Paris, to which the bearded prisoner is, in due course of time, led for execution in a costume the very counterpart of that which Jacob wore when he went a-courting Laban's daughters. In the Akbar you may read advertisements of mosques to be sold, and milliners just arrived from Paris with the latest fashions; of balls at the ancient palace of the Dey, of a coffee-house to be let on lease close to the shambles in the Jews quarter; of an adjudication in the bankruptcy of Skeikh El Haschun El Gouti Mogrebbin, and the last importation of Doctor Tintamarre's Infallible Pectoral Paste. In one column there is an announcement of the approaching sale by auction of the entire household furniture, wearing apparel and jewellery of Sultana Karadja, deceased—I suppose about an equivalent to the honourable Mrs. Smithers, here. Sofas, divans, clocks, jewelled pipes, dresses of cloth of gold, turbans and gauze bonnets are to be sold. The whole reads like an execrable French translation of a tale in the Arabian Nights. Altogether, reading the Akbar, I fancy that I know Algiers. I seem to see the deep blue skies, the low white houses with projecting balconies and porticoes painted a vivid green, and roofs fantastically tiled. The purple shadows that the houses cast. The narrow dark lanes where the eaves meet, and where you walk between dead-walls, through chinks of which, for aught you know, bright eyes may be looking. The newer streets with tall French houses and pert French names; where cafés brilliant with plate-glass, gilding and arabesque paintings, quite outstare the humble little shieling of the Moorish cafejee with his store of pipes and tiny fillagree cups of bitter coffee full of dregs. The sandy up-hill ground. The crowded port, where black war-steamer are moored by strange barques with sails of fantastic shapes and colours. The bouncing shop of the French epicier, who sells groceries, wines, and quack medicines, and whose smart young shopman, with an apron and a spade-cut beard, stands at the door; and the dusky unwindowed stall of the native merchant who sits cross-legged, smoking on a bale of goods in an odour of drugs, perfumed leather, and fragrant tobacco. The motley throng of officers with cigars, and clanging spurs and kepis knowingly set on one side of the head; of zouaves, dandies from the Boulevard des Italiens; grisettes in lace caps; commandants' wives in pink bonnets; orderly dragoons, Bedouins mounted on fleet Arabs, date and sherbet sellers, Jews, fezzes, caps, turbans, yashmaks, burnouses, lancers' caps, and felt-hats, and the many mingled smells of pitch, tar, garlic, pot-au-feu,

attar of roses, caporal tobacco, haschisch, salt water, melons and musk.

Is this Algiers I wonder. I fancy, erroneously, perhaps, that I can divine a city from a newspaper—a flask—a shoe—the most inconsiderable object. I have a clear and counterfeit presentment in my mind of Leipsic, from a book—which I am unable to read—a dimly printed, coarse-papered pamphlet stitched in rough blue paper. I can see in it high houses, grave, fat-faced children, a predominance of blue in the colour for stockings,—dinner at one o'clock—much beer—much tobacco—a great deal of fresh boiled-beef, soup and cabbage,—early beds—straw-coloured beards—green spectacles—large umbrellas, and a great many town clocks. I should like to know whether Leipsic really possesses any of these characteristics. A worthy, weather-beaten old sea-captain once gave me a perfectly definite notion of Sierra Leone, in one little anecdote. "Sierra Leone, sir," he said: "I'll tell you what Sierra Leone is like. A black fellow, sir, goes into the market. It's as hot as—well,—anything. He buys a melon for three farthings—and what does he do with it? The black fellow, sir, has't a rag on. He's as bare as a robin. He buys his melon, cuts it in halves, and scoops out the middle. He sits in one half, covers his head with the other, and eats the middle. That's what he does, sir."—I saw Sierra Leone in all its tropical glory, cheapness of produce, darkness of population, gigantic vegetation, and primitive state of manners immediately.

All this, although you may not think so, bears upon, concerns, is yadacé. But to give you yadacé at once, we will quit Sierra Leone, and come back to Algiers.

Few would imagine, while watching in a Moorish coffee-house the indigènes, as the native inhabitants are called, playing with a grave and apparently immovable tranquillity, at draughts, chess, or backgammon—not speaking, scarcely moving—that men, seemingly so impassible to the chances of loss or gain, were capable of feeling the most violent effects of the passion for gaming. Yet these passions and these effects they feel in all their intensity. They lack, it is true, the varied emotions that winners or losers express at the green baize table of the trente-et-quarante, the particoloured wheel of roulette, the good-intention paved court of the Stock Exchange, or the velvety sward of the area before the Grand Stand at Epsom. But no bull or bear, no caster or punter, no holder of a betting-book who has just lost thousands and his last halfpenny, could ever show a visage so horribly aghast, so despairingly downfallen, so ferociously miserable, as that unlucky Algerine player, to whom his adversary has just pronounced the fatal and triumphant word—Yadacé.

The game is of the utmost simplicity, and consists solely in abstaining from receiving

anything whatsoever from the person with whom you play. In order to ratify the convention which is established between the parties at the commencement of a game, each player takes by the end a morsel of straw, a slip of paper, or even a blade of grass, which is broken or torn in two between them, the sacramental formula "Yadacé" being pronounced at the same time. After this, the law of the game is in full force. In some cases, when one of the players imagines that he has to deal with an inexperienced or inattentive player, he immediately attempts to catch him by presenting him with the piece of straw or paper which has remained on his side, under pretence of having it measured against the other. Should the novice be foolish enough to accept the fragment, the terrible yadacé is forthwith thundered forth, and the game is lost in the very outset. But it rarely happens, save, perhaps, when one of the players is a European, totally a stranger to the traditions of the game, that any one is found thoughtless enough to be caught in this gross palpable trap. Much more frequently a struggle of mutual astuteness, caution, and circumspection begins, which is prolonged for days, weeks, months, and, in many cases, years.

As it is almost impossible that persons who live habitually together should not sometimes find it unavoidable to take something from one another, it is agreed upon, in the yadacéan hypothesis, that mutual acceptance may be made of articles, on condition that before an object is touched the person who accepts should say to the person who offers, "Fi bali," or "Ala bali," literally, "with (or by) my knowledge;" that is to say, I receive, with knowledge of reception. It is also agreed that all things appertaining to the body may be received without prejudice to a state of yadacé. The Moorish authorities mention specially a kiss or a grasp of the hand, but they say nothing of a blow. Perhaps they think that with a Moslem such a gift could never, under any circumstances, be received, but must naturally be returned as soon as given.

Yadacé may more properly be looked upon as a game of forfeits than as one adapted to gambling purposes; but the Algerines make—or rather used to make—it subservient to the good service of mammon to a tremendous extent. Before the French conquest, in the old times of the Dey and his jewelled fan, with which he was wont to rap the fingers of European consuls when they were impertinent—when the Mussulman population of Algiers was both numerous and wealthy, yadacé was in the highest fashion: husbands played at yadacé with their wives; brothers with their sisters; friends among themselves—and enormous sums were frequently won and lost. Houses, gardens, farms, nay, whole estates were often staked; and many a wealthy Moslem saw his fortune depart from

him for having had the imprudence to accept a pipe of tobacco, a cup of coffee, a morsel of pilaf, without having pronounced the talismanic words, "Fi bali." However, there were many players at yadacé so cautious and attentive, that they were enabled to continue the mutual struggle for many years, in spite of the most ingenious ruses, and the most deeply-laid plots to trap one another. One devoted amateur of yadacé, a venerable Turk, carried his caution and determination not to be taken in to such an extent, that he never helped himself to a pinch of snuff, of which he was immoderately fond, without repeating to himself the formula, "Ala bali!"

If, during the nights of the Ramadhan, you happen to stroll into any of the Moorish coffee-houses in Algiers, you will find yadacé to be a favourite theme with the kawis, or storytellers, and groups of attentive indigènes listening to their animated narrations of feats of intellectual dexterity in yadacé-players, and hairbreadth escapes by flood and field in that adventurous game. The majority of these stories are quite untranslatable into western language, and unsuitable for western ears to hear. I think, however, I can find two little anecdotes that will give you some idea of the subtleties of yadacé.

Karamani-oglou, the son of Tehoka-oglou, was a rich cloth-merchant of Algiers. Five long years had Karamani-oglou been playing at yadacé with his wife, but without success. The wife of Karamani was young and beautiful; but as yet Allah had not blessed their union with children. Suddenly it occurred to the cloth-merchant to make a pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca. He was absent just two years and nine months; but you must know that the pilgrimage was undertaken purely with a view towards yadacé. For the cunning Karamani reasoned within himself thus: "When I return home after so long an absence, my wife will be glad to see me. She will have forgotten all about yadacé, or at least will be thrown off her guard. She will accept, I will wager my beard, a present from her long-absent husband, particularly if that present happens to be a diamond ring of great value. Bismillah, we will see." Karamani-oglou bought the ring—a most gorgeous one—and returning safe and sound to Algiers, entered the court-yard of his own house just in the cool of the evening. Fathma, his wife, was standing in the inner porch. She looked younger and more beautiful than ever; but she was dandling a sturdy, curly-headed little boy, some two years old; and all at once a golden arrow shot through the heart of the cloth-merchant, and a silver voice cried, "Karamani-oglou, you have a son!" The delighted Mussulman rushed forward: his face was bathed with tears of joy. "I have a son!" he gasped. "You have, O Oglou!" replied his blushing spouse. He held out his arms for the precious burden; he covered

the child with kisses; he called him whole vocabularies of endearing names; when all at once he heard a peal of laughter that sounded like the mirth of ten thousand djinns, afrits, and ghoules; and looking up, he saw Fathma, his wife, dancing about the courtyard in her baggy trousers, and shaking the strings of sequins in her hair. From her had emanated the djinn-like laughter, and she was crying, "Yadacé! Karamani-oglou! Yadacé! O my lord! Yadacé! O my caliph! Yadacé, O my effendi! Yadacé! yadacé! yadace! Thou saidst not, 'Fi bali!' when thou tookest the child from my arms. Yadacé!"

"Go to Eblis!" roared the enraged Karamani-oglou, letting the little boy fall flop upon the pavement of the court, where he lay howling, with nobody to pick him up.

From the foregoing, and especially from the following anecdote, it would appear that it is in the highest degree dangerous to play at yadacé with your wife.

Hassan-el-Djeninah was, thirty years since, vizier and chief favourite to the Pasha of the Oudjak of Constantine. He was the fattest man in the pachalic, and, more than that, was reckoned to be the most jealous husband in the whole of Barbary. It is something to be the most jealous in a land where all husbands are jealous. Gay young Mussulman sparks trembled as they saw Hassan-el-Djeninah waddle across the great square of Constantine, or issue from the barber's, or enter the coffee-house. He walked slowly, and with his legs very wide apart. His breath was short, but his yataghan was long, and he could use it. Once, and once only, he had detected a young Beyzade, Ibrahim-el-Majki, sacrilegiously attempting to accost his wife as she came from the bath, and having even the hardihood to lift a corner of her veil. "Allah Akbar! God is great!" Hassan the vizier was wont to say, pulling from a small green silk purse in his girdle a silver skewer, upon which appeared to be three dried-up shrivelled oysters. "This is the nose, and these are the ears of Ibrahim-el-Majki." Whereupon the beholders would shudder, and Hassan-el-Djeninah would replace his trophies in his girdle and waddle away.

Hassan had four wives,—Zouluki Khanoum, Suleima Khanoum, Gaza Khanoum, and Leila Khanoum. Khanoum, be it understood, means Lady, Madame, Donna, Signora. Now, if Hassan-el-Djeninah was jealous of his wives, they, you may be sure, were jealous of each other,—save poor little Leila, the youngest wife (the poor child was only sixteen years old), who was not of a jealous disposition at all; but who, between the envy of her sister-wives, who hated her, and the unceasing watchfulness of her husband, who loved her with inconvenient fondness, led a terrible life of it. Leila Khanoum was Hassan's favourite wife. He would suffer her, but no one else,

to fill his pipe, to adjust the jewelled mouth-piece to his lips, and to tickle the soles of his august feet when he wished to be lulled to sleep. He would loll for hours upon the cushions of his divan, listening while she sang monotonous love-songs, rocking herself to and fro the while, and accompanying herself upon the little guitar called a qouithrah, as it is the manner of Moorish ladies to do. He gave her rich suits of brocade and cloth of gold; he gave her a white donkey from Spain to ride on when she went to the bath; he gave her jewels and Spanish doubloons to twine in her tresses; scented tobacco to smoke, and hennah for her eyelids and fingernails; finally, he condescended to play with her for a princely stake—nothing less than the repudiation of (the other three wives, and the settlement of all his treasures upon her first-born—at yadacé.

At the same time, as I have observed, he was terribly jealous of her, and watched her, night and day, with the patience of a beaver, the perspicuity of a lynx, the cunning of a fox, and the ferocity of a wolf. He kept spies about her. He bribed the tradesmen with whom she dealt, and the attendants at the baths she frequented. He caused the menfence, or little round aperture in the wall of the queublon, or alcove of her apartment (which menfence looked into the street) to be bricked up. He studied the language of flowers (which in the east is rather more nervous and forcible a tongue than with us) in order that he might be able to examine Leila's bouquets, and discover whether any floral billet-doux had been sent her from outside. To complete his system of espionage, he cultivated a warm and intimate friendship with Ali ben Assa, the opium merchant, whose house directly faced his own, in order that he might have the pleasure of sitting secretly at the window thereof, at periods when he was supposed to be miles away, and watching who entered or left the mansion opposite.

One day, as he was occupied in this manner, he saw his wife's female negro slave emerge from his house, look round cautiously, as if to ascertain if she were observed, and beckon with her hand. Then, from a dark passage, he saw issue a young man habited as a Frank. The accursed giaour looked round cautiously, as the negro had done, crossed the road, whispered to her, slipped some money into her hand; and then the treacherous and guilty pair entered the mansion together.

Hassan-el-Djeninah broke out in a cold perspiration. Then he began to burn like live coals. Then he foamed at the mouth. Then he got his moustachios between his teeth, and gnawed them. Then he tore his beard. Then he dug his nails into the palms of his hands. Then he clapped his hand upon the hilt of the scimeter, and said—

"As to the black slave, child of Jehanum and Ahriman as she is, she shall walk on the

palms of her hands all the days of her life; for if there be any virtue in the bastinado, I will leave her no feet to walk upon. As to the giaour, by the beard of the Prophet, I will have his head."

Long before this speech was finished, he had crossed the road, traversed his courtyard, entered his house, ascended the staircase, and gained the portal of his wife's apartment. He tore aside the silken curtains, and rushed into the room, livid with rage, just as Leila Khanoum was in the act of bending over a large chest of richly-carved wood, in which she kept her suits of brocade and cloth of gold, her jewels and her sequins. Hassan-el-Djeninah saw the state of affairs at a glance. The giaour must be in that chest!

He knocked over the wretched black slave as one might a ninepin, rushed to the chest, and tried to raise the lid. It was locked.

"The key, woman!—The key!" he roared.

"My lord, I have it not," stammered Leila Khanoum. "I have lost it—I have sent it to be repaired."

"The key!" screamed Hassan-el-Djeninah, looking ten thousand Bluebeards at once.

With tears and trembling Leila at length handed him the key, and then flung herself on her knees, as if to entreat mercy. The infuriated Hassan opened the chest. There was somebody inside, certainly, and that somebody was habited as a giaour; but beneath the Frank habit there were the face and form of Lulu, Leila Khanoum's Georgian slave.

"What is this?" asked the bewildered Hassan, looking round. "Who is laughing at my beard? What is this?"

"Yadacé!" screamed Leila Khanoum, throwing herself down on the divan, and rolling about in ecstasy. "Yadacé, Oh, my lord, for you took the key!"

"Yadacé," repeated the Georgian slave, making a low obeisance.

"Yadacé," echoed the negress, with a horrible grin, and showing her white teeth.

"Allah Akbar!" said Hassan-el-Djeninah, looking very foolish.

And such is the game of Yadacé.

TRADE.

How trade has expanded since the Anglo-Saxon time, when Billingsgate was the sole London wharf for the discharge of ships' cargoes: how British commerce has grown from the small beginnings of the Norman period: how it has struggled on and augmented in spite of royal decrees and ordinances promulgated for its protection, but, in reality, fettering and crippling it in every direction, would require more pages than can be here spared. One king prescribed the prices at which certain goods should be bought and sold: another declared in what places trade should be carried on: a third

forbade merchants, under heavy penalties, to deal in more than one kind of merchandise. Foreign merchants were compelled, by another sovereign, to expend all the proceeds of the goods they sold in the purchase of English merchandise,—a kingly method of settling the balance of trade. Thus, law was heaped upon trade, until trade was almost overwhelmed and the merchant felt puzzled as to the legal mode of conducting his business. It need not therefore be matter for surprise that, in the days of the white and red roses the whole community did not transact as much business as is now done by any single high class commercial firm in London, Manchester, or Liverpool.

But some faint and disconnected ideas may be gathered, of the present growth of our commerce, in a morning stroll through the city towards the docks, and past the busy haunts of trade. The incessant rumble of waggons groaning beneath the weight of valuable goods, in their transit from ship to warehouse or railway: the crowded river with its endless forest of spars; the mass of shipping within our docks; the hum of the busy hives which stretch beyond our sight in all directions, teeming with goods, wares, and merchandise, from all quarters of the globe; the stately fabrics reared for the purposes of trade and banking, afford a glimmering, indistinct conception of what is going on around us; but, there is a book issued from the official press, from which may be obtained a clear and definite account of our enormous commerce. It is a Public Ledger opened periodically by the Board of Trade.

This volume of figures is the Annual Statement of the Trade and Navigation of the United Kingdom, for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three, much improved upon its predecessors; indeed, there seems little more to be desired in the way of information concerned with the subject of the work. Whilst in every other branch of the executive, affairs are managed on the old cramped routine system of a middle-age period, this department alone keeps pace with the wants of a progressive age. The explanation of this is, that the Board of Trade is brought into such intimate relation with the stirring minds of the day—merchants and men of business—that it has caught from them the spirit of the time, and moves onward, whilst all around it has been standing still.

Great as is the mass of figures in this volume, there is no confusion. The tables of abstracts, general imports and exports, transit-trade, principal imports and exports, general shipping, are classified and marshalled with the regularity and precision of the divisions and regiments of a well-trained army. An index to the whole presents a bird's-eye view of all the remarkable data connected with our trade and navigation, not alone for the year under special notice, but

for the four previous years. The staff of officers employed in getting up the yearly chronicles of our trade would suffice to carry on the entire government of many petty German states.

Not only legislative reform but science has brought facilities for trade, the bare mention of which tend to show its extent. Railways bring people and goods together, which before were always separated. A cask of sugar to get from Glasgow to Carlisle had formerly to circumnavigate England in a ship; now it reaches its destination in a few hours by railway. Merchants living at a distance from one another corresponded for years and never once met. Now, the Glasgow, Liverpool, or United States merchant makes his journeys to London or to other centres of trade as often as need arises. The introduction of the electric telegraph has also helped to work a great change in the mode of transacting business. Instead of the day's operations being as formerly, entirely carried on upon 'Change, bargains are struck between Liverpool, London, and continental firms of many thousand pounds' value—from morning till evening—through the agency of electric wires. A ship laden with coffee from Costa Rica, or sugar from the Brazils, arrives off some port in the English Channel consigned to the order of a London merchant, on account of a firm abroad. The captain does not come to an anchor and wait an exchange of posts with London for his orders: he simply puts his sails aback, pulls ashore in his boat, sends a few words by electric telegraph announcing his arrival, and, by the time he has finished a glass of grog at his favourite inn, a reply reaches him from town, to this effect: "The London market is depressed;—go on to Hamburg." At the end of an hour, from first stepping into his boat, he is making all sail for the new destination.

What would the shade of Edward the Third say to the entry, inward and outward, of upwards of twenty thousand ships at the port of London alone, when, in his day, the customs receipts amounted to about eight thousand pounds a year of the coin of that period? The encouragement given to trade by Elizabeth, and the state of peace in which this country remained from her accession to the reign of Charles the First, caused the customs revenue of London, in the last period, to amount to one hundred and nine thousand pounds in one year. A century later, it reached half a million sterling; in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven it amounted to ten millions and a quarter, being precisely half of the entire customs revenue of the United Kingdom. According to the blue book before us, there were upwards of four million tons of shipping entered both ways at the port of London in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, against one hundred and eighty thousand in the middle of the last

century. The declared value of the goods exported from this country in eighteen hundred and forty-nine was upwards of sixty-three millions sterling; showing, that within twenty years, our trade beyond sea had increased by fifty per cent. Thanks to free trade, steam, and electricity, we are now advancing with more rapid strides; and we have accomplished, in four years, what had previously required twenty to bring about. In eighteen hundred and fifty-three, our exports amounted to nearly one hundred millions sterling; being an increase of more than fifty per cent. upon the trade of eighteen hundred and forty-nine, and equalling the yearly revenue of the whole of continental Europe, with the exception of France.

Of our entire export trade, one-third goes to the British colonies; and more than another third is shipped to the United States. In casting our eyes over the shipments of eighteen hundred and fifty-three to various parts of the world, we did not fail to remark that the British manufactures and produce exported to the gold colony of Victoria amounted, within a few thousands, to the value of the whole of the imports to British India, viz. seven millions sterling. The population of the two being respectively two hundred and fifty thousand and one hundred and forty millions, it follows that the proportionate consumption per head was twenty-eight pounds sterling in Victoria, and one shilling in British India.

The ratio in which our manufactures are taken by different places is interesting and instructive. Thus gold-digging would appear to be a thirsty occupation and gold-diggers a jovial community; seeing that one-half of the wine and beer sent out of this country is taken by the Australian colonists,—in other words, if they drink it all in one year, they will absorb two hundred thousand barrels of strong beer, and nearly one million and a half gallons of wine. This is exclusive of spirits, which were exported to Australia at the rate of seven gallons for each colonist. The chief occupations in Australia are those of shepherds, stock-keepers, and gold-diggers; and one would imagine that such kind of work, being none of the cleanest, would create a demand for the stoutest description of clothing. Yet it would appear that, sheep are tended, cattle herded, and gold dug for, in light evening costume: silks having been taken to the value of nearly half a million, and muslins and cambrics to the extent of a million and a half yards; whilst, of vulgar fustians, only one hundred and twenty-four thousand yards were required.

In strange contrast with the steady progress of our own trade and that of other European states, is the convulsive starts of countries without the reach of Saxon influence. Thus we find Morocco taking in one year seven hundred

and eighty-seven thousand yards of our cottons; two years later, as much as six millions and a half yards. In eighteen hundred and forty-nine, that state took only five thousand yards of our linens; in the year following, nearly three hundred thousand yards; and three years later, it fell back to nearly the original quantity. From this instance of fickleness in trade, it is edifying to turn to the commercial equanimity and immovability of the Hudson's Bay territory,—a country equal in extent to the whole of Europe, excepting Russia. Many mercantile failures or panics are not to be looked for in that snug continent of private property. In eighteen hundred and forty-nine, the shipments of hardware to Hudson's Bay amounted to two hundred and thirty-two hundredweights; in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, they had reached exactly one hundred weight more. Woollens were shipped to the extent of one thousand nine hundred and fifty pieces in eighteen hundred and forty-nine; four years later, they amounted to two thousand two hundred pieces; whilst linens have declined to the extent of six thousand yards. The Hudson's Bay Company are evidently cautious traders.

The requirements of some countries amount almost to eccentricities. Thus Aden (the coaling station for Indian steamers), for several years, took nothing but a vast quantity of coal and some hundred barrels of beer; when suddenly it required one hundred and thirty thousand yards of cotton goods,—nothing else. Persia, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine, took from our merchants six guns; after a respite of years, employed probably in testing the quality of the weapons, the descendants of Cyrus imported from us nearly seven thousand guns and twenty-five hundredweights of hardware and cutlery. The Falkland Islands are not less peculiar in their requirements. In one year their inhabitants were content with linen goods to the amount of eight pounds, and cottons of the value of twenty pounds; whilst they consumed nearly two hundred pounds' worth of pickles, seven hundred and sixty-nine gallons of rum, and two thousand nine hundred and twenty-three pounds of tobacco. English clothing would appear to wear and wash well in that remote part of the world, since the eight pounds' worth of linens sufficed for three years, at the end of which period a farther small quantity was imported.

On the west coast of Africa there is a British settlement called Fernando Po, remarkable for negroes, palm-oil, ivory, and fever. One would not look in that unpromising spot for any rapid development of British commerce, or the increasing wants of civilised society. Yet in eighteen hundred and forty-nine there were shipped thither two hundred guns and four thousand gallons of spirits. In

eighteen hundred and fifty-three, we had so far civilised the dusky tribes of that country, that they took from us one hundred and twenty-five thousand gallons of spirits and ten thousand five hundred muskets. During the same period the imports of gunpowder had increased from seven thousand to two hundred and twenty-two thousand eight hundred pounds. All this ammunition could scarcely have been required for elephant shooting, since the tusks of ivory shipped thence in those five years amounted to but little more than three hundred.

Turning to Egypt, we feel sorely puzzled at the amounts opposite items which, to our minds, could scarcely have been found there at all. We might conceive the modern Egyptians growing tired of using the same primitive papyrus for their correspondence, as was employed by Rameses and Cheops; accordingly eight thousand two hundred pounds for stationery does not altogether perplex us. But what are we to say to printed books to the value of thirty-three thousand pounds! Are they fitting up another Alexandrian library? Have the dwellers among the pyramids taken to Bulwer's novels, Scott's lays, and Macaulay's histories? Have they circulating libraries in Thebes and book-societies at Memphis? What can the descendants of the Pharaohs want with haberdashery to the value of fifty-four thousand eight hundred pounds? or watches and jewellery to the amount of eighty-six thousand pounds? There must be indeed corn in Egypt to pay for all this? The secret oozes out, after a careful scrutiny of the Trade Returns. The immense quantities of millinery, novels, note-paper, and gold repeaters, entered outwards for Egypt, are shipped to Alexandria by steamer, but only en route by overland for India, China, and Australia, which countries should, amongst them, receive credit for this traffic of valuable, perishable, or fashionable articles. It seems but a year or two ago, when the indefatigable Waghorn crossed Egypt with his first batch of letters to India. Now, every young lady in the Presidencies must need have her wedding-dress and her novels sent out by the overland route.

Queen Elizabeth found some difficulty in collecting and manning a few hundred ships to repel the Spanish armada. In the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three Great Britain owned upwards of twenty-five thousand sailing-vessels and thirteen hundred steam-ships, independently of the royal navy. But a better indication of the extraordinary rate at which commerce—in the most extended sense of that word—has advanced, exists in the increase of correspondence by post. From the recently-published report of the Postmaster-general it appears that, a century ago, the annual revenue of the Post Office was only one hundred and forty thousand pounds. It now amounts to two

millions and a-half sterling. The increase in the transmission of money through the Post Office has been even more prodigious. Fifteen years ago the number of money-orders issued from that establishment was one hundred and ninety thousand. Last year the number almost exceeds belief. It amounted to ten millions and a-half.

The centre of British trade is the Royal Exchange. Although the most commercial people in the world, except the Dutch, we were the last to provide our merchants with a building suitable for the daily transaction of their business. To so late a period as the reign of Elizabeth the merchants of London were wont to assemble in Lombard Street; where, in the open air, in all weathers, and at all seasons, they were content to gossip and make their bargains. In those familiar days, when our streets were wider and far less frequented, it may not have greatly interfered with the traffic of the city. Those open-air meetings had prevailed for several centuries, and it may appear still more singular that, at the present time, three centuries later, there are many of our larger manufacturing towns in the north possessing stately exchanges, but where the dealers, brokers, and spinners, prefer assembling around some time-honoured iron pump, or about some decaying wooden post, in the badly-paved, weather-beaten street.

The first Royal Exchange was erected, by and at the chief cost of, Sir Thomas Gresham, whose business-sign, the grass-hopper—still adorns the summit of the building. It consisted of two floors, in the upper of which was a species of bazaar in which were exposed for sale every conceivable article, from Venetian silk to mouse-traps, and Jews' trumpets. The royal Elizabeth to encourage this new "bourse," as it was termed, paid it a visit, and christened it The Royal Exchange. Sir Thomas, we read, aware of the importance of the occasion, went twice round the Upper Pawne, and besought the few vendors of goods already located there, "that they would furnish and adorn, with wares and wax-lights, as many shoppes as they coulde or woulde; and they shoulde have all those shoppes so furnished rent free, that yeare."

The effect of royal patronage was not less marked in those times than in the present day. The shops that were thus given rent free paid within a year or two afterwards as much as four pounds ten shillings per annum, a large rental at that period; and traders were most solicitous for room in the Upper Pawne.

The building was originally constructed of timber and slate, and it was no irreparable calamity that it fell amidst the general destruction of the Great Fire of sixteen hundred and sixty-six. Three years later the second building was opened on the old site—greatly improved in appearance, solidity, and utility. In January, eighteen hundred

and thirty-eight, this second Exchange was burnt down. Four years precisely from that date the first stone of the present building was laid by Prince Albert.

BREAD CAST ON THE WATERS.

A YOUNG man (see his description in any lady-novel of any year), eminently handsome, and mounted on a fiery-eyed black horse, rode slowly down the avenue of a gentleman's "place," in the pastoral county of Lanark. It was not a domain—not an estate; it was merely a moderate-sized property, with a pretty square-built house situated on the banks of a picturesque river, and protected from east and north by an abrupt elevation, which in most countries would be called a mountain, but here was known as the Falder Hill. His dress (see the same authorities for the becoming costume of the year seventeen hundred and eighty) set off his splendid figure to the greatest advantage. But Charles Harburn (that was the young man's name) owed less to any other personal advantage than to the fine, open expression of his face. It does not matter whether this expression arose from features or not; there it was. You couldn't look at him without wishing to shake him by the hand,—he was so jolly, so radiant, so manly in all his looks; and his looks did no more than justice to the inner man. Everybody liked him, except old careful fathers and mothers who had rich and only daughters; and even in that case I doubt whether the mothers could have retained their enmity after the first week. Fathers are such harsh and unsentimental brutes, that I believe they would have hated him more and more. They could see nothing to admire in him at all. He hadn't distinguished himself at school half so much as young Pitsgothic of Deanvale; nor at college so much as Polwoody of Drumstane; and yet nobody made any fuss about those very estimable youths, though they had two thousand a-year each, and were exactly the same age as Charles Harburn. Lord bless us! how old fogies of fifty will reason upon love and beauty! and prove that the snub nose of Polwoody and the bandy legs of Pitsgothic are every bit as pleasant to look on as the Grecian outline and classic figure of the very charming young man we have left so long on his great black charger, in the avenue of Falder Mains. Reason away, old blockheads! It's pleasant to hear your silly remarks! Jane, and Susannah, and I, know better, though these fair maidens are both under twenty, and I never passed for a philosopher; but if a small bet will be any satisfaction, I am ready to deposit a moderate amount of coin on the correctness of the judgment of these two ignorant young girls, and leave the decision of the wager to the oldest professor in Edinburgh College, provided he has no marriageable daughters of his own,

and is not himself on the look-out for a third wife.

At last, Charles Harburn got to the foot of the avenue; and, on closing the swing-gate behind him, and entering on the high-road, he gave vent to the exuberance of his spirits by touching the courser's flank with his whip, and dashing off at a gallop on the narrow grass border that bounded the public way. I am ready to depose, that at the same time, he gave utterance to certain words which sounded very like these—"Nancy Cleghorn is the nicest girl in the world,—the best, the loveliest, the most accomplished, the kindest; and I wish her father had broken his neck, or been drowned in the Falder, with all my heart." Now, to look at him, you would not suppose that such murderous sentiments could find room in the heart of so radiant a youth. Yet he distinctly wished poor old George Cleghorn, of Falder, to meet, or rather to have met, at some previous date, with an untimely end. So little can one judge, from countenance, of the depravity of the human mind! Perhaps Thurtell smiled joyously, in the course of his drive, in that dreadful gig, with Mr. Weare. Listen, a little farther, to what this horrid Charles Harburn is saying to himself—"If the antiquated ruffian would say 'No' at once, I could bear his opposition, and know how to behave; but now, with his talks about Dumbarton being of rock, and Ailsa Craig of granite, while I and Nancy are only flesh and blood,—who can make head or tail of what he means? If I am Dumbarton, he says, for seven years, and Nancy, for the same period, is Ailsa Craig, he will not refuse his consent. I can't see, for my part, how Ailsa Craig and Dumbarton are ever to come together, if all the fathers in Scotland approve the banns; and as to being flesh and blood, of course we are, and not tanned leather and fiddle-strings, like himself! I will marry Nancy Cleghorn as soon as I can, and let the aged pump—Hullo! little boy!" he cried out, interrupting his soliloquy, and pulling up the black steed, which snorted with the excitement, and pawed the ground with impatience to proceed. "What's the matter, my wee man? Has anybody hurt you, that you're greetin' so loud?"

A little boy of ten years old was sitting on the fence at the side of the road, and crying as if his heart would break. Before him lay the fragments of a small wooden tray, and a torn old red cotton handkerchief wrapt round a pair of very clouted shoes. He had never taken the trouble to pick up a few rolls of cotton thread and a broken-toothed comb, which lay mixed with other articles of the same kind in the mud of the narrow footpath.

"Do you hear?" said Charles. "What has happened to you? and why are you in such grief?"

The little boy took the backs of his hands from his eyes, which he had apparently been trying to push deeper into his head with the

knuckles, and presented a countenance of utter despair mixed with a good deal of dirt, and, at first, a little alarm.

"Twa men," he sobbed out, "have robbed me, and run awa' with my stock-in-trade."

"It couldn't be very large," said Charles, "and maybe you will find friends who will set you up again."

"I have no friends," said the boy, whose face, when undisturbed by spasms of grief, was very clear and honest. "I never had any friends, and I am thinking I never will have any friends."

"Oh yes, you will—never fear. Tell me all about it, and perhaps something may be done."

"I started from Glasgow," said the boy, "three days since, with my pack."

"How did you get your pack, and what was in it?"

"I got the pack by saving. I was an orphan,—a fundling they call it, because I was left in a field on a farmer's ground at Partick; and when I grew to working age"—

"When might that be?" asked Charles.

"When I was four year auld, I left the byre, where I lived with the calves, and gaed out to frighten craws wi' a rattle. I got threepence a week, and a feed o' sowans every day; and so, ye see, I began to lay by a little siller. The farmer's name was Douglas; and there was a mark on my arm of an anchor and a sinking boat, which they called a brand,—so my name was Douglas Brand; forbye that the minister that christened me said I was plucked from the burning, and put half-a-crown into a wooden box with a slit at the top, to set an example to charitable friends; and when I got to be ten year old—last month, sir—I thought it time to go out into the world and seek my fortune. I can read and write, and ken a' the New Testament by heart, beside the Shorter Catechism and a half o' the Pilgrim's Progress; so with the help of the minister, and the saved-up siller in the box, I bought a stock of knives, and combs, and reels of cotton, and thimbles and shears, and needle-cases and boxes o' pins, and pincushions and writing-paper, and sticks o' wax and pocket-books, and tape and twine. It cost four pound, fourteen, and four-pence, and it's a' gane! Twa shearers, wi' heuks in their hands, asked to see my stock, and when I showed it, they took everything I had,—five knives and sixteen thimbles, and twenty reels of thread. It's a' gone—clean awa'—and I've naithing left but the broken tray and the auld trapkin wi' my Sabbath-day shoon." And at the contemplation of his great losses, he again lifted up his voice and wept.

"And how much would it take to replace you as you were before the rascals robbed you?" said Charles.

"Do you mean cost price?" said the boy, his eye brightening up with the spirit of mercantile enterprise, "or what it would be worth if it was a' sold?"

"Cost price, of course. How much, out of the original four pounds, fourteen, and fourpence-worth, had you disposed of?"

"I had cleared one pound three," said the boy, "and not parted with a twelfth part of the stock; but they found the money in my stocking sole—I'll never wear stockings again, for they're just a waste—and took it all, sir. I hae na a farthing in the world."

"Poor lad!" said Charles Harburn. "Here's all your life perhaps broken in your hand, and nobody to help you. But cheer up, man. I'm not very rich; but I'm very happy just now,—and here, we'll share what I've got." So saying, he drew out a purse, and finding there were nine golden guineas in it, he gave four to the boy, and said, "I told you we would share it; but you see it's not very easy, as here are nine Georges, and neither of us has any change."

"We could toss may be for the half one," said Douglas Brand; but so low, that the words escaped the ear of his benefactor, and a blush came to his own cheek when he thought what an ungrateful proposition it was. "Oh, what can I do for you, sir?" he said; "you've restored me to all my hopes. My gratitude shall know no end, and I'll think on ye and pray for ye till I die."

"Make a good use of your luck, my little friend," said Harburn, "and that is all the thanks I require. But, by the by, you said you would pray for me. Now you are a very innocent lad; you know your Bible, and you're grateful to the good minister who stood your friend; bow down on your knees, Douglas Brand, up with your hands, my wee laddie, and pray that I may be Dumbarton for seven years if required, and finally be joined to Ailsa Craig."

"It's something like asking a miracle," said the boy; "but if the heart's wishes have any power, my petition will be heard, and many more that I will not cease to make for blessings on you and yours."

I am very happy, that you and I did not see the scene that then occurred,—Charles sitting on the back of his now quiet horse, with his hat in his hand, and his head bent reverently down, and Douglas Brand on his knees in the public road, with closed eyes and clasped hands, uttering prayers about Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig, which he did not quite understand, but which rose earnestly and sincerely from a thankful heart, because he believed, in some way or other, these precipitous elevations were connected with the happiness of his friend. We might have been tempted to see something laughable in the attitudes of the two; but perhaps, in the apprehension of a Higher Intelligence, there might have been something not quite worthy of our contemptuous smiles in the sincerity and fervent trust of the young man of twenty-one and the pedlar boy. Who knows? A slight shake of the rein, and a merry "Farewell! and success attend you," set Harburn

forward on his homeward way at a pace that soon took him out of sight of Douglas Brand.

"I'll write down on the tables o' my heart," said the youth, "the name o' the kind gentleman,—but wae's me, I never asked his name. Oh, how I wish I had asked who he was!—but, at any rate, I will never forget Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig." And he took from a secret pocket in his jacket a tattered old pocket-book that had escaped the notice of his assailants, and wrote down the names of these two well-known rocks, determining to take steps, as soon as he was able, to unravel the mystery that connected them with his generous friend.

After a rapid career of six or seven miles, the black horse turned of its own accord up a narrow side-road, that lay in a very narrow valley between two hills. The country grew wilder as he continued his course along the winding banks of a branching stream; hedges soon ceased; enclosures disappeared from fields; huge hills rose up on either side, with no attempt at cultivation destroying the primitive desolation of their surface,—but suddenly, at an opening of the valley, a little white gate pointed out a path leading round a promontory of the mountain on the left, and at the end of a small level space, forming a peninsula of very rich land, surrounded on three sides by a sinuosity of the burn, was seen a low white-washed mansion, with smooth green turf on the little lawn in front, and supported on one side by a large orchard, at this moment filled with the richest fruit, and at the other by an ornamental garden, to which there was a descent by a few steps from a room at the west end of the house. Standing on those steps, as if arrested in the act of descending into the garden, a lady waved her hand to the advancing horseman, who leaped lightly from his horse, and putting the reins on his neck, watched him trot off in a very sedate and business-like manner to a stable abutting on the orchard, where a groom was waiting for his arrival. A minute saw Charles in the garden by the side of his mother, with his arm round her waist.

"Before I ask you how you have sped," she said, "I must tell you the great event has happened. You are lieutenant in the regiment we desired, and must leave me in a week."

A start of gratification at the first part of the news was checked by the tone of his mother's voice. It conveyed to him as clearly as if the idea had been expressed in words, "You know how desolate I am, and yet you are delighted to leave me." He was not at all delighted to leave her. He could have stayed with her all his life; only it looked such a shrinking from the duties of his age and station—such a selfish gratification of his love of home, if he continued for ever to reside with his mother, that he had applied

for a lieutenant's commission (it was not absolutely necessary in those days to begin with the lower grade) in a regiment at that time engaged in bringing the revolted Americans to submission. And, accordingly, in all his day-dreams about Nancy Cleghorn there had been a perpetual glitter of epaulettes on his shoulders and a clank of sword and spur, which, however, only intruded themselves in a prominent manner when his thoughts dwelt on that young lady's imperturbable papa, whose insight into the human heart we have observed was greatly strengthened by his knowledge of geography.

"In a week?" he said. "Well, we have seven days' happiness before us, dear mother, and I will not allow a cloud to pass over a single hour."

"And therefore you won't tell me how you prospered to-day at Falder Mains."

"On the contrary, I will not conceal a syllable of all that passed. Old George is as great a millstone as ever, but Nancy is true as steel. She says if we're not rich enough to live without employment, she can make as much money as we require by her paintings. And how beautiful they are, mother! What likenesses!—what finish! You should see what she has made of me on Black Angus. By-the-bye, I wonder if they'll let me take him as my charger! I feel sure if Tom Splinters at the turnpike saw the picture at his gate, he would charge toll as if it were alive."

"But painting is a very precarious profession; and, besides, it is not quite the occupation for—"

"Ah! there's some of your nonsensical family pride, because you claim from Robert Bruce. I don't see why painting isn't as gentle a craft as wearing a uniform or pleading at the bar. But we shan't require it. She has only two sisters—I am an only child. Glen Bara is not very valuable; but we could live, mother—we could be happy: we could read, and draw, and walk, and ride, and farm, and feed cattle till they couldn't move—only George Cleghorn talks such nonsense about Dumbarton! How the deuce can I be such a great ugly, frowning mass of Whin! And Nancy—she's to be Ailsa Craig—and then, when we have been petrified for seven years, we are to marry. Seven years!—only think of what an immense time that is!"

And then the young soldier poured out all his indignation on the head of poor old George Cleghorn of Falder Mains. And the mother thought it very unkind of Mr. Cleghorn to be so very careful and distrusting. And many attempts all the week were made to shorten the period of probation. Would three years do?—would five? But no! George Cleghorn was as obstinate as a mule, and Charles Harburn at the appointed time took his way for London to embark for foreign service, with a charming minia-

ture of Nancy suspended by a ribbon and resting night and day upon his heart, and leaving with her his whole-length portrait, mounted on Black Angus, and bearing at one corner the signatures in white paint of the two lovers, under the hated names of Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig, with the date, in fainter letters, seventeen hundred and eighty.

Now, did Charles Harburn ever see Falder Mains again? Did he marry Nancy Cleghorn? Did the flinty-hearted father of that accomplished maiden relent, and send over the sea to tell Charles that as none but the brave deserve the fair, he had determined to bestow his daughter's hand where her heart had so long been placed, in reward of the gallantry he had shown in many a dashing charge? And that his mother, the dear and honoured Mrs. Harburn, was in earnest expectation of his return to Glen Bara, which she had had newly painted and decorated in honour of the approaching happy event? It is a pity, my good and curious reader, that you can't examine my countenance before you put these questions. Do you see any symptom of fatuity, or even insanity, in my light grey eyes?—any wandering of intellect in the corners of this rather well-cut mouth? In short, do you suppose I am such a very egregious Tom Noddy as to tell you whether any of these incidents occurred at this particular part of the story? Don't you see that I have to go to America with my hero, and describe his achievements at Camden and Eutaw Springs and York Town—at the latter of which he received that sword-cut on his temple which made him so interesting, and left a mark that most people considered a great increase to the manliness of his beauty? Then I have to describe his disagreement with his general, and his duel with the insulting aide-de-camp; his rescue of his colonel's daughter from the hands of the wild Indians, who were about to tomahawk her first and eat her afterwards. Then his long detention in America by circumstances over which he had no control—his appointment to a difficult and dangerous command in Canada—his adventure in the boat at the edge of Niagara Falls—all these things I shall relate in the order here set down, if I see any necessity for doing so; and I do most positively decline to depart from what I consider the proper course of my narrative merely to gratify a petulant curiosity as to whether certain things happened at a certain time, with which it strikes me the reader has nothing whatever to do, except to read, with profound admiration, when the secret is at last confidentially communicated. How do I know that if he were discontented with the answer I gave him, he wouldn't at once shut up the page, and perhaps fly to an account of the Queen's last Drawing Room in the Morning Post? It is therefore,

perhaps, my best policy to be as uncommunicative as possible.

I will only say that when Charles had been about two years absent he received a letter from his mother, in which, alluding to her communication of the month before, she says, "You have recovered the shock of my sad intelligence, I dare say. In fact, I always wondered you were so particular in that quarter—but there is no accounting for tastes. Last Sunday it was so fine that I ventured once more into the saddle and rode over to Falder Church. An excellent sermon from Mr. M'Tavish, but in so strong an accent that if I had not spent some part of my youth in the Highlands, I should not have understood what he said. For the first time, I saw Major Nobbs. He is very yellow, and has been thirty years in India in the service of a Nizam of some place which I cannot spell, and very rich, they say. He would wed. They say, also, he came into the kirk under protest, as he has imbibed some very strange notions in the East, and some people say he is a Mahommedan, and proposed for all three, but George would only consent to his marrying Nancy. So they are off next week for their honeymoon in a ship that sails from Liverpool; and Nancy leaves a portrait of him, dressed in a very wonderful uniform. It is to hang over the dining-room mantel-piece, and looks very like the sign of the Saracen's Head. The bride seems quite happy, and I hope this letter will find you the same." It did. The last mail had knocked him down for a whole week. But now he was in such exuberant spirits that a report got spread in the regiment that he had succeeded to a baronetcy and ten thousand a-year. He attended every ball that was given far or near—flirted in a very violent manner with any girl who would listen, talked disparagingly of love and constancy on all occasions, and was observed one night suddenly to burst into a fit of laughter and something very like sobs. Then he laid aside for the first time a small miniature of a blue-eyed, red-lipped, light-haired female, which he had always sedulously concealed, but which he now swore was a likeness of an aunt who died young. So he was thought a youth of strong family affection to be so moved by a portrait of his mother's sister; and, besides, I have always heard his mother was an only child. I have very little doubt, therefore, that the ringlets and bright eyes belonged to Nancy Cleghorn, now Mrs. Major Nobbs.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a man of the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of a pettifogging lawyer in Ajaccio, who made a remarkable disturbance at the beginning of this century. He upset several thrones and set them up again—altered the balance of power, kept the world

in awe, and also made the fortunes of Brand, Bustle, and Co., the army-contractors in Wapping. That little Corsican adventurer never raised an army without putting hundreds of thousands of pounds into the pockets of this respectable firm. If he won a battle in Italy, there came such a flood of wealth into Wapping that it seemed as if he must be a sleeping partner in the concern, and thrashed the Austrians merely on purpose to increase the profits of trade. Mr. Brand lived in Grosvenor Square, and went down to Wapping every day in a splendid carriage, with two footmen on the box beside the coachman, and two more hanging on behind. The aristocracy felt some surprise that a man of Mr. Brand's family should condescend to trade, but they were reconciled to it by the immensity of the income he realised, and the great scale on which his transactions were carried on. If he had dealt in single hams or disposed occasionally of a stone or two of beef, he would have been viewed in a very different light—but a man who filled three large ships with hams, which never reached their destination, and three more with powdered beef, which always, by some unaccountable means, was paid for before it started, and never was heard of again, either by the estimable government officer who handed over the money, or the army for whose benefit it was supposed to be shipped. A man who did business by the shipload and received his payments by the twenty thousand pounds, rose out of the category of tradesmen altogether, and became a potentate—a power—a visible representative of the inexhaustible wealth of England. So Mr. Brand was looked on as an embodiment of all the taxes; and it was felt, while we had twenty or thirty army-contractors rolling in such countless wealth from the mere profits of supplying beef and hams, that Britons never, never, never could be slaves. I have said the aristocracy were at first a little scandalised by pigs and oxen being salted and sold by a person of Mr. Brand's family. And this may perhaps be accepted as an answer to the celebrated question of "What's in a name?" If Mr. Brand had been Mr. Snooks—nay, if Mr. Douglas Brand had been Mr. Snooks Brand, no one would have wondered at his trading in oxen and pigs. But having had the opportunity some years before of lending a little temporary assistance to one of the chiefs of the Douglas family, he received various letters of thanks from that grateful nobleman, asking further time for the payment of interest, and acknowledging the near relationship that existed between them; and as the younger branches of that wide-spread clan applied for similar assistance and made their acknowledgements in the same way, it came at last to be universally known that Mr. Brand was a cousin, more or less removed, to many of the heads of that illustrious house; and I happen to know he acted the part of "uncle" to some

who were not so high up on the family-tree, but who still were in possession of some of the ancestral jewels, and had inherited portions of the family plate. But, uncle or cousin, he was equally a relative, and, therefore, when in eighteen hundred and fifteen, to mark the country's appreciation of his services in having amassed a fortune of half a million of money, he was created a baronet, by the style and title of Sir Douglas Brand, there was a pretty general feeling that the days of chivalry were restored, and that Britannia had less to fear than ever on the subject of slavery, or of any interruption in her hereditary occupation of ruling the waves.

Among the strongest believers in the stability of his country and the perfection of all her institutions, was Sir Douglas Brand himself. A nation which gave such an open career to all her sons—which enabled a person, as he said at public dinners, to rise from obscurity and insignificance to the highest positions in church and state,—a nation that did this was the glory of her own children and the envy of surrounding states. It was a clearly demonstrated fact, therefore, to him and others of his class, that the dignity and power of England consisted in the number of people who, by dint of lucky contracts and judicious purchases in the funds, rose to wealth and eminence. They looked, accordingly, on the Helder Expedition of seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, where the commissariat was enriched though the army was forced to capitulate; and the still more brilliant expedition to Walcheren in eighteen hundred and nine, when the army was exterminated, but the variations of the funds doubled the fortunes of fifteen or twenty jobbers in Wapping and elsewhere,—as the noblest trophies of a free constitution, and they rolled off to church in their respective carriages on the day of fast and humiliation (which was appointed by authority) to throw upon Providence the blame for the want of quinine in the marshes of Holland, and of military skill in the Earl of Chatham. Waterloo was a sad day for Lombard Street and nearly shut up the counting-houses in Wapping. Sir Douglas withdrew his capital from the food-market, and nursed it in mortgages and loans. He came to an arrangement with Brand, Bustle, and Co., by which he bereft them of the glory of his name, and retired from any responsibility. He left, however, a considerable amount of capital in their hands, and stipulated for a weekly inspection of their books, and a voice in the conduct of their business. Money in this manner accumulating—rank secured—friends gathered round him—and a long career apparently open before him if he chose to enter Parliament, by the purchase of half-a-dozen boroughs,—it is curious to say that by one of those odd eccentricities of the human mind for which nobody can account, the honourable baronet sickened of the grandeurs

of Grosvenor Square, neglected sometimes for a whole week the alternations of the funds, and the sales of exchange, and kept his mind perpetually fixed on a vision of the Lanarkshire hills, and a young horseman who had been useful to him on a certain interesting occasion. He recalled the features and the form; the name, if he had ever known it, he had entirely forgotten. Thirty-five years had passed, and such thirty-five years of war and struggle, and hopes and fears, and rises and falls, and eventual success, as were sufficient, one would think, to have buried the transaction altogether. But no—clear as if before his bodily eyes, arose the outline of Falder Hill,—the long high road, bordered with a strip of grass,—the coal-black horse,—the kind-faced cavalier,—the four golden guineas! And one day there appeared in the Times newspaper an advertisement, stating that, “If the gentleman who, in seventeen hundred and eighty, bestowed his generous aid on an unfortunate pedlar boy, was still alive, and would apply at Messrs. Dot and Carry’s, Broad Street, London, he would hear of something to his advantage.”

Ah! Charlie Harburn, why don’t you read the Times newspaper? but what use would there be in reading it from end to end? Has your life been less adventurous than Sir Douglas Brand’s? Has your memory retained its freshness more than his? Alas! not the faintest line remains of pedlar boy or generous aid; you might hear the story told and never recognise yourself as the performer of that good deed. Many a good deed have you performed since then; much generous trust you have shown; many a friend you have helped, and met with little gratitude in return; and now your heart has got rather hard,—you don’t believe in the fresh impulses of youth and the tender sympathy of the yet unwasted feelings. You would say, if you heard of a young man dividing his moderately-filled purse with a weeping pedlar boy, “What a fool the fellow was! I’ll bet you he came to poverty in his old age, and he deserved it, the thoughtless coxcomb!” Is that the way you teach your own son—another Charles Harburn, now eighteen years of age, a cadet at Woolwich, and handsomer, if possible, than his father, nearly as kind to all, and as radiant and full of hope as you yourself were on that August day in seventeen hundred and eighty, when you rode black Angus, and were so filled with admiration for Nancy Cleghorn?

Major Harburn lived the life of a hermit in his poor old dwelling of Glen Bara. His wife, the daughter of his colonel, had died some sixteen years before, and as he sat over the fire on winter nights, a confusion sometimes came into his head between the maiden he had loved so ardently at home, and the gentle Canadian girl, whom he had married, and who had left him so soon. Their festal scenes got mixed on the wondrous canvas, whereon

our fancy paints the incidents of the past; for Fancy has more to do with the scenes of our joyous youth, than mere prosaic recollection. Imagination and memory are twins, and amazingly like each other. Sometimes he took a meditative ride over the scenes of his early happiness, and wandered with loosened rein and thoughts flying far back into the past, among the fields of Falder Mains. George Cleghorn had long passed away, and the property now belonged to a captain in the Indian army of the name of Nobbs—only son of the late Sir Hildebrand Nobbs, who had died full of honours and the liver-complaint, leaving the estate which he had obtained in right of his wife to his sole representative; and his picture—a full length in the uniform of the Nizam's body-guard—painted by Lady Nobbs, to be hung in the town hall of his native town, where it is still to be seen by the curious, and where the frame is very much admired. It chanced one day in August of the memorable year one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, to which I have now brought this narrative, that Major Harburn, under the impulse of one of those fits of sentiment, which in the intervals of more serious fits of gout and rheumatism, sometimes seize even an old gentleman of fifty-six, had ridden over hills and valleys, and was sauntering up the avenue of Falder Mains, when his attention was attracted by an unusual bustle at the door of that usually quiet and deserted mansion. There was a post-chaise in the stable-yard, there was a gig on the lawn; and pacing in front, were two men measuring the ground, and one man still perched in the gig, was taking down the number of feet, as ascertained by the measurer's tape, all the windows were open, the hall-door was wide ajar. There were men in the different rooms making a great noise with hammers, and trundling about of old chairs and sofas. The major dismounted, and for the first time for five and thirty years, entered the well-known house. Alas! that stone and mortar, timber and glass, even paint and paper should remain so unchanged when time has such an effect upon our noble selves. There was the old piano, there were the oaken chairs, here were the glazed prints, all recognisable; and standing among them all, bent in the back, dim in the eyes, short in the breath, and bald in the head—more out of tune than the piano, more old-fashioned than the furniture—was Charles Harburn, whom nobody could identify with the young lover of other days—no, not his mother, if she were still alive—no, nor Nancy, who once had all his features by heart—scarcely indeed himself if he had suddenly seen in the glass, some morning when he was shaving, the presentment of the merry-eyed young man, who had been so happy and so admired in these old rooms before he joined the army.

It was not a pleasant visit, and he turned to go. In the passage were three or four people

carrying parcels, work-boxes, footstools, and other things; and he drew back to let them pass. The post-chaise was drawn up to the door. He heard a voice say: "You'll pack up all the framed pictures, and send them to my address at Cheltenham. The prints are to be taken at a valuation." And the major saw the speaker mount into the chaise with some difficulty. Her back was very broad; she wore a bonnet, big enough and high enough to have done duty as an umbrella; she wore a brown velvet pelisse, though the thermometer was at eighty in the shade; and when her maid had followed into the carriage, and sat down on the top of various packages, with which the seat was encumbered, the chaise drove off, and Harburn went out to mount his horse. A man who had left off the measurements, held the bridle while he mounted.

"Great doings here, apparently," said the major, giving the man a shilling.

"Deed, aye, sir. A' th' auld folk is getting rooted out, and the Londoners will come down in a body, and tak' Lanarkshire a' to themselves."

"The place is sold, then?"

"Have you no heard that?" said the labourer, involuntarily despising the old man for his ignorance, in spite of the shilling which he still kept in his hand. "Sir Douglas Brand has bought it, and Middenstrae Haughs, and as far on as the Duke's; and they say he's in treaty for half the county to the north, so he'll hae mair land than a' the nobility; and so he's measuring here for a house that's to be the size o' Drumlayrig, and the family is going to have a sale, and very nice lots there'll be, though I dinna think that the pictures will be much missed, notwithstanding the auld woman seems to think they're worth a' the rest of the goods."

"The auld woman?" enquired Major Harburn.

"Aye, Leddy Nobbs, that was her that stickit sae lang in the coach door; she was ane o' auld George Cleghorn's daughters, and was married on upon a black man that lived far awa' in India. Some folk think he was a cannibal, but I canna think that, tho' he's an awful sight to look on. That's him wi' the row of yellow teeth, and the brown skin, hanging above the mantel-piece. She canna hae been a great judge o' beauty, or meen maun hae been unco scant."

Major Harburn made no reply, but slowly rode down the avenue. It is astonishing how little impression this curious incident made on him. He had heard his Nancy's voice again, he had seen her figure, and, instantly, all the past disappeared. He did not believe in the reality of his insane admiration for a broad-backed woman of sixteen stone, who had to be pushed by main force through the door of a post-chaise; and one resolution he immediately made and carried into effect the moment he got home, which was to take, burn, or otherwise destroy the miniature of his

annt—the fair-haired, small-waisted, blue-eyed female—which had hung by a silk ribbon so long about his neck, and which was still preserved in a very secret drawer of his escritoire, and occasionally looked at when he wanted to recal the air, the features, the expression of Nancy Cleghorn.

Impatient to visit his purchases in Lanarkshire; impatient to see once more the Falder Hill—in sight of which his broken fortunes had been restored—Sir Douglas Brand posted down from London, and after sleeping on the previous night at Moffat, proceeded along the road towards his newly acquired property on this very day, the anniversary of that in seventeen hundred and eighty, to which he always looked back as the foundation of his fortune. He got out of the carriage, which he ordered to go slowly on, and walked along the footpath for several miles. Looking on the right hand, looking on the left, he thought at last he identified the very spot where the men had robbed him, where his whole possessions lay in fragments at his feet, and where the young horseman had restored him to wealth and hope. To verify it still more, he paused at what he considered the identical scene; there was a hedge-row there as before; he stepped quietly off the road, and sat down on the grassy bank. He sank into himself, and buried his face in his hands, giving himself up to the contemplation of the years that had passed since then. He heard nothing, saw nothing, but sat immovable with his hands over his face.

"I hope you're not unwell, sir," said a kind voice at the side of the road.

"Not at all," said Sir Douglas Brand, rising up, as if ashamed of his emotion. "I was only resting after having walked a few miles to see the beautiful scenery. My carriage is gone on."

"It is waiting at the turn of the road," said Major Harburn, a little repelled by the coldness of the stranger's tone, and his ostentatious allusion to his carriage. He lifted his hat and rode on. On this very day appeared a second advertisement in the Times. "The gentleman who in seventeen hundred and eighty, gave his generous aid to a pedlar boy, on the high road in Lanarkshire, is probably dead; but if his son, if any, will address Messrs. Dot and Carry, Broad Street, London, and verify the incident, he will hear of something very much to his advantage."

"I will pay over twenty thousand pounds to him at once," said Sir Douglas, as he stepped into his carriage, "and if he takes a fancy to Mary—ah, well! there's no saying what might be done."

Now I have forgot to tell you that in the year eighteen hundred the rich contractor married—for love. Yes, the bright flashing eyes of Signora Estrella Nunez, the daughter of a Spanish refugee from Cadiz, conquered the susceptible heart of Douglas Brand. Her father had had every farthing of his fortune

confiscated, and certain bills on the Spanish treasury were ignominiously repudiated, and his estates, which were of considerable extent, seized as the goods of a traitor, so that Don Jacinto Nunez was very glad to convey all these valueless documents and nominal securities as a portion to his only child, receiving from his generous son-in-law, in the meantime, an annuity of one hundred a year. It is so good, and sometimes so politic, to be generous. When a few years had passed, and Don Jacinto had died, and Trafalgar had been fought, and Holy Juntas were established in the Peninsula, the bills upon the Spanish treasury were acknowledged by the liberating government, and paid for out of the English subsidies advanced by Brand, Bustle, and others. The lands were restored, and sold for ready money, and Mrs. Brand's allowance increased to a thousand a year, in consequence of her turning out an heiress. Her enjoyment of this sum was, however, very short, and the widower turned all his affection upon his only child—christened, out of compliment to Don Jacinto, Marie de Compostella, but known by the father's heart, only as his little Mary. Deep foundations were dug, high strong walls were raised, fences were thrown down, whole farms were turned into a park, and thousands of acres of valuable land; and millions, I was going to say, of mountain and heath, formed the domain round Falder Castle. Other lands were added. Small proprietors bought out—or their tenures made uncomfortable by quarrels about boundaries, and law-suits about manorial rights. And among the rest, persecution raged fierce and hot against poor old Major Harburn, who declined to part with his little estate of Glen Bara, though he was invited to fix his own price. He liked the place, his son liked it. It had been in their family four hundred years—so they said and believed—and no amount of money that an honest man could ask, would repay them for the loss of the hereditary soil. Sir Douglas Brand had distanced all competitors in making money by an inadequate supply of beef and ham to the British army. His efforts had put at least twenty thousand gallant men to death, who might have lived long and happily, if the stores had been of prime quality, or properly distributed where required; and he was not to be defeated now by a proud old major, whose worldly substance would not have purchased the bristles of the pigs on whose carcasses Sir Douglas had grown so fat, and the Walcheren expedition so lean. So he bullied and threatened, and fortunately discovered that not many years before this, the proprietor of Glen Bara had mortgaged his estate to enable him to lend some money to a friend, for the purchase of his step, which money had never been repaid, for his friend had perished in battle, and the noble and paternal British government had kept the money he had paid for his promotion. The army contractor was

in his element again. He found out the holder of the mortgage, he had it transferred into his own name, with all the arrears. He wrote a notice that he should require the money at once, or that he would be forced to foreclose. And the major, who by this time was more bent than ever, more rheumatic, more gouty, more short in the breath, more bald in the head, and quite as ignorant of business, was thrown into great distress. He grew ill, a fever made him for a few days delirious, and then left him so weak, that the farrier, who came over to see a lame cart-horse, thought he couldn't live long, and advised the housekeeper to send for Master Charles.

Three years had passed since Sir Douglas's first appearance. It was now the warm and genial month of August once more; and while poor Major Harburn was dying at Glen Bara, the baronet was in the noble library of Falder Castle, with a map of his territory before him, in the centre of which, coloured bright red, to distinguish it from the Brand property, was enclosed the angular, independent-looking, and diminutive Glen Bara. This was the Mordecai at the gate that made all Sir Haman's happiness of no effect. He struck his hand on the red-coloured enclosure. "I will have you in green, like the rest, before a week is out. I will turn this proud major out of house and home. If he refuses the price I offer, I will seize it by legal process;" and he looked in a very self-satisfied manner towards a tin case on one of the shelves, in which reposed the mortgage he had lately bought. As if the business were already concluded, by means of this energetic declaration of his intention, he determined to go out for a walk among his newly-planted gardens and newly-levelled fields. On passing the housekeeper's room, he heard voices. Sir Douglas was never above picking up information. He paused and listened.

"He is the handsomest man I ever saw," said the housekeeper; "don't you think so, Miss Mary?"

"The horse, Mrs. Elgett, the horse, is handsomer than the man. I never saw such a noble horse. Where did you get it?"

"I found it with a great deal of rubbish left by the late family in a room above the stable. I was struck with the beautiful man, and have pasted it on the wall. I wish just such another youth would present himself here, Miss Mary. What would you do then?"

"You are a foolish old woman," said Sir Douglas, entering the room, "and you, Mary, I'm ashamed of your listening to such nonsense."

"See, papa," said Mary, "it is only a daub of a young man and—"

But here the beautiful lips of Mary Brand grew rigid with surprise, the blood left her cheek, and she said,

"Father! what's the matter? are you ill?"

"Who did this?" said Sir Douglas, gazing on the portrait. "The same look and form! Have I been ungrateful? Have I forgotten you? No! not for an hour. Come, take all! you shall share it with me!"

"Father, father! oh! what does this mean?"

"It means that he is there! That—that's the man I have longed to see for forty years! Who is he? What is his name? Ten thousand pounds to the person who brings me to his presence!"

"Alas! sir, see the date," said Mary, "seventeen hundred and eighty; and the name's in white paint—Dumbarton, Ailsa Craig."

"I remember," cried Sir Douglas, "he made me pray that they might be united. I had forgotten the names; but now it is all clear. Do you know whose likeness it is? Does any one on the estate? Find out, and I will reward them beyond their dreams."

And for an hour he gazed on the poor old presentment of Charles Harburn, mounted on black Angus, painted in the joyous time by Nancy Cleghorn, and shamefully left neglected in a lumber-room of Falder Mains by the much-changed Lady Nobbs. After he had set all engines at work to find out the original, he ordered the carriage, and, by way of diverting his thoughts, determined to take his daughter with him, and show her the small property he was so soon to get possession of; though, we must remark, that he never informed the young lady of the means by which he hoped to obtain Glen Bara.

Meanwhile, faint and slow came the breath of Major Harburn. He lay on a sofa in the parlour and looked out upon the opposite hill, apparently counting the shadows of the clouds that flitted over its face. An unprofitable occupation if he had been engaged in it; but his thoughts were elsewhere—with his young wife in Canada. Beside his bed, there she lay, cold—in the little churchyard. Then they went farther back, and he was running out and in at Falder Mains. Nancy met him at the door, and made up by kind looks and warm hand-shakes, for the cold reception of old George. He walked with her in the woods, and they exchanged their vows; and then a great broad-backed old lady stuck in the doorway of a post-chaise; and a lawyer's letter presented itself, with threats of immediate expulsion from his home.

"I must die here," he cried of a sudden. "I will die nowhere else. Will Charlie ever come?"

As if in answer to his wish, wheels stopped at the door. His son, now aged twenty-one, dressed in his blue frock and stiff red collar and cuffs of his regiment, entered the room, and knelt at the side of the sofa.

"You come, Charlie," said the major, "too late to lengthen out my life, but not too late to let me die in peace. Ride—ride to Falder

Mains—they call it Castle, now—but ride, I tell you. Tell the proud man there that I am dying fast, but that I wish to die where I have lived—where my mother—where we have all died. Ask him not to refuse me this. It won't delay him long. Go, go; the black horse is kept saddled on purpose. You will be back again in two hours."

Sir Douglas Brand sat silent by the side of his daughter Mary. Ah! what a pretty girl she was! What Spanish eyes, spreading Andalusian sunshine over English cheeks! For she was surprisingly fair in the complexion, and yet dark as midnight in eyes and hair. And good, too; and clever. And, at the present moment, very much surprised at her father's behaviour. That hard man's heart had been touched by the sight of the picture. He now was absorbed in happy recollections. He told his daughter as much of his previous history as his pride would let him reveal. He said, that at a certain part of the road a piece of good fortune had befallen him, from which he dated all his prosperity. He did not say what it was, but he pulled up the carriage, and helped her to dismount, and took her arm lovingly in his, and walked along the foot-way; and when they came to the grass bank he had sat upon—tramp! tramp! tramp! There comes the sound of a horse's hoofs at speed! The horseman, as he approached, pulled up, out of respect to the lady; and Sir Douglas, turning round, gazed on the exact counterpart of the scene that had filled his heart for so many a year. There was the same noble-looking youth—the same kind expression—the same graceful figure. The black horse was moving slowly on.

"In the name of Heaven!" cried Sir Douglas, "tell me who you are! You have haunted me from that hour to this!—aye, since the time when you gave me the four golden guineas until now that I am Sir Douglas Brand, with half the lands of the county in my hands!"

"You, then, are Sir Douglas Brand," said Charles, dismounting. "I was on my way to wait on you, with a most humble petition."

"No, no!" said the old man, still wandering in his thoughts, "not a petition to me; I cannot hear it."

"Perhaps the young lady," said Charles, "will exert her influence on behalf of my poor father. He is dying, sir,—dying in poverty, and without a friend—except myself; and I am as powerless as he. All he asks is, leave to die at home. Oh! don't turn him out for the few days he may have to live!"

"Your father? Your father? Aye! It was nearly forty years ago. His name?"

"The same as my own," said the young soldier, "Charles Harburn, of Glen Bara."

"We are on our way to Glen Bara," replied Sir Douglas. "We will go with you. This must be done by no hands but mine."

"Father," said Charles, gently opening the

parlour-door, "don't let the news agitate you. Sir Douglas Brand and his daughter are come here to see you."

"He is a tyrant—an oppressor. I won't see him," said the major, raising his head from the sofa where he lay.

"But he repents—he is changed and softened, now," said the baronet himself, going up to the invalid. "We have met before. It is not my fault we have not discovered we were friends."

"May I die in my own house?" inquired the major, scarcely comprehending his visitor's language.

"If wealth can keep you alive—if kindness can prolong your days—you shall not die, my truest friend and earliest benefactor. I have discovered you at last! Don't you remember our prayer together, in the road, near Falder Hill, that heaven would join Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig?"

A light shone in the major's eye—a smile came to his lips. "I remember," he said; "it all comes back to me at once. I was riding black Angus. There was a little boy in misery. I relieved him. And Nancy—you wouldn't believe it, sir,—she went off and married an old piece of mahogany, of the name of Nobbs; and three years ago I saw her in Falder Mains. She was Ailsa Craig. We never came together. So the prayer, you see, was useless."

"Perhaps not," said Sir Douglas, looking towards Charles and Mary; "it seems to me quite possible, Major Harburn, that the union may still take place. But in the meantime we must devote ourselves to the restoration of your health. You shall find Glen Bara as clear from debts as on the day when you took possession. The sum you advanced me was a loan which has prospered greatly. As the first instalment, I will pay over to your son, to-morrow, twenty thousand pounds—and I am ready to mortgage Mary as security for the rest."

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A BULGARIAN POST-HOUSE.

It is in the gray of the dawn that we ride through the gates of Rasgråd, having already travelled a stage before daylight. The mighty clang of many anvils forging instruments of warfare, nevertheless, smites harshly on our ears, and the fierce glow of the furnaces strikes ruddily on our sight; for the trade of the armourer is the busiest in Rasgråd.

Our tired horses go steaming along through the heavy morning dews, and our breath comes in mimic clouds through our damp beards and comforters sprinkled over with watery jewels. The ground is wet and slippery, and we feel sufficiently chilled and hungry as we thread the tortuous filthy streets, and at last come abruptly on the post-house.

It is a little loft of a place, built upon an open wooden foundation, not unlike the guard-houses of the frontier troops near the Danube; or an elevated boat-house, to use a more familiar simile. Nobody is up; but, by means of much knocking and a loud hulla-balloo, in which our Tatar distinguishes himself considerably, we rouse the tenants of the post-house at last; and the lumbering door revolves sulkily on its groaning hinges. A fierce gaunt man, the very personification of slothful worthlessness, now appears, and looks at us with a contemptuous scowl. Brutal ignorance and savage passions are written on every coarse line of his sensual countenance. He has small dangerous eyes, which shun the daylight; a long, straight, fox-like nose, sharpening at the point, such as I have often noticed in cunning thieves; a low, lowering forehead; and an immense thick-lipped mouth. His projecting lower jaw is of immense power. He wears enormous rusty moustachios; but the rest of his beard, now of a week's growth, appears as if it were shaved sometimes. His dress is the common dress of the vulgar Turks, save that he is girded with a thick roll of dirty-white woollen stuff of some kind. For the rest, he is a large, loosely-built, hulking fellow. He stoops in his gait; and has great awkward hands and arms. He is armed to the teeth, not figuratively, but literally; for the hilt of his straight sword projects from his waist, beyond even his bare bull neck; and his drowsy half-awakened air announces that he had just risen from sleep.

Our Tatar dismounted, and bustled up the rotten wooden steps with holes in them, pushing his great bulky body aside to pass the doorway at the top. We followed him without question; and then another hulking fellow got up from the straw-stuffed divan or mattress, which was laid on the floor along two sides of the room, and began to wind some twenty yards of dirty whity-brown serge round his loins. The post-house was a foul den, so full of vermin that we were afraid to sit down and rest ourselves; but the warmth of a large wood fire burning on an ample open hearth, was grateful to us, coming in from the bleak twilight without. A long, dirty hobbledehoy was, however, coiled up and sleeping, almost among the embers, so that we could not get very close; and after lighting fresh cigars, we were glad enough to go out of doors and escape, leaving to our Tatar the general management of our further affairs. We found that the post-house was situated in the centre of a sort of farm-yard, knee-deep in mud and slosh. It was quite a picture of rustic plenty; and unthrift oxen and sheep were wandering about in it whither they pleased. A multitude of fowls, ducks, and geese, kept them company; and the shrill clarion of a cock sounded bravely at intervals to greet the approaching day. A few stolid peasants lounged about, and

a little way off, another was lazily harnessing a yoke of oxen to a primitive waggon, crusted over with the mud of many roads. In the village streets some children began to appear, rubbing their eyes and munching; and one Christian woman looked palely forth from the low doorway of her hut,—a sad picture of patient hopelessness. We had scarcely time to make these observations before our Tatar appeared with a blank face, and announced to us that we could get no horses on. Breakfast also seemed entirely out of the question; and the loutish tenants of the post-house looked on scornfully, enjoying our discomfiture. When we offered them money (about twice as much as usual), they turned insultingly away, and left us talking; but, when our Tatar at last lost patience, and laid his whip about them, and when I shouted in a voice of thunder that I would cause the severest punishment to be inflicted on them if we were detained, one of them lurched sulkily off in search of horses, and the Tatar assured us, with a sly wink, that the other would very soon manage to find us something to eat.

The hobbledehoy also now woke up from his sleep among the ashes, and began to prepare us some coffee. It is a weary conclusion to come to, but really nothing can be done in Turkey without hectoring; and all things but truth may be found with harsh words and a whip. As daylight stole slowly in, we began to look round us and examine the post-hut, to which we had returned, more attentively. Its sole furniture was the straw-stuffed divan, quite alive with vermin, and two little brass coffee-pots. The unglazed windows were barred with little rotten rails of wood. Small rude shutters, which rattled to every breeze, were placed in them. The walls and ceiling were of one uniform smoke colour. You could have traced your name or a fancy portrait of your enemy upon any part of them with the point of a stick.

We did not wait long before one of the truculent-looking men came in, and laid a little round red earthenware dish before us. It was full of eggs, warmed rather than cooked in oil, and seasoned with garlic. He was quite cowed now, and moved silently to get us some salt and black bread to make up the banquet. When we had eaten, he afforded us every assistance to make some decoction of tea in one of the little coffee-pots, and then he brought us pipes from some house in the village. His companion had also mysteriously found us horses; and they both recommended themselves earnestly to us when we rose to go, and held our rusty stirrups as we mounted. Our loud words, indeed, had raised us generally in the estimation of the neighbourhood, and there assembled quite a little crowd of respectful admirers to see us ride upon our way. Misrule and violence can have but one effect,—it makes men either slaves or rebels.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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DEATH'S CYPHERING-BOOK.

AN assembly of manufacturers in the North, met, last month, for the purpose of combining in what they are pleasant enough to call a National Association for resistance to the law, which requires accidents to be prevented by the fencing of their dangerous machinery. It so happened that just before their meeting was held, attention had been called, in this journal, to the subject of preventible accidents in factories, and to the proper determination now shown by the government (Heaven knows it does little enough that is proper), to enforce those clauses of the Factory Act which aim at their prevention.

We could not, indeed, pass over without mention, or mention with admiration, the active resistance offered by a large body of mill-owners to the order for the fencing of shafts, which, being unfenced, destroy and mutilate every year a large number of workmen. At the same time, however, we did by no means bring against mill-owners as a class a sweeping accusation of barbarity, but, on the contrary, gave, what we thought, just prominence to several facts, showing how benevolent and noble it was in their power—and not seldom in their will—to be. Though—not very unreasonably, we hope—adverse to that particular system of fencing with humanity, of which we spoke, and which this National Association of factory occupiers is intended to maintain, we were, and still are, disposed generally to agree with the opinion expressed by one speaker, at the aggregate meeting which produced such an association, that "among the cotton manufacturers of this country there is as much kindness, benevolence, charity, and philanthropy, as amongst any other class of her Majesty's subjects."

But, our agreement in any such opinion can by no means be founded on the evidence produced at the said meeting. It was held, as we said before, very soon after we had called attention to the present state of the dispute over the lives and limbs of operatives; and we are indebted to this chance for getting from those who disagree with us the best specific answer they could give to the case, as set forth by ourselves, chiefly in the shape of a statement offered by the chairman of the meeting, which it was hoped, by a speaker,

"would travel through the length and breadth of the land, and prove an antidote to the trash, the poison, published on Saturday in Household Words." We have procured the antidote, and by no means intend to withhold it from our readers. It was produced as a grievance, at this meeting, that such offences as those which the National Association undertook to justify should be "poeticised in twopenny publications for the benefit of pseudo-philanthropists." The real philanthropists (who we suppose are the men not squeamish about a few spots of spilt brain, or a leg or an arm more or less upon a poor man's body), shall plead in justification all that they have to plead: poeticising for themselves, not only in the Manchester Town Hall, but also more immediately before our pseudo-philanthropic readers.

The chairman of the National Association, and of the aggregate meeting at which it was formed, on the seventeenth of April last, began his introductory address with a brief account of the course taken by the Home Office with respect to the clauses in the Factory Act, relating to the fencing of machinery, and of the "storm" in Manchester, produced by the recent determination that this portion of the Act shall be enforced more thoroughly than heretofore. Thus far the chairman's account tallied exactly with our own; and he went on to say that, as deputations had failed at the Home Office, an aggregate meeting of the trade had been summoned to meet on the tenth of April, had been adjourned for a week, and was the meeting then before him. The chairman next dwelt on the prejudice entertained against mill-owners as a class, which he showed to be manifested by the circulars of the Home Office, by the prosecutions of unfenced machinery, by the almost carrying through the House of Commons of a bill which they opposed—for, as another speaker put it, "in a pretty full house, they were only in a majority of eight," (Pity the sorrows of a persecuted interest!)—and by an article in this journal, on unfenced machinery, part of which he proceeded then to read, out of a morning paper. The statements derived by us, from the reports of the factory inspectors, and the opinions founded on them, he then proceeded to answer. The main point of his answer was, Look not at the

number and seriousness of the accidents in factories, taken alone, but at their per-centage on the whole population of the factory operatives in this country. He began by attributing to "wilful blindness or ingenious perversity," the constant omission to state the number of people among whom factory accidents occurred. He proceeded to state that number, upon the authority of the very people whom—unless he meant ourselves—he was accusing of suppression. "The last report," he believed, "which was made by the factory inspectors, was about four years ago; and at that time there were about six hundred thousand people employed in the inspected factories." Very well. Since that time, every report in which the inspectors number accidents, contains also a careful numbering of the new mills opened, of the old mills enlarged, or become unoccupied, and of the increase of horse-power in every district. There is no concealment, therefore, through wilful blindness or ingenious perversity, of the extent of the factory system, on the part of the gentlemen whose reports suggest to the Home Office and to the public those conclusions against which the chairman was protesting.

As for ourselves, we admit freely that it never did occur to us that it was possible to justify, by arithmetic, a thing unjustifiable by any code of morals, civilised or savage. By land and sea, thousands of our countrymen are killed or maimed every year, in consequence of accidents that are distinctly preventable. Every such accident lies at the door of the man by whose neglect or indifference it is permitted to occur; and every such man ought to be made, by society, to feel, in a substantial way, the seriousness of the responsibility he has incurred. This opinion we have expressed frequently and strongly, and not by any means with exclusive reference to cotton-manufacturers. We have urged it with reference to ships, with reference to house-building, with reference to sewerage, with reference to town churchyards, with reference to sundry trades, with reference to railways, mines, and quarries, as well as with reference to factories; and we have not forgotten that there are some sources of preventable accident to be discussed more fully than heretofore, each in its own convenient season.

It happens that no season can be so convenient as the present for directing the attention of the public to that class of preventable accidents which is attached to labour in the factories; simply because, at this time, means are being used for their prevention, and a powerful interest combines for the purpose of producing deputations, aggregate meetings, and associations, to frustrate the hope of the public that such means will be effectual. Having explained so much, and added our private belief, that if there occurred annually throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland,

among twenty or thirty millions of people, only one accident preventable by law, it would be, nevertheless, the business of the law to prevent it, we will go on to the arithmetical demonstration of the right of bruising, tearing, maiming, battering or crushing, four thousand operatives per annum, which should be vested in an interest employing a total of seven hundred thousand persons. This is, in fact, the Manchester chairman's requirement; we hope we are not totally blind, but, that it is an argument on that gentleman's part, we confess we cannot see. If it be an argument for anything, it is an argument in addition to all that have hitherto urged upon the government a strict upholding of the factory-law. We will not call it inhumanity—it is not that—but it is surely a strange illustration of the power of self-interest and habit, that a gentleman of high character, who well deserves all the respect attaching to his name, could think a point of this kind settled by the calculation, that four thousand accidents, great and small, yield only one to every hundred and seventy-five persons, and that the number of horrible deaths caused yearly being only forty-two—seven hundred thousand, divided by forty-two, gave a product of sixteen thousand and sixty-six, or, in round numbers, one in seventeen thousand.

What if you were to carry out this method of arguing by products? There is a kind of death which the law seeks to prevent, although it is scarcely found to be preventable, and that is, death by wilful murder. Perhaps there may be about forty-two who suffer death in that way, annually, throughout Great Britain; and the population of the whole country is immensely greater than the population of the factory-world contained within it. Perhaps, also, there may occur in the year four thousand burglaries of greater or less moment, or some other number which would go certainly oftener than a hundred and seventy-five times into the whole population. Why, then, let it be asked, are honest men to be taxed for the maintenance of expensive systems of law and police when the per centage of burglary and murder, upon the sum total of men who are neither murderers nor burglars, is represented only by such a ridiculous fraction as may be received at an aggregate meeting like the Manchester chairman's with laughter and applause. He spoke of a third of a man per cent. Burglary and murder put together, do not touch a third of a man per cent. or anything approaching to it. What right then has the home government to concern itself about such trifles as burglary and murder? This is the sort of argument to which we are reduced when the moral element is exchanged for the arithmetical.

Besides, what, may be said, arithmetically considered, is a murder or a robbery? A man, aged thirty, is guilty—if he can be

called guilty — of a murder, which he has spent only five minutes in committing. He has lived about seven million nine hundred thousand minutes, during only five of which he has been committing murder. His guilt is but a fifteen thousand eight hundredth per cent, or, as the Manchester chairman would have put it before his meeting even more triumphantly in decimals,—decimal nought, nought, nought, six upon his innocence. What right has society to hang him? Besides, in those thirty years, if he has been living in towns, and moving much in streets, he must have come within murdering distance, at the lowest computation, of three hundred thousand people whom he has not hurt. His crime, as an individual we have already put into figures, and now it appears that, by as much as one in three hundred thousand is less than forty-two in seven hundred thousand, by so much is such a murderer less justly liable to public interference than an unfenced shaft. All this is absurd, of course; but, in this excessive absurdity lies the whole weakness of the case which was triumphantly hailed by the aggregate meeting at Manchester as an answer to our trash and poison,—namely, the assumption that arithmetic will ever work out questions of moral right and wrong.

The chairman of the Manchester meeting next justified the preventible accidents in factories, by comparing them with the much greater proportionate number of preventible accidents in coal mines. A man living in Piccadilly might in the same way consider himself entitled to pick pockets with impunity, on account of the very small number of pick-pockets among the population living in that thoroughfare, as compared with the population of Field Lane or Saffron Hill. He went on to direct attention to the large amount of preventible misery and death caused by the neglect of government in the Crimea, and considered that "a member of a cabinet which was committing all these mistakes with such fatal results"—one of a "delinquent government"—had no right to bear heavily at home against neglect and delinquencies which were to be expressed by figures incomparably smaller. In other words he was of opinion that, being itself unquestionably answerable for disorganisation and loss of life on a vast scale in the Crimea, the government has no just right to enforce petty authority and a care for your mere single lives in England; that, having destroyed an army abroad, it ought not at home to regard with terror anything so trifling as the smash of a few bodies, and the wrench of a few limbs; that the country, having experienced a great preventible disaster—for which it is indeed taking measures to find out what persons were immediately responsible—is bound to clear the road for every kind of small disaster, and to put up quietly with anything that is not by more than ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent. as

bad as the winter afflictions of our troops in the Crimea!

Most seriously we have to state that we have here faithfully detailed the entire argument of the chairman of the National Association for resistance to the factory law, and yet he was certainly the most argumentative speaker at the late aggregate meeting, and the advocate to whose speech speaker after speaker pointed most frequently as a triumphant reply to the "philanthropic writers and publishers of twopenny publications who wished to add grist to their mill—so that the one wrote and the others published for the prejudices of the people." Even the prejudices of the people, probably, are less astonishing than the prejudices of a very little class contained among them. It was to the prejudices of, we hope, a very small percentage of the people (let us by all means reason by figures) that the chairman appealed when he summed up with his opinion that "in looking at these facts, he must say it was high time to form a National Association of the factory interests of the three kingdoms." The National Association formed accordingly, is now alive, and—may we venture to add—kicking.

Among the addresses of the other speakers we find repetitions of the preceding arguments, and of others to which we have referred on a previous occasion. The great fire of Manchester, which was to be caused by fenced machinery, was not indeed threatened on this occasion; but, disobedience of orders on the part of the men (by no means disobedience of law on the part of the masters) was of course duly put forward as the ordinary cause of accident. There was a good man known to a good poet who had much to do with sufferers, "and quite forgot their vices in their woe." There are reasoners who can discuss the widows and orphans of mangled operatives, the disabling for life of hundreds of men, and the wounds of others, quite forgetful of their woe, over a setting forth—not of their vices—but of their trivial faults of carelessness; the playfulness of children, who fling thoughtlessly about, and are admonished by the tearing off of arms and legs, the thoughtlessness of a whitewasher who forgets to tuck his coat tails carefully up, and as a just consequence is caught by the said tails, dragged by a shaft, and has his brains dashed out against a beam. The poet said of his good man that "to relieve the wretched was his pride, and ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side." The Manchester reasoner prides himself, in this case, on resistance to attempts for the relief of wretchedness, which resistance springs out of a failing of his that leans not to the side of virtue as in the three and a half per cents. "From the return of the coroners in the factory districts," the reasoner says, "it appeared that out of eight hundred and fifty-eight accidents occasioning loss of life, only twenty-nine, or

three and a half per cent had been occasioned by factory machinery." Three and a half per cent! The argument is of a substantial character.

There is a kind of fencing for the prevention of accident with which inhabitants of towns are all very familiar—the fencing of areas with iron railing. Let us suppose that this were not now an established system, but an innovation proposed by some pseudo-philanthropists. Is it not manifest that the house-owning interest would have as good a case of grievance to make out, as that which is put forward by the factory owners who are asked to fence their dangerous machinery? Areas being unfenced—in London, let us say—all people who are prudent would avoid walking too close to the edge of them: the danger would be patent, the means of avoidance obvious; it would be a man's own fault if he allowed himself to tumble into an area. Nevertheless, accidents would occur; probably in something less than the per centage usual in factories. We will suppose that the per centage of accidents would be nearly the same; that would give ten or twelve thousand great and small disasters annually, from contusions up to broken heads and ribs and limbs, with a hundred or a hundred and twenty persons killed. The pseudo-philanthropist would of course cry to a prejudiced public, Here is a great yearly waste of life and limb, preventable by the most simple expedient of binding every house-owner by law to put a fence about his area! House-owners might then get up deputations, form aggregate meetings, and hold forth upon the platform, generally to this effect: That the proposed law would put them to a great expense without just cause; that the deaths by tumbling into areas, went into the whole population so as to give a product representing only one in about seventeen thousand; that the persons in London suffering from accident of any kind through unopened areas, amounted only to one in one hundred and seventy-five; that the accidents commonly took place in spite of warning and through obvious imprudence; that children foolishly played on the edge of deep areas, knowing that they had no right to be there; and that in spite of all warning, the said children would tumble in. By what principle of justice, then, should the owner of the area be made responsible for, and put to expenses by, their disobedience and folly? That a great many more deaths had been caused by mismanagement in the Crimea, and that there were more accidents in coal-mines than in London areas; that the government had therefore no right to protect life at home; and that the London house-owners were a persecuted interest. Besides, it could be urged, that if the fencing were established it would lead to dangers of the most alarming kind. It would not of course put a stop to accidents, because children would fix their

heads between the railings and impale themselves in endeavouring to climb over the spikes, which would at the same time offer serious obstacle to escape from the house in case of fire. But, what is infinitely worse, they would unquestionably lead to a great English revolution, which would be a conflagration far more to be dreaded than the fire of Manchester, producible by fencing horizontal-shafts. For, let any one only consider what might be the consequence of lining the streets of our large towns with heavy weapons—pointed iron spikes—of the most formidable character. Little more than six years have elapsed since special constables were sworn, and revolutionists were feared, in London. Everyone knows, too, how high the excitement often rises at a general election. Let the time come, when in case of any such turmoil the disputants, not left to their mere fists and sticks, are tempted by the sight of stands of arms lining the streets, and what will be the consequence? The iron railings will be torn up and distributed among the populace; torrents of blood will flow: the military will be necessarily summoned; and the most furious combats will begin. Barricades will be thrown up, and the passions of the populace, stimulated to the utmost, will finally hurl the British empire over the brink of an abyss. Surely it is a lesser evil that a little boy should tumble down an area! Which sentiment the aggregate meeting of house-owners would receive with cheers and laughter; and it would then wisely resolve itself into a national association of house-owners for the maintenance of open areas.

We turn from the wisdom of the platform to the wisdom of the press, which renders homage to the platform. A Manchester newspaper has "practical evidence demonstrating that secure fencing might vary the character of the accidents occurring, and nothing more. Of the two thousand accidents in the last factory inspectors' report, we find that exactly thirty-nine proved fatal; but of these no less than eighteen, or nearly one-half, are described by the inspectors as *accidents not arising from machinery*. The fatal accidents from machinery were as one in two hundred of the whole number; while the fatal accidents *not arising from machinery* were as many as one in every five."

The reports of the factory inspectors are half-yearly. They separate, in every case, the accidents arising from machinery from the accidents which arise in other ways: placing them in distinct tables. From our comment and calculation we, as a matter of course, in the article to which this newspaper refers, excluded wholly those accidents not arising from machinery, which are triumphantly produced as an answer to our case. Many of them being preventable, some of them might have gone by way of addition to a sum of wretchedness already great enough; but, we

neither said nor hinted anything to that effect, and took no more note of the accidents in factories with which machinery had nothing to do, than of the yellow fevers in Jamaica or of deaths by apoplexy anywhere. If the newspaper to which we refer had obliged us with the statistics of yellow fever as an answer to our case, they would have been as relevant as the above-quoted paragraph.

The writer then asks, whether we should like to be held responsible for the death of persons mangled by our printing machines, and wishes to know why printers are not called upon to fence their presses. Simply, because nobody is aware of any accidents that could in that way be prevented. If skulls were smashed and limbs torn off in printing offices by machines which could be rendered harmless, we should, we trust, if we were printers, not think it a hardship to perform our duty by preventing what we could prevent, or quarrel with a law that ordered us to do so. Having propounded this most sapient appeal direct, the Manchester newspaper reverts to its pet idea of the accidents that have nothing at all to do with the question, as forming staple for an argument as weighty, probably, as any other. While Household Words, it says, is thus hounding on the government to inflict upon the manufacturers penalties from which other trades are entirely free, we subjoin a sample of the kind of accident which helps largely to make up the factory inspectors' formidable table. It is supplied by a correspondent of a Bradford paper:

I have just been told by a millowner of three accidents, which no doubt form part of the half-yearly two thousand which are regularly reported. During the dinner hour the lads had made a see-saw on an empty oil cask in the mill-yard; one of the lads was thrown off and hurt his head. Another day a number of donkeys which brought combers work were in the same yard. The lads teased the donkeys, and one got a severe kick from one of them. On another occasion some lads were climbing up the crane-rope, when one fell and was hurt. These occurred all in one mill yard, in this town, and are served up by Dickens as part of the horrible mutilations of the factory occupiers.

The total number of accidents of this kind, not arising from machinery, mentioned in the last half-yearly report of the inspectors, is eighty-seven, among which eighteen ended in death, and twenty-two or more in broken bones. The whole number of accidents reported as having arisen from machinery during the same half-year—and of those only we have spoken—was one thousand nine hundred and seventy-one. The Bradford paper knows very well that we have not served up the nonsense of its correspondent to the public, and regarded donkey's kicks as dreadful mutilations. We have reason to know better. Fresh from the reading of such a paragraph as that just

cited, we are privileged to say that we can place ourselves in the position of the lads who, under the shadow of a factory, teased donkeys, and got a severe kick from one of them. The effect of it is, by no means, horrible mutilation.

MOTHER AND STEP-MOTHER.

IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

"WELL, after all, I suppose it is not very much to be wondered at! Your disconsolate widowers are always the first to take comfort. Poor dear Ann! not dead two years till September, and Edward married again. The doctors ought to be ashamed of themselves, putting it into one's head that he was going into a decline. I am sure I couldn't rest day or night for thinking of him."

"I congratulate you on the relief this news must be to you, Fanny. Thomson says your brother is looking better than he ever did in his life; and he tells me his wife is a decided beauty."

"I cannot help thinking that he might have given us warning of his intentions earlier. It looks so awkward to know nothing of one's own brother's affairs. I talked so much about his grief that I shall get finely laughed at when he comes home with a young wife."

"You must endure with your usual patience, Fanny. I do not think he has used us particularly well; but it seems she was furious for him, and when a beauty of eighteen falls violently in love with a man of six-and-thirty, it must be allowed that it is sufficient to turn his head."

"O! you men always attach so much importance to youth. For my part, I should have thought Edward would have had too much sense to be caught by a miss in her teens; besides what can such a girl know about the management of children?"

"I suppose she cannot know very much at present; but that comes by instinct. I do not think she is likely to make the worse stepmother because she is young; and Frank is such a pretty child that the danger will be of her spoiling him."

"O, it will be well enough till she has children of her own. Poor little Frank's good looks will not do him much service then; and you may take my word for it, Wilton, that it was a bad day for the poor child when his father first saw this Helen Macdonald."

Sir Edward Irwin, the subject of the foregoing tête-à-tête, was a baronet descended from a respectable family, and possessed of very considerable estates in the North of England. He had married, early in life, a lady of a sweet and amiable temper, and, eschewing fashionable gaieties, had found his happiness in domestic enjoyment, and in literary and scientific pursuits. The premature death of his wife startled him from the even tenor

of his life. It was the first sorrow that had befallen him, and he was overwhelmed by it. His wife had been so constantly his companion; she had met all his requirements with a sympathy so ready and so intelligent; that he felt as though the dearer half of his soul were taken away, and as if it were impossible for the other half to linger behind. The caresses and necessities of his son, a child of some three years old, were powerless to rouse him. He was unhappy in having nothing to force him from his sorrow. His ample means, his obsequious retainers, his anxious friends—all ministered to it. Toil, the hard but sweet necessity of the sorrowing multitude, brought no aid to him: he nursed his woe and fed it, till his bodily strength gave way. Friends interfered; doctors were consulted; his affection for his child was appealed to; and he submitted passively to be sent to Italy, that change of scene and change of climate might be tried. He went without hope—without desire of recovery. Italy or England—what mattered it to him? The world was one graveyard, with one barren mound of earth, by which his heart sat and wept. So he said, and so he thought.

He took his child with him; for, though in his saddened mood the sight of the pretty boy only served to whet his sorrow, he clung to him as all that remained of her he had lost; and watched over him with a nervous solicitude grievous to behold. The contrast between the healthy child and the sorrow-stricken father could hardly fail to strike the most careless observer; it very quickly awakened the attention of Mrs. and Miss Macdonald, who happened to occupy an adjoining palazzo in Florence, whither Sir Edward had betaken himself by the direction of his physicians. The simple story of his bereavement roused the interest of both ladies—an interest which, in the younger, quickly assumed the character of passion.

Young, beautiful, and undisciplined, Helen Macdonald revelled in wild notions of an all-consuming and imperious love. Her ardent temperament had been exaggerated by the loose morality of the unprincipled South, and she easily accepted the handsome stranger as the incarnation of an ideal, which already at eighteen she had despaired of meeting. Sir Edward's sunken eye and wan cheeks, his tall, worn person, and his rare and sorrowful smile, moved her, as the perfection of health and manly vigour might have failed to move her. What was not the love worth which could set such a mark on the bereaved one? She sympathised with, she admired his sorrow; and to soften it, to pour balm into the wound which he loved to keep open, became the ambition—the object of her life.

Occasion is rarely wanting to those who heartily seek it. In the present instance the child naturally opened the way to the father. The little boy's heart was easily won by the

smiles and caresses of the beautiful stranger, who spoke to him in the language of his mother, and folded him in her arms almost as tenderly. The name of Helen Macdonald was constantly on his lips, until it became familiar and grateful to his father's ears. Courtesy required that Sir Edward should rouse himself to show some sense of the kindness lavished on his child. The first step taken, the rest followed naturally. Secure in his grief, Sir Edward submitted to the attentions of his neighbour. Her profound admiration, her sympathy unuttered, but spoken in every look, in every gesture, were a flattery which he accepted without suspicion. The meeting with her became the event of the day, until the sweet pale image of his lost love passed from his mind like breath from the face of a mirror, and the living passionate Helen reigned supreme. One bitter struggle he endured—one sickening attempt to return to his past state of feeling; but the flesh overcame the spirit, and with a sigh, half of sorrow at his instability, half of relief, he yielded himself to the intoxicating rapture of his new passion.

Helen was so very beautiful; so tender, yet withal so jealous, so imperious, that she kindled for a time his more placid temper into a semblance of her own. She was his tyrant and his slave; but in all her moods, so full of witchery, that she left him no time for backward thought, but filled him heart and soul with her own image.

No obstacles stood in the way of their union except such imaginary difficulties as the restless fancy of Helen created. Her mother, who in many respects resembled her daughter, was still in the meridian of her beauty, and was not ill-pleased to be relieved of a child whom she could not govern, and who had become a rival, and to have her creditably established as the wife of one of the oldest baronets in England. Sir Edward, on his side, had no near relations but his sister, and he had been so little in the habit of consulting her, that it was only on the eve of his marriage that he wrote to her. And the same letter which announced to her his complete recovery and approaching marriage, informed her of his intention of bringing his wife immediately to England.

CHAPTER II.

IN spite of the dissatisfaction which Mrs. Wilton Brook had expressed at her brother's marriage, she was by no means deficient in anxiety to see her new sister-in-law, and she appreciated her brother's position too highly not to be anxious to ingratiate herself with a wife who she felt would exercise a strong influence over him. She accordingly dressed her pretty person in the most approved fashion, and prepared her lips for smiles and compliments, as she drove to visit the bride at Mivart's Hotel.

If her prejudice had been stronger than it

was, it must have yielded to the grace and beauty of the stranger. Mrs. Brook, too, could not but be struck by the improvement in her brother's appearance, and she was grateful to her who had effected it; for, though a worldly woman, she was not deficient in natural affection. Sir Edward was her only brother, the head of her family, and she almost forgot poor Ann when she gazed on his renovated form, and saw the tender pride with which he watched the movements and listened to the words of his young wife.

The appearance of the child awoke the train of old recollections in the mind of his aunt, and when she had admired his growth and caressed his fair long hair, she could not refrain from whispering to his father:

"How like poor Ann!"

Lady Irwin caught the whisper; her lip quivered, and the colour deepened in her cheek; she drew the child closer within the circle of her arm, and said softly—"I think him so like Edward."

"So he is," returned Mrs. Brook. "He is like Edward about the nose and mouth; but he has his mother's eyes."

It did not please Lady Irwin that the child's eyes were so large and tender.

"They are very beautiful," she said, with an anxious, half fearful look at her husband; but there was no sorrowful recollection in his countenance—nothing but present love and happiness.

"You can form no idea, Fanny, of what a mother Frank has in this dear little sister I have brought you. I cannot understand it, such a child as she is. Well might the poet say

*φιλῶντων πᾶς πᾶν γυναικῶν γένος.**

"What! you haven't cured him yet of his abominable habit of quoting what nobody can understand, Helen?"

"O no! I don't wish to do it, either. You will laugh at us, I dare say, when I tell you that he is to give me regular lessons when we get home. I know a little Latin already, but not enough to be of any use. We have arranged our occupations for the winter. Edward's wife ought not to be a smatterer, you know."

"But I hope you are not going to let him bury you and himself down at Swallowfield. It was bad enough before, but to hide you in the country would be a crying scandal indeed."

"O, we have not the smallest intention of doing anything of the kind—have we, Edward! Do not alarm yourself, dear Mrs. Brook, I am quite as fond of society as you can desire."

"Well, that's some comfort. I only hope and trust that you do not intend to lay yourself out for a literary lady; that will do

some twenty years hence; at present it would be a positive sacrifice. I am not sorry that you are only passing through town now; it would not have done to take off the gloss of your debut by appearing at the end of the season."

"O no! that would be an improvidence indeed," returned Helen, laughing. "I haven't tired Edward out yet, and we intend to live demurely and properly this winter, that I may come out span new with country cheeks next spring. We are going home to-morrow. It sounds so strange to talk of going home to a place one has never seen, but I almost seem to know it, I have made Edward tell me so much about it, from the lime avenue by the river side to the old oak cabinet in his study. I shall soon know the ways of the house, and then I hope you will come and see us."

"That's a very civil speech of yours, my dear," said Mrs. Brook, in high good humour; "and you may trust to my discretion not to break in upon you too soon. But what do you say to leaving me the boy for the present? I will take great care of him, and my girls will be nice playmates for him."

This invitation was declined with thanks, but with a haste which showed that neither Sir Edward nor his wife were inclined to forego the pleasure each derived from the presence of the child. Perhaps Mrs. Brook had given the invitation to test the real state of her sister-in-law's feelings towards her little nephew; certainly she did not seem displeased that it was not accepted, and took her leave, enraptured with the bride, and perfectly reconciled to her brother.

CHAPTER III.

A FEW weeks saw Sir Edward Irwin and his lady established for the winter in their handsome country mansion. When the pleasant task of showing his estates to his wife was over, and the excitement of returning in joy to the home which he had left in sorrow and weakness, had subsided, Sir Edward resumed his old, but long interrupted pursuits; and his wife, true to her intention, entered on a course of study which should enable her to share them. Nor did her energies flag after a few weeks of strenuous exertion; her mind, vigorous and enquiring, demanded a pursuit which called its powers into action, and her proud spirit rose with the difficulties which presented themselves. Her husband smiled at her eagerness, and was delighted at her intelligence; so that the hours he spent in assisting her in the severe studies she undertook, were the pleasantest of his day.

And Lady Irwin was happy. Her husband had no thought beyond her, the boy thrived and loved her; but yet her happiness was not perfect. Mere passion never brings happiness; it is of the earth, earthy, and bears the elements of corruption in itself. The love

* The love of children is a woman's instinct.

that does not come from Heaven, that does not look to Heaven for its perfection, cannot raise, cannot purify the heart—it is a restless wind that stirs the troubled soul, and will not let it be at peace—it is unquiet and ingenious as self-torture. So it was with Helen Irwin; between her and her happiness came a shadow, the phantom of one who had ceased to be.

The picture of the first Lady Irwin hung in the drawing-room, and she would sit and gaze at it until the canvas seemed to glow, and the sweet thoughtful face to live, smiling down upon her in secure triumph. She tortured herself by imagining the tenderness with which those large gray eyes had hung upon her husband, the loving words which those lips had uttered. If at any time his eyes dwelt on the picture, or if he involuntarily compared the features of his son with it, she could hardly control her impatience; and she would break from the boy in the midst of his caresses, if the resemblance he bore to his mother happened to strike her.

So time passed till a little girl was born to her, and the disquiet of her soul was hushed for awhile; the infant stole the trouble from its mother's heart, and wakened in her bosom strange yearnings for something better and purer than she had yet known. The great mystery of that new life, made so dear by suffering, and still so dependent on her, stirred her to meditation on the great mystery of our being—the weakness incidental to her condition, while it humbled her pride, softened her heart to receive with meekness the only doctrine that can explain it. But in a few months the frail infant sickened and died. No tear wetted the mother's cheek, she endured in silence the affliction to which she would not submit, impiously arraiguing the Hand that sent it, and the vague conception of religious truth which she had begun to entertain vanished, and darkness closed in upon her soul.

She had her child buried in a quiet corner of the churchyard, away from the vault where Lady Irwin lay, and thither she would wander at lonely hours, and sit on the little mound with dry eyes and an angry heart. The harebells that grew spontaneously about it she plucked and bore away, but she hung no garlands on the stone and planted no flowers over the place of her infant's rest.

Her studies, which she had rather neglected during the little one's life, she now resumed with increased ardour, seeking distraction for her aching heart in mental exercise. Her husband, aware that all was not as it should be, though far from apprehending the true nature of the grief of which she never spoke, willingly lent her his aid, hoping that the pursuits which yielded him such satisfaction would act with medicinal virtue upon her. Her mind thus acquired strength but her

heart did not keep pace with its progress; the circle of her affections narrowed, no interchange of friendly sympathies with her equals drew her from herself, no tender acts of personal charity to the poor about her softened her sorrow. She became cold and stately, and proud of her secret grief unprofaned by common pity and unlike that of any other.

A young woman in the village, who had been married shortly after Lady Irwin's arrival at Swallowfield, lost her baby soon after the death of Helen's daughter. She was a simple creature, and the affliction lay sore upon her, for her husband was often rough, sometimes unkind to her, and, being from a distant part of the country, she had few friends in the village. Many a summer evening did she spend in the churchyard, and many a tasteful garland of wild flowers did she weave to dress her baby's grave. More than once Lady Irwin passed her in the gloaming, but her heart never softened with a feeling of kindred sorrow; she rather despised the grief which could find relief in such childish demonstrations, and the poor woman—with the one thing that loved her laid in the dust, with clothes barely sufficient to cover her, and a cold hearth at home—was richer and happier than the beautiful lady whose costly robes brushed her as she passed, for, in the depth of her desolation, she could look to One, who had promised to bear her sorrow, in the light of whose presence she might hope to be reunited to her darling.

The world, as it is called, occupied a due share of Lady Irwin's time and attention: her tastes inclined her to magnificence, her beauty and her talents to display, while her husband's fortune justified her in assuming a leading position in society. No parties were more brilliant, no dinners better appointed than hers. Science, literature, and art were duly honoured at her house, her husband was an accomplished conversationalist, and she herself possessed the rarer virtue of being an excellent listener. Thus her house was the resort of men of the highest intellectual attainments in town, and when at Swallowfield she was rarely without visitors whose names were known and honoured.

But though Lady Irwin had many admirers she had no friends; she asked no sympathy, and had none to give—none, at least, for the sorrows and joys of daily life—she was self-contained. In a man such a character is hard and sad—how much harder, how much sadder, in a woman, whose vocation it is to temper the stern realities of life, who, to be strong, must have some touch of weakness, who, if by too easy credulity, she opened the way to sin and death, should also point the road to life by faith perfected in the sense of her infirmity.

Aware of the violence of her passions, and falsely believing that unsubdued vigour of

natural instinct was a proof of greatness of character, there was nothing of which Lady Irwin stood in such dread as the compassion of people of a tamer temperament. She, therefore, learnt, not indeed to govern her feelings, but to repress all outward manifestation of them, and to hide the tumult of her bosom under a cold and stately bearing. She became silent and inclined to solitude, or to the dangerous intimacy of Agnese, a waiting-woman who had followed her from Italy, and to whom more than to any other creature she was in the habit of unveiling her emotions.

It seems to be an imperative law of our nature that the heart should unburthen itself to some one. When he whom we trust is indeed a friend, faithful in counsel and strong in comfort, obedience to this law is the sweetest solace of our earthly pilgrimage, but when we hide the ugly portions of our character from those who love us, and expose them only to those of whose judgment we stand in no awe, who, our inferiors in intellect and station, pander to our passions and foster our evil tendencies, there is no perverted blessing which may be turned to more deadly account.

Agnese Pistorella was the natural daughter of a Venetian nobleman, who had been assassinated by her mother in a fit of jealous despair. Having accomplished her crime, the murderess was overwhelmed with remorse, and, far from attempting to make her escape, herself sent to summon the officers of justice, and lay with her loosened hair falling like a pall over her victim till they arrived. Her youth, her beauty, and the violence of her passions, drew much attention to her case, but she was executed—submitting to her fate with the constancy of one who knew it to be the natural consequence of her deed, the compensation due to the Manes of her lover. The child she left was completely abandoned by its father's friends, and became dependent on its maternal grandmother—a woman of infamous character. Taking advantage of the interest excited by her daughter, this woman made a loathsome traffic by exhibiting her child; but curiosity soon died away—the sooner, as the grandmother thought, that the girl inherited the swarthy countenance and beetling brows of her father. Nursed early and often with the terrible story of her parents, and tutored to assume a look of melancholy, Agnese gradually acquired that low cunning with which Nature arms the oppressed, passing from infancy to womanhood subject to the caprices of the abandoned old woman who, even in her dotage meditated crime.

A deep-lying love for her mother was the poetry of Agnese's life; whatever was sweet or soft in her memories gathered round the image of the beautiful, sumptuously-apparelled woman dwelling in luxurious chambers, who had fondled and caressed her; of those sunny, far-off times she had a vague recollection, but

well did she remember the last time her mother's arms were folded about her—well did she remember the bare dungeon walls, the darkness, the bloodshot eyes, the pale, haggard cheeks, and the long, lingering kiss of the white tremulous lips.

On her grandmother's death she was forced to seek the means of living, and accident placed her in the family of Mrs. Macdonald, where she filled one of the lowest grades in the household. Here her haughty silence, while it made her unpopular among the servants, but excited the interest of Helen, who, in the loneliness of spirit engendered by the absence of confidence between herself and her mother, readily turned her thoughts to the outcast, and made it her earnest request that the girl might be given to her as her special attendant—a request which her mother, ever careless of her true interests, and blameably lax where her discipline should have been the strictest, never thought of denying her. The kindness thus unexpectedly shown to her, Agnese repaid with blind devotion. To Helen, in the dark twilight of a winter night, she told the story of her parents, lingering with fond minuteness over all the details with which her memory was stored. It was a story Helen well loved to hear; she never pointed out the heinous sin, and how the last evil was the fruit of the first,—neither for herself nor for the poor orphan did she read this lesson.

Through Helen's courtship, Agnese had watched, with jealous care, for the smallest sign of faithlessness in Sir Edward, resolved, if need were, to prove her devotion to her mistress by sacrificing herself to avenge her; but the need did not arise. He had loved before—dearly loved, it was said; but she and Helen were both persuaded that true passion was now, for the first time, awakened in his bosom. When they were married, and Sir Edward gradually relapsed into his old habits, the ascendancy which his wife exercised over him left no room for jealousy, however much she might fret at the evenness and placidity of his temper.

How mutually injurious these two women were, may easily be conjectured. Neither acted as corrective to the other; but each strengthened and confirmed the other's evil tendencies.

CHAPTER IV.

LITTLE Frank Irwin would have been sadly starved for affection and sympathy, if he had been entirely dependent for both on his step-mother; for, though at times she oppressed him with her caresses, and indulged him even beyond what was wholesome for him, she grew so capricious in her treatment of him, after the death of her infant, that his naturally sweet and trustful temper must have been injured. But when they were in the country, which was generally for nine months

in the year, Frank found a playfellow and friend in the little daughter of the clergyman, a blue-eyed child, something less than a year his junior.

The rectory was not a quarter of a mile from the gates of Sir Edward's park; and Mr. Birkby, the rector, was a distant relative of the Irwins; so the intimacy of the children was quite natural; and whenever his mamma was busy—whenever Agnese was cross—whenever, in short, anything happened to disquiet him at home—away ran little Frank, to forget his trouble in the company of Kitty Birkby; and many a sunny afternoon did they sit together, under the large apple-tree, in the orchard, or in the shadow of the old cedar, making daisy garlands, and mingling their hearts in innocent prattle.

Frank was a great hero to Kitty. Frank went to London and to all kinds of places with long names, which he knew quite well, and could repeat as easily as she could repeat the names of the field and hedge flowers. Frank went to the theatres, where he saw all sorts of wonderful things, which he described to her with indefatigable patience. There was not a marvellous feat of harlequin that she was not familiar with; and she even dreamt of the fairy—in pink, with silver wings—who always came down in a chariot, drawn by peacocks, just in time to save the prince and princess from the deep-laid plots of the cruel ogre with green hair, a bulbous nose, and a cavernous mouth, who had announced it to be his intention to dine off the prince, and promote the little trembling princess to the honour of Mrs. Ogress. O, with what eloquence did he describe, to the round-eyed, eager auditress, the final scene of the drama, when the fairy, having made the prince and princess happy, and consigned their wicked aunts and uncles to well-merited punishment, ascended out of mortal ken, seated on a many-coloured cloud, which seemed heavily charged with electricity,—a mode of travelling highly unpleasant to any one but a fairy, but which, of course, afforded her unalloyed delight, as she took care to communicate to the prince and princess that they must expect nothing further from her: it being her intention to retire into private life, among the stars, where she (very rationally, as the world goes), did not wish to be disturbed.

By the time he had related the story six or seven times to Kitty, Frank became so enamoured of it, that he conceived the bold idea of acting it; he was to be the prince, Kitty the princess, and Sara, her nurse, a particularly solid young woman, the fairy; the other dramatic persons might be imagined.

Kitty took very kindly to being the princess; she stuck a flower in her hair; sat herself down on a bank, and pretended it was a throne; but when Frank tried to induce her to personate the agony of the princess when

her lover was torn away from her by the savage ogre, here represented by a crabbed old tree, he was almost discomfited. Very much urged, Kitty rushed fiercely up to the tree, and beating its knotty stem with her chubby hands, cried, "Naughty ogre, take away my prince!" It was in vain that Frank explained the truculent nature of the ogre, and the timid character of the princess. This, however, was nothing in comparison to the trouble he had with Sara, who was always deeply engaged in reading a dilapidated copy of the Old English Baron, in devouring sour apples, or darning stockings, when she was required to make her graceful descent upon earth.

But there were other things which Frank delighted to impart to Kitty: the grand mystery of hic, hæc, hoc, in which he was, at an early age indoctrinated; yet Kitty was no prodigy, at five years old she hardly knew her letters; and if any one had told her that the earth was like an orange, flattened at the poles, she would have opened her blue eyes in most profound astonishment. Like Frank, she had lost her mother in her infancy, and was in great measure dependent on a maiden sister of her father, who resided with him, and who loved her dearly. But Miss Selina Birkby was now in the winter of her days, and having spent the prime of her life in the dreary state called, in derision, single blessedness, she knew no more of the rearing and training of children than a day-labourer, accustomed to no sort of horticulture but the sowing of turnips, might be supposed to know of the rearing of delicate exotics.

Kitty, nevertheless, had a most charming little countenance, which changed from smiles to tears with the rapidity of an April day. She was a great favourite with Sir Edward Irwin, who liked to take her on his knee, and to play with her soft curls; but she never pleased Lady Irwin—perhaps because the sight of her awakened the memories of her own lost little girl—perhaps from the increasing jealousy of her disposition, which nothing seemed too small, nothing too innocent, to excite. She wondered what Sir Edward and Frank could see to interest them in a little creature neither remarkable for beauty, nor distinguished for intelligence; and Kitty, for her part, had an instinctive dread of Lady Irwin; she was almost completely silent in her presence, and approached her only with effort and unwillingness.

But if her instinct led her to avoid Lady Irwin, it operated yet more strongly in the case of Agnese. The child absolutely trembled if Agnese touched her; and once, when she insisted on kissing her, she was almost convulsed with terror. Agnese, as may be imagined, was not slow to repay dislike with dislike. She chose to believe, that, being the child of an ecclesiastic, Kitty was peculiarly under the ban of Heaven; for, though destitute of anything like true religion, she clung

with pertinacity to the superstitions which she had been taught in childhood, and especially delighted to believe that the marriage of a priest was a sacrilegious thing, and that, therefore, little Kitty was nothing but a foredoomed child of Satan.

CHAPTER V.

FRANK was just nine years old, and in the middle of the veritable history of Pyramus and Thisbe, which he read with Mr. Birkby and duly performed with Kitty, when Lady Irwin again became a mother, the mother of a son of singular promise and beauty. Her heart swelled with joyful pride, but it seemed as if happiness for her was never to be without alloy. A conversation which she overheard between the nurse and Agnese completely damped her pleasure, and awakened discontented thoughts in her bosom.

They were speaking of the child, admiring his beauty, and commenting on the joy of his parents.

"Ah!" cried the old nurse, "Sir Edward's well pleased enough now; but, Lord love ye, if you'd seen the fuss there was when Master Frank was born—he worn't nothing to compare to this here lamb, but then he was the heir—Lord, the ringing of bells and the driving up of carriages! I made nigh twenty pound at the christening—and all the village was invited to dine; there was an ox roasted whole—and, as to the ale, it was quite a sin to see it flowing about everywhere like water."

Nothing could exceed the tenderness of Sir Edward; he could not have shown more joy at the birth of his eldest son; the inquiries were numerous, the christening splendid; but the old nurse's words rankled in Lady Irwin's heart. She still loved Frank, but she could not at all times bear to see him caress his half-brother, though, if he showed the least indifference, she tortured herself by thinking how much the child's fate depended on his affection. As soon as the baby began to take notice, he showed a very decided affection for Frank; there was only one person whom he preferred, and that person was Kitty Birkby.

With all her passionate affection, Lady Irwin wanted the art to accommodate herself to the weaknesses of a little child; she could not talk the fond nonsense which the ordinary mother makes the vehicle of her tenderness, and by which she wakes the dimples in her infant's cheek. Kitty, on the other hand, was distinguished by an extraordinary power of sympathy; she seemed to know intuitively what was wanted of her, and with happy and unconscious grace to meet the requirement. She loved all children, so it was very natural that she should feel especial delight in the beautiful child who crowded and clapped his little hands at her appearance.

In spite of her dissatisfaction that her son was not his father's heir, Lady Irwin was made much happier by his birth: the boy was all her own—he had her fitful eyes, her square brow, the shape of his mouth was like hers, with a shadow of his father's smile; and before long it became evident that he inherited her temper. He was wilful and impatient, he never let his mother fret herself for want of excitement; it was never possible to tell in what mood the young autocrat might choose to show himself; he was like a mountain-girdled lake, now laughing to the summer sun, now lashing its crested billows into fury. Kitty Birkby was the only person whose influence with him never failed: his mother might waste her strength in the attempt to storm him down; she never gained her point; he would scream till she was terrified for his health, but he would not yield; yet Kitty, without violence, by some subtle charm in her touch or in her voice, brought back the smiles in five minutes, and won him to obedience.

For two years longer Frank Irwin pursued his studies at home, under the direction of Mr. Birkby; he was then sent to Rugby, at that time under the wise government of Dr. Arnold. His departure caused Kitty great sorrow, but it made little interruption in her visits to the hall; for Edward, as the boy was named from his father, was growing fast, and became daily more imperious in his demands upon her time. It was not in the nature of things, that Lady Irwin should not feel some touch of tenderness to the sweet child to whom she owed so much; perhaps she regretted that she could not love her, and strove by the lavish profusion of her gifts to atone for the want of real affection. In one respect only did the little girl and the woman sympathise. Lady Irwin possessed a musical genius of a high order; her knowledge of the art was profound, and the harp or piano under her hand produced thrilling or stirring harmonies, the transcript of her state of feeling; she was a poet of sound, and the pulsations of her passionate temperament thus found immediate and ample expression.

Now, Kitty Birkby early evinced great taste for music; her voice was peculiarly clear and sweet; she owed much to the careful instruction of Lady Irwin, who was pleased to have a pupil so docile and so apt in her favourite science. In other respects, Kitty's education was not systematised; her aunt taught her needlework and what she knew of French; while her father instructed her in arithmetic, and formed her taste in literature. His eyes failing him he was often glad to use her younger sight, and thus she learned to read with expression and without fatigue, while she imbibed a fund of general knowledge, which lay in her mind like seed destined to bring forth a rich harvest in future years. And thus her childhood passed

in ever-recurring works of tenderness and love. She was so gentle and so modest that it was only by her absence that her friends knew how much they needed her.

BOOTS AND CORNS.

"Boots!" There is something, to my thinking, particularly imposing in that simple monosyllable. It conveys, to my mind, an idea of solidity, strength, swiftness, power of endurance, personal capability: it images all the energetic and active properties of our nature. There may be other integuments, equally indicative of manhood, but there are none of which a male wearer is so proud as of his boots. To induce the femoral garment, on one's first entry into life, is something; but to be booted is to have life itself at the point of the toe—a football to be kicked whithersoever it may please the fantasy of the kicker. The man walks not on two legs who has forgotten the joy and pride with which he put on his first pair of boots, particularly if he be old enough to remember the palmy days of Hessians and Tops, when the natural terminus of humanity was a shining, well-shaped boot; even in the more than half-concealed Wellington there was a consciousness of stability and grace which nothing else that was wearable could impart. Hats and gloves are temporary adornments; other articles of clothing depend, more or less, on the skill of the tailor, but boots depend upon themselves: self-reliant, they stand alone.

What a wretched, slipshod creature a human being is without boots! In that forlorn condition he can undertake nothing; all enterprise is impossible; he is without motion; a thing fit only to have his toes trodden on. But, if the thought flashes through his brain that he must be up and doing, what are the first words that rush to his lips? "My boots!" Nothing else could express the fixedness of his new-born purpose. Suppose he called for his horse or his arms, what sort of figure, having them only, would he cut without his boots? He could not ride a furlong, or hold his ground against his foe a single inch. But give him time enough to draw on his boots, and a new man starts at once into existence, ready for anything. You have only to say—in language that savours rather of blank-verse or the Elizabethan period—that an effort is bootless, and the folly of attempting any adventure without boots becomes at once apparent.

It was at a very early period of my existence that I was first smitten by the magnificence of Boots. I was a juvenile schoolboy at Richmond-on-Thames, which "pleasant place of all festivity," was at that time still filled with French emigrants, very many of them of high degree; who—to keep the wolf from the door—gave lessons in their own

tongue. At our school the French master was a nobleman bearing the title of Count de Sainte Marguerite, and he fully impressed us with the idea of his being a count by his very grand manner, his very high nose, and his extremely meagre person. Of this last attribute he appeared to be wholly unconscious, for he invariably wore Hessian boots, and close-fitting white web pantaloons. Surrounded by his class, his natural hauteur melted into confidence and kindness; but when the master of the school—who was a vulgar-minded man—presumed on their relative positions, the latent fire of the old patrician made itself evident, and a few words usually sufficed to vindicate his offended dignity. But it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and, arriving a little too late one afternoon—the numerous splashes on his Hessians attested how fast he had walked—he was taken to task so coarsely that, in the heat of reply, he showed more independence than was agreeable. One word begot another, until "pauper" fell from the lips of the master. It was no sooner spoken than the Count, white with fury—"methinks I see him now"—rose from his seat, hurled at the offender's head the book he had just opened for our lessons, dashed on his hat, and stood for a moment glaring, with clenched hands, as if he meditated following up the attack. The intention, however, if he entertained it, passed away: he drew up his spare form to its full height—we thought him excessively tall, a common mistake at that age—and with an expression of the utmost contempt, syllabled the epithet, "canaille," and strode, boots and all, from the schoolroom. It was the first time I had heard the phrase, and though it has since greeted my ears times innumerable, the effect has been tame and weak by comparison. The poor Count could ill afford to indulge in the luxury of anger, for he almost wanted the necessities of life; not merely on his own account, but on that of his motherless children. But I suppose he found friends somewhere; for we often saw him afterwards in our walks, and the grandeur of his high nose, the purity of his white-web pantaloons, and the splendour of his Hessian boots were unabated. A few years later, a very painful event became associated with his name; but even when I think of his fate, the association is always Boots.

One of the first plays I ever saw was Kotzebue's *Stranger*. But neither the tears of Miss O'Neil, nor the severe dignity of Mr. Young, excited such emotions in my bosom as the boots in which the outraged husband stalked across the stage. Had he worn anything but Hessians, I might have arrived then at the conclusion which I have since formed, that the *Stranger* is, after all, nothing more than a tremendous sentimental prig, but each of those boots was, in my estimation, the very cothurnus of the serious drama; there was a solemnity about them

which I am convinced nothing else could have imparted. About the same time I saw the young Roscius—no longer young, it is true, nor anything of a Roscius, but still a star at country theatres. He played Alexander the Great, of course in unapproachable style; but none of his rolling periods, his fire, his fury, his love, his madness—though he tore every passion to tatters, to very rags—weighed anything in the balance against himself when I saw him the next day, in private life, sublimely swaggering across Richmond Green in a shining pair of tasselled Hessians! To this very hour Mr. William Henry West Betty, in boots, infinitely transcends whatever idea I may have formed of Alexander the Great. The Macedonian phalanx turned out, I dare say, a very formidable set of fellows, but I could better have understood the prestige which attended them had their nether limbs, instead of buskins, been arrayed in Hessian boots. Alas for the decadence of all that is great and grand! I believe that at this moment only two pair of Hessians can be found in daily perambulation of our vast metropolis—one pair devoted to the service of the excise, the other to that of the medical profession. What must be the feelings of the owners of these boots, as they pass the celebrated mart of Warren in the Strand, where the chief attraction in the windows used to be the well-known picture of a tomcat showing himself before the mirror-like surface of a polished Hessian! Exultation, perhaps, at the thought that they only, out of all the peripatetic multitude, are still masters of the situation; sorrow, possibly, to think that when their boots have ceased to shine, none will be left to replace them.

But, lament as we may the decline of this particular boot, the philosopher, who knows that all that's bright must fade, the brightest still the fleetest—can yet derive consolation from the fact—especially if his legs be none of the straightest—that Hessians are not adapted to everybody's wear. It is true there are other boots which come very nearly under the same category; but who, for example, ever saw a philosopher in a neat pair of tops? I am not, however, presenting this subject for the consideration of philosophers, who, of all people, ought to be content to take things as they find them, although they very seldom are so. Setting them, then, aside, I proceed with the sort of boots which I have just mentioned. The wearers of tops at the present day are almost entirely sporting characters (including, of course, grooms and tigers), obsolete farmers, and heavy graziers. Yet it requires no great stretch of memory to recall the time when some of the leading men about town never appeared abroad without them. The Duke of Dorset, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Byng, well-known as their persons were, would hardly, I think, have been recognised had they paraded, what Sam

Slick calls their larger limbs, in any other integuments. It is, indeed, reported of the first named of these three gentlemen, that he always slept in his. If we go back a little further—say, to the Tom and Jerry era—we shall find that there was scarcely a sprig of fashion, or a sprig's imitator, who did not sport, as the chief article of his costume, an unexceptionable pair of tops. A little earlier still, and we find the top-boot holding almost equal sway with the Hessian over the legs of the lieges. It was commended to fashionable use by the special coquetry of being worn with a grey silk stocking, the top being pushed down just far enough to reveal a finger's breadth of the glistening hose. But general as the custom was of appearing in top-boots, there were not wanting many who considered it an act of great daring, not to say a sort of tempting of Providence, to put them on for the first time. The sensations caused by the first pair of tops were singularly strange. They were something akin to intoxication, but with a heavier sense of responsibility. As to walking straight in them, for the first hour or two, the thing was impossible; the knees seemed to give way, the legs to divaricate, and one had a confused notion that the joints, like those of puppets, worked inversely to the design of nature. Even at the best of times, when use had made them familiar, there was a kind of swaggering bow-leggedness which did not arise from continuous contact with the pigskin, but appeared to be a necessary result of wearing top-boots. It was, perhaps, owing to this independent flourish of the booted extremities, that the articles which imparted it were so much in request. With regard to the general effect of top-boots upon the juvenile or feminine mind, as compared with that produced by Hessians, I should say it was as the distinction between graceful agility and ponderous magnificence. The first was the impersonation of light comedy, the last of gorgeous tragedy; one was a brilliant scintillation, the other a sombre reality. But both were adored.

The imperial jack-boot, to which the eye is now beginning to accustom itself, was until within the last few years almost a tradition. It was associated dimly, but grandly, with Jonathan Wild, the Marquis of Granby, Bagshot Heath, Her Majesty's Horse Guards, and the Field of Fontenoy. To think of drawing on or plunging into boots so imposing, even had they been available for general use—which they were not—never entered into the scheme of the sober-minded man of the first half of the nineteenth century. One could not bring oneself to believe that such boots were made of mere leather, they savoured so much of the ogre, their aspect was so intensely, so preternaturally warlike; rhinoceros skin, or the hide of the castle-bearing elephant, seemed the more appropriate material. To have imagined them without the clank of iron

heels and rattling sabres would scarcely have been possible. They were not the boots we envied, for we knew—what all the world have since found out—that we were not a military nation. Let such boots be worn by our foes, men formed by nature as well as art for trampling and kicking; we mild and helpless, as our representative rulers have made us, are content to lie in the mud to be trodden upon and spurned. Like Mawworm, we like it. Such indignities are best suited to our national capacities, unless indeed we are labouring beneath the weight of a hideous nightmare! But, politics apart, the jack-boot has not an indigenous character in England, though huntsmen have re-introduced it at the cover-side. I am, for my own part, more familiar with its appearance in shop-windows and pictured advertisements, than in the haunts of the sportsman. I have, it is true, when at Brighton, been lost in wonder at the high-booted gents who turn out on Mr. Roberts's horses, to join a meet—which is not invariably a find—at the Devil's Dyke or Newtimber Gate; but my admiration has chiefly been reserved for the works of art of which Mr. Medwin, of Regent Street, makes so splendid an exhibition. There the jack-boot may be seen in all its glory, on limbs which a good many of us, very likely, would be proud to call ours. But a true and particular account of the jack-boot can only be given by one of our Crimean heroes, for they, at last, have had the privilege of testing its utility.

The boots I have spoken of, however ambitious their pretensions, still fall very far short of the Wellington in public estimation. The Hessian and the Top had their day, but—except for special purposes—it was only for a day; while the Imperial Jack was always caviare to the million. But the Wellington took root at once. Like the man whose name it bears, it fixed itself firmly as one of the institutions of the country. Old-fashioned folks objected, at first, to what they considered the anomaly of wearing leather under cloth—of making the trowser protect the boot; but this crotchet soon vanished, for, as the poet says,

Thus a new set of Darbies, when first they are worn,
Makes the gaol-bird uneasy, though splendid their
ray;
But the links will grow lighter the longer they're
borne,
And the comfort increase as the shine fades away.

Besides, the Wellingtons had this immense advantage over all other previously established boots. No matter how unproducible the leg, its want of symmetry was entirely hidden beneath the sheltering trowser, which, like charity, covered a multitude of defects. Some few—a very small minority, I take it—might exclaim against this protection, and clamour for free trade in the matter of legs; but these were quite at liberty to follow their

own devices, on which account the memory of Romeo Coates, amongst others, is still "green in our souls." The majority cleaved to the Wellington—if I may be allowed the expression—like wax; and the Wellington returned the compliment. When a benefit becomes universal we cease—such is the ingratitude of our nature—to make any account of it. The sun that shines every day—somewhere, if not in England; the sleep that comes every night—to most of us, if not to all—we look upon as things that are ours by indefeasible right; and this profound and novel remark holds good of Wellington boots. Whether we paid for them, as in our palmy days, the sum of three pounds five in Bond-street, or in more economical and wiser moments, only one pound one in Cranbourne Alley, the fact that we were dealing with a simple necessity alone occupied us. Not a syllable of gratitude was breathed in honour of the illustrious inventor of the boots that rendered us such "yeoman's service." Nay, a spirit of baseness—I can call it nothing else—has gradually crept over the public mind, whereby it has been sought to supplant the fame of the immortal Wellington. This has shown itself in all sorts of mean contrivances—in the clumsy Blucher, the clumsier Ankle Jack, or Highlow, the skimping half-faced sacerdotal Oxford, and in that miserable substitute for an honest boot, the pert Bottine, half cloth, half buttons—neither leather nor prunella—anything but what it ought to be.

I have painted the bright side of the picture; but the tapestry has, alas! its reverse. Boots are the ne plus ultra, the Hercules' Pillars of civilisation, and civilisation, I am sorry to say is, in this instance, only another word for corns. As the old song says, every white must have its black, and every sweet its sour. And again, Strife comes with manhood as waking with day; and a most unhappy day it is when he, the proudly-booted one, awakes to the consciousness of being the victim of corns. I am afraid it would be vain to deny that corns are a natural consequence of boots. The Greeks, who wore sandals, never suffered from corns, for they have left no word in their language to express what they mean. The Persians do not seem to have been so fortunate, their vocabulary being full of the most expressive terms significant of this calamity. Some of these, however, are at variance with others, one of the natural consequences of a language which allows of one word meaning several different things. Thus, a corn, in Persian may be called either *nāmwar*, charm, or *sakht*. The first of these implies something more dignified than we are in the habit of ascribing to corns, the literal interpretation of *nāmwar* being, having a name, celebrated, renowned. These are epithets which might very well apply to a skilful chiropodist; but although the thing itself has a name, and one only too well known, it is

rather unusual to speak of a man's corns as celebrated or renowned. Something of Persian hyberbole may be supposed in this matter to influence the speaker. In the second word, charm, we come a little nearer to the actual fact, its meaning being leather, a skin, a hide. This symbolises well enough the external aspect of a corn; but it is in the third form, sakht, that we get the full significance of the phrase. Could anybody but a confirmed martyr to corns have heaped up such a series of adjectives as these: Sakht, hard, painful, strong, rigid, austere, disturbed, unfortunate, afflicted, severe, cruel, stubborn, obstinate, wretched, intense, violent, base, worthless—stingy, even, and sordid! As you read this long string of vituperatives you immediately picture to yourself the state of mind of one who is groaning out his soul in the agony of corns. At first, his expressions are short, quick, incisive, and speak of initiatory sharp twinges. The pain increases; he begins to pity himself, and gradually loses his temper. At last come the indescribable throes, and then he loses all self-command—he foams at the mouth, and raves in all the impotence of madness. I am not at all astonished at the violence of his language, having paid the penalty myself of wearing over-tight boots. Indeed, I am clearly of opinion that more cases of lunacy have arisen from corns than from any other physical malady. We all remember the story of the old Scotch-woman, who, being reminded, on her death-bed, that a number of mercies had been vouchsafed to her during her long career, replied, "It's a' very true, but they've been takken out o' me in cor-r-rns!" The emphasis which she laid on the last word, no less than the general conclusion at which she had arrived, sufficiently denoted the absorbing, over-mastering character of the torture she must have endured.

How many a man has suffered, not in person merely, but in reputation, owing to corns. I defy anybody, however stoical, "to keep the even tenor of his way" under the visitation. Equanimity is not possible with corns. The moroseness of a husband, the snappishness of a friend, the severity of a master, the impertinence of a dependant, the overweening insolence of an official—say of a post-office clerk who only shows his head through a trap and answers in monosyllables—are all more or less attributable to these painful callosities.

But perhaps the worst feature of this sad infliction is the indifference which those who are senseless, manifest towards the afflicted. Like toothache, rheumatism, gout, sickness, and many other of the commoner "ills that flesh is heir to," corns are never objects of commiseration. You hobble towards the friend whom you accidentally meet; your countenance assumes the most piteous expression; you are about to tell

him what dreadful agony you undergo, when—guessing at once what is the matter—he cuts you short by saying, "Ah, corns, I see, bad things, why don't you get rid of 'em?" and away he strides, glorying in his immunity from the pain you suffer. "Why don't you get rid of 'em?" just as if you wouldn't if you could! "What a heartless beast that fellow is!" you say to yourself; but he sets you thinking. Is it possible to do what he so cavalierly suggests? Haven't you tried rasping, and cutting, and plastering till you are positively sick at heart? Haven't you gone about the house in slippers—dirty old slippers—a shame to be seen? Haven't you patched up your feet in every possible kind of way, buying, for thirteen-pence-halfpenny, including the stamp (that very word makes you quake), *Sadback's Superior Solvent*, *Ruggles's Annihilator*, *Bullpett's Infallible Destroyer*, *Campkin's Certain Cure*, and I know not how many more invariable remedies? Haven't you, moreover, fed upon Testimonials till they coloured all your objects? Listen to this plain, unvarnished tale, and then doubt if you can:—

SIR,—Few persons have suffered more through corns than my wife. She had eighteen hard ones on the joints of her toes for upwards of twenty years; they had white specks, attended with fiery redness and inflammation, which often extended all over her feet and ankles. In one hour your corn-plasters relieved the pain, and entirely subdued the fiery redness. It gives me great pleasure, sir, to add, that in less than three days her corns were totally removed.

JOHN SMITH, Yorkshire.

Or take this, a case of personal experience:—

"It would, perhaps, be difficult to find one who has endured more from corns than I have. I had eleven soft corns between my toes for thirty-eight years, which caused me perpetual torment and indescribable misery. I tried many remedies without any real benefit, till the application of your *Gliokaiou-skoiene*, or *Root-and-Brauch Exterminator*, effected an instantaneous cure. Make any use you please of this for the advantage of my suffering fellow-creatures.

SAMUEL HOOKEY,

47½ A, Little Upper John-street, London.

If you have been too hard of belief to accept these Testimonials for facts, I haven't. To such a state of servility have I been reduced by corns, that, though nothing ever did me any good, I grasped at every new announcement in the same spirit of undiminished confidence. My credulity, indeed, extended to things utterly foreign to the malady by which I was afflicted. Maria Jolly's frightful account of her fifty years' indescribable agony, from every known disease, which were cured by one canister of *De Bowski's Delicacious Deglutatory Drops*, was received by me as pure gospel. The same with *Professor Howlaway's Magnum Bonum Boluses*, for renovating the constitution, which combine the elements of granite and starch with other simple ingredients. I even pinned my faith,

though I never tried them, on somebody's *Azoësis Pericranii*; and if I had been in want of full and luminous whiskers (which I am not), or had required something to check the grayness (which I do not), without doubt I should have gone through a course of *Rosabella de Mowbray's* inimitable *Crinopuffaline*, and have written her a grateful letter, like Major *Slasher* of the *Hundredth Hussars*, who tells her, and all the world, that he has now got a splendid pair—a fact of the deepest interest to all who dwell in country quarters.

To return, however, to my corns. Nothing, as I have said, was of the slightest service. I had gone through my twenty, thirty, forty—no matter how many—years of fearful torture, when, floundering, one morning, in that ocean of advertisements which spread over the vast expanse of the *Times's Supplement*, I happened to light on the unobtruding intimation put forth by Professor *Leichdornschläger*, to the effect that by his system the most inveterate corns are instantaneously and effectually eradicated without cutting or the slightest pain; and that if anybody doubts his assertion, they have only to appeal to all the crowned heads in Europe, who will certify the fact with their own royal and imperial signs-manual.

My first impulse, of course, was to exclaim, *Eureka!* (that word has rendered the public immense service since it first appeared in *Childe Harold*); my next, to send for a cab, and drive down to Professor *Leichdornschläger's*. It was a grand-looking house, perched, as it were, on an eminence of several high steps; and, had I seen it in Germany, I must intuitively have called it *Schloss-Bunionsberg*. There was an enormous orifice in the middle of the door, for the receipt of the countless letters which the crowned heads were always sending; an imposing brass plate, which bore the professor's style and titles; a ponderous knocker for the powdered footmen of the nobility; a bell for visitors, and another for the *oi polloi*,—the chiropodal and gastronomic departments being by this means carefully separated. As my business was up-stairs, I pulled the visitors' bell; and the wire had scarcely ceased to vibrate before the door was thrown open by an individual arrayed in one of the most gorgeous liveries I ever had the good fortune to behold. There was a great deal of white and a great deal of scarlet applied, as it seemed to me—but my eyes might have been dazzled—in wrong places. There were a great number of tags, and points, and buttons, and an overlaying of parti-coloured worsted lace, after a fashion which, in the indignation of his heart, a democratic French friend of mine used to call "*barbouillé à la maître d'hôtel*," in other words, bedaubed with parsley and butter. To my inquiry if Professor *Leichdornschläger* were disengaged, the hero of this splendid livery replied by asking my name. Now, as I am not one of the crowned heads of Europe,

and did not imagine that the mere dissyllable—we will say *Thompson*—would create any very extraordinary impression, I said, as I have said on numerous other occasions, that my name was of no consequence. It followed, therefore, that the brass band at the top of the staircase, which my imagination supposed to be there, as a corollary to the superb footman, did not strike up an appropriate tune, and I was marshalled up stairs without any ovation.

He of the tags and lace conducted me into an apartment on the first floor—back—and withdrew, with the intimation that he would let me know when the professor was at leisure. I was allowed plenty of time to examine the room into which I had been shown. It was of the kind which I may term gloomily grand, the gloom being caused by the high dead wall of a narrow court-yard, partially obscured by claret-coloured curtains, and the grandeur arising from a great number of gilt picture-frames, inclosing subjects which, although invisible, were, I take it for granted, *Rembrandts* of the brownest water. Of course, such an apartment could not be without its appropriate furniture of massive sideboard, &c., dining-table, and a regular regiment of heavy chairs. I rather guessed at the sideboard, but about the table and chairs there could be no mistake, for I ran against the first, and stumbled over the others, convincing myself anew, if I ever entertained any doubt on the subject, that I certainly was troubled with corns.

We are told by men of science that the human eye possesses the faculty of adapting itself to every modification of light, which may account for the reason why Mr. *Spigot*, your butler, visits the wine-cellar (privately) without a candle. Owing to this circumstance, after having succeeded in finding a seat, I began by degrees to accustom myself to the *chiar'oscuro* in which everything was enveloped, and even to make out something of surrounding objects. I was then able to discern that the table was plentifully strewn with newspapers and periodicals; but I must confess I think it would require a long apprenticeship to darkness to enable any one to profit by these publications. As far as any immediate enjoyment was to be derived from their perusal, they might as well have been dummies, or—what amounts to the same thing—copies of certain journals (I need not mention names) which faithfully record the news of last week. But whether their intelligence were fresh or stale, made little difference, since, before I succeeded in deciphering one word—though the interval was by no means brief—the splendid footman reappeared, to inform me that the professor was now disengaged. I am rather inclined to believe that he had been disengaged all along, and that my detention in the dark dining-room was only a *coup de théâtre*, for the purpose of heightening the subsequent effect. At all

events, such was the result; for on entering the professor's saloon, I was literally dazzled with the blaze of magnificence which suddenly burst upon me. If Rembrandt reigned in murky dignity in the dining-room, here Rubens, or some extremely florid artist who did duty for him, covered the walls in a style that was truly regal. There was one well-filled canvas—it faced me on entering the saloon—which, at the first glance, I unhesitatingly ascribed to the great Fleming, on account of the many solid, yet undressed, beauties it developed; but I had occasion to alter this opinion when I became better acquainted with the professor's features, and detected so strong a resemblance to himself in the half-dozen rolling cherubs that were, with difficulty, sustaining a very stout Madonna in her ascent to the realms of bliss. But, indeed, it needed no physiognomical skill on my part to make the discovery, for Herr Leichdornschläger himself informed me, when he saw my eyes fixed upon the picture, that the subject was the Apotheosis of the Professorian, his wife, though the event was, at the least, forestalled, since he added, on seeing me look grave, that she and her children were all alive and well (it would not have been out of keeping with the picture if he had said kicking), at that moment, at Leipsic.

But besides Rubens, or his substitute, there was more first-rate talent from Wardle Street. Cuyp with cattle, Berghem with beeches, Hobbema as green as grass, Breughal as bright as flame, and in every single instance the frames of these pictures were worth, I should say, five pounds a-piece. Think of the enormous value, then, of the entire collection! It is well for us that we have a National Gallery; but when we want another I recommend an early application to Professor Leichdornschläger. The wealth of this apartment, however, did not consist in pictures only. There were full-length looking-glasses which were quite as costly; or-molu clocks of the present time, that completely took the shine out of those of the Louis Quinze period; artificial flowers under glass cases, orange lilies, dahlias, and the like, which left nature very far behind; sofas and fauteuils of crimson velvet, consoles, guéridons, porcelain—everything, in short, that could attest the lucrative nature of the professor's calling; and in the middle of the room was a circular table, covered with what seemed to be the tabard of Garter-king-at-arms, on which reposed, beside a burnished inkstand, a thick folio superbly bound in purple velvet and garnished with clasps and corners like one of the Guinea Bibles that one sees the portraits of in omnibuses.

I have called myself Thompson, and, such being my name, any one may readily imagine the state of mind I must have been in when this real blaze of triumph—as they say in the playbills—flashed upon my astonished vision. It was so overwhelming that, in the first

instance, it quite eclipsed the distinguished professor—a little, tight-made man, and, physically speaking, easily eclipsed. He it was who, to a certain extent, recalled me to myself, though my eye still travelled round the saloon, and my thoughts still wandered.

"What," he said, "was he to have the pleasure of knowing about my business?"

It may appear very ridiculous, but, as my desire is to state facts, I must accept the ridicule that attaches to my conduct: I could not tell him what I wanted—not, at least, in direct terms. Before me was the mighty book, half filled, I could perceive, with the imperial, royal, noble, and episcopal autographs of individuals whose incomes—to say nothing of their personal dignity—ranged (like silks and shawls in shop-windows) from ten thousand a-year upwards. Every object in the room was, no doubt, a testimonial from some long-suffering ambassador, some heretofore-hobbling marquis, some tender-toed prelate. And in the midst of this army of illustrious martyrs I, Thompson, had ventured to intrude; I who, work as hard as I will, can't make a guinea a-day, and yet am charged with double income-tax. It had never struck me till that moment how much I might be called upon to pay for the relief I sought. It was necessary, however, that I should reply to the professor's question.

"I wished to know," I returned, with considerable hesitation, and a strong sense of shame, "what—that is to say—how—at least—what—are your terms for—for—looking at my—that is to say—extracting corns?"

The professor gave a quick glance at my feet, and answered as quickly:

"I cannot tell till I see dem; till I know how many dere was. You must show me dem, dat I examine deir badness. It is not possible to conceive in boots."

"If," said I to myself, "I once take off my boots, I am done—I shall be operated upon, in spite of myself, and then comes the reckoning!"

The professor appeared to divine my thoughts.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the little professor, in a pet, "can I see drough dick ledder! If your corns was on de outside of your boots, perhaps I might tell! It is oddervise unmöglich—unpossible! Komon, komon," he continued, soothingly, "let me see," and he rubbed his hands with a sort of (as it seemed to me) inhuman glee, "let me see how many corns you has; sit down in dis arm-chair, it will be only an affair of a moment!"

The professor little knew what words he made use of. They were the very same which a dentist addressed me with, many years ago, when I was troubled, like Iago, with "a raging tooth." He only promised to look, but the forceps were on the fang before

my mouth was well open. I took, therefore, a sudden resolution.

"I cannot," said I, "afford the time to-day, besides, the truth is, I only called to inquire, and I haven't, in fact—any money!"

"Aha!" returned the professor, with a low leonine growl, "in dat case, I was not desire the pleasure to see you no more. I vill save myself some trouble, and you vill keep your corns!"

Professor Leichdornschläger was a true prophet—I have them still.

EMBARKATION.

WE are all embarking here—everybody—some into the Baltic fleet, but most of us to the Ionian Islands, Smyrna, Scutari, and the East; detachments of the line, troops of horse artillery, entire militia regiments, myriads of seamen are embarking daily. If you take train by either of our two great lines from town, and travel second class, you will know something of us and our embarkations: files of marines, militia, and regulars, with parti-coloured ribbons in their caps, and parti-coloured bundles in their hands, with budding moustachios, cropped hair, and cutty pipes, will be your comrades; whole ships' companies of sailors, with hats miraculously balanced on their left ears, with bundles and pipes also, with profusion of ringlets, and tattooed like Otaheitans, will be your mates. These last are under the charge of two or three experienced seamen in authority, who must have magic powers; our blue jacketed friends are locked in on both sides, unlike the rest of us, and are only dissuaded by extreme entreaty and quids from getting out of the windows. On arrival at a station everybody else is well packed off before our tars are let loose; they rush with terrible accord upon the busses, board them irresistibly, and take perilous post upon their roofs; nobody inside, and forty outside, make an omnibus to roll, so that it is almost as good as on board ship—moreover, only let the horses be got into a gallop as they cross the drawbridge, and it will be perfection.

Our cargo is taken to the dockyard and goes into a receiving ship, thence to be drafted into the Baltic fleet. Our streets are now almost impassable—blocked up by the outfitters, who turn all their heavier goods out on the pavement—barricades of iron bedsteads with arrangements for musquito curtains, hot water apparatus machine to destroy bugs, in a case that makes it all look like a little cottage piano; something labelled Indispensable, which seems to contain the concentrated effects of a cook, blacksmith, carpenter, tent maker, and of an Italian warehouseman, meets us, in particular, at every turn. The Cotopaxi may, indeed, convey such articles, but in a forced march on pick-a-back, I fancy they would be cum-

brous. The great art of construction appears to be in making everything appear something else than it is—a perfectly flat piece of iron-work, evidently and outwardly a gridiron, is shown to be, in reality, a chair, a rest, a hammock, and a reading-desk, enhanced by adulation from the vender at every stage of transformation, reminding us of the proprietors of Protean fans at Goodwood and Ascot. Our young friend Calm, of the Royal Rampshire, has been let in for several ships' full of these things—"without which no officer should embark on foreign service." He has a certain cast-iron umbrella which forms a sword and a toasting-fork, a fishing-rod and a minié rifle, weighs little more than thirteen hundred-weight, said to be very useful in the Crimea, which Calm is not going to at all. Enormous heaps of these things lie on the dockyard jetties beside their destined vessels, or are pitched about in obscure holds in a way not reckoned upon by their manufacturers. The Cotopaxi, we see, has had positively too much of them, and will have no more, and the seven hundred and fifty surplus arks remain immoveable on the wharf until this day. She took some three hundred horses on board yesterday, beside a whole army of human beings. These first were brought to the jetty in most excellent condition, and led up the ship's side along a sawdust plane, after the manner of the circus. None were slung on board by the ancient process of great bands under their bellies, with the head and feet of the unhappy quadruped dangling down betwixt heaven and earth, like that most noble order of the Golden Fleece, but each had his comfortable pew allotted to him on the main deck, well padded and covered in on all sides, with his head inwards and his tail to the sea. As he walked up through that long double line, it almost seemed that they were the spectators and we the spectatees—an opera-glass and a white neckerchief would have inverted them into occupants of opera stalls, now yawning with ennui, now annoying us with observations to his next neighbour.

Nevertheless, it was necessary to convey some of their high mightinesses between decks after all; a square box opening at two ends, well padded, and without a lid, swung by strong ropes from a pulley, was placed on deck; and into this machine, either backwards or forwards, as they least objected, the animals were enticed. They disliked this process much, and, when once shut in, cast the most piteous glances over the assembled company, nay, even in some instances, as they were heaved aloft, screamed with terror; yet, for the most part, it was remarkable what confidence and perfect trust each seemed to have in his owner who never lost hold of the bridle, and guided the unhappy swinging carcass safe down the narrow hatchway.

The Royal Rampshire are off at last: they are gone to

The land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in its clime ;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime.

But I hope the Royal Rampshire will resist both those sentiments—they have been used, at mess, to the love of the turtle already. No ; the R. R. R.—the first regiment that volunteered in England for foreign service—will never misconduct itself.

Putting aside the hideous disasters that necessitated that act of patriotism—forgetting all negligences, recklessnesses, idiotcies that have deprived us of fifty thousand disciplined fighting men, and called forth from their peaceful lives the labourer and the artisan, the departure of these voluntary exiles was a proud sight and full of pleasant promise. They are not, indeed, bound for that vast burial-ground before Sebastopol ; they are not about to be dependent for their existence upon nonchalant lords in office, all too-placid generalissimos, devil-may-care gentlemen of the staff, acting-deputy-assistant-commissary-generals, red tape interest and routine ; but they are men leaving their country two thousand miles behind them who never contemplated crossing the confines of their county—men embracing the profession of arms, who only intended to have passed six weeks' holiday in playing at soldiers, and giving up pursuits at least equally lucrative and far more congenial ; mostly, too, and with the exception of here and there an old Peninsular or Punjaub serjeant, a regiment of very young men (for the flower of the corps volunteered long since from the Royal Rampshire into the line), with syren attractions of their sweethearts, and affectionate solicitude of their mothers to bind them to their native shores. With the officers—particularly in the case of the married officers—it seems a yet more creditable thing. Leaving country houses in the early spring time, to be let or unlet as it may be, and to succumb before alien lodging-house keepers for an unknown period ; taking ladies and little children out of drawing-rooms and nurseries to be tossed for five weeks in a government transport across the Bay of Biscay and through Gibraltar Gut.

We confess, then, to feeling grateful to the R. R. R., and interested much in their embarkation. Let us accompany them down the High Street ; let us be borne up by every description of True Briton that runs by their side down to the dockyard gate ; for here the mass of their fellow-countrymen is constrained to bid them adieu,—an important, but apocryphal, business with the port-admiral (for it is just as well to tell a big one while we are about it) alone ensures us admittance through the enchanted door. Casting a glance upon the unimaginative rabble without—such a glance as the boy behind the carriage throws on those toiling after the revolving wheels ; such a glance

as a late under-secretary thought to have cast upon his former colleagues, but for some cry of whip behind—we proceed to the dockyard jetty, where the transport *Obstinate* lies moored. There the Royal Rampshire stand at ease for hours until, company by company, they are gradually absorbed into the big ship. Each man carries a tin mug—generally suspended from his bayonet—a pannikin and a haversack. Without disorder, without hurry, almost keeping time with the beautiful march that the band is playing, each finds his narrow sleeping place, puts by his arms and slender baggage, and gives his name (which is a number) to the ship's messman.

Standing upon the poop amidst the crowd of officers, let us survey the leave-takings—some jovial, some pathetic—from the Good-bye, old girl ! enhanced by a slap on the back, to the almost inarticulate God bless you ! In that little array of frys and private carriages are some poor left-behind ladies, tearful and hysterical, and a crowd of soldiers' wives, who have no equipages, but who are to the full as ill and sorrowful ; also, it must be confessed, here and there are some young females, more in a state of beer than anything else, and maudlin rather than melancholy, whose partings are not heart-rending. On board the old transport *Obstinate* such brave officers' wives who accompany the regiment sit disconsolate on their boxes (which will not enter their cabin doors), or on their cots within, wondering whether they ever saw so small a room, or such an apology for a window as that dusky bull's-eye. The beds in the *Obstinate* are laid athwart instead of along, so that the ship being "a roller," the sleepers (!) will lie head downwards with every lurch—but they are yet in blissful ignorance of this. Forbear, therefore, to divulge this little circumstance to the mother with her three fair children for whose comfort she is providing regardless of her own ; forbear to warn the major's valet de chambre, who has curled hair and a scent bottle, and thinks he shall rather enjoy the voyage !

The crew are mustered aft to hear their orders read ; the soldiers, with white smocks (sea dress, worn over their regimentals), are swarming on the fore-castle ; the word is given to cast loose—let us, at least, get out of H.M.S. the *Obstinate* while there is yet time—the steam-tug forges a-head, and drags her slowly forward—three grand hurrahs are given from every throat, and the band strikes up their favourite *Cheer, boys, cheer !* and the excitement grows tremendous. Along the loaded wharves, and past grinning batteries, and close in-shore by the crowded beach, the mighty ship goes on ; with her sails set and her colours flying, she threads that great armada in the offing—the ships that are our title-deeds to the empire of the

seas—she rounds the beautiful island in the distance, she lessens in the dim horizon, and the Royal Rampshire is gone.

AN OLD PICTURE OF JUSTICE.

I WILL tell in as few words as possible the history of a French criminal process in the year one thousand six hundred and ninety. A detailed account of it is included by M. Oscar Honoré in an interesting book, entitled *Sketches of Private Life in the Old Times*.

In one of the ancient streets of Paris, near the Sorbonne, there stood, until lately, a house of four stories, built in the first years of the reign of Louis Quatorze. Huge gates studded with iron led into the coach-house, they were locked by a heavy key which, when the house was occupied as a mansion, used to be entrusted to the coachman, and as an appanage of his domestic estate hung on a large hook in the kitchen. From the kitchen, stabling, and other offices on the basement story, a great staircase led up to the business-hall, the reception-saloon, and the card-room. In the business-hall was a massive chest which contained the family plate, and a close alcove built over the street which could be used as the sleeping apartment of a servant. The great staircase continued its way to the floor above, and there—since a brief description of the house is essential to a proper comprehension of the narrative—it is to be understood that there was a spacious ante-chamber leading to the bedroom of the master or mistress, which was the only other room upon that floor, and that the windows of these apartments opened on the court. In the bedroom there were two doors opening upon a small private staircase, one door being in the alcove of the bed, and the other in a dressing-closet, which was the place in which the strong-box—the cash-box of a period when men had to keep much money in a bulk upon their premises—was kept. The floor above was similar as to the arrangement of its rooms. On a floor above that were the sleeping apartments of the servants, and at the top of all was an enormous loft.

In the year sixteen hundred and eighty-nine this house was inhabited by Madame Mazel, a wealthy card-playing widow, frivolous, luxurious, and full of little and great enmities. She had three sons, named Savonnières-Réné, a counsellor to the parliament; Georges, treasurer of France in the generality of Paris; and Michel, major of the regiment of Piedmont.

The wife of her eldest son Réné was pursued by Madame Mazel with an implacable hatred. Thirteen or fourteen years before the date of the events here to be detailed, this poor girl, Madame de Savonnières, had been arrested in the public street, by an order of which the king had been beguiled, and hurried off to a provincial convent, which had

continued from that time to be her prison. She had made several efforts to escape, once or twice even with a temporary success. It afterwards became known that three months before the event on which this narrative turns, Madame de Savonnières had effected one of her escapes, and was concealed in Paris at a house in the Rue du Colombier, where she was heard by some one to declare that, in three months more, she would be free to go back to her husband.

Madame Mazel's household consisted of two young footmen who were brothers, of two chambermaids who were sisters, of an elderly female cook, a coachman, a sort of major-domo named Le Brun, and of a parasitic priest, the Abbé Poulard, who, after spending twenty years among the Jacobins, had been transferred to the order of Cluny, but had transferred himself, by preference, to the luxuries of the rich widow's household. He ate the daintiest fare at madame's table, and occupied in the guest's bed-chamber a huge soft bed, where he slept, under hangings of blue velvet and cherry-coloured satin. Ecclesiastical proceedings of various kinds had been instituted against him, but he contrived to bear them patiently, and in spite of all that the church or the world might say or do, held to his post as madame's almoner and favourite.

The Abbé Poulard was maintained in his place, not only by the favour of Madame Mazel. Through a sister of his, who was the fascinating widow of a counsellor, he secured for himself the brotherly regard of M. Georges de Savonnières, second son of his patroness. René the elder son was not unwilling that his brother should be mated to the widow of an old associate, and the third son was absent upon military service. By help therefore of this lady—Isménie Chapelain—who received from Georges de Savonnières rich presents of dresses brocaded in gold and silver, costly headgear, silk stockings and embroidered shoes, the Abbé Poulard was upon good terms with all the family. Madame Mazel, however, was in no such happy case. Whatever tenderness she may have herself felt for the Abbé, it is certain that she set her face most obstinately against the idea that her son Georges should pay court seriously to the Abbé's sister. A marriage, much desired by Madame Chapelain was, therefore, to be regarded as impossible during the lifetime of Madame Mazel.

I have said that the male servants in madame's employment were two footmen, a coachman, and the steward or major-domo Jacques Le Brun. There had been another footman, named Berry, who had been dismissed under strong suspicion of having robbed his mistress of one thousand five hundred livres. Le Brun had served the house during twenty-nine years as a confidential servant, and was known to be so strict in his fidelity, that he refused to accept the

usual commissions paid by upholsterers and others, for the orders given by him on behalf of his employers. The old man had a wife—Magdeleine Pisierelle, and two daughters, who were engaged as hair-dressers at the palace; there were also two younger children, and the whole of Le Brun's family dwelt together in a lodging of its own, to which the father went, from time to time, as he was able. Sometimes he slept at his own lodging, and sometimes under the roof of Madame Mazel, at the hotel Savonnières.

On the twenty-seventh of November, sixteen hundred and eighty-nine, that day being the first Sunday in Advent, Le Brun's daughters visited Madame Mazel after her dinner, were received by her and bidden to come at a more convenient hour. She was then going to reside in the Rue Hautefeuille. Thither, according to usage, she was accompanied by Master Jacques, he carrying her foot-warmer and book of devotions, she taking his arm. A the door of the church he quitted her to attend vespers elsewhere on his own account. After finishing his spiritual exercises M. Le Brun sought exercise for his body in a game of bowls. That over, he met with a crony named Lague, who had married one of Madame Mazel's cooks. The friends purchased together the materials necessary for a social supper; and while supper was preparing the old major-domo trotted off on sundry errands, first to see that all was right at the hotel de Savonnières, then to take a peep at his own family, and then to go with the carriage, coachman, and two footmen to take up his mistress, at eight o'clock, at the house of a female friend. All these duties properly performed, he rejoined his friend Lague and went to supper.

His supper was long, and Madame Mazel was being undressed by her two maids when Le Brun tapped at the small door in the alcove of the bed-room to obtain his orders for the next day (Monday) when she was to hold a grand reception.

"This is a fine time of night, Monsieur Le Brun, for such a question!"

The old man went round to the main staircase, entered his mistress's room from the antechamber, and received his orders. Then he came out again followed by the maids, who closed the door and put the key, as usual, on an adjacent chair. Madame pushed her bolt inside, and all was safe. The three servants chattered for a short time in whispers, madame's good-will to Le Brun's daughters being the theme of their gossip; and they then parted, the maids mounting the staircase to their rooms, the old man descended to the kitchen. There—as he stated afterwards—he seated himself by the fire for a last warming of his feet before he went to bed, and while so seated fell asleep. It was long past midnight when he awoke, and startled at the lateness of the hour, hurried to lock the coach-house door, which had been all the while left open.

Having fastened it he took the key up to his bed in the alcove attached to the business-hall.

On the succeeding morning his first duty was to go to market. On his way he met a bookseller, with whom he talked in his usual mood about the weather, and on his return he entered the house jesting with three acquaintances, one of whom had put on his cloak and was receiving for that reason sundry thumps upon the back from the old man, who said that he was entitled to beat his own clothes. The friends gone, Le Brun attended to some business in the kitchen, and gave wood to the footman, whose duty it was to light the fire in madame's chamber. But madame was at that hour not awake, although it was already seven in the morning.

In the meantime Le Brun visited his wife, and left with her a few pieces of gold, his latest savings. When he returned to the hotel Savonnières he called, as he was entering, to a footman who stood at the window of the second story, and learnt from him that his mistress had not risen. The domestics were alarmed. Much noise had been made in depositing the wood at her door, without effect. Endeavours were made to arouse her, still without effect. "Then," said Le Brun, "something bad must have happened. I am distressed that the coach-house door should have been left open so late last night."

Madame's son, the Counsellor de Savonnières, was summoned. By his authority a locksmith was fetched. The room was opened, and Le Brun—who was the first to enter—ran to the bed, crying, meanwhile, to his mistress,—lifted the coverlid, and exclaimed, "Ah, she is murdered!" Directly afterwards he went to the dressing-closet, opened the shutter, and saw that the strong box was intact. "She is not robbed!" he cried. "What does this mean?"

Surgical and legal help was sent for. The condition of things found in the room was carefully noted in a procès-verbal. On the bed was a fragment of a lace cravat, and a table napkin, belonging to the house, rolled into the form of a cap, like the caps used by tennis-players. The body of madame was already cold, and pierced by fifty knife wounds.

The assassin had tied the bell-pulls above reach, and knotted them among the curtains of the bed, so that if even they had been grasped they would only have moved the drapery. There were no traces of disorder in the bedroom or the antechamber; no door had been forced. The key of the plate-chest, in the business-hall, was, as usual, under madame's pillow. Card money was kept in that chest; and on opening it there were found nearly two hundred and seventy-eight livres in gold. It contained also the key of the strong box, in madame's dressing-closet. In the strong box there were found four bags, containing one thousand livres a-piece, and

some other bags of smaller size, among which one was addressed "To Monsieur the Abbé Poulard." The box contained also a large purse that was entirely empty, and an *escritoire* in red morocco, gilt, upon which lay a half-louis, and within which, under a false bottom, Madame Mazel kept fifteen thousand livres worth of jewels. Finally, in the pockets of the dress madame had last worn, there were found eighteen pistoles in gold.

Every act and word of his that we have detailed was at once held to point suspicion to Le Brun. At least, thought the criminal-lieutenant, who occupied the place of our detective,—he may be a party to the murder, if not the actual perpetrator of the crime. The leaving of the coach-house door open, during a midnight sleep, was an especially suggestive circumstance. Le Brun and his wife were both arrested, and confined in separate cells.

It is unnecessary to say that all moral probability was against the notion that Le Brun, for twenty-nine years honoured as a pattern steward, should have been the author of the crime. He drew profit from the life of his mistress. Madame Chapelain had reason enough to wish her dead; still more reason had Madame René de Savonnières; and then there was the Abbé Poulard, a priest of bad character, who had a house-key to himself, and whose bed-room communicated by the private stair with the alcove in the chamber of madame. Of him no questions were asked, though ten hours were occupied in questioning the servants of the house. The Abbé Poulard went about the town, affirming Le Brun's guilt, and adding fabulous particulars as to the manner of it. He had admitted to his mistress the discharged footman, Berry; and Berry had demanded of madame that she should recognise him as her son. Upon that she seized him by the throat in a frenzy of rage, and Berry used the *poinard* in self-defence. The story found believers, who had not wit to put to themselves or their informant the most obvious question—How had Monsieur the Abbé come by so much information?

Additional evidence, capable of use against the offender, had come into the hands of justice. The remains of a pocket-knife had been found in the ashes, on the hearth of madame's bed-chamber. A rope-ladder had been found, also; and a shirt, stained with blood, and bearing the marks of bloody fingers, had been taken from under a bundle of straw in the loft. A few hairs, torn from the head of the murderer were drawn from the grasp of the dead body. Barbers pronounced these to be too few to enable them to assert whether or not they had been torn from the head of Jacques Le Brun. The napkin rolled into a cap, which lay upon the bed, was too small for Le Brun; and I should say that the old man's hands were examined, and found to be free from all trace of their having been imbrued in blood. It was

observed that if the assassin had entered by either of the secret doors, he could not have passed out by them, because they were bolted from within. Nothing, however, hindered him from passing out by the door leading into the antechamber; and it was proved that the mere jar, caused by his closing it after him, might be enough to push the inner bolt a little forward.

On the fourteenth of January, sixteen hundred and ninety, the Counsellor M. René de Savonnières petitioned the criminal-lieutenant, in the name of his brother and himself, for a declaration, "that Le Brun was attainted and convicted of having killed and massacred the lady Mazel, his mistress, and of having robbed from her the gold contained in the purse found empty at the bottom of the strong-box, with the exception of the half-louis found upon the *escritoire*."

Barbier d'Aucourt, a celebrated advocate, was charged with Le Brun's defence. He urged the many points which tended to direct suspicion against others. The cook, not long before the murder, had moved her bed to a room on the ground-floor, from which it was possible for her to admit whom she would into the house. The footmen were youths, not likely to strike home; and the victim was found slain by fifty thrusts upon neck, face, arms, and breast, not one of them mortal. Then there was the Abbé Poulard, a monk of bad repute, more open than any other person to suspicion. D'Aucourt urged such points, and, of course, displayed with all his skill the weakness of the case against Le Brun. The advocate was, moreover, possessed by an idea of his own, namely, that the discharged footman, Berry, could throw light upon the case if he were once confronted with the prisoner. He insisted that this man should be sought and arrested; but his place of abode being unknown, he was not found.

On Wednesday, the twenty-second of February, a decision on the case was arrived at, by a court of two-and-twenty judges. Two only confirmed the accusation, four desired time for further information, and the other sixteen formed the majority, by whom it was decreed that Jacques Le Brun should be put to the provisory question ordinary and extraordinary. In obedience to this order, M. Jean le Nain, an honest magistrate, accompanied by M. Fraguier, a counsellor, superintended the application of the torture to the poor old steward. Le Brun bore the ordeal like a brave man and a Christian, sought no temporary relief by self-accusation, and not only maintained his own innocence, but would allow no word to be wrung from him that tended to shift suspicion upon the family of his mistress, or to reflect in any degree upon her reputation. He was acquainted with intrigues and quarrels, that, if known, would have strengthened the case as against other persons; but he knew what was due to the honour of his calling as a faithful major-

domo. He carried his scruple so far, that, when he was interrogated on the subject of any communication that there might be between the apartments occupied by the Abbé Poulard and that of Madame Mazel, he replied only that this question had nothing to do with the suit against him. Brave old man!

Very different was the behaviour of the parasite who had already blackened the character of his patroness, and was, in the next place, pursuing the old steward to his death, with a remorseless violence.

Le Brun was condemned to die; and it was adjudged that his estate should pay ten thousand livres as damages to the heirs of Madame Mazel, as well as the usual amends of a hundred livres to the church, for the establishment of prayers for the soul of the deceased. It was at the same time privately stated that the judges arrived at this decision, not with a view to its being finally carried out, but for the purpose of terrifying the accused, by a new form of torture, into a full statement of what he knew. Most of them believed Le Brun himself to be not guilty; and as they all knew that their sentence could be—and no doubt would be—reversed in a higher court, they gave false judgment by way of stratagem, hoping that some good might accrue from it.

The appeal to the higher tribunal was of course made by Barbier d'Aucourt, who repeated all his arguments before new judges with redoubled energy. A French criminal tale of this period, founded on mistaken identity, has recently been dramatised, and performed in many French and English theatres, as "The Courier of Lyons," and under other titles. When the M. Lesurques, who was in that case the victim of an error, came before the court to obtain his restoration to society, his advocate was the same Barbier d'Aucourt—not only a famous lawyer, but also a member of the French Academy—who bestirred himself with so much energy on behalf of Jacques Le Brun.

Before the upper tribunal D'Aucourt's arguments tended to direct the attention of the public in no favourable way towards the Abbé Poulard. That disgraced ecclesiastic, consequently, felt it to be right that he should defend his own character in a pamphlet; and a pamphlet, accordingly, was published by him, in which he called the attention of Parisians to the forced presumptions upon which the argument for the defence of Le Brun was founded, and—quite in accordance with the humour of the time—criticised the style of M. d'Aucourt, whom he accused of not forming his sentences with the grace to be looked for from a member of the Academy, and against whom he revived an old joke which had long done duty in the salons of Paris. D'Aucourt, at an early stage of his career, had on one occasion rebuked what he held to be an indecent use made of their church by the Jesuits, and doing so in Latin, said

"sacrus," when he ought to have said "sacer." The holy men were tickled by the blunder, and D'Aucourt was called "lawyer sacrus" for a long time after. The Abbé Poulard, in his pamphlet, made the most of this. The joke arose over a question of profanity, and was kept alive over a question of murder. But, indeed, the murder of a nominative case was at that time nearly as bad, in the eyes of dainty speakers as the murder of a woman. "You tell me that I murdered my patroness," cried, in effect, the Abbé Poulard; "well, sir, and what then, who murdered his own Latin?"

The pleadings of D'Aucourt had aroused public feeling on behalf of the white-headed steward, who was faithful even in the last extremity to which he had been brought. He had been tortured beyond his strength, and his life was despaired of. Just at that time official intelligence was sent from Sens that a man, calling himself Geolet, had established himself as a horse-dealer in that town; that he was the same Berry, discharged from the service of Madame Mazel, for whom search had been instituted, and that he was accordingly arrested. His arrest took place on the twenty-seventh of March.

The expectation of Barbier d'Aucourt was then strangely fulfilled, for the capture of this man set at rest a world of doubt and terrible suspicion in an altogether unexpected way. When Berry was taken he offered to the men who arrested him a purse full of louis-d'ors for the opportunity of making his escape, and he was found possessed of a watch which had been worn by Madame Mazel on the very last day of her life. He was sent at once to Paris, where many testified to having seen him in town at the time of the assassination; a woman identified him as a man whom she saw quitting the hotel Savonnières on the night of the murder, soon after midnight. A surgeon deposed that he had shaved him (those being the days of barber surgeons), on the morning following, and noticed that his hands were scratched. Finally the blood-stained shirt and fragment of cravat were proved to have belonged to him. While these facts were being elicited, on the nineteenth of July the Abbé Poulard was arrested, and lodged in the Conciergerie. By confronting him with the real murderer, no proof of complicity was obtained, and it was determined by the civil authorities that he should be handed over to his ecclesiastical superiors, by whom he was subjected to strict discipline and meagre diet in a monastery throughout the remainder of his days.

Isménie Chapelain profited nothing by the death of Madame Mazel; for Georges de Savonnières died during the course of the subsequent proceedings. The name of Madame René de Savonnières had been carefully kept out of the inquiry; but Berry, condemned to be broken alive upon the wheel, and to pay eight thousand livres of restitution, was put

to the torture previous to his execution, and upon the rack he named as accomplices Madame de Savonnières and Jacques Le Brun.

Le Brun was already dead. Imprisonment and torture had destroyed him, and three weeks before this fresh accusation he had been buried solemnly before the altar in the church of St. Bartholomew, having been followed to his grave by an immense concourse of people. His wife Magdeleine had been taken from prison, and was conducted home with her two daughters, in solemn procession, by the same persons who had been present at her husband's funeral.

The murderer's breath did not long taint the old man's fame. In presence of actual death, Berry sent for M. le Nain, formally retracted his charges against others, and in a conference which lasted for an hour, confessed his crime.

His story was, that on the Wednesday before the murder, he had come to Paris on the business of robbing Madame Mazel, and took a lodging at the Golden Chariot. That on the Friday, at dusk, he entered the lady's house, seeing the door then open, and meeting no one, ascended to the loft, by way of the private staircase. He remained in the loft, hidden behind some hay, and feeding upon bread and apples that he took with him. At eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, knowing that Madame was then at mass, he descended to her bed-chamber, of which the door was open. The maids must have just then only finished cleaning it, because when he went in the dust was flying. Attempting to creep under the bed, he found there was not space for him to pass under with his coat on. He, therefore, remounted to the loft, and there deposited his two outer garments, then, descending in his shirt, he re-entered the room, and achieved his purpose. After dinner, Madame came to her chamber, which she left again to go to vespers. Berry who had found his hat uncomfortable, then came out, and made a cap for himself, with a table napkin that he found behind the mirror. Afterwards he knotted up the bell pulls, and warmed himself at the fire, until he heard the wheels of Madame's carriage. Then he crept back to his hiding, from which he emerged at midnight to make his demand of money. Madame, of course, screamed and felt for the bell-pulls. Berry warned her that she could not ring, and that if she cried out he would kill her. If she had not cried out, he said, she would not have been killed. He stabbed her at hazard, till she ceased to struggle with him, after which he stabbed on till he knew that she was dead. Until then, all had been dark, and it was not until after the murder that he struck a light. He took the key of the plate-chest, and sought in the plate-chest for the key of the strong box. He took from that box, six thousand livres in gold, which he emptied out of a purse, but left the purse, and then proceeded to restore everything to its former state. He went out by way of the ante-

chamber, closing the door with a key that lay on a chair, lest by forcible shutting he might awaken some one of the servants. Then he remounted to the loft, washed his hands there, took off and concealed his shirt, put on his other clothes, and descended. The coach-house door was open, and he went out by it. Had it been closed he should have made use of his rope ladder, and have escaped by one of the windows. On getting out into the street, he observed the brightness of the moon, and the extreme coldness of the night. Before he had gone far he heard a clock strike one.

In this way it happened that the prophecy of Madame de Savonnières was fulfilled to the letter; and that the man named by the Abbé Poulard was, after all, the cause of its fulfilment. May not the priest who slept in the room above that of his mistress, have been awakened by her cries, and was it not possible that the cowardly parasite shivered in his bed, while the deed was done that he dared not prevent? May he not have heard afterwards the footsteps of the murderer, and timidly peeping through some chink, have seen Berry ascending the great staircase, torch in hand, wearing the shirt still wet with blood? Too much a coward to confess his cowardice, may he not have connected this sight with the story of the open coach-house door, and believing that he understood the plot, have told a story that might serve in some mean and imperfect sense, the ends of truth?

Upon this, and other mysteries connected with the history, it is now scarcely worth while to dwell. Berry bore with stubborn impassiveness the dreadful punishment of breaking on the wheel. The law made all the reparation in its power to the family of Jacques Le Brun, and there was paid to it also a handsome legacy, bequeathed by the will of Madame Mazel to her faithful steward. Best end of all to such a story, the events here narrated made at the time so strong an impression on the public mind in France, that Le Brun's case is to be ranked as one of those by which society has been assisted in its progress. For it helped much to prepare the way for a good time, which came when rack and screw ceased to be part of the machinery of justice. And of all methods by which "man doth ransack man," or ever hath attempted to ransack him, their method is, I think, not the most cruel, but assuredly the one least likely to gain the end proposed.

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COGNAC.

It would not be difficult for a geographical tyro to lose himself amongst the *acs*. A large portion of the map of France is overlaid with proper names which, with whatever consonant or vowel they may begin, have all of them a *c* for their final letter, preceded either by an *e* or an *o*; but more commonly by an *a*, to vocalise their ultimate syllable. It is clear that, to steer your way with safety through this archipelago of synograms, you must not fix your rudder at the stern of the word, but at the prow, or even at midships. You must catch the topographical eel, not by the tail, but by the head and shoulders, whereon good luck and skill may, perhaps, enable you to fix some lasso of artificial memory to hold it with. Thus, there is Balzac, which gives its title to two famous De Balzacs, to Jean-Louis Guez, the artist who moulded the French language into shape, and to Honoré, whose masterpieces of fiction, are for want of translation, almost unknown to the British public. Balzac, besides, is a black variety of grape in considerable esteem for the brandy it makes. There is Blanzac, where the people revolted because salt was taxed too heavily; where they plundered the salt stores, and killed the tax-gatherers. There is Jarnac, remarkable for its magnificent avenue of poplars which conducts you out of town on the road to Cognac. There is Ruffec, a rising little place (it stands on a hillock), frequented for its markets of grain and cattle, but whose most exquisite articles of export—I intend writing an article about them—it might be injurious to the public service to specify now. There is Moussac, which has been sleeping in the night of obscurity from past eternity to the present day, and which would have slept on unknown for an eternity to come, if the railway had not waked it up and forced it to become a member of active society. There is Nérac, famous for terrines (or partridge pies with an earthen crust of pottery instead of paste); Chierzac where asses and oxen wear coats and breeches in summer time to save them from the stings of flies, gnats, and cousins; Cubzac, with its suspension bridge of iron and wood; Ribérac, where you may eat good pâtés of liver stolen from the insides of ducks that

quack; and, lastly, there is Cognac itself where you taste excellent brandy with lips that involuntarily smack. Cognac—now world-famous—is a small town with some nine or ten thousand inhabitants, which stands partly on a plain, but principally on a gentle slope, forming one side of the valley of the river Charente.

When I passed through Saintes—a picturesque, Italian-looking place, built on broken ground, with a genuine Roman arch by the side of the river, which is crossed by a smart suspension-bridge—when I passed through Saintes on my way to Cognac, they were feting the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin with so dense a procession, that the diligence could scarcely pass. The leaders had to nod and say, "How do you do?" to the gilt and silvered image that was carried along, for several minutes before we could reach the coach-office. Before I could get out of the coupé, I was torn in pieces by six or eight male and female touters (the latter with flatulent and bursting caps), who wanted each of them to cram a dinner down my throat. I amused myself by not deciding for a quarter of an hour, but walked about the town, with this amiable tail following me, as I examined the shop windows and hunted for points of view. At last, I put myself under the protection of a lady who persisted in inviting me with, "This way, Captain"—a title which tickled my ears as much as "My Lord" does those of other folks on the ninth of November. She carried me off in triumph, fed me very respectably, and then packed me snugly in the diligence for Cognac, without insisting too violently that I should stop and sleep at her inn at Saintes.

Cognac stands on a foundation of rock, and is solidly built with stone; and so it had need be; for if it were once to catch fire at any point, it would explode like a mountain of lucifer matches struck by lightning, and would blaze afterwards like an ever-burning omelette-au-rhum, which was meant to be gazed at but never eaten. Some of the narrow side-streets look as if they were hewn out of the rock itself. The vines in front of the houses there, seem to climb for the sake of reaching the summit of a natural cliff. This rude and rough external appearance is partly caused by the alcoholic fumes that float in the air.

A new stone house turns black outside from three to ten years after its erection, by the chemical action of the vapours from brandy stores. Otherwise, there is no want either of good houses in the town—surrounded by that symptom of wealth, luxurious gardens—or of handsome villas out in the country. The names of many of these narrow little streets, such as Street of the Gardens, and Street of the Golden Island, are inviting enough, if the reality did but answer to the title. Great complaints are made just now of want of employment amongst the working-classes. The merchants are obliged to discharge most of their men. There has been no wine lately to make into brandy; and everything vinous and spirituous is so dear that every accustomed purchaser is afraid to buy. Still, Arthur Young's test of a town's prosperity is manifestly visible; public and private buildings are being erected and restored on a liberal scale.

The Parc, or promenade, is a public strolling-place that any town might be proud of. You mount a gentle slope, which leads you to what is in the way of being made a formal terrace, looking down into the well-watered valley below. To clear the view a little, they talk of cutting down some half-a-score of evergreen oaks, against which I took the liberty of firmly protesting. The authorities, if aware of my opinion that the trees should stand, would doubtless treat it with a deal of deference. You pass the stone monument which stands on the spot where Francis the First first saw the light beneath a spreading tree, rather earlier than his mamma intended; you cross a bridge which will soon be built over a wooded hollow, and then you may stroll all day long in a tangled thicket of shrubs, evergreens, and timber trees, with winding paths cut through the wood and native wild flowers springing up amongst the grass, making it look more like an English pleasure-ground than anything I have yet seen in France.

Estimating the intellectual spirit of Cognac by the literary supply attainable there, it is certainly above proof, when compared with other French towns of the same size. It has at least one weekly newspaper,—*L'Indicateur de Cognac*. There are several well-supplied bookseller's shops; although here, as elsewhere, the trade is often made to combine with other professions in a way that looks odd in English eyes. Thus, Monsieur Gérard, on the Place d'Armes,—an obliging and well-informed gentleman,—writes himself *Libraire et Opticien*, over his door. He also takes photographic portraits,—a fact which is humourously indicated by the picture of an ugly fellow grinning for a wager, and making faces at a daguerreotype battery; the operator being behind it. Besides books and striking likenesses, he also deals in instruments that are of service to dealers in things spirituous. For instance, for

thirty-seven francs, he will sell you a pretty little experimental toy, called Sulleron's alembic, which in ten minutes will tell you how much brandy will be produced by any given hogshead of wine. A measured quantity of white wine is put into a little glass balloon; a spirit-lamp is lighted under it; the fumes pass through an india-rubber tube and a zinc or leaden worm, into a copper cooler filled with cold water, and the spirit drops into the same graduated glass receiver from which the wine was measured out. A simple sum of the rule of three tells you what your cask of wine is worth, in respect to its brandy-giving capabilities. Coarser implements, worris for practical distillation, creep out at the foot of many of the shop-doors, and beg you to buy them as you walk through the streets.

Brandy we know, in comparison with wine, is a mere modern upstart,—a mushroom of the day before yesterday; and so, Cognac, its grand metropolis, is of very recent date, as a commercial town, though not as a mere cluster of human dwellings. Twenty years ago, Cognac was only a village; the same dull, steady-going place that it had been ever since the dawn of time. Now, not to speak of the merchants, the peasantry of the arrondissement of Cognac are the richest in all France. Some few are worth as much as sixty thousand pounds sterling; many are worth from twenty to five-and-twenty thousand pounds. Remember that, not long since, they had a succession of abundant vintages. Instead of selling their wine at a ruinous low price, they distilled it and kept it. By that process, it was very easy to pack a great deal of wine into a very little space. Then followed a run of failing crops of grapes, and up went their wares,—up—up—up, till it is to be hoped that they have reached their climax at last, and that the present spring, summer, and autumn will prove more propitious to Jean Raisin's health.

These wealthy peasants still remain peasants, scarcely changing their former mode of life,—a hardy generation of men addicted to sky-blue clothing, and of hale women with caps in various stages of goitreism, and with complexions so tanned by the summer's sun as not even to be bleached by the past long winter. These head-dresses, like flattened and squeezed paper fire-balloons, appear to be their pride and glory. Some ladies seem to protect their caps in damp weather with a woollen covering, as if to prevent them (the bonnets) from catching cold; the whole apparatus being large enough to be a cradle for a new-born baby, in the case of such need as that which happened to Francis the First. Charente is altogether a rich department; and the Charentois, unlike the Poitevins, not only make the most of their fertile soil, but welcome agricultural and other improvements which penetrate so far into the interior.

One trifling circumstance struck me as a

curious coincidence. These strangely bonneted females agree with the Norfolk farmers' wives in making their butter into exactly similar "pints"—only smaller—which they call *marottes* (*marotte* also means a fool's bauble), weighing half a French pound each. Thus, there is an oleaginous bond of alliance between East Anglia and Saintonge, and Angoumois. Will the children, I ask myself, of these peasant capitalists, be content to jog on in the same humble routine of life? Will they be wise enough to know that true happiness lies in a quiet conscience, and easy fortune, a healthy body, and a contented mind; and will they leave the vanities and strifes of the world to the vast multitude who, clutching after gewgaws, lose their hold of solid and priceless possessions? Probably not; ambitious notions will inoculate their quiet existence, and break out in various forms of display. They will follow the beaten track of self-advancement, though their French frugality may possibly save them. Full occupation will also come to their aid; for brandy is distilled, as well as grown, not in the town of Cognac itself (where there are no distilleries), but on the premises of the respective vine-growing proprietors; where they are called *brûleries*, or burning-places, the provincial expression being to *brûler*, or burn, wine, not to distil it.

The discovery of *eau-de-vie* is referred to the twelfth century. In the thirteenth century, Arnaud de Villeneuve and Raymond Lulle made known the process of the fabrication of Alcohol; but its manufacture did not begin to assume importance until after the close of the fourteenth century. Wine was drunk, age after age, without the least suspicion being entertained that it was possible to disengage from its mass the spirituous portion which alone gives it its intoxicating powers. The Arabs having taught us the art of distillation, which they had invented to extract the perfume of flowers—of the rose especially—so lauded in their literature, the possibility suggested itself that we might discover the essence which gives to wine its special flavour and effect. After repeated attempts and experiments, alcohol, spirits of wine, and *eau-de-vie* appeared.

Alcohol is the monarch of potable liquids, and carries palatal excitement to the highest pitch. By entering into the composition of liqueurs, it has opened to epicures a new series of pleasures, as well as to merchants a new branch of commerce; and by helping to fabricate tinctures and elixirs, it has imparted to certain medicaments an energy in which they were before deficient. It has acted as the gunpowder, when they were merely dead, ineffective shot. It has also furnished our aggressive hand with a formidable and deadly weapon. The unhappy aborigines of new-found lands have been exterminated almost as much by the influence of fire-water, as by the force of fire-arms.

The processes which helped to discover alcohol have led us to other important results. For, as they consist in separating and sorting the particles of which a body is composed, and by the combination of which it is distinguished from every other, they served as a pattern and a guide to inquisitive investigators who were anxious to pursue analogous researches. Hence, we have a long list of completely new substances, the results of distillation and sublimation, discovered,—or to be so, one of these days—such as quinine, morphine, and a host of others.

I am no spirit-drinker myself, and might, therefore, consistently decry the use of ardent spirits. But the use, and the abuse, of a thing are two. There are many persons in France, both French and English, both men and women—but mostly people in the miserable condition of having little or nothing to do—who will drink you a quart of brandy, or more, per day, regularly. It is a marvel that they can live to the end of a month, or that they can blow out a candle without catching fire at the mouth, like a gas-burner when the gas is turned on. On the other hand, there are innumerable industrious workmen and tradesfolk who simply swallow their goutte, or dram, before the labours of the day commence, taking no more afterwards, and who say that it gives them great powers of endurance. There are countless aged persons and invalids, whose stomachs cannot bear either wine or beer, to whom pure brandy, or brandy-and-water, is an indispensable sustenance. There are crises in the history of humanity—such as excessive loss of blood, protracted exposure to wet and cold, violent and long-continued sea-sickness, or overwhelming mental agitation threatening prostration of the intellectual powers—wherein the judicious administration of brandy, or other alcoholic draught, is the only means of saving life. We are therefore interested in, and obliged to, a district which supplies stores for our medicine-chest as well as for our cellar. If men yield to temptation, and transfer the boon to their corner-cup-board, on themselves alone the fault must rest.

Although Cognac brandy is made from wine, the culture of vines for making *eau-de-vie* differs considerably from the management of mere wine-making vines. It is also more careless or slovenly in appearance. The level or slightly-inclined vineyards of Charente contrast strongly with the steep *côtes* of Burgundy. The soil, too, is of a more heterogeneous nature, comprising clay, loam, and calcareous earths. A slope to the north is rather preferred, as less liable to injury from spring frosts. The Cognac vines, before they begin to shoot, look like a legion of great black worms writhing to make their escape to the surface, to get out of the way of some gigantic mole that is devouring their lower extremities under ground. Although the

vine-stools are cut down to within a few inches of the ground, the shoots remain unsustained by props, and trail along the surface of the earth, exposing the grapes, at all stages of their growth, to dirt, wet, insects, and vermin. True, that in long warm summers, they get thoroughly ripened on the heated soil. Brandy grapes, thus matured and shrivelled, form a delicious winter dessert. The most esteemed varieties of grape for *eaux-de-vie*, are, the *Folle*, or rather the *Folle-Blanche* (for there is black *Folle*, or *Madcap*, in lower estimation), a very common vine in Charente and Lower Charente, which produces excellent but short-lived wine, and, at the same time, the wine that contributes the most to make good brandy. The berries are middle-sized, and yellowish in colour. The wood is rather stout, and is pruned to three or four eyes, if the stool is vigorous. It adapts itself to every soil. The *St. Emilion*, or *Semillon*, is a variety introduced from the south, easily recognised by its very stout reddish-brown wood, its high-shouldered bunches of considerable length and breadth, composed of large berries of an uncommon hue, for they are beautifully yellow when perfectly ripe. In pruning, no more than three eyes are left; and all soils suit it. The *Colombar* is a charming grape, yellowish when quite ripe. It makes a heady, clear, well-keeping wine. Mixed with black grapes, it makes a tolerable wine to drink. It may be pruned almost at discretion, though more than five or six eyes are seldom left. The bunches are long and well shouldered; the berries are rather oblong, and rarely decay while hanging on the vine. It is an abundant bearer, resists frost well, and succeeds in almost any situation. The stools rise to a considerable height. It is not rare for a single cep of *Colombar* to give seven or eight quarts of wine. These are all so-called white grapes; Charente brandy being mostly made of white wine. The before-mentioned *Balzac*, a black grape, is also in great favour, and very common, producing tolerably good, but rather strong wine, and is best mixed with other varieties. The bunch is beautifully black, the stalk red, the wood reddish-brown. It is pruned to two or three eyes, at most. It shoots late, and very vertically, and requires a clayey soil.

These varieties are mentioned, because they are quite distinct from those which produce either burgundy or champagne wine. A few others are cultivated, though less generally and indispensably. The grapes are pressed immediately from the vineyard, without fermenting in the tub; so that no colouring matter is extracted from the skin of whatever black grapes may enter into the medley, and no alcoholic vapours are lost. The wine from which brandy is made is not an agreeable beverage; it is harsh, deficient in aroma, and very treacherous as to its tip-syfing powers. Mixed with several times

its bulk of water, it may serve to slake the thirst of a weary man. That is all it is good for in the way of drink. Indeed, were it really good wine, it would be too valuable to burn into spirit; and, as a rule, districts which produce the best brandy also furnish the least palatable wines. Nevertheless, the Department of Charente supplies very drinkable, though not luxurious red wines, and cheap. It sustains the industrious labouring man with needful support, though it cannot pamper the voluptuous epicure. Most vineyards are planted with a mixture of black and white grapes; because, although white vines are supposed to be longer-lived than black, their wine is believed to be improved by the addition of juice from their dark-skinned brethren. Moreover, the idea is prevalent that white vines do not feed on the same substances as black; that the former mainly absorb sulphureous elements, and contain more spirituousness in proportion as those matters are in greater abundance, while black vines prefer to assimilate the ferruginous particles contained in the soil, and that the depth of colour in red wine is relative to the iron that lurks in the vineyard. In short, were Jean Raisin to go to war, his fair, Caucasian, white-skinned regiments would fight with a burning brimstone match, while his black and dingy negro hordes would transfix you through and through with daggers of steel. The strength of Charente lies in its liquid fire, and the most famous spot for brandy in the *Arrondissement* of Cognac is a tract of land named *La Champagne*. "But why do you call it *Champagne*?" I asked. "*Ma foi!* I don't know," was the answer I got; "I suppose for the same reason that this place is called Cognac." The reader, however, will please to note that Champagne brandy is not brandy from the province which produces champagne wine, but from this favourite locality near Cognac.

Wines (white having the preference; though any cheap wine in little request will do, since the best brandy comes from the worst wine) are ready for distillation in the course of a month after their fermentation is completed, without waiting for them to clear themselves. December is generally the month to begin burning,—the gloomy season, when poor Jean Raisin is brought to the stake, and is treated quite in the orthodox style of cooking heretics, and converting them by fire. Unhappy Jean may say of the *accusé* what Rabelais, at Rome, said to the Pope, touching his native place, "Most Holy Father, I am a Frenchman, belonging to a little town named Chinon, where people are very subject to the faggot disease. A great many respectable people have already been burnt there, and, amongst them, some of my own relations." A speedy execution of the Raisin family is not only mercy, but economy. New wine furnishes considerably more spirit than it would do at the end of a twelvemonth;

also, wines that have fermented in large bodies, in tuns, yield more liberally than those from little casks. In cold seasons, wine gives ordinarily less eau-de-vie, but then it is of better quality; after hot summers, the wine is more spirituous, and the eau-de-vie less agreeable. Of course, all flat, over-fermented, and acidulated wine gives an inferior and deficient sample of brandy.

The whole art of brandy-distilling depends and is founded on the circumstance that wine is a liquid consisting of fluid elements, a certain portion of which are more volatile, or fly off in vapour, at a lower temperature and more rapidly than the others. But matter is a subtle as well as a solid form of created existence, or entity; and the light-winged particles of spirit, as they take their departure, are apt to be joined by the evil companionship of essential oils, mouldy germs, and empyreumatic odours, which, if they do not corrupt good manners, certainly spoil good eau-de-vie.

Herein consists the why and the wherefore that all brandy is not the same brandy. The department of Charente is renowned for the skill with which it draws off the cream of the flighty fumes, leaving all the good-for-nothing refuse, or bouillies, behind. The apparatus is not complicated. A copper alembic is all that is required. It is composed of four principal parts; the boiler or chaudière, of various size and form, and frequently pretending to smartness of fashion, but ordinarily a truncated cone some thirty-one inches in perpendicular height, and thirty-one inches in diameter at the circle of the base; the cap or chapeau, hermetically fixed to the top of the boiler, to prevent the fumes of ardent spirit from escaping; the beak, or bec du chapeau, or rather its tail, a tube some twenty-seven inches long, and equally vapour-tight; and the serpentín, or worm, formed of five circles sloping with a regular inclination one beneath the other, the prolongation of the spiral being supported by thin iron props furnished with rings through which the circling worm is made to pass. The lower extremity of the worm, where it issues from its water-tub, or cold bath, is met by a funnel whose lower end is plunged in the bassiot, or vessel which catches the eau-de-vie. The greater the surface of the boiler, the more rapid the distillation will be, and the eau-de-vie will incur less risk of being tainted with ill savours and flavours. For the same reason, the most combustible wood must be employed to heat the furnace and set the boiler going at double quick step. Various little precautions have to be observed; amongst others, not to set the premises on fire. The first eau-de-vie which flows is the strongest. If you wish to keep the strong brandy separate, you must remove the bassiot after a certain time, and replace it by another.

Inferior brandy is also obtained from the marc or refuse from the wine press; thus: The solid

mass of squeezed grapes from the press is crumbled and broken up as finely as possible. So divided, it is put into tuns to ferment. As the marc still retains a certain amount of sweetness, in spite of the pressure to which it has been subjected, a few buckets of water are thrown upon it to moisten the whole. Gradually, vinous fermentation is established, and more water is added from day to day, but with due discretion. For, if the saccharine particles were too much diluted, the vinous fermentation would soon change to the acetous, and putridity would speedily follow. The vessel must be closely covered all the while. When the fermentation is complete, the best plan to avoid bad tasted spirit is to draw off the vinous water from the tun, to put it in hogsheads, to press the marc, and add what comes away to the rest; in short, to treat this small wine exactly like ordinary wine, being careful to stop the hogsheads as quickly as possible. When the little wine has settled, or towards the close of winter, it is racked off, distilled, and gives a soft and pleasant eau-de-vie. If wine is down to zero in price, and wood is up to fever-heat in dearness, the distillation of small marc wine will afford but small profit; but when wine is dear and wood is cheap, marc distillation pays well.

When a peasant-proprietor out in the country has burnt his wine into eau-de-vie, if the markets put on an inviting aspect, he loads the chariot before his door with precious tubs, he then washes his face and hands, puts on a clean shirt and blouse, and takes his Sunday broad-brimmed hat out of the closet. He proceeds slowly on his way with stately step, and enters the narrow crooked passages which Cognac dignifies with the name of streets, announcing his arrival by a long succession of what you might take for pistol-shots, but which are no more than harmless cracks of the whip. He stops at the gate of the establishment, say of Messrs. R. and Co., his cargo is set down, taken in, rolled up an inclined plane, and measured at once by transfusion into a cylindrical vessel which has outside it a glass tube, to which a graduated scale is attached, communicating with the interior, and therefore showing exactly how full the measure is. That settled he walks off with the empty casks, goes on his way rejoicing, leaving the rustic eau-de-vie to be converted into gentlemanly cognac brandy. The purchased liquor is let off from the cylinder by means of a tap, and is either received into the merchant's casks and rolled into a cellar-cave hewn in the rock for the temporary reception of ordinary brandies, or is made to pass through a tube into lower regions, where its further education is to be completed.

Before leaving the reception-room, cast a glance at the little adjoining apartment where the sugar is burnt to colour the brandy; then stroll through the series of basement-

rooms rather than cellars, and the whole secret of cognac-making is explained to the dullest apprehension. You see multitudes of barrels of stout oakwood, quarter-casks and hogsheads—two hogsheads making a puncheon and two puncheons constituting a tun—you peep into a little circular room in which iron-hoops are prepared on an anvil to hold fast and steady. You gaze wistfully at the closed doors of a little, mysterious, sealed apartment, where, you are told, is treasured up the most ancient eau-de-vie de Cognac on the premises, numbering some fifty summers and winters. You watch workmen clarifying the eau-de-vie by passing it through a jelly-bag, and you fancy they must inhale so liberal an allowance of spirit at every breath, that if they want to make brandy and water in their stomachs, they have only to go to the nearest pump. Your guide now produces an authoritative bunch of keys, unlocks the door of a special storehouse, and gives you to taste from an enormous cask, a glass of the burnt-sugar syrup, which brownifies the brandy (English customers admiring a gypsy complexion), and which syrup is not nice at all; and also a glass of softening syrup, made of one-fourth sugar and three-fourths eau-de-vie, which sweetens and smooths the cordial for lickerish lips, and which is so delicious that you would not have the heart to reproach your bitterest enemy if you caught him indulging in a drop too much. You start before an awful trap-door through which the country eau-de-vie is run down into immense tuns that stand firm on fixed pillars painted white and black, each tun being devoted to a peculiar quality of spirit. It is here that they perform the all-important operation, called the *Coupe*, by mixing several sorts of eau-de-vie together to improve them, with the addition of syrups according to taste.

The stirring-up, or amalgamation, is a long-continued and laborious operation which has made many a stalwart fellow's arms ache. They give you to taste a perfect sample, drawn up from the middle of a cask by means of a little sample-fetching phial, which puts you in mind of the thimble and thread by which caged and trained gold-finches, vulgarly called draw-waters, are taught to supply themselves with drink. It is no thimbleful of brandy which is offered to you, but a bumping wineglass. Sip and taste as much as you please; but beware how you swallow the whole, unless your head is as hard and insensible as a cocoa-nut with the outer rind on. You admire a collection of choice bottles, ranged on shelves and screened by a curtain, as if they were an invaluable library of book rarities and illuminated manuscripts. (By the way, some French authors have the habit of calling a well-stored wine-cellar a *bibliothèque*.) You march through the *Salle d'Expedition* or expediting-room, whence the most strongly exciting missives of the

world are sent off to stir the blood of Britons and North Americans, principally. MM. R. and Co. annually cause to emigrate from France some five thousand volumes—bottles, I mean,—bound, that is to say, packed, in wooden one-dozen cases. And look! there is the book-binder at work on his boxes. He boasts that he can make, at a stretch, from thirty to forty cases a day. And there, in the next room, is a high-crowned dame—whose cap only wants the slash of a sabre at the top to convert it into a pontifical mitre—whose peaceful occupation consists in braiding straw plaits to prevent her touchy pupils, the brandy bottles, from serious quarrels during their voyage across the seas. She also, I believe, decorates their ardent bosoms with gilt and many coloured breastplates, on which are imprinted the words OLD BRANDY on either side of a perspective view of the establishment. She likewise may have something to do with the putting them to bed afterwards in clean sheets of delicate paper. It is pleasant to see, lying about, hygrometric instruments, bearing the name of their maker, who lives in that arcadian spot, the London Poultry; pleasant also to say, "Bonjour!" to the English machine which cunningly cleans bottles by the force of an oblique jet of water that spins twisting round their empty stomachs, and rinses them out.

The corking-machine is, apparently, a cruel mode of forcibly stopping a vessel's mouth; but they say fewer fractures are made by it than by the more common and tenderer mode, while the operator is in no danger of being maimed by broken glass. A Cognac inventor claims, and has patented, his clever machine for capsuling the already sated and gagged individual. The patient is laid in a reclining position, a leaden night-cap is slipped over his head, he is hitched a little forward, exactly like a man presented to the axe of the guillotine, the executioner pulls a lever, which acts upon a set of wheels and strings, and the imprisoned spirit is as completely secured from breathing a breath of the external air, as if it were buried in a leaden coffin. In the little room where vessels are branded, another Cognac invention claims a laudatory word. The brands themselves are not thrust into the fire, but are contrived to receive, immediately behind their letters, a red-hot cylindrical heater, which communicates a sufficiency of caustic heat to mark a sharp, deep, and durable impression on the wood. The brand-fire, too, is economised, to heat the water wherewith new puncheons are scalded and purified.

If you walk through the premises of the *Société Vinicole*, a company of brandy-growers, who English themselves as The United Vineyard Proprietors, you will only see the same sights on a more gigantic scale; and Cognac contains within its limits four or five establishments of equal magnitude. You will be introduced

into a vast hall containing two-and-forty colossal vats, ranged in double row, so massive and towering, that they make you feel as if you had entered some old Egyptian cave, and with an iron tramway running between them, on whose rails glides a tremendous tub for mixing or making the coupe, as an easy way of fetching samples from the different reservoirs of eau-de-vie. When I was there, four men were hard at work agitating the contents of this moveable vat by means of a central paddle-wheel whose handles were bent at right angles downward, round from the top of the tub, in order to reach the level of ordinary humanity. But, besides mixing by force of arms, there is machinery which is kept acting by quadruped strength; so that it may be correctly stated that it requires a two-horse power to make a single glass of brandy. The very same mill works a set of pumps; the horses, therefore, are able to produce either simple water—the aqua pura of learned apothecaries—or water-of-life-and-death, at will. Robert Houdin himself cannot do much more.

Good brandy is not cheap, even at Cognac. My landlady strongly urged me to carry off a bottle from her stores, at the cost of seven francs, to give a taste of the genuine article to my friends at home. But I replied that I had so long a journey before me, that the bottle would probably get cracked on the road, and the seven francs be consequently spilt, like water. So I contented myself with sticking in my buttonhole a sprig of evergreen from the pleasant Parc, as a material token whereby to remember *ac-land*.

Cognac has a future before it, to which it may look with complacency. One of these days it will have a railway, connecting Angoulême with Rochefort and La Rochelle; and will then get gas, which, in the interior of France follows the iron road, and is only to be found along its lines. Cognac will then be glad to receive coals and many other things besides, from England; especially if England could, in her wisdom, spare her own grain from distillation and devote it to feeding man and beast, by diminishing the duties on foreign spirit. Between England and Cognac there is a friendly feeling, which is not likely to be the less permanent because it rests on the foundation of the pocket. The brandy-merchants of this generous little town sent as a present to the English army in the Crimea one thousand pounds' sterling worth of good brandy, to keep the cold out of our poor soldiers' stomachs. If I were one of the Roebuck Committee, I would try and find out whether it ever reached them, how they liked it, and whether they knew where it came from? A friend's good deeds ought not to be hid under a bushel. But between England and Cognac there is more than friendly intercourse; there are matrimonial alliances. A gentleman whose ample fortune has some

connection with puncheons of brandy, has espoused a lady whose handsome dowry is not entirely alien to pots of porter. It is possible even, that the example may spread; for, at, and after the Paris Exposition, Cognac will offer hospitable reception to not a few English visitors. May their fêtes, dinners, balls, and picnics, go off to perfection, without a badly-cooked dish, an unbecoming toilette, or an envious shower of rain! I heartily drink them success (in wine) beforehand and at a distance, in remembrance of the civility I met with in the land of spirits.

MOTHER AND STEP-MOTHER.

IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VI.

"MOTHER," cried Edward Irwin, now a fine boy of fourteen, "why does every one think so much more of Frank than of me?"

"He is the heir, and is just come of age, and when the heir comes of age there is always great rejoicing."

"It must be a fine thing to be the heir!" exclaimed Edward, after a pause, fixing his eyes thoughtfully on his mother's face.

"Why do you think so?" inquired she.

"Why? What a question! Why, the world is before you to be sure; you can do exactly what you please, and everybody thinks you a fine fellow."

"It is better to make a fortune than barely to inherit one."

"O yes, of course; but that takes such a time. Just fancy, mother, how splendid it must be for Frank. Every one says how handsome he is, and every one admires his cleverness and his riding, and everything he does. Now I'm every bit as handsome and as clever for my age, and father says Frank couldn't have ridden Mad Tom before he went to Rugby; yet nobody takes the trouble to find out my perfections."

"Would you rather have been your father's heir than my son?" As Lady Irwin asked the boy the question, her cheek flushed, and her brow, to which a slight frown had become habitual, darkened.

"Why, no, mother, I don't mean that. I'd rather have my own stately mother, for all her fierce looks and angry words, than the pretty pale lady in the picture; but suppose there had been no Lady Irwin before you, I'm sure you're wife enough for one man any day."

"I should never have known your father if he hadn't come to Florence when he was in sorrow for the loss of Frank's mother."

"Which proves, I suppose, that it didn't please the Fates that I should be an eldest son. I always thought them a stupid set of spinsters. Don't you know any rickety old Earl or Duke who might be coaxed into adopting me?"

"Do not talk so foolishly, Edward," returned his mother, with displeasure, "leave

to have some respect for those to whom you owe your being; learn to have some regard for the talents with which you are endowed, and the legitimate exercise of which cannot fail to make you known and distinguished."

"In spite of all that," pursued the boy recklessly, "I believe, mother, you would like to see me in Frank's shoes. Only think, this grand old house, the woods, the lands, all mine. But there, don't bring down the thunderclouds! I'm sure, if the old Parcae have ill-used me in condemning me to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, they are ten times more to blame for making you anything but an empress. If they'd only done you justice now, I could have accommodated myself nicely to the character of a royal duke."

"Doubtless, you foolish boy," said his mother, caressing his full dark curls.

"But only fancy, mother, you sweeping along in velvet and diamonds, issuing your commands to your generals and counsellors; ordering one man to lose his head, making a governor of a province of another; and me riding about on a cream-coloured Arabian pony, at the head of an army, going to chastise some rebellious barbarians."

"Silly boy!" cried Lady Irwin, "what a shock you will feel when you descend from your Pegasus, and know yourself nothing but plain Edward Irwin, with not a sou to help you but what your father or brother may choose to give you."

"Considering the state of the case, mother, I think you might have let me give the reins to my fancy a little longer. I wish you hadn't pulled me up with such a jerk. I declare I felt the Arab under me, and the air fanning my cheek, and you and all your court ladies looking down from your balcony. It was too bad to bring me down such a thump into this seedy old room, with nothing out of doors but that wet blanket of a sky. I don't believe it ever intends to leave off raining till all the branches are washed off the trees. Why, if there isn't Kitty! Only think, mother, of her coming all through this rain. See how daintily she holds up her dress, and what little pools of water her pretty pattering feet leave every step she takes. She's worth my cloud palace, Arab pony and all! There's a smile, now, would make sunshine anywhere. O mother, stir the fire and make it blaze, while I run down and help her off with her cloak."

Away he ran, leaving his mother sunk in gloomy meditation. The impatience he had expressed, and forgotten as soon as expressed, awakened the discontent in her own heart, and roused the old bitterness and jealousy that slumbered in her bosom. She was essentially an ambitious woman; her very love partook of the passion by which the angels fell; and the beauty and promise of her son, while it increased the idolatrous affection which she bore him, aggravated her discontent at the inferior position to which he

was destined. But the fire smouldered in her own bosom, and even Agnese knew not into how fierce a blaze a little breath might kindle it.

When Edward returned, bringing in Catherine Birkby, despoiled of her wet garments, and glowing with exercise, the cloud had passed from Lady Irwin's countenance, if not from her spirit, and she welcomed her young visitor with courtesy, even with kindness.

"And now, mother," said Edward, when he had established the guest in a warm corner of a sofa, and supplied her with a footstool and all imaginable comforts; "and now, mother, would you like to know what has brought my princess out this fine November morning? It's a good story, and I'll tell Frank as sure as fate."

"Suppose you begin by telling me," said his mother, smiling.

"You tell her, Kitty. Doesn't she look a nice tutor, now? Just look at her; she wants nothing but a pair of spectacles and a stout cane."

"The boy's distracted," said Lady Irwin. "He is so delighted that you are come to break the dull tête-à-tête with his prosy old mother, Kate, that he can't speak an intelligible word."

"Well then, mother—neither prosy nor old, much younger than Kitty, I'll be bound—would you believe it? the abominable creature has come out through this weather to bring me my Arnold's Exercise book."

"She is a great deal too good to you, sir; and we must get Mr. Birkby to be more strict with you, if you continue so careless."

"But only think of her malignity, mother, when I had forgotten the stupid book so cleverly, and persuaded myself that it would be cruel to send Brade and the ragged old pony for it, she must come through the cold and wet for no other purpose than to make me ashamed of myself. There's only one thing to be said for her; she never did Arnold herself, and so she doesn't know what a tremendous bore he is."

"Now I have brought the book, I hope you intend to do the exercise," said Kitty, smiling.

"Well, that depends. You must fold the paper and mend the pens, and look out the words in the index. But no, let's go and have a game at billiards. I'll hunt up Frank, and mother will come."

"No, no," said Kitty. "I'll play no billiards till you've done your exercise."

"Well, we can play without you, you know."

"You will have to play by yourself then," said his mother. "You'll find no one here to play with you, if you are rude to Kitty."

"Rude to Kitty!" repeated the boy, the colour flushing to his cheek. "Rude to Kitty, whom I love better than anything in the whole world? I don't know what you mean, mother."

"He only wanted to show me that I was not quite so important as I thought myself," said Kate, apologetically. "Come, Edward, let us go into the school-room; the exercise won't take half an hour, and there will be plenty of time for billiards afterwards."

The boy obeyed, but his cheek still glowed. He got together what was necessary for his work in silence, and wrote quickly and attentively for some time; then suddenly flinging down his pen, he threw himself on the floor, and hiding his face on Catherine's knees, burst into tears.

"Hush, Edward, is this right—is this Christian?" remonstrated Kitty.

"Rude to you, my own dearest Kitty?" sobbed the boy. "If I was, I didn't mean it. Of course you know we can't play without you—at least, I can't; and I'm sure Frank wouldn't. O, you don't know how dull and stupid the house is when you are not here. Father sits in his study, making discoveries about meteoric phenomena or something or other; and Frank thinks he's doing a great deal with Plato, though I believe half the time he does nothing but smoke and dream; and mother and I talk ourselves into a horrible dislike of everything. O Kitty, I hate myself so sometimes, and you would hate me too, if you knew what wicked thoughts come into my head."

"Wicked thoughts come to all of us, Edward; and you know there is only one mode of driving them away."

"If I were only Frank, now," said the boy, "I should be quite happy."

"Oh no, you would not, if you are discontented now. And your brother loves you so dearly. I cannot think how you can find it in your heart to envy him."

"I do though, Kitty. I envy him his fortune and his rank; but that is not what I envy him most. I envy him because everybody loves him. Why, even you love him more than you love me."

"Don't you know what good reason I have to love him?" returned Kitty, firmly, but with some little embarrassment. "I have often told you what a friend he has been to me all my life long."

"Yes, I know that you don't love him because he is rich and will be called Sir Francis. O, I wish he had been cross and ugly, for then you could not have loved him."

"O, dear Edward, think how wrong it is to be vexed that your brother is loved."

"Well, it's not exactly that. I don't want people not to like Frank, for I know he's a splendid fellow; but I do wish somebody would love me better than him or anybody or anything else in the whole world."

"You know your mother does; and for her sake you should try to be contented and happy."

"Well, I am very happy, if the days were

not so confoundedly long and everything so stupid. Do you know, I did something this morning. I am sure you will say it was very wrong—I felt it was wrong myself. I didn't mean to do it, but somehow I couldn't stop. I told mother I wished I was Frank. She did look so vexed—there came a strange fierceness into her face. Don't you think she is very handsome, Kitty?"

"Yes, especially when she smiles."

"No, when she frowns; it's my treasure of a Kate that looks lovely when she smiles. Mother looks magnificent when she's fierce. I feel a sort of creeping of the flesh and burning at the heart when she looks like that. Is it wrong to like to see her so?"

"It must be wrong," replied Kitty, gravely. "She cannot look so unless she feels unhappy; besides, I do not think it reverent in you to speculate on your mother's looks, and to put your own interpretation on a passing expression."

"Do not look so sorry, Kate—I can't bear to see you. I know I am very wicked, but you must not hate me. I try to pray, indeed I do, and I will yet more. Is it not strange," he added presently, in a lower tone—"is it not very strange that I never like to make you look sorry; but when I vex mother the blood leaps in my veins, and I feel as if I couldn't stop, it makes me feel so near to her. Look at my forehead: don't you see I am getting a frown like mother's? I frown so at night sometimes that it wakes me out of my sleep. I dream of nothing but battles and fighting. Dear Kitty, do you think I could ever go to Heaven?"

"Remember who gave His precious life a ransom for sinners, Edward! Remember Him who loves you, and who is touched with a feeling for your infirmities."

"Sometimes," said the boy, looking out of the window, and speaking in a soft, dreamy tone—"sometimes all that is written in the Testament seems so true, that I feel strong for anything; but then, all in a moment, away it goes, and the old bad thoughts come back. I suppose, Kitty, it is the Devil taking away the Word out of my heart."

Thus, in the dark November day, they talked together.

CHAPTER VII.

"My dear Kitty, we must think of getting you some new clothes to go to London with. Of course, you will like to buy the principal things there; but you must have a new gown to go in. Morley has a lovely dove-coloured silk, which I'm sure would just become you, and he only wants three-and-ninepence a yard for it. It's rather a short length, but he said if I'd take it he'd allow me something."

"I am not going to London, my dear aunt," replied Catherine, in a low voice.

"Not going to London!" exclaimed Miss Birkby, looking over her spectacles in amaze-

ment. "Why Lady Irwin has been here herself, and your papa and I accepted the invitation."

"I told Lady Irwin I was not going. I did not know she would ask me till just now. Edward talked of it, but she never mentioned it before."

"But why you won't go I can't understand," pursued Miss Birkby. "You may never have such another opportunity in your life. You would see everything and be in the first society without any trouble or fatigue. I'm sure Lady Irwin won't be pleased. I can't understand it. Why, when I was your age, I used to go wherever any one asked me. I hope you are not thinking about leaving your papa and me, because, you know, we could manage perfectly well by ourselves, and of course we can't expect to keep you always."

"I think you and papa would be lonely if I went," returned Catherine, slowly; "but that is not the only reason—that is not the principal reason. I don't think it would be well for me to go, and I hope you and papa will let me stay at home."

"Of course, dear, we are only too glad to have you. I'm sure I don't know what we should do without you for three months: I am only sorry about Lady Irwin."

"Well, now, this is too bad," cried Edward Irwin, brushing into the room, his face flushed and his eyes bright with tears of vexation. "Only think, Miss Birkby—only imagine—mother says Kitty won't go."

"She has just been telling me so, my dear, and I am quite as much surprised as you can be."

"But she doesn't know what she's refusing," returned Edward, impetuously—"how should she? She has never been out of this stupid little village in her life; and you can't think what trouble father and I had to get mother to ask her. She's horribly cross now, and says she knew she wouldn't come, though how she could tell that I can't think. Why won't you come, Kitty dear?" he continued, changing at once from anger to entreaty. "You don't know what a splendid place London is. Mother goes everywhere, and everyone comes to our house; and I'll work so hard—I'll do my lessons every morning before I go out. Do come, that's a dear!"

"I should like it very much," said Catherine, making an attempt to conceal the sadness with which she spoke. "I should like to see what we have so often talked of, and to hear the clever and famous men whom you know, but I do not think it would be right for me to go."

"But why, Kitty, why? We won't do anything wrong. You can go to church three times on a Sunday, if you like; and there's a church close to us where they have service every day. Then there are lots of beggars, ten times more miserable than any you can find at Swallowfield, who come and ask

you for money without you're having the trouble of hunting them up. Isn't she tiresome, Miss Birkby? She thinks it such a clencher to say she does not think it would be right. There's no good to be got out of her after that; and the beauty of it is, she does not condescend to tell us why she does not think it would be right—O, Kitty! you can't think what a rage Frank is in. He turned as white as a sheet, and got up from the table where we were all sitting at lunch. He didn't say a word; but I wouldn't be in your shoes for something!"

"It does seem a pity, doesn't it, Kitty?" put in her aunt. "I'm sure your papa and I could manage very well. I could get Jane Thorpe to read to him: she reads particularly well for a person in her condition, and he would soon get accustomed to her."

"Oh, Miss Birkby, it's of no use," cried Edward, sorrowfully. He had been studying Catherine's half-averted face. "She don't wish to come, and, of course, we cannot wish to compel her, however sorry we may be."

Kitty sighed heavily, but said nothing.

"If you'd only give a reason," pursued Edward, after a pause, and in a softer tone. "If you would only say why you don't wish to come."

"That I cannot do, Edward; but will you not put faith in me? Will you not believe me when I say that it is not for want of love to you that I have refused,—that I should have enjoyed it more than I can tell? Will you not believe this on my simple word, and trust and love me still? You do not know how sad it will make me when you are away, to think that you are judging hardly of me."

The boy was silent, his face worked with various emotions. At length it grew clear and firm. He took Kitty's hand, and pressing it firmly between his own, exclaimed,

"It is hard, but I'll do it. I'll do it for you, Kitty. I'll believe what you say; I won't think hardly of you myself; and I won't let any one else think hardly of you. You never deceived me; you have always been dearer and kinder than any sister could have been, I am sure; so, if you say it's not for want of love, I will believe you and love you all the same; but you won't mind writing to me?"

Catherine assured him that she looked forward to his letters as a great source of amusement during his absence; and the boy at last departed, much comforted, and firmly resolved to maintain the virtue of Kitty's incomprehensible determination against all assailants.

But another and a harder struggle yet awaited her—a struggle she would gladly have avoided, had it been possible. The intimate friendship which had subsisted from infancy between herself and Frank Irwin gave him a right to some further explanation of the motives of her conduct—a right which, whatever the difficulty in which she might be

placed by the assertion of it, she felt no inclination to question.

To avoid, or at least postpone, her meeting with Frank, she took occasion to pay a visit to her old nurse, who, with her husband, occupied a small farm, at some distance from Swallowfield. She did not leave Mrs. Price's dwelling till past five, and the early spring day was waning fast, as she sadly bent her steps homeward. The soft and humid air was fragrant from banks of violets and primroses, and the distant moon hung in the ether. It was an evening for tender thoughts, and as Catherine pursued her way, her mind wandered back to the old days of her childhood, and to the countless pleasant hours which she and Frank had spent together.

When a turn in the road brought her face to face with him of whom she was thinking, she beheld him without surprise, though the tide of blood setting tumultuously to her heart deprived her for the moment of speech or motion.

"I came to meet you, Kitty," said Frank Irwin, "your aunt told me where you were gone—she asked me to come—I hope you are not displeased."

"Oh, no!" said Catherine, trembling yet more, and only daring to deprecate his anger by a look of supplication; for there was a restraint and haughtiness in his tone and manner which were quite new to her. He turned to walk with her, and they had proceeded some way before he again addressed her. At length he said,

"I want to say a few words to you Catherine." He spoke slowly and with manifest effort. "I need not tell you that your refusal to accompany my mother to London was a sad disappointment, yes, and an unexpected disappointment to me. I am not going to distress you by an inquiry into the motives of your refusal. You act upon them so decidedly that you must be satisfied with them. I only wish to say that I am aware from your conduct on this occasion, and from the manner of your behaviour to me since my return from Germany, that I have been so unhappy as to incur your displeasure. I have in vain examined myself to discover the reason, you have given me no clue, though I daily feel how strong that displeasure must be which has so completely changed our mutual relations and destroyed a friendship so close, so old. You must not imagine that I am so preposterously conceited as to suppose that your refusal to go to London was entirely occasioned by your unwillingness to be distressed by my presence. If that were the only obstacle, you need no longer hesitate, for I have to-day asked and obtained my father's permission to make an extensive tour in America; I hope even to extend my travels as far as the Rocky Mountains."

He had spoken in a hard, dull tone, never once looking at his companion, but nervously switching his riding-cane to and fro and

following its motion with his eyes. Each sentence struck harder and harder on poor Catherine's heart, and when the last abrupt announcement was made, she was compelled to stop, for her faltering limbs refused to support her, a deadly pallor overspread her countenance, and her lips quivered with the vain attempt to articulate a sound.

Terrified out of his anger, Frank hastened to support her, and gazed with stupefied amazement on an emotion such as he had never before witnessed, while his heart smote him for the selfishness of his reproaches.

"O, Kitty," cried Frank, passionately, "forget what I have said. Of course, I know, dear, you can't help it; I was a fool to hope it; but you know, Kitty, every one in this world is selfish but you."

"You shall know the whole truth," said Kitty, who, in her anxiety to master her emotion, hardly understood the import of his words; "I have never trusted you and repented of it, and, hard as it is, I will trust you now."

"No, Kitty; I will know nothing; you shall put no force upon yourself, dear. I know that I am in every respect unworthy your regard. I can well understand what a distasteful companion I must be to a gentle and accomplished woman like you."

"Frank, how can you talk so strangely? you know the inequality is all on my side. Listen to me a few moments, and I will try to tell you my reasons, that you may not think me altogether capricious and unworthy your friendship. You see my father has spent his life in such retirement that he thinks and cares little about what is said or done in the world. He is accustomed to see you, and he loves you dearly. My aunt knows, perhaps, something more about such things; but, I daresay, if either of them thought about it at all, they would consider that I was quite your equal."

"Well," said Frank, earnestly, though not impatiently.

"You see their affection for me would blind them to the truth." Kitty spoke with increasing effort, but still with a certain energy. "I tried to speak to Lady Irwin, and to ask her help; but I could not. I do not think it is right to speak to you, Frank; but you will help me, as you always have done, all your life, and for the sake of our old, old friendship. I cannot lose your friendship."

"Come what may, that will never be, Kitty," said Frank, earnestly.

"Thank you for that comfort. And now you understand my motives."

"Forgive me, dear, I do not understand them in the least. You talk about the world and about your father being blinded by his affection for you; but I honestly confess myself unable to make out the sequence of ideas, or to see what bearing your observations have on your refusal to go to London with my mother."

"Don't you see that, if I were to go, I should be, almost of necessity, a great deal in your company, and people might think—or, to speak the simple truth, it might not be well for me."

"O! why did you not tell me that before? Of course, it was hard for you to say it. I was a blockhead not to think of it myself. But I am going away now, you know, Kitty, so far, to another hemisphere; you will go now? No one can make observations, no one can misinterpret you now!"

"I will go if you wish it," she replied, in a very low, heart-broken voice.

"There is something still which you hide from me," said Frank, looking steadily at her, "and it is something which makes you unhappy. Even if I go to America, you do not wish to go to London."

"How can I wish to go if you are not there?" returned Catherine, almost angrily; "would not everything I saw remind me of you and of your kindness long ago?"

"And yet you deny me the pleasure of being there with you? I have heard that women are riddles; and I've been puzzled sometimes to understand my mother; but it's new to me to find *you* incomprehensible and inconsistent."

"Only let me stay at home," said Kitty, entreatingly; "don't ask me to go to London—don't show any interest about me; and, when you come back, you will find me once more your old friend and playfellow."

"No, Kate; do not let us deceive ourselves. That can never be again. The happy time when we were all in all to each other is gone; and the cold friendship you offer me is but a sorry substitute for the love you once bore me. As for me, I cannot cease to love you; but I cannot pretend to be satisfied with being less than all to you. Time may possibly modify my feelings, and I may grow accustomed to the thought that I am nothing to you; but we cannot become children again, and the memory of those joyous days only makes the sorrow of to-day the heavier."

"Do not say so!" said Kitty, in a tremulous tone, "we may be as brother and sister to each other."

"Brother and sister!" he replied, almost fiercely. "Do not deceive yourself, as you cannot deceive me, by that miserable delusion! Brother and sister! Brother and sister we never have been, and never can be. I love you, Kitty, cruel as you are. You know that I love you,—not with the temperate affection born of habit and of instinct, which knits together those of kindred blood; but I love you with that passion which, if you do not know, you have at least read of. You were the dream of my boyhood, the hope of my youth. All that sisters are or may be to others, you are a thousand times to me. I do not importune you to do impossibilities. I love you too dearly to seek to influence you by appeals to your compassion. Yes, and I

value myself too much for that; but do not mock me by comparing that which is life of my life to a feeling, however pure and sacred, which may, without difficulty, be divided among half-a-dozen. Some day, Kitty, you may know what it is. God grant that when you love you may never know the bitterness of having your passion unrequited!"

"There are many, many, worthier your affection than I!"

"If there are, I don't care for them. I love you. I have loved you from the hour when I first steadied your infant steps in your father's orchard. I never called you sister. I never felt the love of a brother towards you. The love I then bore you was a faint foreshadowing of that which now possesses me. I, presumptuously, made sure of my happiness. Till this winter, I never questioned that you returned my love, absurd as it may appear to you. Never, till this winter—never, fully, till to-day—did I contemplate the possibility of this agony."

"If I were but nearer to you in any one thing," faltered Kitty.

"What then?" said Frank, impatiently; "it would not bring your heart nearer to me. I should love you like a lover, and you would look upon me as a brother."

"How little you know!" exclaimed Kate. "Do you think I have had no struggles? Do you think I have shed no tears? Do you think it is easy to me to lose one turn of your countenance—one tone of your voice! O, you must not think that all, or even the heaviest of the pain is on your side. You will have much to comfort you—much to drive me from your thoughts. I shall have only the memory of the past, and prayer, to help me."

"You are more and more inexplicable, Kitty. If I could trust the seeming sense of your words, I should almost hope that you indeed love me, even as I would be loved. Yet you make the confession in a voice so sad, and with a look so hopeless, that I dare not rejoice at it. What barrier is there between us? What unknown hindrance which turns this, which should be the sweetest moment of our lives, into sorrow and bitterness?"

"You know! Oh, why compel me to repeat what you know so well? I am a simple country girl, without protection, without accomplishments. You have talents and rank which fit you to form an alliance with any of the noblest families of the land; and such an alliance Sir Edward and Lady Irwin naturally expect you to form."

"And is this the only hindrance, Kitty?"

"Yes. Even for your sake I would not creep into your family by stealth; or enter it only on sufferance. I will not deserve the reproaches of those to whom I owe gratitude and affection."

"By Heaven, Kitty, you wrong my father and mother if you think that they would value rank or fortune in comparison with

such a true and pure heart—such a cultivated mind—as yours! Besides, if they were blind to your merit, do you think they set no value on my happiness—that they have no regard to my wishes? Put such unworthy thoughts away from you! My mother may sometimes seem capricious—she may be uncertain in trifles, but her own affections are too strong to allow her to endanger the happiness of both our lives for a prejudice. I am sure both she and my father will welcome with delight a prospect so full of reasonable happiness for both of us.”

But Catherine could not think so. In the midst of her tremulous joy her heart remained heavy with foreboding. She felt that Lady Irwin would disapprove of their union, and a prescience of sorrow weighed upon her spirit.

Frank, though not entirely free from the same instinctive apprehension, could not restrain his delight at the acknowledgment he had drawn from her; he overwhelmed her with endearing words, demanded explanations of a thousand trifles which had pained him, as evidences of indifference, and learned, with rapture, that they were so many tokens of conscious love. Then he had arguments—unanswerable arguments—to prove the absurdity of her apprehension of Lady Irwin’s disapproval, till Catherine, though unconvinced, was soothed into a sympathy in his delight; and when they parted, at her father’s gate, it would have been hard to tell which was the happier of the two.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR EDWARD was reading when his son entered the dining-room. He was not a man who habitually wasted much of his conversation on his children; and he hardly looked up on Frank’s entrance, merely showing his consciousness of his presence, and his satisfaction thereat by a commonplace question about the weather. Having replied to this, and taken a seat on the opposite side of the fire, Frank began to cast about in his mind how to introduce the great subject which engrossed his thoughts. He did not doubt that his father would hear him with indulgence and interest; but it was with considerable difficulty that he at length stammered out a request that he would give him his serious attention for a few minutes.

“What, again, Frank!” said Sir Edward, laying down his book, with a look of amazement. “You seem very impatient. Not that I blame you. I think travel does a young man good, provided he travels with a purpose, and not merely for the sake of wasting time and money. I was speaking to your mother about your plan just now. She thinks I ought to have taken time to consider it before I consented to your undertaking a journey so long and perilous; but, as I proved to her, it’s nothing to the Argonautic expedition. Notwithstanding the danger of the adventure, I confess I am not sorry you

have fixed on the Rocky Mountains as your Ultima Thule; for I shall be glad to have some geological specimens from them; and an authentic account of Mormonism,—one of the most remarkable phenomena of the age. The accounts we have must be, to a certain extent, partial. Now, you will take a clear head and young eyes with you. All I would warn you against is too strong a leaning to the old-world prejudices, with which our good friend, Birkby, has taken such pains to fortify you.”

“I have just parted from Kitty, sir,” said Frank, breaking in, at last, with desperate resolution.

“Why didn’t you bring her up here? The little puss, I don’t wonder she’s ashamed to show her face. Your mother is by no means pleased, I can tell you. She never was very fond of poor Kitty. Very strange, though I don’t know—perhaps it’s natural, after all. I dare say Portia would have thought Imogen rather milk-and-waterish. I really begin to apprehend that my little friend is putting on her womanhood. Kitty, the sweetest piece of Nature’s handiwork that ever gladdened human heart,—it is too bad for her to be having her whimsies and caprices.”

Here was a good opening for Frank. These warm expressions of tenderness and affection loosened the powers of speech. He defended Catherine from the charge of caprice. He then, with more difficulty, explained the motive which had led her to refuse Lady Irwin’s invitation, and concluded with an earnest avowal of his own passion, and an entreaty that his father would aid him with his countenance.

“So I am to remain in my present benighted ignorance of the real state of the Mormon colony,” said Sir Edward, when his son at length ended; “and I shall not be able to enrich my collection with specimens from the Rocky Mountains! Do you think that Kitty could be persuaded to make it her bridal tour? But seriously, Master Frank, this is a grave matter. You and Kitty are over young to be running your heads into the yoke matrimonial. Kitty is a wife for an emperor; and you’ll be a lucky fellow if you get her. Still, you know it is a matter to be carefully considered for both your sakes.”

“Certainly, sir, if you will only give us your countenance, we shall be willing to wait,”

“Oh, yes! I dare say! As willing as the hoar-frost when the sun is shining. I wasn’t many months older than you when I married your mother. I was very happy ‘*bonæ sub Cynaræ regno*.’ Kitty is not unlike her in many things. But I’ll tell you what, Frank, we must talk to Lady Irwin; she does not like to have things done without her. I wish Kitty hadn’t had her pretty fit of prudery just now. Helen does not like to have her invitations refused, especially when she fancies she is conferring a favour in giving them.”

When the matter was broached to Lady Irwin, she listened with mingled astonishment and indignation. Her countenance sufficiently expressed her displeasure, though she controlled her utterance, and replied, only in a few cold words of disapprobation, to her husband's kindly representations of the wishes of the lovers. Strange as it may seem, she had never contemplated the probability of Frank's marriage, or only as a possible distant evil, to be prevented when it arose. That he would form an attachment to Catherine Birkby had never once occurred to her. Indeed, she held Kitty's beauty and accomplishments in very low esteem, and hardly thought of her except as a useful playfellow for Edward—an agreeable domestic animal, whom it was convenient to have about the house. To discover in this soft-voiced tender girl the enemy whom she should most sedulously have guarded against, was a bitter aggravation of her annoyance.

Turn the subject which way she would, she could discover no reasonable hope of averting the evil; Sir Edward had already given a quasi consent; she knew that, though generally complaisant, he was occasionally capable of firmness; that his affection for his eldest son was strong, his sense of justice strict, and that he had always regarded Kitty herself with peculiar tenderness. But none of these considerations shook her resolution to prevent the marriage, cost what it might; on the contrary, the difficulties that lay in her way rather strengthened her determination, and sharpened her ingenuity.

The sympathetic indignation of Agnese, to whom she disclosed the subject of her uneasiness during her evening toilette, confirmed her in the idea that Catherine had abused her hospitality, and under the guise of innocence had successfully carried out her wily designs upon the heir. She determined to meet craft with craft, and, by using her great influence with her husband, to retard the union of the lovers, and, while seeming to be only anxious for their welfare, to counteract, and finally to subvert their designs.

The youth of the lovers naturally formed the burden of her objections; she touched slightly on Catherine's want of fortune, and inferior rank; she urged the curtailment of Sir Edward's expenses which would become necessary if two families were to be supported on an income, handsome indeed, but every sixpence of which was annually spent; she dwelt on the injury it would be to Edward, if he were deprived of the advantages of such an education as his brother had enjoyed,—advantages more necessary to him, since his position must depend on his own exertions. She frankly acknowledged she could not comprehend Frank's attachment, and insinuated a doubt of its continuance, urging how often the pretty face and sweet temper, which were sufficient for the youth, palled upon the matured taste of the man. To this Sir

Edward replied, that it was not probable that an attachment founded on such intimate knowledge, and so fortified by esteem, would be of a transitory character; he said that for his part he was quite satisfied with little Kitty for a daughter-in-law, but he acknowledged that he had not contemplated the necessity of a separate establishment, and ended by expressing his belief that the young people were in no hurry, and would make no difficulty of waiting a year or two.

When Frank found that Catherine's apprehensions were, in a measure at least, realised, and that Lady Irwin seemed determined to retard, if not openly to oppose their union, the antagonism of his nature was roused, and he could not altogether control his impatience in replying to her representations. He rejected with indignation the idea that his feelings might change; he thought the house was large enough for him and Kitty, but if his father and mother thought otherwise, his father had interest to get him some appointment which would enable him to take the burden of his own maintenance, and that of his wife, upon himself; he had no idea of an immediate marriage, but he could see no reason to justify him in submitting Catherine to the anxieties of an engagement of uncertain duration.

In Catherine herself Lady Irwin found the most pliant listener, she was so prepared for anger in the dreaded Lady of the Manor, in the event of her passion becoming known, that when she assailed her with arguments, persuasion, and entreaties, coupled even with caresses, she yielded only too readily, and, grateful for permission to love, assented to any terms, thinking delay scarcely an evil in the greatness of her unhoped-for happiness.

They were betrothed, and it was an acknowledged fact in the neighbourhood, that Miss Birkby was engaged to Mr. Irwin. One or two sour spinsters and intriguing mammas were highly indignant, but by the community at large, it was regarded as a very natural and desirable arrangement.

Mr. Birkby, when asked for his consent, gave it heartily, telling Frank, with tears of pleasure, that he was glad to show the love he bore him, by giving into his keeping his dearest earthly treasure; he was a little displeased at Lady Irwin's desire for the postponement of the marriage, for his affection took alarm at the idea that his child's excellence was not duly appreciated, but a few words from Catherine tranquillised his doubts, and he could not be long angry at what gave him longer possession of her who was so dear, so necessary to him.

As to Miss Birkby, the intelligence threw her into a flutter of delight. She had a happy knack of never seeing what was going on before her eyes, of course she knew that Kitty and Frank liked each other very much, but as to anything more than friend-

ship, the idea had never suggested itself to her. She wished them happy with all her heart, and could see no reason why they should not be happy, since they had always been dear good children, both of them.

And so the matter rested. Lady Irwin, satisfied with having averted the evil for the present, revolved her plans at her leisure, and was content to bide her time. She was not, however, permitted to enjoy much repose, for she was harassed by the mute solicitations of Frank's anxious looks, and by the open remonstrances of her own son.

Edward heard the news at first with displeasure, and was inclined to feel himself aggrieved because Catherine loved any one better than himself; but when the first emotions of dissatisfaction were over, he entered with spirit into the interests of the lovers, and, having espoused their cause, he supported it with a warmth characteristic of his temperament, and which increased with opposition. Proud of the victory he had gained over himself, and irritated by a suspicion that his mother was actuated by love to him, he was never weary of urging his brother's claims, till his galling solicitations goaded her to madness, and confirmed her in her resolution.

"Inconsiderate and thankless boy!" she exclaimed one day, thrown off her guard by his importunity; "blind to your own interest, as you are careless of the affections of your mother."

"My interest!" retorted Edward, "how can it affect my interest; except that it must be my interest to see Frank and Kitty happy."

"And yourself a beggar, and your mother a pensioner on the bounty of a country parson's daughter! Foolish child, how will it be with you when you are but an inmate on sufferance in the house beneath whose roof you were born?"

"Mother, that'll never be! You don't know of what true stuff Kitty's heart is made; if I ever want a home, and she has one, never fear that she'll grudge me share of her's. Besides, have I not hands, arms, and wits; can't I hire myself out for so much a day to be shot at, or get a handsome income for wearing a fine coat, and a sword at some foreign court, and writing lying letters about nothing! Frank and Mr. Birkby, both say I've capital abilities, and I'm sure if I take after you, I must be a long-headed fellow with a first-rate genius for politics. Only think now, mother, would it not be more gratifying to be pointed out as the mother of the eminent diplomatist Mr. Edward Irwin, in time Sir Edward, and soon my lord viscount, or what not, than to look handsome in your black velvet and diamonds as the maternal relative of Sir Francis?"

"It is because I long to see you crowned with self-won honours, that I am impatient of this preposterous scheme of your brother's."

Hampered with him, his wife, and perhaps a host of children—women who bring their husbands no fortune, always have large families—how is your father to give you the necessary start? How is he to put you properly forward in the world? On the next ten years the fortunes of your life must depend."

"Ten years! then Frank and Kitty are to wait ten years? Come, mother, that's too bad—why she'll be quite elderly by that time; just think, you are only five-and-thirty now, and you've been married these sixteen years. Depend upon it, I shall never get on the better for Kitty's fretting herself to fiddle-strings. No, no, mother, it won't do; there's no romance in a bride over twenty. If I were Frank, I'd carry her off in a chaise and four and bring her home a married wife—I declare it would be splendid—I'd be postilion, and I don't think you'd have much chance of overtaking us, unless you swept after us in a whirlwind."

The idea of an elopement, and the exciting adventures by which it could not fail to be accompanied, was so agreeable to Edward that, though it had occurred to him as a jest, he did not fail to suggest it seriously to his brother.

"You may look as grave as you please, Frank," he said, impatiently; "I tell you my father would be delighted to have it settled—the dear old fellow is as fond of Kitty as she deserves—you'd be gone just a couple of days, and I'd undertake to draw mother off while you begged pardon, he'd forgive you almost before you could ask him. Mother is splendid for holidays, but you know we sadly want a little household deity to nurse us when we are ill, and put us in good-humour when we are cross. Mother couldn't say anything when it was done, or if she did, it wouldn't so much matter."

"She would never forgive us, Edward," returned Frank, with a grave smile; "and we should feel that we had given her reason for her displeasure. Kitty's heart would break under the weight of such a resentment as my mother can feel, and all my love and yours would not support her under it. It is hard, but we must be patient."

"Then I'll tell you what it is, Frank, you'll have plenty of exercise for your patience; you may wait and wait till you are both old and cross. Mother will not give her consent, she'll mock you with vain hope, like that scoundrel Pygmalion and his poor sister Dido in Virgil. She has made up her mind—she says you are too young now, she'll find reasons just as good to keep you asunder till she can say you are too old, and ought to be thinking of the other world."

"Kitty would never consent," said Frank, not unimpressed by the boy's representations. The thought was not new to him, the shadow of such a fear had been darkening on his mind for some time.

"Don't ask her!" cried Edward, with

animation ; "of course, I know as well as you that she won't, if she can help it ; but you know she loves you with all her heart—you know that though she tries to be gay, and deceives her poor old aunt and her father, who is always dreaming about some old Greek lovers instead of minding his own dear little girl ; you know that when she thinks no one sees her the tears come welling up into her eyes, and she is grown so thin that I could almost span her waist, which used to be of a proper natural size. I do not doubt that she would protest and be very miserable, but you are her natural guardian now, and it is your business to take care of her health. Now, if you carry her off, and marry her against her will, she can't blame any one but you and me, and I don't think she can be long angry with either of us."

Frank smiled, and loved his brother very dearly for his vehemence. And when he detailed to Catherine his proposal in all its extravagant wildness, there was a touch of sadness in the smile with which he related it, and in that with which she listened—a sadness perhaps inseparable from love so deep as theirs, yet showing that a foreboding of evil was in the heart of each.

A FIRST SORROW.

Arise ! this day shall shine
For ever more,
To thee a star divine
On Time's dark shore.

Till now thy soul has been
All glad and gay :
Bid it awake, and look
At grief to-day !

No shade has come between
Thee and the sun ;
Like some long childish dream
Thy life has run :

But now, the stream has reached
A dark deep sea,
And sorrow, dim and crowned,
Is waiting thee.

Each of God's soldiers bear
A sword divine :
Stretch out thy trembling hands
To-day for thine !

To each anointed Priest
God's summons came :
Oh, soul, he speaks to-day
And calls thy name.

Then, with slow reverent step,
And beating heart,
From out thy joyous days,
Thou must depart.

And, leaving all behind
Come forth, alone,
To join the chosen band
Around the throne.

Raise up thine eyes—be strong,
Nor cast away
The crown, that God has given
Thy soul to-day !

IMPORTANT RUBBISH.

WE have, in one of our former numbers,* shown how art and science have been brought to bear upon things before thought worthless : how the refuse of the smithy, the gas-works, and the slaughter-house, have been made to yield products the most valuable, results the most beautiful. We are now about to relate how another useful step has been made in our Penny Wisdom.

The iron wealth of England is a proverb in the most remote corners of the world. It produces the enormous amount of three millions of tons annually. We export to all parts of the world iron and steel to the yearly value of ten millions sterling, and machinery and tools to the extent of two millions ; sums that equal the revenue of more than one kingdom.

In travelling through the iron districts of England, it is impossible to avoid being struck with the vastness of the works carried on in those places. A journey through our mining districts—where undying flames leap forth from hundreds of volcanoes and around which nothing is discoverable but blackened piles of cinders and unsightly slag—will not be easily forgotten. For scores and scores of miles, the traveller beholds these apparently interminable heaps of refuse ore. Carts, waggons, and trucks may be seen on all sides, occupied in the endless task of removing this metallic encumbrance of the smelting-works. Hundreds of labourers are engaged in conveying to remote and undisturbed spots, the enormous piles of black, friable, clinkery-looking stuff,—the slag, that day by day and hour by hour is produced by the smelters of iron ore. Some is flung down deep gullies, and hidden in the dark yawning recesses of ravines, when haply any such are to be found. Some is employed in the hardening of rotten roadways, where it is made to perform a very unsatisfactory sort of duty for stone. Occasionally it is shot into the sea, when near enough for that purpose, which, however is not often the case.

Of the actual extent of this rubbish production some idea may be formed, when it is stated, as it has been, on very good authority, that in the removal of all this waste slag from the furnace-mouths of the United Kingdom, not much less than half-a-million sterling is annually expended. Indeed, it has been calculated that in round numbers there are, at the present time, fully six millions of tons of this refuse material produced in one year. At this rate it would be easy to imagine the

* Penny Wisdom, vol. vi, p. 97.

gullies, pits, and ravines of the iron districts becoming filled up at no very remote period, when iron-masters would have to go farther in search of secluded spots whereon rubbish might be shot.

The philosopher who, by the aid of scientific observation and research, can point out to us how to turn all this perplexing mass of unproductive refuse to good and profitable account—how, by a simple method, we may convert this ugly, useless clinker into a beautiful means of ornamentation, and make it an indestructible and economical agent in the construction of public works and dwelling-houses,—surely the man who can accomplish this deserves some thanks at our hands.

All this has been accomplished by the patient research of Dr. W. H. Smith of Philadelphia, United States, who recently delivered a lecture on the subject to the members of our Society of Arts. In this interesting discourse, the lecturer pointed out the brittle and useless character of the mineral refuse of smelting furnaces, as at present known under the name of slag. A careful analysis of this hitherto rejected product of our iron works shows that it is composed, in the main, of lime, silica, and alumina, with an occasional admixture of magnesia and sulphur. In all parts of the world the same results are arrived at. The slag of France or Sweden differs in no essentials from that of Britain or the United States. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of the similarity in the process of smelting ores, and the vast operations of nature beneath the crust of the earth, where, by a like agency of heat, mountainous deposits of igneous rocks are constantly being thrown off.

The rocks of this origin are met with in stupendous masses in most parts of the world. Whilst Nature, on the one hand, employs her igneous products in the construction of gigantic mountain-palaces, man, well aware of their great value, equally applies those rocks, under the names of granite, felspar, basalt, greenstone, syenite, porphyry, serpentine, &c., in the construction of his most elaborated architectural edifices. High geological authorities tell us that if we examine the composition of the crust of the globe, we shall find that of all the earths and earthy substances therein, three only will be ascertained to constitute its great bulk, namely silica, alumina, and lime, precisely those which mainly compose the slag of the smelting-house.

The worker in ores when he is occupied with his blast-furnace is, in fact, but repeating, on a small scale, the grandest operations of nature, deep in the bowels of the earth. Heat is the great first agency employed by nature and by the philosopher in the decomposition and re-combination which produce some of the most beautiful and useful products with which we are ac-

quainted. Dr. Smith has shown that the rubbish of the smelting-house is identical in character, and equally valuable, with most of the igneous rocky substances.

Like many other valuable discoveries, this result was arrived at whilst searching for something else. It is well to relate how this truth, so interesting in itself apart from commercial results, was seized upon by the American philosopher, since it may tend to encourage such as may be toiling in other fields of research. Impressed with a conviction of the influence of electricity upon life, health, and disease, Dr. Smith, at that time a practitioner in Philadelphia, commenced a series of experiments in electro-agencies on the human frame. Success in that question induced him to carry his researches to vegetable life, and from animate he was led to direct his observations to inanimate objects. Mineral matter received attention from him, and, weighing well the geological facts alluded to above, Dr. Smith bent the energies of his mind to trace the effects of electricity in all these combinations and reproductions.

Comparing the condition and character of slag with that of the igneous rocks of nature, he felt that to electric agency must be attributed the cause of the great difference existing between them. In order to test this, he took a piece of the vitrified mass of slag hot from the furnace-mouth, and applied to it a metallic rod. At the point where this electric conductor came in contact with the substance, the vitrified mass assumed a pulverulent character; several rods were employed, and at each point of contact similar changes in the condition of the slag were observable. The electricity rapidly engendered during the smelting process was parted with as quickly on the application of the metal conductors, and hence the sudden and marked change in the condition of the mineral.

In order more fully to test this theory, the experimenter threw a quantity of the molten slag, fresh from the furnace-mouth, into water. Every atom of the liquid being a good conductor of electricity rapidly absorbed it as it lowered the temperature of the mass, and the immediate consequence was, that the mineral matter fell into a coarse powder, entirely deprived of its former cohesion or solidity.

From these trials Dr. Smith felt convinced that his electrical theory was correct, and that it was to the rapid giving forth of its electricity by sudden cooling in contact with conducting media that slag owed its brittle character—in other words, its want of cohesion and its tendency to pulverise. He reflected that the great masses of igneous rocks upheaved from the centre of heat were in a favourable position for gradually cooling, their gigantic extent would ensure that result—hence their extreme hardness and durability.

With the view of completely testing the

accuracy of his electrical theory, Dr. Smith caused a quantity of slag, fresh from the smelting-house, to flow upon a non-conducting substance, where it was allowed to cool much more gradually than was usually the case. To his great delight he found that he had obtained a most complete verification of his opinion. The product thus obtained had entirely lost its semi-vitreous and friable character, and assumed a dense, solid, and rocky nature, capable of resisting the heaviest blows, and altogether assuming the peculiarities of the igneous rocks.

Having obtained this result, the experimenter proceeded to other trials. By continuing the molten slag, when removed from the furnace, at a high temperature, in an oven, where it was afterwards allowed to cool very gradually, and then run into moulds of a non-conducting substance, the material was found to have become altogether de-vitrified, and to have taken a beautifully veined and granulated character of extreme hardness, approaching to the solidity and strength of the finest marble. By varying the heat applied, by the admixture of colouring matters, and by a subsequent polish applied to the surface, the experimenter has succeeded in producing a perfect imitation of cornelian, agate, malachite, or any other of the more valuable mineral products.

Here then we see how an enquiry having for its object the elucidation of a purely scientific theory, has led the inquirer, by imperceptible steps, to a most valuable discovery, by means of which many million of tons of hitherto refuse matter may be converted into really useful and valuable materials for the builder, the architect, and the decorator.

Already, in America, the slag of iron furnaces, in its new character, is employed for paving purposes with the most complete success, whole thoroughfares having been, for several years, laid down with this material, without any perceptible wear of the surface. In the form of building-bricks it is likewise in considerable use; and builders in some of the principal cities of the United States testify to the perfect adaptation of such bricks, and to their great superiority and economy over the common clay brick.

It is not easy to limit the application of this valuable rubbish. Wherever durability is required, united with peculiarity of form, there the prepared slag will be found perfectly adapted; for, inasmuch as it can be cast into moulds of any shape, all labour spent in hewing and cutting marble or stone is avoided. It is perfectly compact and impervious, and therefore admirably suited for the construction of aqueducts of any size. It remains unacted on by chemicals of the greatest strength, consequently may be employed for making gas-piping, as it will last out many of the ordinary iron pipes.

When wrought in its higher character, run into suitable moulds, and polished more brilliantly than marble or porphyry, it will furnish pillars, façades, slabs, &c., for the ornamentation of mansions, halls, and public buildings, at a price and in a style not hitherto attained. We have specimens of this beautifully polished material before us, and certainly we can see in it that which is likely to bring about a complete revolution in house architecture. Who will be content with porous bricks, perishable stucco-work, or soft crumbling stone, when such adamantine cornelian-like material is to be had, that shall defy the action of London smoke and factory vapours? We can picture in our mind's eye a new Belgravia, a second Tyburnia, rising up at the bidding of some adventurous Cubitt or Peto, built with slag bricks, and faced with a polished front of surpassing brilliancy, in the most exquisite forms, and apparently composed of marble, agate, cornelian, porphyry, and malachite. If a shade of dust or smoke settle on it, the first shower of rain restores it to its original brilliancy. Time will have little, if any, effect on it; and as for repairs or beautifying every third or fourth year, such care would never be needed. All this we expect to see before many seasons shall have passed over us.

It is impossible to over-estimate the advantages likely to arise from this new branch of industry, so simple in its application, yet so widely available in most European countries, not only with the refuse products of iron-works, but with those resulting from the smelting of copper, lead, and zinc ores. The rough slabs or tiles for pavements or roofing can be sold, with a large profit, at fourpence-halfpenny the foot. When highly polished, at eighteenpence. In its more finished and ornamented forms, for architectural purposes, this material possesses, of course, a much greater value, dependent on its durability and beauty.

Regarding this important discovery from whatsoever point of view, whether in reference to the vast quantity of now useless refuse that may be made valuable, to the many interests that will be benefited by it,—iron-masters, copper-smelters, builders, architects, house-decorators, and water-companies,—we cannot but look upon it as one of the most promising results of modern science in an age peculiarly fruitful in marvellous inventions, and rich in its daily Penny Wisdom.

We have, in a previous paper, shown the marvellous powers of electricity, in the production of light. Here we find the same subtle element busily employed in making mere rubbish a beautiful and useful adjunct to the arts. How far the same agency may be made subservient to the improving of our smelted metals and other products of the furnace, we dare not venture to predict. We

will content ourselves with directing the attention of founders, assayers, and all workers in metal, glass, and porcelain, to the subject.

CHIPS.

A RIVER PICTURE IN SUMMER.

SUMMER at last: gay, glowing, exuberant summer; laughing through windows, sporting up staircases, playing at hide and seek in ivied turrets, tripping in roguish elfin fashion through thicket and wood, and here, from the smooth mirror of this tranquil river in dizzy reflections of light, till the letters on the page of my book scud away altogether, and reading is out of the question. There now, the window is open, and that wayward spirit of a breeze that has been whining for admittance is at liberty to gambol at its wild will among my papers. As I droop my head over my hand, half for laziness and half for shade, I am conscious of all sorts of summer influences. Now I lie captive in the folds of that scarf-like haze that floats and trembles lover-like over the glassy translucent surface; then the white petal-like sail of some tiny boat catches me, and I float with it as confiding as a nautilus, till I am lost and melted down in the broad horizon; then I mix with the blue coils of light, and clamber up, after two or three sunny falls, the black vale of some motionless leviathan, that with yards crossed, and sails all loose, lies asleep on its watery shadow; then I hear the gradual clank of the anchor, and the blithe rollicking troll of the sailors as they skip round the polished cycle of the windlass, singing not of Mount Abora but Alabama. Now a long creamy line bisects the expanse of blue. I hear the splash and hiss of the paddle, and a gust of metallic music thrills the stagnant air by me, and I turn to watch the jaunty little ferry-boat, as it coquettishly flirts and curtsseys through an arcana of foam. What a delicious medium of sounds water is! how it mitigates and idealises the rude work-day world tones: the hubbub of a town, the splash of a steamer, the monotone of a ship-bell, when translated by this, all lose their original dissonance, and gain an idiom, which, if not music is interspersed with sounds nearly allied with it. See! a puff of thin blue smoke, and a quick bright snake-like dart of yellow flame, followed by a deep sullen boom that rattles the window panes, and all but spills my ink. Ha! there is a sight worth looking at. How statelily—nay imperially—she subdues the water; not flinging it off in scorn with an impatient angry face, but trampling it under her keel noiselessly, like a conqueror. How the stars and stripes at her fore, flaunt out against the sky: and the huge red funnel and the glittering brass rail of her crowded quarterdeck—what salient points are they for the light. As I bend forward to listen I can

almost distinguish—so still is it—the parting huzzas from the light little satellite that slowly drops behind to let her rouse all her strength up for a battle with the Atlantic.

It is a bright noon now, and the green field below looks cool and inviting. Why should I not bask there, and gladden mine eye with a wider range? The half-alive lapping of the tide in the rocks, and the swaying of the grotesque knots of black sea-weed, like so many jelly-fish, and the careless follow-my-leader-like dipping of the white gulls, and the bobbing gasping struggle of the buoys, and the tenacious resistance of the vessels at anchor, and their tory-like dislike to turn round with the tide; these are so many pleasant bits of side-play that I amuse myself with observing. And then, on some little sandy promontory or isthmus some blithe seven-years-old heroes are, Canute-like, defying the sea; and, when cut off at last, regaining terra firma with a leap that has all the mimicry if not the importance of heroism.

For the main figures of my canvass I have variety enough: here a zig-zag line of clumsy canal-boats in tow; there a New York clipper with its tall taper masts and snow-white flat cotton sails; then a yacht, with its blue pendant and main-sheet all but dipping the water; here the red, blue, and white of the Dutchman, with his porpoise-like prow, and yellow oily hull; or the sumptuous orange of the Spaniard or Portuguese, with its Columbus-like recollections and *Dolci hombre di Jesu!* A bright busy scintillating water-picture enough, when I have added the lighthouse and the fort in the distance, and the clock tower with its shining dial opposite, and the forest-like line of masts on the shore, and the dome, and the church towers, and the labyrinthine interlacing of warehouses and chimneys that rise tier after tier along the miles of shore on the other side till the smoke is clear, and you discern a blue ridge, when, may be, if you had an eagle's eye, you might be conscious of a clear reservoir and a secret underground pathway, which, though not under the protection of nymph or naiad, is surely not without the tutelage of some as benign spirit, if it be the engineer of a water company; when, with the hints of cool baths, and of sunbeams that have not the life crushed out of them by falling too far from the clouds, I leave you to rest or to wander at your pleasure.

THE SCALE OF PROMOTION.

It was not many months since that the prime-minister of one of the Italian sovereigns was an Englishman; who had in days gone by served his ducal master in the capacity of groom.

It is not many years since that the prime-minister of the King of Oude—the arbiter of fortune, of life and death, at Lucknow—was an Englishman also, who had first entered

the service of the Indian monarch in the humble station of barber. In the course of time the barber-minister retired to his native land with an oriental fortune, independent of royal curls or royal smiles.

At this present moment promotions quite as singular, though not quite so lofty, are made in one of our Indian Presidencies; and, seeing that the Honourable Court of Directors have very recently published a list of such qualifications as they consider necessary for the future aspirants for civil service in India, it may not be amiss to state what is looked upon in the City of Palaces as the best passport to high office.

The gentleman who is now the Governor of the Presidency alluded to, is an ardent lover of music; a taste for which when properly shown is a credit to the possessor, and a pleasure to his friends. His excellency is anxious to collect about him others of a like taste, a commendable desire if properly carried out. But it so happens that this is not the case. Civilians of the poorest capacity, or greatest inactivity, but performers on some instrument, are retained at the seat of government in posts requiring superior qualifications, for the simple gratification of a musical taste. It is thought necessary that the governor's concerts be well got up even at the risk of jeopardising the smooth working of the machinery of government.

Let the crowd of young candidates who in August next present themselves for examination before the East India Company's examiners bear the above well in mind. To enable a youth to pass the ordeal on this side of the hemisphere, classics, mathematics, or modern languages, may be necessary; but that he should pass the ordeal on the other side with equal success, proficiency in some branch of the musical art, will be absolutely essential; for there the scale of promotion is regulated by the gamut.

WHAT IT IS TO HAVE FOREFATHERS.

It was a dark winter's night, of which we have no doubt there were many in the year fifteen hundred and fifty-five. This was the darkest, the windiest, the coldest night of them all. There was no moon; if there had been any in the almanac, it would have been blown out like a candle in a broken lantern. There was the sound of a roaring river that mingled with the crashing of leafless branches. A dog at a considerable distance occasionally added fresh horror to the hideous sounds by a melancholy howl. Sir Reinhold, or Renold, or Ranald; for orthography even in those days, was sitting—But we had better tell some little about him first, and also where he was.

Twenty years before this time he had become

the owner of the Black Scaur Tower by marriage with the heiress. At first he had been the companion—some said the favourite man-at-arms—of her father, Sir Torquil of the Scaur. Immense in size, unequalled in strength, unapproachable in mastery of his weapons, the young Reinhold created terror and admiration almost in an equal degree. Sir Torquil himself became afraid of him, and for many years before he died he seemed to have surrendered his vast estates into the hands of his retainer, and followed his directions as if he had been a slave. The estate was vast but sterile. The Tower that gave name to the property lay at some twenty or thirty miles from the capital of Scotland; a dreary wilderness extended for miles on every side, with here and there a small patch of arable or grass land on the side of some brawling burn, which in summer perhaps was dry, and in the winter flooded all the country like a lake. In the very middle of the estate, in a district of corn and barley, and amid fields of grass, and miles of park-like land, stocked with sheep and deer, rose the stately towers of the great monastery of Strathwoden—originally, from the name, a Danish establishment, but rescued from heathendom by the early church, and placed under the guardianship of Saint Bridget of Dumfries. It was a perfect land of Goshen compared to the rest of the country; a fat island surrounded by a hungry sea; a money-changer's window, with all its puzzling varieties of coin and paper, within sight of all the convicts from Botany Bay; in short, as a poet might say—but never yet has said—it was like an oasis in the desert. And the church had got it—had put her wide arms round it and embraced it on every side; had fertilised its fields, and added beauty to its scenery by splendid architecture, and scared away lightning and fiends from it by perpetual ringing of bells and singing of psalms; and had fattened fifty monks to a point that it was painful to witness, for they were all afflicted with asthma, and many had the gout, and sometimes the half of them were laid up with jaundice, and a few of them occasionally died of their religious exercises, and also some of delirium tremens. Strathwoden Abbey was the centre of an ecclesiastical territory of four or five miles square, strong, comfortable, thick-walled, low-placed upon the banks of the pastoral Woden; and half an hour's ride from it—a good horse would go at the rate of ten miles an hour—gaunt, grim, dark, scowling, and perched defyingly on the precipitous banks of a tumbling, splashing, sunless water, called the Nadders-fang, rose the walls of Black Scaur Tower. Sir Torquil had looked for forty years at that wonderful domain, sacred to Ceres and St. Bridget, which would have lain like a brooch of inestimable value on the breast of his threadbare plaid, but which he was forced to behold firmly fixed on the golden

garment of Mother Church, and guarded from hostile approach by bell, book, and candle, fifty slightly apoplectic monks, and the tutelary name of the patroness of Dumfries. There came over from foreign parts—from the valleys of Savoy, and from Geneva, a sort of subdued whisper that a reformation of heart and life was universally required; that the purity of the original law had been departed from; that Christianity consisted in forgiveness of injuries, love to our fellow men, unselfishness, and doing unto others as we would they should do unto us; and Sir Torquil at once became a reformer, and determined if he could to get possession of the church's lands, and starve out the Abbot of Strathwoden and all his monks. Accordingly, after deep consultation with Sir Reinhold, who had been knighted by the Regent at Linlithgow after slaying a gentleman in single combat, whose horse he had borrowed and declined to return, Sir Torquil determined to lay claim to a snug little farm of a thousand acres or so, that lay next his western march, and looked about for some perjured witnesses to swear they remembered the land in his father's possession, and that they had seen the lease for nineteen years, under which it was held by the monastery. The abbot was a fat man—a jolly man—overflowing with good nature, and a sort of Christian charity which consisted in making himself and everybody else as comfortable as he could. He was very much shocked at the audacious attempt. He declined for a while to take legal notice of the claim, and determined therefore to proceed in a strictly clerical and Christian manner. Thereupon he procured some of the peasantry, and one or two of the chief farmers on his demesne to give formal notice to the bishop of the diocese that Sir Torquil was possessed; that they had on several occasions seen him accompanied by a large black dog, and that it was very well known in the neighbourhood that he had sold himself to the devil. So, while the retainers of the abbey, well armed, and commanded by the liveliest of the monks, under a banner in which was sewn a portion of the petticoat of their patron saint, ejected the intruders with many a whack and many a bang, a body of more aged and reverend divines started in solemn procession across the moor with a great quantity of holy relics, and several censers swaying about with sweet-smelling perfumes, and on arriving in the courtyard of the Tower proceeded to exorcise the evil spirit out of the unfortunate knight.

It was a very evil spirit that had got possession of that worthy man—a violent spirit—an angry spirit—a most irreverent spirit; and it incited him to do a variety of things unbecoming a Christian gentleman in any business he may have to transact with a mitred abbot and eighteen venerable monks. He rushed forth from his hall, where he had

been refreshing himself with a half-ox roasted and a kilderkin of ale, and with his quarter-staff, which fortunately was the weapon he first laid hands on, he performed such feats on the heads and bodies of the reverend cavalcade as never since that time has been achieved by a troop of French tambours upon the regimental drums. It was a shower of blows; a hailstorm of cracks on the head; an avalanche of thumps on the shoulders; a hurricane of kicks on all parts of the body. A threshing of corn with fifty flails was nothing to it; a beating of carpets by a thousand hands on the outskirts of a great town was nothing to it: it fell—it squashed—it battered—it bruised—it bounded, and fell again—till there was limping, and howling, and holding up of arms, and entreaties to cease, and apologies for the intrusion, and finally retreat—dispersion—disappearance; and nothing was left but an old man out of breath, with a broken quarter-staff in his hand, surrounded by fragments of censers, and relic-chests, and white surplices, and square caps, and chasubles, and copes, and a sweet-smelling savour exhaling frankincense and myrrh.

Sir Reinhold saw the abbot that night. He had a black patch on his nose, and his left eye was bunged up entirely. His arm was in a sling, and his left leg lay swathed in cloths, and reclining on a cushion; the foot and ankle were bare, red, and inflamed, like a baby ill of the measles.

"From Sir Torquil of the Scaw?" said the abbot, in answer to Sir Reinhold's announcement of the object of his visit. "He is given over to the evil one, body and soul, and must expiate his blasphemy at the stake."

"In the meantime his followers will take forcible possession of the fat acres along the banks of the Speith, and the corn and wine and oil of the holy fathers will be much diminished thereby."

"We have an enlightened and contented tenantry, and feed fifty poor folks every day at noon. They will fight in defence of their abbot and St. Bridget."

"We have two hundred men-at-arms ready to trample on abbot and saint, and to hold the lands in spite of devil and pope."

"We!" said the abbot. "Is it possible that our son Sir Reinhold has joined himself to the army of Satan! Has not the abbey for five years past put itself under your powerful protection, paying you for the same with much yellow gold and store of fat cattle? And now you say 'We!' For shame, my son! Your friend Sir Torquil is possessed by an infinite number of demons—I should say five thousand, at least, from the noise they made this morning, and the blows they inflicted from a countless number of sticks and quarter-staffs; and it would be

more consonant with your duty as an obedient son of the church to resist his unjust aggression than to come hither as an ambassador to maintain his cause."

"Sir Torquil of the Scawr," replied Sir Reinhold, "is a learned man, though his studies have been few, and his powers of reading are of the slightest, like my own. He hath betaken himself to a science called theology."

"And therefore he rebels against the church! Go on."

"He thinks the Pope of Rome a presumptuous priest."

"And therefore he breaks the heads of the monks of Strathwoden."

"He doth not approve of a celibate clergy."

"And therefore he seizes fifteen hundred acres of our best land. Saints of old! what logic is this!"

"And it is our intention to guard and keep the same, be the acreage more or less, by sword and shield, horse and spear."

"And all the haughs and broad meadows," said the abbot with a sigh, "must go to reward that evil-doer! Perish the land, so he gets no benefit from it—yea, let Satan himself possess the rich holms and swelling meadows so that that man of Belial is left to his poverty and pride."

"You speak well and wisely, holy father," said Sir Reinhold. "And it was with a proposition of the sort I came to visit your reverence this day. I am not Satan. I wish indeed I were if he is to be put in possession of the valleys of the Speith. But I am Sir Reinhold of the greys—by reason of the colour of my destriers—a devout Christian, and a true friend of the abbey of Strathwoden; and am ready to aid you in your just design of keeping Sir Torquil from fattening on the results of his own violence. Give me the broad lands at a peppercorn rent, with right of purchase when I can pay you a hundred merks, and Sir Torquil shall swing from the turret of his own tower sooner than lay his sacrilegious hands on a blade of grass or stack of corn that ever belonged to holy church. If you refuse, we take the lands to-morrow, and lay claim to the neighbouring Grange. For Sir Torquil thinks the cardinals of Rome are insolent churls!"

"And therefore may justly confiscate the lands of a Scottish abbey! Oh, Bridget, what logic again!"

Sir Reinhold on riding home late that night was observed to wrap a closely-written parchment carefully next his breast within his steel cuirass. He stepped into the hall of the tower. Sir Torquil was asleep by the side of the fire. His daughter Sibylla was engaged at a tambour-frame embroidering a wimple for the image of St. Bridget.

"I have seen the holy abbot," said Sir Reinhold, "and you stand in great danger,

Sir Torquil of the Scawr, of encountering the thunders of the church."

"It's like other thunder," said the old man, rubbing his eyes, "it turns small-beer sour, but passes harmless over the ten-bushel malt. We shall keep the Speith pastures, in spite of crozier and crown."

"The lands round the Grange are richer and wider," said Sir Reinhold, quietly.

"But they never were mine, nor my predecessors'."

"The more reason your successors should become proprietors of the same."

"But I am satisfied with the Speith," said Sir Torquil.

"So am I, and with more reason; for the domain is mine on payment of two peppercorns at Lady-day and Christmas. No man shall trespass on my lands; and I warn you, Sir Torquil, that the Grange, and all its close fields, and nice fir plantings, and yellow-roofed cottages, are far more easily obtained from the gloved fingers of a trembling priest than my own poor possession, even from so weak a hand as this."

"The Grange be it, then. Tell our witnesses they mistook one river for the other: it was the Woldbeck I meant, and not the Speith. The thrashing the monks received to-day will do for one as well as the other; so my conscience is at rest on that score. Wine here! and ale!—you must be hot and hungry. Sit down, Sir Reinhold of the Speith. To our good father the holy Pope!"

Scotland fell more and more into anarchy and disorder. There was no law, and little security for life or land. The church alone retained some appearance of organisation; but, unsupported by civil authority, its influence declined. It spoke more proudly as its strength decayed. Sir Torquil laid claim to the Grange, seized the farms, carried off the crops, and broke the bones of any clerical-looking gentleman he encountered in the course of his rides. Some of the monks retired to the capital, and starved in Canon-gate and High Street, instead of in their ancient cells. Fasting became a much more real thing than it had ever been before; but the abbot and some few bolder spirits were still unsubdued. They hurled an excommunication at the head of the old knight; and as the death-agony gives strength unknown even in youth and health, the blow seemed overwhelming in the midst of his apparent success. Excommunication was still a frightful word, though the power of carrying it out had vanished from all other parts of the land. Sir Reinhold was prostrated with terror, and preached the most rigid obedience. He grew a devoted son of the church the moment the sentence was passed. The weather was cold; but he threatened death to any servitor who should have the unchristian wickedness to kindle a fire for poor old Sir Torquil. Meat was rigorously refused,—water was not allowed. Parched with thirst, weakened with

hunger, shivering with cold, pining in solitude and darkness, Sir Torquil would have surrendered house and land, in addition to his usurped territory, to have the curse lifted from his head; but Sir Reinhold persevered in preferring the soul's health of his patron to the mere satisfying of his bodily wants. And at length, shrieking for food, and staggering through hall and corridor, and finding no one to comfort him, he sat down in his arm-chair by the side of the empty grate, and in the morning was found dead,—a striking example of the punishment that invariably pursues the unjust appropriators of the wealth of the church. His will was found and duly proved. It left all he had to Sir Reinhold, now Sir Reinhold of the Speith, who had saved his life on several occasions, and had been his friend and supporter to the last. It left him the guardianship of his daughter Sibylla, and the disposal of her hand in marriage,—a hand which, as it carried with it the possession of the Black Scawr Tower and a whole county of barren land, he instantly bestowed upon himself. No sooner legally clothed in Sir Torquil's rights than he prosecuted that conscientious individual's claims to the Grange with such skill, that a peppercorn compromise was again had recourse to, and the memory of Sir Torquil cleansed by a solemn retraction of all demoniacal possession and a withdrawal of the penalty of excommunication. Sir Reinhold of the Scawr was now the professed patron and defender of the abbey of Strathwoden, and in a few years had established rights of ownership over more than half of the much coveted lands. Fiercer and fiercer in the meantime grew the religious troubles in Scotland. There were Lords of the Articles and Lords of the Congregation; but all anxious for the spoil of the Romish Church. As long as Sir Reinhold was paid with broad acres for his defence of that failing cause, he was the most zealous votary of the faith. His belief in bones of martyrs and thumb-nails of saints knew no bounds, except the fences of the rich fields still belonging to the monks; but when matters grew worse and worse, and civil government entirely died out, and ecclesiastical factions carried on an internecine war, a sudden light of reformation shone in on the darkened eyes of the papistical Sir Reinhold. He became a Lord of the Congregation, snuffled through the nose as if he laboured under a perpetual cold, and, with many allusions to Amalekites and smitings on hip and thigh, he seized all the remaining territories of his neighbour the Abbot of Strathwoden, and enclosed that jolly ecclesiastic and his now greatly depleted monks within the narrowest limits. There was nothing left to them of all their gorgeous estates but a narrow strip round the Abbey itself,—not enough for their maintenance, but quite enough to excite the cupidity of so zealous a Protestant as Sir Reinhold of the

Scawr. Many of the brethren had died; the abbot was old and feeble; the peasantry had been draughted off into the armed companies required to support Sir Reinhold's importance, and at leisure hours had started as freebooters and robbers on their own account.

It was at this period we introduced Sir Reinhold to our readers. The night was dark, the wind blew, the river roared, as we said at the beginning of this tale; and Sir Reinhold sat in his great old hall absorbed in thought.

"It is so much pleasanter a situation," he said, "than this gruesome tower;—a fruitful orchard at the west, instead of the scrubby planting here,—a soft-flowing, clean-watered stream on the north, instead of this wild, noisy Naddersferry below the Scawr,—and when the lazy, mumbling shavelings are all driven out,—by this time they ought to be in the middle of the river—"

A louder blast than usual shook the window-frame, as he spoke, and a sharp shower of sleet sounded on the panes.

"It's lucky," he said, "their reverences are so fat and well-fed, they will stand the weather better than the thin sides of a poor trooper like myself."

The door now gently opened.

"Well," said Sir Reinhold, "what news of the holy monks? Have you turned them out of house and home? What! you, my lady wife? I thought I spoke to John of the Strong Arm. Why so late up? to bed, to bed!"

"Not till you revoke the cruel order and replace the good priests in their own walls."

"Good priests, forsooth! who made you a judge of goodness? Lazy lurdans, sworn servants of the Man of Sin, soldiers of Antichrist, and holders of ground I want."

"The last the greatest of their sins, I know full well. Oh! man of blood and violence, have you no relentings in that iron heart? Have you no hour vouchsafed you by pitying saints, to turn your thoughts to penitence and fear?"

"No! Of what should I repent? of what should I be afraid?"

"Look, Sir Reinhold, of the Scawr, on this wasted form; look, Sir Reinhold, on these haggard features. Have I repined? have I complained? have I let the world know that cruelties, and crimes, and basenesses innumerable have marked your life for the twenty years of our union?"

"'Twere safer not now to begin," said Sir Reinhold, with compressed lips and knitted brow.

"I bore all—neglect, contumely, indignities, and even violence of your hand. For who am I that I should complain when greater evils than these are heaped on holy church? What I have suffered I have deserved, for who is free from sin? But for others I will speak. You shall not drive out the holy

brethren to perish in the cold. You shall not fling insult and wrong on the head of the gracious abbot: if you persist, I have secrets which you would be loth to have revealed. I know of deeds you would fain die rather than to have published in the ears of men? In the ears of men they shall be published. These feeble limbs shall carry me to the Council of the Lords; there, in the great hall of Linlithgow, in the presence of all, I will proclaim you murderer—traitor—

"You will? Hark! the Naddersferry is louder than usual to-night. So you will betray my secrets, wife Sibylla? You will find the journey long and toilsome—you will never reach the walls of Lithgow town—"

"The secrets will uphold me; but if I fail, there are ears even here into which I can pour the tale—to all, to man-at-arms, to serving-man, to hind, and shepherd, I will tell all, unless you rescind that fatal order against the holy men of Strathwoden—"

"Hush! here comes John of the Strong Arm, who drove the drones forth into the night—"

"To him I will tell all! Come, John of the Strong Arm, look well on your lord—"

"How loud the Naddersferry brawls! I scarce can hear your sweet voice. See, from this window we can look sheer down upon the water—black, pitch black. 'Tis twenty fathoms down; and yet its noise is troublesome. Look down, madam,—nay, shrink not, my fingers don't hurt your lily shoulders; you struggle; how foolish, when all I wish you to do is to watch the torrent's course. 'Tis deep, they say, just under this window; screams can't be heard; white garments can't be seen."

The window was closed again, and there was silence in the hall. A tap came in a few minutes to the door. John of the Strong Arm entered. His master sat as before in the arm-chair beside the fire. He was alone.

Now, gentle reader, here is a man more ruthlessly cruel than the late Mr. Rush—more unredeemably wicked than Mr. Manning—more false and dishonest than any ruffian described in the Newgate Calendar. Yet, see what happens to us in our love of the good old times! Oh! we are a generation of snobs; and glory in our shame!

In a good old age the Knight of the Scawr died. He was childless. His great estates were scrambled for by the powerful men of the day, and fell into many hands. A hundred years after his death—in sixteen hundred and seventy-five—the Black Scawr Tower and its original domain had been greatly modernised. A dwelling-house of modest proportions was added to it; and as woods had been planted round it, and roads had been made, connecting it with other parts of the country, and coal had been found on the estate, the proprietor—the third in descent from the person who had bought it

of the executors of Sir Reinhold, was richer, as regarded mere income, than Sir Reinhold had been when he possessed the whole estate. The man's name was Brown. He had got the lands for little. A hundred years of national progress, and the increase of wealth and population, had done the rest.

Family pride grows by degrees. Brown the first remembered his origin, and attended to the business of his farm. Brown the second looked back on fifty years' possession in his family, and began to imagine that by some intermarriage of ancestors four or five generations back, he was connected with the old line of the Knights of the Scawr Tower; and Brown the third felt no doubt upon the subject,—sealed with a seal impressed with Sir Reinhold's arms, and talked with ill-disguised gratification of the Tragedy of the Scawr, and the death of one of his female ancestors by being flung out of a window of the castle into the river below. In another hundred years—in seventeen hundred and seventy-five—still further improvements had taken place in the land. A town had sprung up on a part of the estate; the houses had been doubled in size, and the old tower was still left at one side of the mansion, as a sort of sentinel to keep off modern times.

The Browns had gone to the dogs by gambling and extravagance. A Smith, from India, had bought the estate. He spoke of rupees and pagodas, and had narrowly escaped being put into the Black-hole of Calcutta. Smith the second stood for the county, on the Tory side, and said the country was ruined by the increase of the mercantile interest. The son of Smith the second took higher ground still, and was heart-broken to perceive that the old territorial aristocracy were getting mixed up with a set of low fellows, who came from no one knew where, and brow-beat the men who had succeeded to their estates in a direct line from the time of Bruce and Wallace. Jones, an ironmaster, from Wales, who had risen from the anvil and hammer to great wealth, during the American War, married the heiress of the Smiths. The old house was deserted. A splendid Grecian hall was built near the remains of the ancient monastery. The Scawr Tower was kept in repair (as a ruin), and the country for miles and miles drained, planted, fenced, manured, and beautified,—till, ten years ago, the grandson of the original Jones, who had put an h in his name, and claimed to be descended from Slewelgr, was created Sir Arthur Johnes Ranald, Baronet, of Speith and Scawr. The "Ranald" he had assumed by special permission, as lineal descendant—through Smith, through Brown—of Sir Reinhold of the Scawr, Knight, temp. Jac. V., who married the heiress of Sir Torquil of the Scawr,—deceased fifteen hundred and thirty-four.—Will anybody, in two thousand one hundred and fifty, trace his descent from Thurtell?

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE TOADY TREE.

It is not a new remark, that any real and true change for the public benefit, must derive its vitality from the practice of consistent people. Whatever may be accepted as the meaning of the adage, Charity begins at home—which for the most part has very little meaning that I could ever discover—it is pretty clear that Reform begins at home. If I had the lungs of Hercules and the eloquence of Cicero, and devoted them at any number of monster-meetings to a cause which I deserted in my daily life whensoever the opportunity of desertion was presented to me (say on an average fifty times a day), I had far better keep my lungs and my eloquence to myself, and at all times and seasons leave that cause alone.

The humble opinion of the present age, is, that no privileged class should have an inheritance in the administration of the public affairs, and that a system which fails to enlist in the service of the country, the greatest fitness and merit that the country produces, must have in it something inherently wrong. It might be supposed, the year One having been for some time in the calendar of the past, that this is on the whole a moderate and reasonable opinion—not very far in advance of the period, or of any period, and involving no particularly unchristian revenge for a great national break-down. Yet, to the governing class in the main, the sentiment is altogether so novel and extraordinary, that we may observe it to be received as an incomprehensible and incredible thing. I have been seriously asking myself, whose fault is this? I have come to the conclusion that it is the fault of the over-cultivation of the great Toady Tree; the tree of many branches, which grows to an immense height in England, and which overshadows all the land.

My name is Cobbs. Why do I, Cobbs, love to sit like a Patriarch, in the shade of my Toady Tree! What have I to do with it? What comfort do I derive from it, what fruit of self-respect does it yield to me, what beauty is there in it? To lure me to a Public Dinner, why must I have a Lord in the chair? To gain me to a Subscription-

list, why do I need fifty Barons, Marquises, Viscounts, Dukes, and Baronets, at the head of it, in larger type and longer lines than the commonalty? If I don't want to be perpetually decorated with these boughs from the Toady Tree—if it be my friend Dobbs, and not I, Cobbs, in whose ready button-hole such appliances are always stuck—why don't I myself quietly and good-humouredly renounce them? Why not! Because I *will* be always gardening, more or less, at the foot of the Toady Tree.

Take Dobbs. Dobbs is a well-read man, an earnest man, a man of strong and sincere convictions, a man who would be deeply wounded if I told him he was not a true Administrative Reformer in the best sense of the word. When Dobbs talks to me about the House of Commons, (and lets off upon me those little revolvers of special official intelligence which he always carries, ready loaded and capped), why does he adopt the Lobby slang: with which he has as much to do as with any dialect in the heart of Africa? Why must he speak of Mr. Fizmaili as "Fizzy," and of Lord Gambaroon as "Gam"? How comes it that he is acquainted with the intentions of the Cabinet six weeks beforehand—often, indeed, so long beforehand that I shall infallibly die before there is the least sign of their having ever existed? Dobbs is perfectly clear in his generation that men are to be deferred to for their capacity for what they undertake, for their talents and worth, and for nothing else. Aye, aye, I know he is. But, I have seen Dobbs dive and double about that Royal Academy Exhibition, in pursuit of a nobleman, in a marvellously small way. I have stood with Dobbs examining a picture, when the Marquis has entered, and I have known of the Marquis's entrance without lifting my eyes or turning my head, solely by the increased gentility in the audible tones of Dobbs's critical observations. And then, the Marquis approaching, Dobbs has talked to me as his lay figure, at and for the Marquis, until the Marquis has said, "Ha, Dobbs?" and Dobbs, with his face folded into creases of deference, has piloted that illustrious nobleman away, to the contemplation of some pictorial subtleties.

of his own discovery. Now, Dobbs has been troubled and abashed in all this; Dobbs's voice, face, and manner, with a stubbornness far beyond his control, have revealed his uneasiness; Dobbs, leading the noble Marquis away, has shown me in the expression of his very shoulders that he knew I laughed at him, and that he knew he deserved it; and yet Dobbs could not for his life resist the shadow of the Toady Tree, and come out into the natural air!

The other day, walking down Piccadilly from Hyde Park Corner, I overtook Hobbs. Hobbs had two relations starved to death with needless hunger and cold before Sebastopol, and one killed by mistake in the hospital at Scutari. Hobbs himself had the misfortune, about fifteen years ago, to invent a very ingenious piece of mechanism highly important to dockyards, which has detained him unavailingly in the waiting-rooms of public offices ever since, and which was invented last month by somebody else in France, and immediately adopted there. Hobbs had been one of the public at Mr. Roebuck's committee, the very day I overtook him, and was burning with indignation at what he had heard. "This Gordian knot of red tape," said Hobbs, "must be cut. All things considered, there never was a people so abused as the English at this time, and there never was a country brought to such a pass. It will not bear thinking of—(Lord Joddle)." The parenthesis referred to a passing carriage, which Hobbs turned and looked after with the greatest interest. "The system," he continued, "must be totally changed. We must have the right man in the right place (Duke of Twaddleton on horseback), and only capability and not family connexions placed in office (brother-in-law of the Bishop of Gorbamby). We must not put our trust in mere idols (how do you do!—Lady Coldvead—little too highly painted, but fine woman for her years), and we must get rid as a nation of our ruinous gentility and deference to mere rank. (Thank you, Lord Edward, I am quite well. Very glad indeed to have the honour and pleasure of seeing you. I hope Lady Edward is well. Delighted, I am sure)." Pending the last parenthesis, he stopped to shake hands with a dim old gentleman in a flaxen wig, whose eye he had been exceedingly solicitous to catch, and, when we went on again, seemed so refreshed and braced by the interview that I believe him to have been for the time actually taller. This in Hobbs, whom I knew to be miserably poor, whom I saw with my eyes to be prematurely grey, the best part of whose life had been changed into a wretched dream from which he could never awake now, who was in mourning without and in mourning within, and all through causes that any half-dozen shopkeepers taken at random from the London Directory and shot into Downing Street out of sacks could have turned aside—this,

I say, in Hobbs, of all men, gave me so much to think about, that I took little or no heed of his further conversation until I found we had come to Burlington House. "A little sketch" he was saying then, "by a little child, and two hundred and fifty pounds already bid for it! Well, it's very gratifying, isn't it? Really, it's very gratifying! Won't you come in? Do come in!" I excused myself, and Hobbs went in without me: a drop in a swollen current of the general public. I looked into the courtyard as I went by, and thought I perceived a remarkably fine specimen of the Toady Tree in full growth there.

There is my friend Nobbs. A man of sufficient merit, one would suppose, to be calmly self-reliant, and to preserve that manly equilibrium which as little needs to assert itself overmuch, as to derive a sickly reflected light from any one else. I declare in the face of day, that I believe Nobbs to be morally and physically unable to sit at a table and hear a man of title mentioned, whom he knows, without putting in his claim to the acquaintance. I have observed Nobbs under these circumstances, a thousand times, and have never found him able to hold his peace. I have seen him fidget, and worry himself, and try to get himself away from the Toady Tree, and say to himself as plainly as he could have said aloud, "Nobbs, Nobbs, is not this base in you, and what can it possibly matter to these people present, whether you know this man, or not?" Yet, there has been a compulsion upon him to say, "Lord Dash Blank? Oh, yes! I know him very well; very well, indeed. I have known Dash Blank—let me see—really I am afraid to say how long I have known Dash Blank. It must be a dozen years. A very good fellow, Dash Blank!" And, like my friend Hobbs, he has been positively taller for some moments afterwards. I assert of Nobbs, as I have already in effect asserted of Dobbs, that if I could be brought blindfold into a room full of company, of whom he made one, I could tell in a moment, by his manner of speaking, not to say by his mere breathing, whether there were a title present. The ancient Egyptians in their palmiest days, had not an enchanter among them who could have wrought such a magical change in Nobbs, as the incarnation of one line from the book of the Peerage can effect in one minute.

Pobbs is as bad, though in a different way. Pobbs affects to despise these distinctions. He speaks of his titled acquaintances, in a light and easy vein, as "the swells." According as his humour varies, he will tell you that the swells are, after all, the best people a man can have to do with, or that he is weary of the swells and has had enough of them. But, note, that to the best of my knowledge, information, and belief, Pobbs would die of chagrin, if the swells left off asking him to

dinner. That he would rather exchange nods in the Park with a semi-idiotic Dowager, than fraternise with another Shakespeare. That he would rather have his sister, Miss Pobbs (he is greatly attached to her, and is a most excellent brother), received on sufferance by the swells, than hold her far happier place in the outer darkness of the untitled, and be loved and married by some good fellow, who could daff the world of swells aside, and bid it pass. Yet, O, Pobbs, Pobbs! if for once—only for once—you could hear the magnificent patronage of some of those Duchesses of yours, casually making mention of Miss Pobbs, as “a rather pretty person!”

I say nothing of Robbs, Sobbs, Tobbs, and so on to Zobbs, whose servility has no thin coating of disguise or shame upon it, who grovel on their waistcoats with a sacred joy, and who turn and roll titles in their mouths as if they were exquisite sweetmeats. I say nothing of Mayors and such like;—to lay on adulation with a whitewashing brush and have it laid on in return, is the function of such people, and verily they have their reward. I say nothing of County families, and provincial neighbourhoods, and lists of Stewards and Lady Patronesses, and electioneering, and racing, and flower-showing, and demarcations and counter-demarcations in visiting, and all the forms in which the Toady Tree is cultivated in and about cathedral towns and rural districts. What I wish to remark in conclusion is not that, but this:

If, at a momentous crisis in the history and progress of the country we all love, we, the bulk of the people, fairly embodying the general moderation and sense, are so mistaken by a class, undoubtedly of great intelligence and public and private worth, as that, either they cannot by any means comprehend our resolution to live henceforth under a Government, instead of a Hustlement and Shufflement; or, comprehending it, can think to put it away by cocking their hats in our faces (which is the official exposition of policy conceded to us on all occasions by our chief minister of State); the fault is our own. As the fault is our own, so is the remedy. We do not present ourselves to these personages as we really are, and we have no reason for surprise or complaint, if they take us for what we are at so much pains to appear. Let every man, therefore, apply his own axe to his own branch of the Toady Tree. Let him begin the essential Reform with himself, and he need have no fear of its ending there. We require no ghost to tell us that many inequalities of condition and distinction there must always be. Every step at present to be counted in the great social staircase would be still there, though the shadow of the Toady Tree were cleared away. More than this, the whole of the steps would be safer and stronger;

for, the Toady Tree is a tree infected with rottenness, and its droppings wear away what they fall upon.

MOTHER AND STEP-MOTHER.

IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IX.

SIR EDWARD, observing that his son's habits had become unsettled, and that his old pursuits now seemed to have lost their interest for him, became anxious that he should employ the time which was to intervene before his marriage in acquiring a more extensive acquaintance with foreign countries, and thus complete his education before sinking down into the even tenor of a country gentleman's life. Lady Irwin eagerly caught at and seconded the proposal; she was weary of the mute appeals of Frank's anxious looks, and of the importunity of her own son. Frank would be employed, interested, and amused, his passion, the fruit of effervescent youth, might cool down, he would see other women of a very different stamp from the modest country girl to whom he was betrothed, women with glorious eyes, every glance of which must make a man's blood leap in his veins, and who would not disdain to flatter and court the handsome and accomplished heir to an English baronetcy, women skilled with specious talk to sap the groundwork of principle, and to beguile their victim into a slough of treacherous delight, after which the simple Kitty would have entirely lost her power to charm him. Failing this, there was ambition, there were a thousand allurements to bring out the evil of his nature and render him unfit or unwilling to fulfil his engagement. At all events, it was delay—at all events, it was separation; it would be strange, she thought, if in a year or eighteen months some occasion of mistrust did not arise, which she could foster into lasting estrangement.

The idea of travel was not without attractions to Frank. The irritation excited by his passion, and by the obstacles thrown in his way had given him a distaste for his old studies, the vapid life of the fashionable world in London was wearisome to him, bodily activity would, he thought, counteract his nervous restlessness of mind and allay the feverish excitement under which he laboured. True, he must part from Kitty, but he hoped that his mother might soften to her when he was away, and that when he returned she would be his own for ever. Now, the dark shadow of his stepmother seemed to come between them, even when they were alone, so powerfully was each impressed by the consciousness of her unavowed purpose, though even to each other they hardly ventured to breathe the fear, lest, by uttering it, they should give it substance.

For one long happy week before he went abroad, Frank stayed alone at Swallowfield—for one week of glorious sunshine his feet

brushed the dew from the grass as he came across the field to the Parsonage—for one week of soft summer weather the leaves of the old elm outside the garden-gate whispered over his nightly farewell, and then he went, with smiles on his lips, though with tears in his eyes, to be away until another spring and summer were past, and until the leaves of that other summer were yellow with decay.

Catherine composed herself to wait, and devoted herself with increased earnestness to her various occupations. But though she conscientiously employed her time and indulged in no vain repinings, she could not restrain a feeling of joy when a day was past, at the thought that the term of their separation was by so much shortened. Her prayers seemed always to bring her near to him, and she had his letters, long, frequent, and inexpressibly delightful for the evidence they bore of a heart turning ever truly to her. Once in the winter there was an interval of sad anxiety—a long three weeks, and no letter; then, at last, a short note, written from a sick bed, but in good spirits, and in the near hope of approaching restoration to health.

Sir Edward and Lady Irwin remained in town until the end of the summer, and when they did return their attention was occupied by a succession of visitors. Edward was gone to Rugby, so Catherine was left with little interruption to the enjoyment of her own thoughts, and to her ordinary occupations.

"You don't mean to say, Helen, that that quiet little thing is Frank's fiancée?" said Mrs. Wilton Brook, Sir Edward's fashionable sister, now a well-preserved matron, who, with two full-blown daughters, was on a visit to her brother. "What a sacrifice! A man of his expectations, such a handsome fellow, too—why he might have married any one."

"He is going to marry according to his choice," replied Lady Irwin, drily.

"Oh! that's well enough for an old man with a broken constitution, a country curate, or something of that sort—but in Frank's position, with such opportunities, it's inexcusable. Really, a man owes something to his family. No one cares less for money than I do, but rank, fashion, beauty, or something, surely he should require."

"Your brother and your nephews consider Catherine Birkby beautiful, I believe?"

"Beautiful! What? A girl who has no idea of setting herself off—no air—no manner! Her eyes are certainly not bad, if she had the least idea how to use them; and, I dare say, something might be made of her hair, it looks soft, and it certainly is a pretty colour, just the brun-doré which was all the rage last year. Clementina has it almost—her's is a trifle too light, but, when properly brushed and oiled, it has very much the shade, I assure you. Really, Helen, you should give the poor child a hint or two—it is high time something should be done to civilise her."

"I confess I cannot avoid feeling some regret that Frank did not look about him a little before he tied himself down," said Lady Irwin. "Catherine Birkby is just the sort of barley-sugar sweetheart that a boy fancies himself in love with. I would have saved him if I could; but he must buy his experience, like the rest of us."

"His father ought not to have given his consent. I wonder you did not stop it before it came to a declaration, Helen."

"How could I apprehend the danger? She has been backwards and forwards at the house ever since I married. I never dreamt of anything more than brotherly regard. However, it is no affair of mine: when Edward grows up I shall do my best to avoid such a catastrophe."

"Edward will make a handsome fellow, Helen. He will make many a heart ache. He will beat Frank out-and-out—he has so much more of the devil in him. I am heartily glad my girls have a dozen years the start of him."

"Edward's good looks will not avail him much. A younger son has little chance of distinguishing himself in this age of gain and calculation."

Mrs. Brook replied by extolling Edward's talents and acquirements. Lady Irwin, pleased to hear his praises even from one whose judgment she despised, incited her to further commendation by affecting to speak slightly of him. Mrs. Brook was essentially a worldly-wise woman, though of a low order of mind, and debased by perpetual striving after petty ends. She was not without a certain acuteness, which enabled her to discover the assailable points of those characters the dignity and strength of which she could not appreciate. She was an adroit and unscrupulous flatterer; and Lady Irwin, because she saw through and despised her, thought she could listen uninjured to her well-bred toadyism. She never perceived how lowering to the moral feelings intercourse with persons of Mrs. Wilton Brook's class must always be—how it helped to maintain in her an extraordinary opinion of her own endowments, and kept her in suicidal ignorance of her true moral state.

Catherine, meanwhile, grew daily more and more conscious of the dislike with which Lady Irwin regarded her, and she consequently became more silent and depressed in that lady's presence. It was a great relief when Edward came home from school, full of his new experience, overflowing with anecdotes of masters and companions, lavish of caresses to his mother, and imperiously affectionate to Kitty. The jealousy which had at one time characterised his love to her had now quite passed away; she was no longer the principal object of his thoughts, and he began to have a perception, that charming as she was, she might be more desirable as a sister than as a wife. And now Frank was away Kitty

could always listen to his stories; she was never too much engaged to walk or ride with him; she was a better listener than ever, and soon knew the distinctive characters of Brown, Sinclair, and Tomlins, Edward's particular friends, and could talk about them as if she were familiarly acquainted with them herself; while the arguments she employed to mollify his indignation against "that bully" Houseman, and to qualify his contempt for "Uncle" Bobbins, the pawnbroker's son, only gave additional gusto to the conversation by supplying the spice of a little contradiction.

Catherine's altered looks had struck Edward on his first arrival, and it was not long before he discovered that her spirits had lost much of their elasticity, and that in his mother's company she was always depressed and nervous. With unusual self-command, he kept his thoughts to himself, and carried on his observations in silence for several days, when he had ascertained that a coldness and distance in his mother's manner aggravated, if it did not cause this suffering, he resolved at once to appeal to her better nature, and to plead with her for worthier treatment of his brother's affianced wife. Accordingly, he entered her dressing-room one morning, and flinging himself on the rug at her feet, laid his head in her lap—an old childish habit of his, which she loved—and stroking her hand, caressingly, said,

"What a charming Christmas party we have, mother? I wish Frank were here."

"Frank is much better where he is," replied Lady Irwin.

"Of course, it's very nice to be at Rome; and if Kitty were with him, I don't suppose he would be in any hurry to get back. But as it is—"

"Don't distress yourself, Edward; Frank's love will never break his slumbers, or spoil his appetite. Catherine did not give him much trouble, you know."

"No, I don't know what you mean by that, mother. If Kitty loved him with all her heart, as it was just and natural she should, would you have had her tell a lie, and say she didn't care for him?"

"I do not blame her. I say nothing. Your brother's honour is engaged. I only say that he does not appear to suffer much from homesickness."

"I don't think you can tell that, unless you were to see the letters he writes to Kitty. Of course he doesn't let out his feelings to you, or my father; but if he is so happy in Rome, which I don't believe, you can hardly say the same of her. O mother, I do so wish you would take pity on her, and comfort her with a few kind words. She will have quite lost her pretty looks before Frank comes back."

"You are very much mistaken, Edward, if you think that Catherine's happiness depends at all on me; and as to her fretting, I do not believe she has sufficient depth of feeling

to fret for more than half a day about anything or any one. Agnese tells me, that on the very day of Frank's departure she went and took tea with that stupid paralytic old woman who lives at Hopwood."

"Is that the only bit of scandal Agnese has been able to pick up? She'd be much better employed in putting bows into your caps, instead of poking her ugly face into all the poor people's cottages, and prying into the affairs of her betters. What comfort Kitty could have found in going to see that cross old woman, I can't pretend to say. Poor child, what a sorrowful heart she must have had coming all down Hopwood Lane in the gloaming, with no Frank to meet her! I tell you mother, I can see the trouble in her eyes; and take my word for it, three nights out of the seven her pillow is not dry when she goes to sleep."

"What an extraordinary infatuation it is that you labour under about such a matter of fact person as Kitty. If she does look pale sometimes, it can be no wonder, when Mr. Birkby keeps her so many hours reading to him. You should appeal to him, not to me. Catherine's feelings are never likely to injure her health."

"Oh, my dear mother, if you did but know her!"—cried Edward rising on his knees in his eagerness, and looking with earnest entreaty into his mother's face—"if you would but open your heart to her! It would make you so much happier."

"My happiness is beyond her reach, either to diminish or increase," replied Lady Irwin, haughtily. It cut her to the heart to hear her boy pleading for the tender girl whom she hated.

"Only look at her, mother," pursued Edward, undaunted by her coldness. "Where did you ever see a sweeter smile? And as to her hands and feet, they are fifty times smaller and prettier than Clementina's, that Aunt Fanny is always making such a fuss about. Then, for a companion,—who is always sweet-tempered, always at leisure, like Kitty? I'm sure you have reason to thank her, mother; I don't know what I should have been, if she hadn't taken so much trouble with me. I never heard any one teach a fellow his duty to his neighbour, as Kitty does; and it's all the better because she does not seem to be teaching at all. Oh, mother! you do not know what you do when you shut her from your heart. She would be a dear daughter to you."

"I had a daughter once," returned Lady Irwin, bitterly, "who might have been what it seems my son will never be."

"Do not be angry, mother. I love you—you know I love you dearly; but, as Kitty says, love opens and does not narrow the heart."

"That is just the sort of speech I should have expected her to make—just the idea I should suppose her to entertain. Those

who are incapable of profound passion generally seek to hide the shallowness of their feelings by high-sounding theories of catholic affection."

"I wanted to persuade you mother,—I wanted to entreat you; but it seems I only make you stronger in your own opinion. I am going down to have my lesson, now; perhaps I may not be home to dinner."

Lady Irwin said nothing. Edward lingered at the door, probably in expectation of a conciliatory word or look; then, with a heavy heart, he turned on his heel, and went his way.

CHAPTER X.

IN spite of his resolution to keep his uneasiness to himself, Edward was too much irritated by the ill success of his interference to conceal from Catherine all his disquiet; and he told her enough to add weight to her former conviction, and to increase the burden of her sorrow. Loving her the better from the consciousness of the effort he had made to defend her, and dreading his mother's displeasure, he remained at the Parsonage until late in the evening; and, having spent a few minutes in the drawing-room, where Lady Irwin's manner gave him little encouragement to remain, he went off to his own room. There he wrote the following letter to his brother, which he carried to the post next morning himself.

DEAR BROTHER,—I came home last Tuesday week. I dare say you know that I didn't do so badly at the examination, after all. I brought home a prize which pleased mother and delighted dear old Birkby. Father did not say much, but he looked as if he liked it, and made me bring it out to show Lord Allason when he called. I found all well at home: going on much as usual; father deep in some stratum or other at the bottom of the Dead Sea—I shouldn't much wonder if he were off to Palestine next week. I wish to Heaven he would, and take mother with him! A pilgrimage would do her a tremendous deal of good just now. I wish with all my heart you and Kitty were married! What is the reason it would puzzle a much wiser head than mine to discover; but of this I'm sure: she—mother, I mean—has taken a positive dislike to Kitty. The worst of it is that Kitty knows it; and you may believe that she looks none the better for it. Of course, it's bad enough for her to have you so long away, and if any one sees her look sad, she puts it upon that; but mother has more to do with it. Aunt Fanny is here with Clem and Ada, all flounces and finery as usual. If it wasn't for father, no one would take any notice of dear Kitty, but he's as true as steel, and mother dares not say a word against her to him. I'm sure he has a notion that there's something wrong, for he pets Kitty like a child—much more than he pets me, which does not please mother. If you had only taken my advice, all the trouble would have been over by this time; you may take my word for it, that if you don't do something yourself, and before long, mother will find some means to break it off yet. You have no idea what a timid, nervous creature Kitty is become in her presence.

I dare say you find it extremely jolly at Rome, it must be nice to have lots of money and nothing to do. I

suppose I'm not likely to have much experience of either of these pleasures. Father asked me, the other day, if I should like to be a parson. I suppose he was in joke, I took it so, for I only made a wry face. Fancy mother sitting demurely to hear her son deal out divinity! Don't forget dear Kitty, and when you write don't say a word of what I have told you. Mother always likes to read my letters, and it won't do to make her angry. Do you get any skating? The ice is four inches thick on the pond. Tomkins, a first-rate fellow, who works in my room, is coming down next week, if the frost only holds on, we shall have glorious fun. Good night, old fellow, I'm so sleepy I can hardly see. I wish you'd send me something about some of the temples—the ruins, I mean. Finch dotes on ruins.

Your affectionate brother,
EDWARD IRWIN.

When this letter reached Frank he was recovering from an attack of fever, brought on by the climate, and perhaps by anxiety. He was consequently labouring under severe depression of spirits. His fears had already been excited by a coldness and constraint in the letters he received from his mother, and by the plaintive tenderness which struggled through the assumed cheerfulness of Catherine's. He had promised his father to travel. He was to visit Greece and parts of Asia, perhaps to penetrate even to the land of joy and desolation—the glorious and wasted Palestine. He had been as yet only three quarters of a year absent, and this was his second illness. It was evident that the climate of Italy did not agree with him. The image of her he loved pining for him, and crushed by the dislike of his stepmother, rose vividly before him. He saw her paler and thinner, watching with tearful eyes the embers as they fell, and thinking of him so far away, with a heart growing daily fainter, and wearying for the comfort of his cheering voice. He read those parts of his brother's letter, which related to her, again and again. To be so clear to the eyes of the boy, it must be bad indeed. He himself, too, was lonely and sorrowful. The sweet communion of thought and feeling to which he had become habituated, was checked, and the deepest emotions of his soul lay, unexpressed, a heavy burden on his spirit. One bold stroke, and she was his own for ever. He knew his father's indulgence, and that his mother's influence, though great, was not unlimited.

The yearning to England once indulged, became irresistible. Arguments readily presented themselves, not only excusing, but justifying, the apparent disobedience; and the next morning saw him already on his return. Once started, his impatience knew no bounds. No railway, no steamboat, was sufficiently expeditious for him; almost before an answer could have been received to his brother's letter, he arrived in person at his father's door.

Amazement was the first emotion produced by his unlooked-for appearance—amazement,

quickly succeeded by pleasurable sensations in the breast of his father, by angry consternation in that of Lady Irwin, while Edward could hardly restrain his admiration and satisfaction at a promptitude so much in harmony with his wishes.

The tumult of feeling with which he beheld his son, travel-worn and haggard from recent illness, prevented Sir Edward from remarking the uncontrollable emotion of Lady Irwin. But Frank, whose perception was sharpened by anxiety, read her unspoken anger. His quivering lips hardly touched the cheek she mechanically presented to him; and she felt that if not before, now, at least, he knew the purpose lying in her heart. As by mutual consent, they shrunk from each other's gaze; for each felt the need of concealment. But Lady Irwin was stung almost to madness by the unrestrained joy with which his brother's return was welcomed by the child for whose aggrandisement she was prepared to jeopardise soul and body.

"Helen, you look pale, love," said Sir Edward, when the first excitement was over, and he had leisure to think of his wife. "This mad freak of Frank's has startled the blood from your cheeks. No wonder, either,—the silly fellow to come back without a single word of warning. Bringing such haggard looks, too. Your mother was growing anxious about you, Frank, and had just persuaded me that it would be pleasant to go and have a look at the old places again, when you must needs come blundering back. I am heartily glad to see you, nevertheless; and Kate, I've a shrewd guess, will not be sorry. She is not quite so rosy as she was, poor little girl, but your absence has told more on yourself than on her."

"She'll be all right now," exclaimed Edward, unable to keep silence longer. "I'll be up betimes in the morning, and run over and give her a hint. She is not a colossus of strength; and there's no telling what might happen if she saw you all at once and unexpectedly. She might take you for a pallida imago, instead of a true flesh and blood lover."

"I have not heard Catherine complain of illness," said Lady Irwin, "you should not frighten your brother without reason, Edward."

"Yes, yes; Kitty will be well enough now," said Sir Edward, "never fear, Frank. Love tortures, but he seldom kills, if the poor victims only continue of one mind."

"I acknowledge that I was drawn home, in great measure, by anxiety for Catherine," said Frank, cheered by his father's cordial kindness. "Not that I doubted your indulgence to one so very dear to me, or that I should have ventured to return without your permission if I had been in health to use my time either profitably or agreeably."

"Well, we should have liked a little notice, if it were only to have the opportunity of wel-

coming you with proper honour; but who has a greater right to be here than you? I thought a little travelling would be of use to you. Besides, I had a fancy to test the quality of your love, which your mother thought might possibly have no more stuff in it than first attachments often have. But since it was strong enough to render Italy, with all its charms of climate and association, distasteful, we are quite satisfied, are we not, Helen?"

"I assert no authority over Frank," said Lady Irwin, "however my interest in his welfare may have induced me to offer him unpalatable advice."

"So the young signor is returned," said Agnese, "as she combed her lady's hair, without warning, and unexpected!"

"He knows that he can insult me with impunity," returned Lady Irwin, "and that my influence over his father is gone."

"His love for the Curé's daughter has made him mad," said Agnese.

"Yes; and not him alone. She has won my husband from me. My very child she would not leave to me."

"He knows not what he does. She has won him with her false smiles, and he is entangled in her meshes; but fear not, Madonna; we are not yet overcome."

"The joy of life is gone," returned Lady Irwin, with fierce depression, "it were well for me to die."

"Be not troubled, Madonna, or let your purpose be shaken by the pride of this self-willed boy. Rouse your great heart. Let it never be said that you have been wronged with impunity."

"Do not tempt me, Agnese. Leave the dark thoughts in my soul, and do not make them more familiar by clothing them in words. I am sick and weary. I am alone—my very child arrays himself with my enemies."

"O! he knows not the interests at stake; he is still a child. No blood of mine flows in his veins; yet for your sake, Madonna, and for the memory of the long days and nights when he lay cradled in my arms, I would count life little to serve him!"

"Senseless as you are!" cried Lady Irwin, with an impatience not unlike that of an untamed horse excited beyond endurance by the application of the spur, "do you talk of what *you* would do, you who have never borne a child—who have only rocked to rest the child of others? Is he not mine—mine in mind and body? The hair that clusters on his brow he had from me; and in which of the tame Irwins would you see the flash of such an eye as his? He is the one thing on earth that is mine; and do you think there is anything I would not do for his sake? But were he nothing, I have still sufficient motives. They have treated me with scorn—almost with open defiance. They have turned from me the affections of my husband! But if I must be miserable, they at least shall not rejoice."

"There the signora spoke worthily of herself," cried Agnese, her dark eyes flashing; "but strong deeds are the language that she must learn to use to her enemies. The blood of the south is hot as its sun; that of the north cold as its winter streams."

"Agnese," replied Lady Irwin, rising and fixing a look upon her that made her quail, so stern—so cruel—it was, "there is blood flowing in my veins hot and impetuous as in those of the fiercest barbarian of the south. There are tales told of the clansmen of my house which would make even your Italian heart stand still. The snows of ten thousand winters will never cool the blood of the fiery Celt. The days of strong deeds are past, and this puny generation drags the chain its fathers burst. Nevertheless fear not, I am no unworthy daughter of the Macdonalds."

CHAPTER XI.

It was a bright morning; the sky was cloudless, and the genial west wind sweeping over the grass, crisped with hoar frost, seemed to antedate the return of spring. In some sheltered nooks, which Catherine well knew, the violets were already in blossom, and she was returning from an early ramble, with a small bunch of these precious flowers, when Edward came bounding along to meet her: now followed, now preceded by his favourite hound, who had caught the joyousness of his master's spirit, and emulated his activity.

"Good news, Kitty!" he cried, as soon as she came within earshot. "Good news, little sister; what will you give me for my news?"

"Have you got your pony?" asked Kate in reply.

"Pony!" retorted Edward, scornfully. "Don't I tell you it's great news—news for you, my darling!" and he flung his arms about her and kissed her.

There was a fluttering motion at Kitty's heart; the colour left her cheeks, and she looked at him trembling.

"Well, why don't you guess? Why don't you laugh, or cry, or do something, Kitty? You couldn't look worse if I had said the news was bad. Come, have n't you a bit of Pandora's curiosity? Must I take my glorious news home again, because you won't give the least touch to the lid?"

"I know you are going to see Frank," said Kitty, tremulously. "Lady Irwin told me about it yesterday morning."

"No, that's not it. Guess again? But there, I won't torture you, dear. Strange, is n't it, Kate, that a man of taste like Frank, should n't like Italy?"

"If that's your news, Edward, I had a shrewd guess of it before."

"Why, of course you had, when he began at the top of the sheet with O! how am I to exist another day without you! and ended at the bottom of the fourth side with—I feel con-

vinced I must expire if I don't see you to-morrow—all four sides written close and crossed, and all to the same tune."

"You are a saucy boy, Edward, and want to provoke me to show you Frank's letters. You know well enough he never crosses them, and that there is often room for a great deal more when he finishes."

"With 'Yours till death, eternally and for ever.' Well, I'm sure I don't know what a love-letter is like, and I don't suppose I ever shall. I daresay Frank's letters are just what they should be, or that you think them so—which is quite as good; but I can tell you, you're not likely to have any more of them just at present, so you'd better make the most of what you have. I'll bet you Mad Tom to your father's old cob that he won't write to you for a month to come."

"Have they heard from him at the Hall, then?" said Kate, bewildered.

"Yes, truly, have they. In a most substantial manner has he forced on their astounded minds the fact that he has a good stout will of his own, and that he has no idea of being sent out of the way that people may worry his little bride out of her pretty looks. I'll tell you what, Kitty, Frank has a great deal more spirit than I ever gave him credit for. You ought to be proud of him. He has done the very thing I should have done myself!"

"But what has he done?" cried Catherine, impatiently.

"O you're coming up at last, are you, like a shy bottle of ale when it is held to the fire? Know, O sweet Kitty, that your future lord has shown himself a fine fellow, and won't be hoodwinked by my revered and incomprehensible mamma, and that I came off this morning to impart to you the intelligence, that he came home last night, to the confusion of his enemies, the delight of his affectionate father, of his devoted brother, and of his blushing bride. But I say, dear, what's the matter? Kitty, I say, dear Kitty, don't be a little fool please, dear!"

The abrupt announcement of the return of her lover—a joy so sudden, so unlooked for, was indeed too much for Catherine's strength, enfeebled as she was by long separation, and by the wearing sickness of hope deferred; she would have fallen had not the boy caught her in his arms. He bore her with difficulty to the bank at the side of the road, and was running to seek assistance, when his brother, whose impatience had become uncontrollable, and who had wandered thus far in search of his betrothed, came up. A little water, brought from a neighbouring rivulet in Edward's cap, and dashed on Catherine's face, aided in reviving her: the sight of her lover bending over her with a look of earnest solicitude did more. He folded her in his arms, and all the troubled past seemed to vanish like a dream, or only to be remembered to intensify the happiness of the re-union.

There was a long silence. Tears falling like genial rain, and a joy so solemn, that they held their breath as they stood locked hand in hand beneath the arch of the spring heavens.

When the first rapture of their meeting was over, Catherine's anxious eyes detected marks of uncontrollable suffering in her lover's countenance. His eyes, which looked larger and brighter than they were wont to look, were circled with black rings, his hands were parched, and the bronzed hue of his complexion told of fatigue and exposure rather than of health.

The imprudence with which he had acted was too evident. The marsh fever was still hanging about him when he set out on his hasty journey. The excitement produced by Edward's letter, which confirmed his worst fears, had rendered him for the time superior and insensible to his bodily infirmity. A troubled night, hardly visited by rare snatches of sleep, at last brought the morning, when he was once again to see her, made so much dearer by absence and by sorrow, borne for his sake. The cold water with which he bathed his burning temples stilled their throbbing for awhile; the fresh air, and the near hope of seeing his beloved, deadened the aching of his limbs and the fever in his throat; but now that the first joy of meeting was over, that he had held her in his arms, and felt her still all his own, he was obliged to succumb to the lassitude that oppressed him, and to acknowledge the too evident fact that he was not well.

He returned home in the hope that a few hours' rest might restore him; but Nature is a stern avenger, and exacts a heavy fine for over-taxed or abused powers. The excitement and disquietude in which he had lived for the last eighteen months had gradually undermined his vigorous constitution. The unexpressed displeasure of his stepmother weighed upon his heart with a foreboding which defied all his efforts to shake it off, and filled him with vague and paralysing alarm. During the first few months of his residence abroad the variety of interests which crowded upon him had distracted his attention; Catherine's letters full of hopeful tenderness quieted his anxiety on her account; while Lady Irwin herself, relieved by his absence, wrote with cordiality, almost with affection. But when the novelty of foreign life began to wear off, when Lady Irwin had returned to Swallowfield, and, irritated by Catherine's frequent presence, and by the affection with which Sir Edward treated her, either ceased to write to the traveller, or wrote only letters so hard and dry, that the effort they had cost was too palpable to be mistaken; when Catherine's depression became evident in spite of her attempted cheerfulness; Frank's buoyancy of spirit gave way, and he began to succumb to the effects of the climate, which trying as it is to many English constitutions, did not suit him, and neglected such precautions as

might, perhaps, have preserved him in health and inured him to it.

So, now the fever, which had been checked, flew to the head; the overtaxed brain ceased to discharge its healthy office; his ravings were wild and incessant; his heart troubles mixing themselves up incongruously with scenes of foreign adventure; he called often and piteously on the name of his beloved, who seemed to his distempered fancy to be in fearful danger; with wild supplication or stormy menace he sought to protect her from a powerful but unnamed enemy. The whole household was filled with consternation. Sir Edward stood gazing on his fiery vacant eyes with an anguish too big for tears. Poor Edward ran vainly to and fro, overwhelming himself with reproaches for the heedless rashness with which he had communicated his suspicions to his brother. Catherine, pale and tremulous, crept from the Parsonage to the Hall, seeking for tidings she dared not ask for; her still woe-begone countenance, and eager tearless eyes, were not the least grievous sight in all those grievous days. Sir Edward meeting her, lost the recollection of his own sorrow, and wept for the poor child who had no tears for herself.

Strange and and strong was the conflict of Lady Irwin's feelings. The moment when the dear wish of her heart would be gratified seemed to have arrived; the life which stood between her son and the inheritance was fluttering on the verge of eternity. Agnese did not fail to offer congratulations, and with dark pupils distending to suggest that a slight mistake in the giving of a potion might make that certain which was already probable. Lady Irwin rejected the suggestion with indignation, and devoted herself with energy to the care of the sufferer; she shrunk from the presence of her confidante, and if by chance they met, she hurried by her as if she had been some venomous creature: above all, she sedulously guarded the approach to the sick man's chamber, gave him his medicines herself, and administering nothing without previously subjecting it to a careful examination.

She seemed insensible to fatigue. Hour after hour, day after day, she went to and fro in the sick room, with pale set features, like one acting under strong excitement, or afraid to break a spell. She hardly spoke, either in answer to the grateful thanks of her husband, or to the passionate caresses of her son; but one day, when Catherine crept to her, and kissed her hand in token of the gratitude she could not speak, Lady Irwin stopped as she was traversing his corridor, and bending her head, pressed her lips on the brow of the trembling girl.

"Poor child," she said, "go and pray, and see if that will comfort thee."

It was at the time when the fever was at its height; the Doctors, of whom two had

been fetched from London, had almost given up hope. The patient's strength seemed exhausted; he lay motionless, almost lifeless, his nervous hands were wan and passive, or convulsed by feeble twitterings; the wavy hair, which used to fall in such comely masses about his face was all gone; his manly beauty withered like the leaves in autumn.

Who can tell what were Lady Irwin's thoughts as she sat through those long nights and days by the wreck of him whom she had taught herself by slow degrees to regard as the enemy of her son? Who can tell how much of her old tenderness to the fair motherless boy returned; how the helplessness of the suffering man recalled the weakness and dependence of the child; how the fever-parched lips awakened memories of the sweet firm lips that had so often pressed hers, and the joyous love of the child's close embrace. Prostrate—helpless—there was nothing antagonistic there. Helen Irwin was of a temper too lofty to war with the powerless.

After a long time there came a dawn of hope. The youthful constitution, the careful tending, the earnest prayers, prevailed, and Death released his prey. Deep thankfulness and silent joy succeeded to despair in Catherine's heart. Sir Edward came out of his study and walked again among his trees; Edward scampered over hill and dale, to tame the spirit of his horse, wanton with too long idleness. The crisis was past; Frank would recover—slowly, tediously—but he would recover.

With the danger, Lady Irwin's care ceased. No sooner did he open his eyes upon her, animated by intelligence; no sooner did health-bringing sleep return to him than she withdrew from his chamber, leaving him to the attendance of the hired nurses, and only paying occasional visits to his room, which became shorter and rarer as he progressed in his recovery. His convalescence was tedious and wearisome, with many lets and hindrances, much lassitude and frequent suffering; but whatever aid art or science could afford to alleviate the one or remove the other was used unsparingly, and the light of love gladdened him. Catherine seemed to have lost all recollection of her own worn health and spirits in the necessity for encouraging and strengthening him. Full of gratitude for the great mercy vouchsafed to her in his preservation, her joy manifested itself in a sweet and innocent gaiety—a cheerful lovingness of spirit, that shed sunshine over the life of her betrothed, and helped him more than anything else to the recovery of his strength. Her gratitude to Lady Irwin was so warm that it overcame the dread she had been accustomed to feel in her presence; and though Lady Irwin was still cold and stately in her manner towards her, Catherine had won something upon her regard. She could no longer look upon her as a being without passion; the feeling she had shown was

unmistakable, and just of the kind which Lady Irwin could appreciate. Loud lamentations or stormy grief she would have despised; but she sympathised with the stony agony of her countenance and her voiceless despair. She could no longer think her impassive or commonplace. She might hate, but she could not now despise her.

Her mind at that period was in a struggling, combating, fluctuating condition. Agnese revenged her late slight by almost unbroken silence, which Lady Irwin, too proud to make concessions, repaid with haughty contempt. Sir Edward, charmed out of all suspicion by the extraordinary devotion of her attendance on his son, had returned to something like a lover's tenderness. It seemed almost as if the evil thought which had long nestled in the depths of her heart might be crushed—perhaps, but for the Italian woman, it might have been. But Satan little loves to quit a tenement in which he has been welcomed and cherished; and evil acts are the legitimate offspring of evil thoughts.

CHAPTER XII.

It was some two months since the favourable turn had taken place, and Frank had begun to amend, when, coming home from his usual evening stroll to the Parsonage, he met his father, smoking his cigar, under the lime-trees, by the river-side.

"Well, my boy," said Sir Edward, "you don't look very brilliant yet. A month or so in Devonshire would set you up nicely."

"Indeed, sir, I am perfectly well," returned his son in alarm. "The evening is unusually warm, and we walked a little too far. I hope you are not thinking of sending me away again so soon?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I've been hatching a little plan that I don't think you'll object to. You know there is a small estate in Devonshire, which belonged to your mother. The house is not much more than a cottage, but it is very pretty and compact. Captain Martyn, who has rented it for these fifteen years, has been for some time in failing health; and I have this evening received intimation of his death. As I supposed probable, his widow does not wish to continue my tenant; and it has occurred to me that if the house were brightened up a little—it's very pretty, and the scenery about it splendid—it might not be so bad for you and Kitty, just for a year or two, till my shoes are ready for you. This would make everything smooth. Not that I want to send you away, my dear fellow. God knows, the house will be dull enough without you both!"

"We cannot expect you to make such a sacrifice for us, sir," said Frank, his cheek glowing with surprise and pleasure.

"O, as to that, the less we say of that, the better. The property was your mother's; so it is a matter of mere justice. My idea is,

that if I allow you three hundred a-year, you may manage to live quietly down there. The estate itself is not unproductive, and might be improved if any one were resident upon it who would undertake to study agriculture as a science. So much is doing in that way now, that extraordinary obstinacy and stupidity may soon cease to be regarded as necessary qualifications for a farmer."

This scheme had been maturing for some time in Sir Edward's mind. The anxiety he had endured during his son's illness, and during his rather slow recovery, had determined him to expedite a marriage which he saw to be indispensable to his happiness. It had been his purpose to communicate his project to his wife, and to obtain her concurrence before mentioning it to his son; but coming unexpectedly on Frank just when he had received intelligence of the removal of the only obstacle that stood in his way, he had yielded to the impulse of the moment, and had spoken to him of a plan which he knew would give him extreme pleasure, and which, he hoped, would accelerate his recovery.

When they had discussed the subject for a little while, Sir Edward went in search of his wife, while Frank retired to his chamber. Lady Irwin sat by the fire, drawing. She drew finely, and she loved the art. Sir Edward stood over her for a while, and admired the design, pointing out at the same time some defects in the execution; then, turning to the fire, he stood some time in silence, and, taking up a book, seemed lost in the perusal of it, till at last he suddenly said, not without a slight tremor in his voice,

"By the way, Helen, did I tell you Martyn was dead?"

Lady Irwin answered in the negative; but she did not feel sufficient interest in the intelligence to interrupt her occupation.

"Yes, poor fellow! he is gone at last," continued Sir Edward. "It is surprising that he lasted so long, considering the rough usage the French gave him in the last war. He must have been nearly eighty. He was a bit of true British oak, tough to the last chip. Of course, Mrs. Martyn does not stay at Elington. Her nephew writes me word that she wishes to give it up at once, which is fortunate, for I could not well have turned her out."

"Do you think you are likely to get a higher rent for the place, then?"

"O, no! the rent Martyn paid was well enough. I have been thinking it would do for Frank and Kitty. To be sure, the house is small, and I dare say will want something done to it; but it is a snug little place, and Devonshire will probably suit Frank, now that terrible fever has made him delicate. You know it is, in a manner, his native air. His mother was born and brought up there."

Lady Irwin bent lower over her drawing.

Sir Edward continued speaking, fast, but with a sense of growing uneasiness.

"I know that you are as anxious as I am to promote his happiness; and it is very fortunate that we are able to gratify him without trenching materially on our income. For my own part, I acknowledge that at first I did not feel the necessity of a second establishment. But I dare say you were right, and I am sure you will share my satisfaction in an arrangement which meets all the requirements of the case."

"They cannot live there without an income," said Lady Irwin, after a long pause.

"As to that, I should wish to consult you; for you know so much better than I do what would be necessary. I do not think they will require more than two hundred and fifty, or three hundred at first; for Frank must take care of himself; and Kitty has no extravagant notions. I suppose they can stay with us when they come to town."

Lady Irwin made no reply. Her husband, oppressed by the ominous silence, drew his chair closer to the hearth, and stirred the fire with an attempt to seem unconcerned. There was something irresistibly overwhelming in Lady Irwin's silence, and in the continued but irregular movement of her pencil. After some minutes, she gathered her drawing-materials together, and was leaving the room, when Sir Edward, taking her by the hand, looked up into her face with an attempt at a smile, saying,

"Come, sit down, Helen, and let us talk it over."

"There can be no need to talk over what you have already arranged," she returned, coldly disengaging her hand; and without another word, or a backward look, she left the room.

"Here's a pretty storm," muttered Sir Edward. "If Helen did but know how like Tisiphone she looks in that angry mood of her's, she would not be angry so often. Who could have anticipated such a reception of a plan which sets everything to rights? O, woman, woman, incomprehensible, irrational, contradictory!"

So saying, or rather so thinking, he turned for consolation to his book, and contrived to lose, for a while, the sense of domestic disquiet in the brilliant and witty pleading of one of his favourite essayists.

Not so, Lady Irwin. The burning indignation which she had violently repressed, burst out in fiery words as soon as she reached her chamber, and stood face to face with Agnese, busied there with duties of her office.

"Urge what you will now, Agnese, you shall not find me flagging. I was a fool to spurn your advice before; but his weakness made me childish. Now, all that is past, and you need not fear me; I am despoised, and counted as nothing by my husband and by the boy I saved from the jaws of death. They hold their consultations; they determine what

they will do; and, when it is done, they bid me receive with joy the intelligence that my child is counted as nothing in his father's sight, and that we are to be robbed of a third of our income. O! had I but harkened to the voice that bade me listen to you, when he lay senseless and powerless—when disease had done the work ready to my hand, and only to leave undone was needful. Now, he is strong again in mind and body, and the strength he has regained, through my help, he uses to insult and injure me! He must needs enter on the estate at once. He must sow enmity between me and my husband. When was it before, since the day when he first called me wife, that Sir Edward decided on even the smallest of his affairs without me? Now he consults, he decides, he portions out his income; and, when it is done, he tells me thus and thus it is to be. Devise what you will—fear no flinching in me, now."

"Noble Madonna," cried Agnese, with a look of triumph, "now you are yourself again, all will be well; the daughter of the Curé shall never queen it here; and Edward shall inherit the lands of his father."

"We must be careful what we do, Agnese: we must be subtle and secret. Sir Edward has given to his son, to this Frank, who, but for me, might be lying in the vault beside his mother, the house in Devonshire, because it was his mother's, and he is quite sure that I must approve of so equitable an arrangement. The poor simpleton, Ann Irwin, left the house to her husband, thinking, I suppose, that no second love would banish her pale image from his heart, and that he could soar to no higher passion. This house is to be rendered back to her son, that he may live there with his wife; and that they may enjoy their Paradise, three hundred pounds a-year is to be taken from our income. Listen, Agnese, I will urge my husband to send his son to Elington; he shall alter and furnish to his taste. I will have liberal means placed at his disposal; the garden and the pleasure-grounds shall be re-arranged to his fancy; and he shall dream of the happiness he is never to know, as he wanders through the newly-adorned rooms, and lingers under the trees. He shall return to fetch his bride—she shall twine the orange-flowers in her hair—the wedding guests shall assemble—but the ringers who were to ring out the wedding peal shall toll for a death."

"Will you not destroy the girl with her lover?" inquired Agnese, eagerly.

"No, I hate her too much; she has won from me the hearts of all I love; but for her smiles and soft voice I might have lived happy and innocent. She loves him, Agnese; he is as dear to her as the light of heaven. She shall live to pine for him in hopeless sorrow."

"We must be wise and secret," said Agnese. "The crime shall be mine, the vengeance yours."

"Never fear, Agnese. The vengeance I will take, shall be sudden and certain as the swoop of the eagle. But enough, we have time to spare; to deceive them into security must be our present labour."

CHAPTER XIII.

"KITTY," cried Edward, bursting into the drawing-room, at the Parsonage, where Catherine sat with an open book before her, but thoughts wandering far away, "Kitty, my dear sister, what am I to do? Here I have been puzzling my brain for the last ten days to compose an Epithalamium for you and Frank! I tried Greek first, but you know I've only read the Prometheus, and Iambics don't come easy. I tried Latin next, but I couldn't determine whether it should be in Sapphics or Alcaics, and owing to the confusion of my mind, half the stanza was in one and half in the other; so down I fell to English, plain, wholesome English, as father calls it—which is, after all, the most Christian language of the three. I shall have a couple of hours' hard fighting with the Muse, by and by, and I'll bring her coy ladyship to terms, depend upon it. If you could but help me to a rhyme, now and then—but, of course, that is not to be expected. Mother is tremendously grand to-day. I can't get a word out of her, or I'd have pressed her into the service. She is glorious at finding rhymes. She has got a splendid gown for to-morrow, and a bonnet my aunt would give her ears for."

"I wish I could show her how grateful I am for all her goodness to us," said Catherine.

"I don't think you need feel oppressed by the weight of the obligation," replied Edward, gaily; "though I must say mother has behaved splendidly about Elington; and one must not mind her being a little cross sometimes. But come, Kitty! If I go and fetch the horses, you'll have one more ride with me, won't you, before you join the formidable corps of matrons. Just one last ride?"

Catherine not unwillingly consented, for she loved the boy dearly; and, in the near approach of an event so important, she felt herself unable to exercise her habitual control over her thoughts. It was a day in early autumn. The foliage had lost nothing of its summer fullness, though it was coloured here and there with the beautiful shades that herald its decay. Roses clustered round the cottage doors, and the air was fragrant with clematis, while the stately autumn flowers nodded queenly greetings to each other, and the ripe fruits basked in the sunshine. The fresh wind, the blue sky, the rich landscape, combined to raise the spirits of the riders. Never had Edward looked so handsome; never had the play of his mind been so graceful. Catherine could not help gazing with admiration on his dark animated countenance, and on the supple grace of his movements.

"I will be with you before breakfast to-morrow, Kitty," he gaily cried, as he rode

away, leading the pony she had been riding "as soon as ever Frank is off my hands! And never fear but I'll finish the Epithalamium, if I invoke all the Nine, at once, to my aid."

She lingered to look after him as he rode down the lane, on his glossy chestnut hunter, singing joyously, and with many a bright backward look and glad farewell.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE autumn day had long since closed. Lurid clouds shut in the horizon; and the full harvest moon waded through majestic clouds—now walled in dense masses—now in fragments of grotesque shape. Lady Irwin stood on the balcony on which her dressing-room opened. The heavy shade of the trees; the stillness, broken fitfully by the moanings of the rising wind, and the jagged clouds; were in grand harmony with her spirit. The weight at her heart seemed a little lightened as she contemplated, in the deepening night, this tempest hatching in apparent calm, and ready to burst.

The door of the chamber opened, but so softly, that it was only by the current of air produced that Lady Irwin was aware of it. Agnese entered the room, her olive cheek pale, and her thin lips compressed.

Lady Irwin stepped slowly from the balcony, her eyes fixed in eager inquiry on her attendant.

"It is done," said the Italian, speaking with difficulty from her parched throat. Then, after a pause, she added, more quickly, "it was quite easy. The glass was on the table where Elton had placed it, with the Seltzer water. It was all as usual. The night is hot; he will certainly drink."

"If he should discover it," said Lady Irwin.

"I placed the powder in the glass as you bade me. It is impalpable,—if there is only enough."

"What I gave you would destroy half-a-dozen lives. But what, if he should not drink?"

"I do not fear that. He will be weary. And lest that cold drink should be insufficient to tempt him, I got some claret, and placed it hard by. The Curé has no great choice of wines. He will not fail to drink."

"Is he not yet come home? He lingers to-night. I wish it were over. This suspense is unendurable. Did you hear nothing then?"

"Only the sighing of the wind through the trees. There will be wild work among them to-night. Wild work within, and wild work without: stout young branches rent and snapped, like a tulip by the hand of a child."

"Be silent, Agnese," cried Lady Irwin, fiercely; "the sound of your voice makes me mad! Be silent, and let me listen."

In obedience to her command Agnese was silent. The agony of expectation became every moment more intense. Yet there was

no touch of remorse—no timely repentance. Every nerve was stimulated to the highest pitch of sensibility. Sounds, in general scarcely audible, seemed so loud and importunate, as to be almost unendurable. Every pulsation of the great clock on the staircase, the fluttering of a moth against the window, the whizzing of a bat's wing in its tortuous flight, were all so many sources of agony.

"The glass must be changed, and the wine taken away," said Lady Irwin, at last, unable longer to endure the silence. "Have you thought of that, Agnese? They will betray us."

"I shall not dare to go in," cried Agnese, shrinking with terror.

"Not dare to go in!" repeated Lady Irwin, with surprise. "Why not? What should you fear?"

"When he is dead!" said Agnese, in a low voice.

"What harm can the poor clay do you, simpleton?" cried Lady Irwin, scornfully. "What! the daughter of Beatrice Pistorella!"

Agnese hung her head, and was silent.

"He will only look like one in a deep sleep—like one in a deep leaden sleep. We have only lulled him to sleep—to the sweet dreamless sleep that knows no waking. His individual essence—that in him which groaned and suffered—will be resumed into the great all-pervading soul. He is but rocked to sleep a little before his time, to be reproduced in some other form of being. It is she who will suffer; the pain and the woe will be all hers. But hark! I hear Sir Edward's door open. He will be amazed to find me still dressed. Quick, Agnese. Give me my dressing-gown, and let down my hair."

As she hastened the operations of her waiting-woman, whose hands, cold and clammy with excitement, were little apt to render her service, the clock struck eleven.

"He cannot be long now," said Lady Irwin, assisting her maid to unfasten the long coils of her hair. "If you are afraid to go alone, wait for me, and, when Sir Edward is asleep, I will come to your room, and we will go together. How awkward you are to-night, Agnese. Comb my hair carefully instead of tearing it. Do you forget we are to have a wedding to-morrow?"

At this moment Sir Edward came through the dressing-room. He paused to say a few words to his wife, and to make some inquiries as to the arrangements for the morrow. Lady Irwin's face reflected in the mirror, shaded though it was by the profuse tangle of her hair, struck him by its extreme pallor, made the more remarkable by the brilliant brilliancy of her eyes. He lingered a moment, her, and, tenderly chiding her for neglecting her health, closed the window.

It seemed to Lady Irwin that he would never turn back, but that he would never turn short answers, disturbed about her.

but began to talk of other things. Aware of the extreme danger of awakening his suspicions, she did her best to simulate an interest she did not feel. But when she became aware that some one was moving in the room above, which was Frank's, her excitement became uncontrollable. At length, shaking her hair over her face, so as almost to conceal her features, she said, with a desperate attempt at playfulness,

"Come Edward, I shall quarrel with you, if you do not go quickly. Here I have kept poor Agnese for half-an-hour over my hair. Remember we must be up betimes in the morning."

As she spoke there was a slight tumult over head, and a sound as of something falling.

"Frank is noisy," said Sir Edward, with a smile. "I suppose he doesn't feel particularly sleepy. I didn't know he was come home." And so saying, he took up his candle and went into the bedroom.

When he was gone, Lady Irwin closed the door, and turned her face towards Agnese. The two guilty creatures looked at each other in speechless but eager inquiry. They listened breathlessly, but there was nothing more to break the stillness above. The great clock ticked, the wind wailed among the trees, and the rain came in heavy drops, splashing on the terrace and ploughing up the earth. With these sounds, mingled the peaceful movements of Sir Edward as he prepared for repose. The lightning flashed across the windows in fierce succession, disclosing the ruffled landscape and the pale eager faces of the wicked women.

All at once there was a noise of opening and shutting doors; a quick step mounted the stairs; it passed Lady Irwin's door, and ascended to the room above. The women looked at each other in an agony of expectation; who can imagine the inexpressible terror of that moment!

Who was it that came so swiftly?—who had fallen a few minutes before? The steps in the chamber above went rapidly to and fro. Then there were a momentary pause—a great cry of surprise or terror—hasty movements—the flinging open of a window—the violent ringing of a bell—the heavy step of one carrying a burden; then a hasty running down stairs, and a pause at Sir Edward's door.

"For God's sake, get up, sir!" cried Frank's voice, in a whisper, a whisper terribly audible to Lady Irwin. "Don't alarm my mother: Edward is ill."

"Where? What is the matter?" cried Sir Edward, starting up in alarm.

"I don't know—he seems to have fainted. He is in my room. I'll go—"

But here he was interrupted by a shriek so loud, so terrible, that it seemed like the rending asunder of soul and body, and Lady Irwin rushed in with fierce desperate eyes, demanding the truth.

Wildly raving, and followed by Sir Edward and his son, who strove in vain to restrain her, and wondered at her strange and terrible words, she rushed to the chamber where the awful punishment of her crime awaited her. Little wonder that the sight which there blasted her vision overthrew her reason; for there he lay, the gallant boy just on the verge of manhood, not half an hour ago so full of joy and promise, dead on a couch beside the opened window, the stormy wind blowing his long hair wildly to and fro.

On the table stood the glass, and by it lay the copy of verses which had been the occasion of his visit to his brother's room. He had gone to rest early, as his mother thought, but he had set his heart on finishing his poem, and having succeeded beyond his expectation, had taken it to read to his brother: entering his room by a study common to the two. The wine which was to ensure the destruction of his brother had tempted the boy, weary with excitement, and he had drunk.

Consternation and dismay spread through the house and village. The facts of the case were too notorious to be concealed. Lady Irwin's reason was destroyed by the frightful catastrophe; and she now bemoaned her child—now demanded vengeance on his murderess. Agnese, overwhelmed by her reproaches, attempted neither escape nor defence. With a curious self-devotion, she found some solace in her misery by arrogating to herself the guilt which she shared with her mistress; and in her shameful death felt a glow of triumph in the thought that she suffered for the only being she loved.

Sir Edward, overwhelmed by the loss of his child and by the crime of his wife, humbled himself at the foot of the cross, and in the depth of his misery learnt to prize the light which, if he had not despised, he had disregarded. The marriage between Frank and Catherine was solemnised by his desire, when a year had passed; and they retired to Devonshire, where, in works of active benevolence, and in a fervent but humble spirit, they endeavoured to live by the precepts of the great Master, whose kingdom is yet to come.

CHIP.

BRIMSTONE.

IN stating, in the article on Electric Light,* that there are no deposits of sulphur in this country, and that it derives its supplies wholly from Sicily, a correspondent is good enough to inform us that we overlooked the produce of the Irish mines.

It appears, from his statement, that the Wicklow mines have, for the last fifteen years, produced a large quantity of iron pyrites

* At page 253 of the present Volume.

containing about forty-five per cent. of sulphur: the produce has amounted, in part of that period, to one hundred thousand tons per annum, and is capable of increase. This ore has been extensively used by the various alkali manufacturers instead of Sicilian brimstone, and has greatly reduced the cost of the latter. It is now considered an important product, and has been the means of giving employment to great numbers of otherwise destitute persons. If this substitute for Sicilian brimstone had not been found, that article would now be at an enormous price, instead of from five to six pounds sterling per ton.

POULTRY ABROAD.

WHEN a fear was expressed to a very high personage that the late revolutionary proceeding in Spain might have the effect of unsettling things in France, he sagaciously replied that there was no real cause for anxiety. "France," he said, "often gives the plague, but never catches it." Still, there are several remarkable exceptions to the general truth of this imperial dictum. The notorious and historical Anglomania which naturalised such things and words as jockey, the boxe, redingote, sport, boulingrin, bistik, plompudding, stupide, and comfortable, is one of them. English seeds for French gardeners, English pigs and oxen for French farmers, English needles, pins, and thread for French seamstresses, English muslins and print dresses for French budding demoiselles, are all matters of desire in their absence, and of pride in their possession. Two items of live stock—sheep and poultry—have as yet remained in the primitive state in which chance and nature left them two or three hundred years ago.

It may be as well to state that on the continent poultry-fancying is a thing unknown. Whatever national advancement may be made in the education of young men and women by means of polytechnic and other schools and colleges, the bringing up of cocks and hens is sadly and grievously neglected. They are allowed to run about and do just as they like, without control or discipline. Breeds, strains, and distinctive markings thus become confusion worse confounded. The seaports often contain two or three households of respectable game fowls, brought over by steampacket captains, messengers, and other English birds of passage; but they are soon lost and merged in the multitude of mongrels, when their importers and owners take their flight elsewhere. There are districts in France which are (locally) celebrated for their poultry; but, as has appeared to our judgment, generally without sufficient cause. On eating them, an ordinary amateur would say they were hardly so good as the average of farmers' fowls at home; and as to looking at them, they will not bear the looking at.

Le Mans in Maine, the Pays de Caux, and the neighbourhood of Le Havre in Normandy, and other parts of France, are loudly vaunted for the poultry they produce. The kinds reared are either ill-bred Poland, an offshoot of the Spanish breed called Crève-cœur fowls, or barndoor of unaccountable extraction. The immense multitude of eggs laid, the surplus only of which sent to England is astounding in its numbers, is to be accounted for without attributing any unusual merit to the hens, first, by the warmer and drier climate of France; and, secondly (what is too often forgotten when the respective produce of France and England is compared), by the immensely greater area which affords the supply. Englishmen, until they begin to travel, do not suspect how much greater in extent than their own snug little island are the interminable plains of the continent.

The best species of poultry in France, with reference both to the eye and the palate, are, first, the turkeys, which are excellent, being pure types of the genuine old black Norfolk breed. Mainly in consequence, it may be presumed, of the dry, warm, and long summer, they attain very considerable average weights, and appear very early on the table in the shape of poult. They might easily be kept and fattened up to great weights; but, it is not the fashion of French, and especially of Parisian dinners, to take pride or pleasure in mountains of meat. A moderate-sized hen turkey, stuffed with truffles, if possible, is there the acme of excellence. Prime Ministers are reputed to have been bribed by the timely present of a dinde truffée. Turkeys, too, are almost the only birds which can be advantageously imported into England as stock; and they run so equal and so high in merit, that the merest tyro can hardly go wrong in making his selection. We therefore strongly advise all persons whose turkeys have not done well for the last few years, most likely on account of some hereditary weakness, entirely to get rid of their ailing patients, to make a careful inspection, reparation, and cleansing of their poultry-houses, and then to repeople them with healthy birds obtained direct from the north of France. Perhaps, as will be seen from what we have further to say, facilities will be hereafter afforded in the way of exchange.

The next best volatile thing which our Gallic neighbours have to boast of, but which they do not sufficiently appreciate themselves, are the wild-coloured call-ducks, or canards de rappel, which are to be found in several of the northern departments. They are not seen further in the interior, simply because, as a general rule, central France is comparatively deficient in water. These French call-ducks (the introduction of which would prove a valuable acquisition at home) are both admirable mothers and excellent

eating; their plumage, in its kind, is perfect; their flirtations and gambols on, under, and over the water, are most amusing; and their value as decoy-birds, on account of their sonorous and unwearied quack, is second to no other flat-foot in the world. Colonel Hawker truly says that three French ducks, like three Frenchmen, will make about as much noise as a dozen English. French geese are in little esteem; they are not a fashionable dish. They are looked upon as food for the common people, rather than for the rich bourgeois, or for the gentleman with a de before his name. The Parisian workman, when he has a mind for a treat, buys at a rotisseur's, or roaster's, a ready-roasted joint of goose. From the baker's shop next door he fetches sundry sous'-worth of bread. He then enters a Commerce de Vins, or wine-shop, protected, like the baker's, by an outside front of strong iron bars, which convert them into so many little fortresses, and render each man's shop his citadel, in case any popular outbreak should make the multitude too desirous of a gratuitous supply of the two principal articles of a Frenchman's diet, bread and wine. The only stylish morsel contained in a goose is the liver, which may make its appearance in a *paté*, especially when enlarged by disease to unnatural dimensions, on any table, and which the proudest nobleman of the legitimate party may condescend to taste without losing caste. To add to the French goose's humiliations, its feathers are in but minor request. Everybody sleeps either on wool mattresses, straw beds, or, in the south, on sacks stuffed with the husks of Indian corn. Feather beds to lay over you in winter are very general articles of chamber furniture, and very comfortable when you are not restless, and do not kick them off in the dead of the night. But these are filled, not with goose-feathers, but with eider-down.

Thirdly, the French domestic pigeons are large, plump, and succulent, in their season. Amongst them, birds of the colour, form, and size of runts, are not unfrequent in tolerable purity. Good carriers are to be found in many of the large towns, especially at sea-ports. But the electric telegraph has in great part superseded them, and has ruined their prospects as professional birds. Other fancy pigeons are almost nonexistent. Traces of turbits and trumpeters are to be seen rarely, here and there. The only poultry curiosity which the Jardin des Plantes at Paris at present contains, are some pure white silk-fowls, with good silky top-knots, also pure white. We may call them silky-Polish, if we please, and very pretty indeed they are. They would attract attention in any exhibition where the mania of the day did not blind amateurs to the merits of all but one special breed.

This premised, it will be believed that we were agreeably struck by the announcement

of a poster that on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth of October last, the Agricultural Society of Boulogne-sur-Mer would give an exposition of cereal grains, implements, plants for forage, roots, vegetables, fruits, and "foreign poultry." It is thus, in what may be called frontier towns, that the first specimens of transmarine taste are displayed, to find their way gradually further inland. As peculiarities of this exposition, it may be recorded that the middle of one day, Saturday, from twelve until three, was devoted to a public six-monthly sitting, in which several useful reports were read; that the admission during all the four days was gratuitous; you had nothing to do but to walk in, and behave yourself respectably; and that the place of exhibition was the library in the building which contains the Boulogne Museum,—two institutions to whose value, richness, and convenience many a passing literary stranger will cheerfully bear testimony.

Amongst other articles which made their appearance in the great room of the library, were the seed and fibre of the white-blossomed flax; enormous red and yellow beet-root, important hitherto for the sugar crop in France, and big enough to serve as clubs for the protection of the town from foreign invasion; amongst these, were beet-root for cows, the third crop this summer after rye cut green, and flax; great variety of red and yellow carrots, like enormous sticks of vegetable barley-sugar; enormous drum-head and red cabbages, solid enough to serve as cannon-balls; specimens of oats, wheat, rye, and escourgeon, or four-rowed barley, in the straw, including some double-kernelled bearded wheat, all tending to calm the public mind touching any possible scarcity of grain; and five tables full of apples and pears, calculated to make streams of water rush into incalculable mouths.

The collection of stranger fowl, which represented Birmingham and all England, was small; let it not, therefore, be thought unimportant. Twelve wicker-baskets contained the whole. The favourite, perhaps, were the drake and two Aylesbury ducks, so delicate and sleepy that they looked as if they longed to be boiled and served up with white sauce to match their plumage. N.B.—If you don't know the merits of boiled ducks, we pity (without offence) your ignorance. A pair of white turkeys gave general satisfaction; and it was announced that their owner had several couples to sell, at the not extravagant price of thirty francs the couple. A pair of yellow bantams required tight lacing before they could have shown their faces in the Midland Counties; but all the poultry was far too novel a sight for native connoisseurs to be over particular. Then there were a pair of silver-spangled Polish—white fowls

caught in a shower of ink-drops; and a cock and two Brahma Pootra hens. The rest were ordinary Cochin Chinas.

"Look, my husband, at the cock with the gross voice, and without any tail. Look, too, at the wonderful red eggs which his hens have laid," said a farmeress of my acquaintance.

"Yes, my wife, I have been looking at him. Isn't he droll? Isn't he ugly?"

"Ugly!" said I. "He's the model of beauty. If you only knew the sums that have been paid for cocks and hens the like of those!"

"How much?" asked madame, carelessly. "I suppose they would sell for fifty sous each."

"Fifty sous! You would make amateurs faint to hear such words proceed from your lips. I dare not tell you how much they have sold for. You would treat me as one of your labourers did the other day, when I told him that the world was round like an apple, and not flat like a plate. You would not believe me."

"Tell me, tell me!" insisted the lady, whose curiosity rose with my reluctance to speak.

I whispered a sentence or two in her ear, for fear of being overheard by the bystanders and being turned out of the room as an impudent impostor.

"Really? On your word of honour?" she asked, incredulously.

"Really. Upon my word of honour," I seriously replied.

"Tiens! my husband!" she said, seizing firm hold of his arm, to make the announcement the more impressive. "Monsieur tells me, on his word of honour, that a fowl like this has been sold in England for one hundred sterling English pounds, and that many other fowls have been acquired for prices not much inferior."

The farmer looked hard at me, and said, "Monsieur is not a liar, I know; although monsieur is often a farcer; but if monsieur gives his word of honour—" The shoulders finished the sentence which the mouth had begun.

"Only think, Louis," she continued, "for one such fowl as this, we could have two or three thousand plump young fowls. Wouldn't your brother, the captain, be glad of them, to put into his pot-à-feu before Sebastopol. And our poor son André is almost sure to fall to the conscription next year. If we had a Cochin China cock, we could sell him, and purchase a substitute with the money. The life of a man is worth the price of a fowl! I wish I had a Cochin China fowl!"

"Will you buy one cheap—for five hundred francs? I dare say I can procure you one from England, now that the market is a little lowered."

"Do you think me ripe for the asylum, monsieur?"

"My dear friend," said Louis to his wife in

an explanatory tone; "these English, you know, are always eccentric."

"And so were the Dutch, when they went mad after tulips;" I retorted. "And so were the French when they prostrated themselves before the Scotchman who blew the South Sea bubble."

"True, true;" concluded Louis. "Those follies have passed; and so will this."

Such was the poultry-show at Boulogne-sur-Mer—which we travelled several leagues out of our way to see—a small beginning which may have pleasant results, with all the greater probability now that the red heat of enthusiasm is cooling down to a more temperate degree. We should be sorry to be the historians to record the utter decline and fall of the fowl empire; and, perhaps, the continent may sustain the fortunes which are already beginning to fail in Great Britain. An early attempt, like this, at Boulogne, often gives no measure of ultimate success. When six bunches of rhubarb were taken to Covent Garden Market, as a venture, and three of them were brought back unsold, who would have dared to prognosticate the acres devoted to cultivate, and the waggons and horses employed to fetch, the stalks of this plant to make tarts for the Londoners? Who, seeing the disfavour with which seakale was first received, would have ventured to predict the place it now holds on the list of vegetable delicacies?

Who would have thought that the poultry-shows of the north of England, excited by the breath of a popular book, would have grown to their dimensions and importance of to-day?—perhaps we ought to write—of yesterday? And who will say what may not be the consequence of these dozen cages of foreign fowl? It is known that the French government pays great attention to, and does all in its power to encourage country pursuits; and that if Europe were but once blessed with peace, the energies of that great country would be more devoted to agriculture than they can be now. We know the sums that foreigners, comparatively less wealthy than ourselves as they are, will give to possess first-rate British bulls, cows, horses, and swine, for breeding purposes; and it is probable that if once their eyes are opened and their taste awakened, they will be equally anxious to acquire whatever we have of good (and we have much that is superior), in the shape of poultry. There is no doubt that a market may be opened on the continent for the sale of many specimens which we can well spare now; because, with us, choice sorts have increased and multiplied. If only as a pocket question and a matter of interest, the subject deserves a little attention. We might take higher ground, and urge the value of the international acquaintance and intimacy which would result from the two nations pursuing one and the same hobby. The Great Exhibition at Paris, this year, will afford innumerable opportunities to any who choose

to take up our hint, and follow it. It would be a graceful way of making friends, as well as of introducing a novel article, were wealthy amateurs to send over a few lots for the next poultry-show in France: presenting them to the Institution, or the town, to be raffled for, for the benefit of the poor,—a favourite form of the French of charity.

THE STORY OF A KING.

In all countries the stories on which legend dwells most fondly are those which relate the sufferings of lovers. The incidents which compose them are generally few and bear a marked similarity in all cases. This is partly because the same passion naturally produces the same fruit, partly because the world rarely obtains new revelations of this kind. The sufferings of lovers commonly take place on a scene far removed from the public gaze, in the innermost recesses of the mind; and true affection is shy and reserved, keeping both its pangs and its joys to itself. It is only by some extraordinary accident—now and then, at intervals perhaps of a century or so, that we are admitted into this kind of secret; but then the people—preceding literature—instantly seize upon all the moral details and make them their own, and relate them, sometimes in connection with one series of material incidents, sometimes with another, and so many stories gradually spring from one, are all incorporated in the repertory of legend, become part of the world's belief, and raise and purify its conception of human nature. The influence of these narratives indeed has much to do with the progress of true civilisation. They humanise and soften us; they quicken the pulse and open the heart. I am sure that the Arabs who listened with me attentively, under the sycamore, at Tel-el-Amarna, to the story of King Zakariah and the Maiden Salameh, must to some extent have been made better if sadder men by meditating on its simple incidents.

In former days, said the narrator, pointing with his meagre finger—for he was an old and withered man—to the broad and desolate valley at the entrance of which the ruins of a great city were visible, this was the capital of a mighty king, named Zakariah. It contained mosques, and baths, and palaces, and market-places, and lofty gateways.

(It was evident at once that, according to the peculiar habit of Egyptian story-tellers, the real circumstances and probabilities of the scene around had vanished from his mind, and that he was thinking of Cairo, the only type of a living seat of empire with which he was acquainted. In all the subsequent part of his narrative, therefore, the listeners were compelled to localise the incidents in the city of Victory; and sometimes even, as he warned, he mentioned the names of well-known streets, and otherwise allowed it to be understood that he had no authority for

choosing that ruined place of the Gentiles as the scene of his story, but that he did so merely to increase the impression of veracity.)

King Zakariah was wise though young, good though powerful. He was beloved by his subjects, and dreaded by none but the wicked. The land resounded with his praises. Widows confidently committed their orphan children to his care; and the poor scarcely considered themselves poor as long as his treasury was unexhausted. Popular affection therefore became busy about his happiness; and many hearts mourned when it began to be whispered that the King, who lavished joy so plentifully on others, was himself sad in mind, troubled with visions and unsatisfied longings, and deprived by some mysterious cause of the power to taste those family delights which the humblest of his subjects under the wing of his protection could indulge in. When he issued from his palace to go in procession to the mosque, or to the bath, or to some of his gardens in the country, women holding their babies in their arms crowded before his steps, and looking anxiously in his careworn countenance, blest him, and prayed aloud that his sorrows might be taken away, and that he might preserve his life for his own sake and for that of his people. It had indeed been whispered abroad that a mighty malady beyond the reach of the physician's skill was gnawing the heart of this good King—that he was without hope, and without care for anything in this world; and as good kings were not common in those ancient days, there was perhaps something of selfishness in the anxiety of his people. Yet this thought could scarcely have occurred to him when he smiled benevolently on the crowds that lined his path and hastened on to be out of reach of their sympathy.

The only person who knew the secret of the King's melancholy was his mother, then far stricken in years. Many of the courtiers, moved, some by sympathy, and some by curiosity, had frequently questioned her women, who, not to lose the opportunity of garrulity, gave them surmises instead of facts. But, in truth, what they said only increased the general ignorance. The mystery remained hidden, because those who knew it spoke of it only between themselves—not that they cared much for secrecy, but that they knew that the sufferings of King Zakariah were such as the world with difficulty appreciates.

Zakariah had found the source of his unhappiness within himself. His was not a manly but a maidenly frame of mind. His soul thirsted for love, but he would not accept love which might even seem to be directed towards his station and not solely towards himself. By long dwelling on the delights of pure passion, entirely separated in origin and in expression from all worldly considerations, he had learned perhaps somewhat to over-estimate them. He came to believe that man was created only for that enjoyment, and that

everything else was waste of time, a kind of malady of existence. The arts of government and the duties of power he exercised only in obedience to the will of God; and perhaps he was a good King because nothing that his station could give him he considered to be worth having. "They say, my friends," quoth the philosophical narrator, "that Ibrahim the Cruel, when he came to decide on the differences between poor peasants, was the best judge that ever existed, because he had no interest to serve on one side or the other." However this may be, it seemed certain that King Zakariah was naturally endowed with all good qualities save one—the wisdom of the bee which settles on the flowers it finds on its flight, and is content with the honey it finds.

The King used often to sit at his mother's feet and talk to her of his sad case. She was a wise woman and understood what he meant. Her advice was, that after the hour of sunset, when the King was supposed to have retired to rest, he should disguise himself and go forth, like the famous Haroun-el-Rashed, and seek adventures in the city. For fear, however, that danger should befall him, she required that he should conceal the true purpose of his wanderings, and pretend simply to be anxious to see that justice was duly administered, and that he should take as companions Mansour, the chief eunuch of the palace, and Kaad, a faithful servant. It is true that in conniving at these nocturnal strolls, the Queen Zibeydeh did not expect that her son would find what he desired; for, being old, whilst she understood the longings of youth, she [disbelieved in their accomplishment.

It became, accordingly, a common thing for Mansour, who pretended to be a merchant from Abyssinia, with two attendants, to visit the various quarters of the city, and encounter all manner of adventures. One night, the King, walking a little in advance of his companions down a dark narrow street, in the northern part of the city, where the Christians inhabited, was arrested in his progress by hearing the voice of lamentation. He paused to listen, and made out the following words:—"Oh! my master, Naomi, when wilt thou return? What have I done that I should be left alone with my own heart full of wild fancies and desires? My life is incomplete. I am like a lake which has no heaven to reflect, like a bird singing after its nest has been spoiled, like a mother rocking an empty cradle, like a saint praying in a world where there is no God! I rise in the morning, and daylight seems horrid to me; the night approaches, and darkness becomes full of terrors. There is nothing delightful to my mind in thy absence—silence is no longer sweet, and the murmuring of nature wearies me. Come back, Naomi, from the far country whither thou hast gone, or thou wilt come back only to weep over my tomb."

When King Zakariah heard this song, he said to himself, "Evidently the case of this maiden is as mine own. Her Naomi is an unreal personage, for it is impossible that the love she describes can really exist in the world." He listened some time longer, but the house from which the sound had come had returned to silence; so he proceeded, and having wandered some hours through the city, went back to his palace more sad in heart than he had ever been in his life.

Mansour had noticed the attention which the King had paid to the song of the unknown maiden, and thinking that he might wish to exercise his power in order to behold her, had marked the wall of the house with a piece of chalk. When day came, therefore, he sent Kaad to ascertain who the maiden might be, what were her parents, and what was her story. The faithful servant diligently performed his task, and brought a full report to the eunuch. The maiden's name, he said, was Salameh, and she was the daughter of a Copt, one of the principal accountants of the King's treasury. Of Naomi, however, no news could be learned from the neighbours, who said that Salameh had reached the marriageable age, but that her father had not yet thought of choosing a husband for her from among the people of his race. "Verily," thought Mansour, "this is a piece of great good fortune. Our master will love this maiden, and will seize her and indemnify her father, and make her his companion, and dismiss his melancholy, and gladden the hearts of his people." The worthy man rubbed his hands, believing that he had found a great combination.

Next night, the King went out again with his usual companions, and proceeded straight towards the quarter where he had heard the song of Salameh. He did not know that the interest the maiden had aroused in him had been noticed by any one; so that he amused Mansour with various shallow reasons which he gave why on two succeeding nights he wandered in the same direction. The house this time was silent, and a certain feeling of jealousy visited the King, because he thought that Naomi might have returned. In his excitement he exclaimed aloud, "Woe be to him who treadeth on the path I have chosen!" This was the first time that he understood what had taken place within him. He had believed until then that the sentiment which this invisible maiden had aroused was simply one of compassion or curiosity. He now found that she had taken possession of his soul, that without having seen he had invested her with all manner of beauty, of loveliness, and grace, that he had set her apart for himself, and that the first enemy that had ever crossed his life was that mysterious Naomi. Mansour, noticing his trouble, thought this was a good opportunity to speak, and said, "The maiden of the song is called Salameh, and she is the daughter of thy accountant, Gerges, who happens now to be

at Damiat. Shall we knock at the door, and pretend to be strangers, and ask for hospitality? Perhaps we may see the maiden by accident, and if not, we can exert authority." The good King forbade Mansour to use any means but cunning; but, without reflecting that part of his secret was now discovered, consented to the proposed stratagem.

Mansour smote the door of the house, and it was presently opened by a black slave girl, who screamed slightly at seeing them, and would have closed it again. But Mansour, standing on the threshold, prevented her, and told the story he had prepared, begging to be allowed to enter the courtyard, and spend the night with his servants in the takhtabosh. They had just arrived, he said, and could find no lodging. The slave-girl would not have allowed herself to be persuaded, although the blackness of the speaker was a recommendation to her, but another woman came down the passage, and said that her mistress had overheard the altercation, and would by no means refuse hospitality to strangers from Habesh. They accordingly entered, and sat some time in the takhtabosh, which is a great room, or rather alcove, opening into the courtyard. The slave-girl brought them a lamp, and presently afterwards asked them if they would sup. Mansour and Kaad who were hungry, instantly accepted the offer, and although the young King, fearing to give trouble, pulled them by the sleeve to check them, they paid no attention to him. Soon, therefore, the dishes were set before them, and they ate. The King, it is true, would have refrained, but in order to conceal their own greediness, they persuaded him that his abstinence would seem to be an insult to the house.

Whilst the supper was going on, Salameh, who was sole mistress in that house during the absence of her father, came out into the gallery opposite the takhtabosh, and being in darkness herself, could see everything that passed in the well-lighted chamber below. The reason of the interest she felt in the strangers was this: Naomi, whom she loved, and to whom she was betrothed, had departed with his father, a merchant, more than a year before, to trade in Abyssinia, and since that time no news of him had come. She rejoiced, therefore, in this opportunity of conversing with people from that country, and felt more confidence than she would have done on beholding the dignified mien of King Zakariah. When the strangers, therefore, had washed their hands, she ordered coffee to be made, and descending, offered it first to Mansour, and then to the King, and then to Kaad. She took back the cups in the same order, and kissed the hand first of the eunuch, and afterwards of the King; but Kaad, warned by a terrible glance of jealousy, affected awkwardly to drop his cup. Then Salameh sat down before the strangers, and questioned them, addressing herself princially to Zakariah. But the young King knew

little of foreign countries, whilst Mansour, who was old, had travelled much, and could support his character without chance of discovery. It was the eunuch, therefore, who replied, giving information on the history and manners, and customs, and productions of Abyssinia. At length Salameh asked if in their travels they had met a young merchant named Naomi. To this the King, silencing his companions by a gesture, replied, obeying the suggestions of an evil spirit who whispered at his elbow: "Yea, lady, we met that merchant two months ago, in the desert of Dankah. He was proceeding towards a port on the ocean, where he intended to embark, and to sail with his wife, the daughter of a king, for the isles of the Indian ocean." He had scarcely uttered these words, when Salameh rose to her feet with a great cry, and then fell senseless on the ground. The King, repentant of what he had done, stepped forward to assist in raising her; but her women came and took her away, cursing him as the bearer of ill news. Her veil, however, had fallen aside, and Zakariah had seen that she was marvellously beautiful. His heart burned with love and jealousy; and without saying another word he hastened forth into the street, followed by his two companions.

A great change now came over the character of Zakariah. He began to think that moderation would be folly on his part, or at any rate that the gentleness with which he had exercised power until then, would justify or excuse an act of violence now. There could be no happiness for him if Salameh were given to another. He had but to speak the word and she would be brought to his palace. The people, far from blaming, would doubtless applaud. Did they not every day besiege him with wishes for his happiness? What would they care for the grief of a bereaved father, or the despair of an absent lover? His exclusive devotion for Salameh would render all fathers and lovers safe. Such were the thoughts that passed through his mind; but he could not summon courage to act. When, however, he told his troubles to his mother, she, in her absolute fondness for him, laughed at his scruples, and issued orders, so that one day the house of Gerages was surrounded, he was sent into banishment, and Salameh was brought a prisoner to a chamber of the palace. Strict injunctions were given to the watchers of the roads also to look out for Naomi, and prevent his return even by death.

When Salameh knew that among the sham strangers who had visited her house, was the King himself, and that it was he who had spoken of the faithlessness of Naomi, she understood that she had been deceived, and was more than half consoled for the misfortune that had befallen her. When Zakariah

came to visit her—incited by his mother, who declared that no maiden would avert her face from him—she received him in sullen silence, and turning her face to the wall, deprived him of the sight of her beauty. He dared not approach, and scarcely dared to speak, but sat on a carpet near the doorway, sighing and beating his breast. These visits were repeated every day; at length Salameh, understanding that her danger was less than she had feared, began to feel more compassion towards the young King. She spoke to him once of Naomi; but then his eyes flashed with anger, so that she perceived that her only protection was her own beauty, and the King's natural goodness. Becoming wise, therefore, in her own defence, she spoke merely of the cruelty of imposing love by force, and found that she could always drive Zakariah to despair and humility, by saying that hearts must be given, not stolen, and that princes could command everything but smiles.

Meanwhile the sentiments of the people were undergoing a great change. At first they had allowed the oppression of Gerges and his daughter to pass unnoticed; and many even approved. But punishment soon overtook them. The King, whose thoughts were occupied day and night with Salameh, ceased to administer justice in his own person, and abandoned that care to others, who took the opportunity to serve their own interests. Wrong began to be practised, and increased every day in intensity. Just claims were disregarded, violence was allowed to go unpunished, corruption spread, the judges took bribes, and traffickers in bribes became rich. In the midst of all this a man dressed as a beggar, began to go about the streets complaining and prophesying. It was Gerges, the father of Salameh, who had become mad in banishment, and had returned to demand vengeance on the unjust Zakariah. The officers of the court one day offered to beat him; but the people took his part, and carried him away in triumph. Insurrection was threatened; and the watchword became Naomi and Salameh.

For, the young man, evading the watchers, (being warned by messengers), had returned likewise; and hearing that the maiden he loved had been violently seized, and taken to the king's palace, resolved to be revenged. He told his story in the market-places; pointed to the miserable Gerges, who followed him, weeping; and was soon chosen as the chieftain of the people. The captains of the soldiers were dismayed, and began to talk of flight, and already it was whispered that Naomi should be made king.

But, the mother of Zakariah understood the danger in time. Without consulting her son she caused all unjust judges and oppressors of the people to be seized, and either put to death or cast into prison; she sent criers about, promising that all grievances should

be redressed; she opened the treasury and scattered gold; she remitted the taxes for a year; and then collecting an armed force, ordered Mansour to march against Naomi. A single battle in the streets decided the fortune of the day. Naomi was taken prisoner, his followers were put to the sword; and he himself was condemned to die by public execution.

King Zakariah, shut up in the innermost recesses of his palace, knew nothing of these things; but continued to visit Salameh, no longer in the hope of winning, but because in her presence he felt less unhappy than elsewhere. One day, as he was about to lift up the curtain that closed the door of her apartment, he heard her lamenting aloud, and saying: "And hast thou returned, Naomi, only to taste the bitter waters of death? Better for thee to have remained in a far country, and for us to have communed at a distance with our hearts. I think I could be happy, knowing that another had thy love, if only thy life could be saved."

"And what danger," said the King, entering, "hath crossed the path of this Naomi?"

"Thou knowest best, O King!" replied the maiden. "By thy orders is he to die this day."

Then she related what she had heard of the revolt of Naomi from one of her attendants; and wept aloud, and beat her breast and implored for mercy.

"Grant this boy his life," said she, trying to make it seem of small importance, "grant me his life, O mighty King; and I will forget him and become thy slave."

She had seized the knees of Zakariah, who stood struggling with strong emotions before her.

"My child," said he at length, with trembling lips, "this is a thing that cannot be. I cannot take thy love at that price; but I will save the life of Naomi."

The King felt a pang when he had uttered these words, because Salameh withdrew a little from him, and retired as it were once more within her love; but, he had at length understood that affection cannot be forced, and that so far from finding what he had sought in Salameh, he had only found a new proof of the truth that had made him miserable. All that he had done, now seemed odious to him; and he determined to spend the rest of his life in repairing the mischief he had occasioned. He could not, however, consent to allow the happiness of Salameh and Naomi to take place under the windows of his citadel. The young man was released, but banished with Gerges and the maiden, to an island in the sea, where they lived to the end of their days in joy and tranquillity. Zakariah became again popular with all classes of men; and learned to appear content.

But his love for Salameh never slept. Every year, in the summer season, did he

repair to one of the ports of his kingdom, and causing a ship to be fitted out, sailed towards the island where she dwelt. He would approach the shore at the hour of sunset, when land and sea appeared to be all of purple spotted with gold; and, standing at the prow of the vessel, would gaze on the valleys, and the hills, and the plains until all form disappeared. Then he would give orders to draw nearer. A kiosk built on a point of rock at the entrance of the bay used always to be lighted up: and Zakariah sometimes heard a voice, the tones of which he well knew, singing, unconscious of his presence. By and by, the prattle of children came to his ears; and, until time had chastened his regret, he would, when he heard it, instantly order the pilot to put about, and sail towards the open sea, in quest of storms and dangers. At length, however, these voyages gave him more pleasure than pain; so that he continued them until he became a very old man. One night the kiosk was not lighted up; a strange thought came into Zakariah's mind; instead of sailing away, he landed—for the first time. He found some young people sitting sadly beneath a great tree, and asked them what was the news.

"Stranger," they replied, "the mother of our mother is dead, and we are watching near her grave."

"What was she called?" inquired the King, in a cheerful voice.

"Salameh."

"And she lies here?"

"Ay, stranger."

He stooped down to kiss the earth, and as he remained very long in that position, his companions shook him, and found that he was dead.

A LEVIATHAN INDEED.

WE are in the habit of making occasional marine excursions to Woolwich, by Waterman Number One to Six inclusive. Sometimes, on a bright sunny day we extend our aquatic trips as far as Erith or Gravesend, where, doubtless, many of our readers accompany us. Like us, they will not fail to have noticed an indifferent-looking, half-occupied spot of land jutting into the river opposite Greenwich, known as the Isle of Dogs, but having no sort of connection with Barking Creek.

Scattered over this island, at irregular distances, are factories, shipyards, store-houses, and timber-sheds, all unmistakeable enough in character. There is one object, however, which has perplexed us not a little—a huge metallic erection, on which may be seen employed any day in the working week, hundreds of busy craftsmen, clustering, and humming, and buzzing about it like flies around a sugar hogshead.

It has puzzled a good many aquatic travellers besides the writer. We have heard

scores of guesses made by wondering passengers on board Waterman Number Two, perfectly at variance with the opinions of those on board Waterman Number Four. Some have not the slightest doubt as to its being a new sort of gasometer for supplying London with pure gas. Others believe it to be a pile of fireproof warehouses, on the Milner Safe principle, for the better custody of the national state papers and crown jewels. By some, it is said to be an enormous oven for baking bread and roasting coffee for our troops in the Crimea. One or two have heard on good authority that it is intended for Wombwell's menagerie, to be moved on a hundred wheels. Others, again, have the firmest belief in its being an iron incarnation of Lord Dundonald's mysterious plan for destroying Cronstadt and Sebastopol.

Now, it happens that none of these opinions are correct. Not one of the many guessers have ever dreamed of this object being the mid portion of a ship, which we have since learnt is really the case. A ship! Talk of the Great Harry or the Great Britain, or any other great craft of the middle age or modern period! They shrink into utter insignificance by the side of our metal monster of the Isle of Dogs.

The wooden walls of old England are fast becoming myths of a by-gone age, embalmed in the ballad-poetry of Dibdin. They have given place to the iron-sides of young Britain. Canvas has yielded the palm to steam; and paddle-wheels in their turn are shaking their bearings in auxiliary fear of screws.

It is not so many years ago, but we remember it, that when a steamer of three thousand tons was first placed on the North American line, one of our then greatest scientific authorities predicted certain failure: it was hinted in a friendly way to passengers proceeding by her to the United States, that they had better insure their lives and make their wills before leaving the country. The ship was said to be too long for a heavy sea: she would break her back from the excessive weight of machinery in her centre, and would inevitably encounter a variety of other unpleasant contingencies. But, people remembered that similar failure was predicted thirty years before that time, when the first steamers plied between London and Calais. The General Steam Navigation Company nevertheless prospered, and so likewise have the American lines prospered; for one of which there are at the present moment iron steamers building on the Clyde larger than any yet afloat.

The huge fabric erecting at the Isle of Dogs, as yet bears no resemblance to any known kind of craft. At a distance the eye is unable to detect any particular proportions about it, and if we were to be pressed on the point, we should say that it had no shape at all. A closer inspection, however, shows a line of uprights at each end, which mark the shelving proportions of stem and

stern, and then one can perceive that the object before us is really intended for a ship.

Standing on the banks of the river Thames, with a vast open space on one side and Greenwich Hospital on the other, it is not easy to form a just conception of this marine monster, which, for want of a better name, we call the Leviathan. It is being built by Scott Russell and Company, from designs by Mr. Brunel, the engineer, whose conception the entire fabric is. When we remind our readers that the Royal Albert line-of-battle ship, of one hundred and twenty guns, is something under four thousand tons, and about two hundred and twenty feet in length; and that the Simla and Himalaya, at present the largest steamers afloat, are only three hundred and twenty feet in length, or thereabouts; they may form some idea of the proportions of this Eastern Steam Navigation Company's ship, when they are told that it will be six hundred and eighty feet in length and of twenty-five thousand tons burthen; in other words, of more than six times the capacity of our largest men-of-war, and above double the length of the largest steam-ship afloat.

Our readers will have frequently heard discussions as to the relative merits of paddles and screws. In the Leviathan, the screw will be combined with the paddle, worked by engines nominally of two thousand six hundred horse power, but in reality capable of being worked up to ten thousand horse power. To guard against accidents at sea to machinery, and to prevent any detention from such a cause, the paddle-wheels will not only be perfectly distinct from each other in their working, but each will be set in motion by several sets of machinery of superabundant power, so that at all times derangements or cleaning of one or two cylinders or boilers will not interfere with the progress of the ship.

Steam will be the sole propelling power, no canvas being contemplated in this vessel. In fixing the great size of the Leviathan, its projector believes that he has obtained the elements of a speed hitherto unknown in ocean-going steamers. It is confidently predicted that by the great length of the Leviathan she will be enabled to pass through the water at an average speed in all weathers of fifteen knots an hour, with a smaller power in proportion to tonnage than ordinary vessels now require to make ten knots. The contract speed of most ocean mail-carrying steamers is eight knots.

We believe that the Eastern Steam Navigation Company intend making their first voyage to Australia. The actual distance from Milford Haven, the company's starting-point, to Port Philip, is less than twelve thousand miles, if no ports be touched at. A speed of fifteen knots or miles an hour averaged from land to land would take the Leviathan to the golden colony in about thirty-two days. This can only be accom-

plished, even at that high speed, by avoiding all stoppages for coals, which, besides detaining a ship many days in the different ports, carries her a great distance out of the direct steaming course. Here we find another novelty brought to bear by Mr. Brunel. A ship of this huge capacity can carry twelve thousand tons of coals: quite sufficient, it is stated, for her consumption on the outward and homeward voyages. Space will still be left for five thousand tons of cargo, the massive machinery, and four thousand passengers with their luggage and all necessary stores for use.

The advantage of this arrangement is twofold. Besides the avoidance of stoppages for coalings on the voyage, the ship earns all the freight which must otherwise have been paid to sailing vessels for the conveyance of the fuel to the coaling depots, which, on three-fourths of the quantity consumed on one voyage would amount to a sum sufficient to build and equip a steamer of two or three hundred tons. In order to compensate for the great loss of weight caused by all this enormous consumption of fuel, and to maintain an equal immersion of the paddles, the coal will, to a certain extent, be replaced by water pumped into the water-tight compartments forming the skin of the ship, and of which we shall presently have occasion to speak. In addition to this arrangement the paddles have been so adjusted on the wheels as to be as efficient at one draught of water as at another.

It is impossible to judge of the future finish or accommodation of such a gigantic ship as the Leviathan from the present state of the iron hull. Immense divisions of metal plates, reaching to an incredible height, with sub-compartments at right angles, appear to divide the monster fabric into a number of square and oblong spaces, each of which would contain an eight-roomed house of Camden Town build, or a semi-detached villa from Stockwell, at forty-pounds per annum.

We inspected a model of the ship in wood, and could scarcely believe that the unsightly mass of iron plates, rivets, and joints, just beheld, could by any possible ingenuity be wrought into anything so beautifully symmetrical as the long, arrow-like little craft before us, tapering off forward as sharply as a woodman's hatchet or a Thames wherry. From that model we were enabled to understand where the engines, coals, stores, and cargo would be placed, and moreover, where the two thousand first-class passengers would be berthed, in their five hundred state cabins, and where the two thousand second-class and steerage passengers would be placed, without nearly as much crowding as in an ordinary passenger or emigrant ship.

Large indeed must that steamer be which can provide a main-deck saloon sixty feet in length, and forty in width, and fifteen in height: with a second-class saloon only twenty

feet shorter, and a foot or two less in height. The Leviathan has these, and they appear but as small compartments of the huge interior.

It would prove a fortunate circumstance for our military authorities, who are so much in want of steam transports to the seat of war, if this monster ship were ready for sea at the present moment. There are just now two divisions of the French army, of ten thousand men each, ready to be conveyed to the scenes of their future operations. The Leviathan, with just sufficient fuel for so short a voyage, could take on board one of those divisions entire, with horses, fodder, artillery, and ammunition; it could land those ten thousand men, with proper arrangements, in the Crimea; could return and carry the second of those small armies; and could arrive back at Marseilles for the second time within one month from her first starting.

It has been deemed an achievement worthy of mention, to convey an entire regiment of light cavalry from Bombay to the Crimea, by way of the Red Sea and Egypt, in about two months. If the calculations as to speed of the Leviathan be correct—which more learned heads than ours declare them to be—then the iron ship could have conveyed at least half a dozen regiments of cavalry from Bombay to Balaklava, by way of the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Gibraltar, in two-thirds of the time, and at not much greater cost than was required for the one regiment conveyed through Egypt.

Had the old system of ship-building still prevailed with regard to sea-going steamers,—had our shipwrights worked on the wooden-wall principle instead of the plate-and-rivet method, we should never have possessed such noble steam-ships as are owned by our large commercial companies. Certain it is that the Leviathan could not have been built, on the wooden system. The mightiest giants of Indian forests, of fabulous age, in countless numbers, would not have sufficed to produce a ship of half her size. Strength enough could not have been obtained with the most ponderous masses of timber-work, braced as they might have been with iron and copper, to have floated so mighty a load of cargo, machinery, and living beings. Yet the monster of which we are now writing, so new in its various appliances of power, so wonderful in its unheard-of capacity, is composed of plates of iron, less than one inch in thickness.

The secret of the great strength attained by this comparatively small amount of metal is in the peculiar structure of the hull. It is built throughout, in distinct compartments, on the principle of the Britannia Tubular Bridge, and when finished will be in fact a huge tubular ship. The principles of that structure need not here be dwelt upon. It will suffice to explain that the whole of this vessel will be divided into ten huge, watertight compartments, by means of iron-plate

bulkheads carried up to the upper deck, thereby extending far above the water-line. In addition to this great safeguard against accident, the whole length of the ship, except where she tapers off at either end, is protected by a double skin of metal plating, the outer one being distant three feet from the interior. These double tubular sides are carried to far above the deepest water-mark, and inasmuch as the transverse bulkheads extend to the outer of these skins, they are divided into many water-tight subdivisions, any one or two of which, though torn or fractured, and filled with water, would not affect the buoyancy or safety of the ship.

Besides the great transverse divisions before alluded to, there are two enormously strong longitudinal bulkheads of iron running from stem to stern, each forty feet from the inner skin, and carried to the upper deck: adding greatly to the solidity and safety of the vessel. The main compartments thus formed by the bulkheads, have a means of communication by iron sliding doors near the top, easily and effectually closed in time of need. In this way, not only are all the most exposed portions of the ship double-skinned, but the body is cut up into a great number of very large but perfectly distinct fire-and-water-proof compartments, forming, indeed, so many colossal iron safes. If we can imagine a rock to penetrate the double skin, and make its sharp way into any one of these compartments, it might fill with water without any detriment to the rest of the ship.

One of the most terrible calamities that can befall a vessel at sea is undoubtedly a fire. The iron water-tight bulkheads would seem to defy that destructive element sufficiently; but, in order to make assurance doubly sure, the builders are experimenting with a view to employing only prepared unflammable wood for the interior fittings.

Such is the Leviathan. She is to be launched, unlike any other ship, broadside on to the water by means of hydraulic power, and early in next spring, is expected to make a trial trip to the United States and back, in less than a fortnight. In contemplating this Brobdingnag vessel, our small acquaintance with things nautical, dwarfs down to Lilliputian insignificance. Before reaching the Isle of Dogs, we had imagined that we possessed some acquaintance with ship-building and marine engineering. One of the Leviathan cylinders was sufficient to extinguish our pretensions.

With a Brunel for designer; with a Stephenson for approver; a Scott Russell for builder; with Professor Airey in charge of the compasses, and Sir W. S. Harris looking after the lightning conductors; the Leviathan may well be expected to turn out the floating marvel of the age. Fancy the astonishment of the South Sea islanders when they behold her, rushing past their coral homes!

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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MECHANICS IN UNIFORM.

THERE is, associated with the British army, a body of trained men, who combine the discipline and daring of the soldier and the skill with the dexterity of the artisan. This body, which is now known as the corps of Royal Sappers and Miners, began with a very small beginning less than eighty years ago, and had at first as limited a sphere of action as could well be chosen, the Rock of Gibraltar. But since its first institution, recent as that is, it has sent men out to labour in all corners of the earth, at works of peace as well as of war; it has sent men up above the clouds to do their work, as Sergeant Steele can testify, who on Ben Lomond, making observations with Professor Airy's zenith sector, saw the clouds in a wide plain of glittering silver five hundred feet beneath him. Some tourists went up through the clouds for the express purpose of saying that they had done so; but, above the clouds they found an encampment of Sappers and Miners going quietly about their usual work. As they go up into the air, so they go down into the sea. They were Sappers and Miners who were busy in removing the submerged wreck of the Royal George, about whose timbers and guns at the bottom of the sea they worked, under a pressure that cracked the strongest cask sent down empty as if it were an egg-shell. There, Corporal Jones of the Sappers and Miners, while at the bottom of the sea in his Siebe's dress, happened to come close upon his friend, Private Skelton, and could hear him singing at his work,—

Bright, bright are the beams of the morning sky,
And sweet are the dews the red blossoms sip;

which was the first intimation of the fact that the voice of a diver could be heard under the wave. As for the burrowing of these brave men under the earth, notoriously that is their most ordinary duty. But it is not only in sapping and mining for the destruction of the hostile towers of offence, that the Sappers and Miners work under the surface of the earth. The works of peace are as familiar to them as the works of war. When there was a sewer at Woolwich poisoning the troops, and ordinary workmen dared not venture upon its repairs, volunteers

from the Sappers and Miners made it sound and whole, and did not suffer in health by their act of courage.

Sappers and Miners have approved themselves bold men upon the water. Once, when the storm-flag was hoisted at Gosport, and no boats would venture out, the Success frigate with a part of a detachment of this corps on board, was in danger of parting from her anchors and drifting to sea. Her lieutenant was on shore, anxious to get on board and save her; but the civil divers, used to perilous boat service, said that no boat could live in such a sea, and the Port Admiral would not permit the lieutenant to go out, except on his own responsibility. He braved the perils of the deep with four Sappers to help him; they managed the sail; they lay down in the boat to convert themselves into ballast; they baled out the water with their boots. They reached the frigate; and, by intrepid exertion, got on board, while their boat was being dashed like a log against the vessel's hull. So the good ship was saved. When, during the Peninsular war, small vessels were sent facing a wintry sea, to form a pontoon bridge near the mouth of the Adour, a high surf was found foaming on the bar, the tide was furious, the native crews were terrified and ran below to prayers, refusing to navigate the boats. But the Engineers and Sappers on board, by their firmness, got the small fleet through. The sea swallowed up one vessel, and another was dashed to pieces by a mighty wave, but the hazardous duty was performed. The bridge was punctually built, by labour night and day; and though, from the violent heaving of the vessels, it was unsafe to fix the planks in the intervals between them, yet there were not wanting Sappers and Miners who thought less of the danger than of the prompt execution of the service.

How bold they have shown themselves to be in the deadly and perilous breach, how courteous and active in such service as that of our great Hyde Park Exhibition; how faithful and enduring when, in the train of travellers who, under government patronage or direction, have explored the deadly Niger, traversed the deserts of Africa, or dry Australian wilds, this country partly knows, and ought wholly to know.

From one of their own number the whole story of the corps may now be learned; for its approved intelligence has lately led to the production of a history of the corps by one of its own number, a non-commissioned officer, QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT T. W. J. CONOLLY. And this historian who steps forth from the ranks has gathered his materials with diligence for twenty years; has consulted documents and sought information with the zeal of a Macaulay or a Milman; has, in fine, made himself master of his subject; having done which, he has set down his knowledge with a thoroughness and a straightforward soldierly precision that maintains the credit of his corps. Whether he dives into the sea to fetch up a ship piece-meal, or dives into old papers to fetch up bit by bit a history, your Sapper and Miner, it would seem, does what he undertakes to do. A few years ago there was a wooden house balanced on the topmost pinnacle of Saint Paul's, and we were told that the Sappers and Miners were up there, carrying on a survey of London. We knew then that not an alley would escape attention. Quartermaster Conolly has been instituting a survey of his own corps, and we dare answer for its completeness. We are pleased to see that his officers and commanders answer for it too, and that Sir John Burgoyne has given due encouragement to a right honourable enterprise by recommending Mr. Conolly's History of the Royal Sappers and Miners to the study of officers of the Royal Engineers, as heartily as we here recommend it to the warm appreciation of the public, for its value as a manly, useful, and most interesting publication.

The first idea of a body of military artisans—perfected since into the corps of Sappers and Miners—arose, as we have said, at Gibraltar; where, before the year seventeen hundred and seventy-two, the works were being executed by civil mechanics from the continent and England, who were hired in the ordinary way, and were at liberty to leave the Rock whenever they pleased. These workmen had their occupation to themselves; taking their own way, they became disorderly, and a great plague to the authorities; and, to replace those who were dismissed became inconvenient and expensive. Thus it happened that Lieutenant-Colonel William Green was led to suggest the formation of a company of military artificers who should supersede the civil workmen. Mechanics attached to regiments in garrison had always been found good workers. What, then, if a little regiment were formed, consisting wholly of trained workmen. The Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar assented to the suggestion, and submitted it to the Home Government. The result was, that on the sixth of March, seventeen hundred and seventy-two, a warrant was issued for raising a company of sixty-eight men—namely, sixty privates, who were to be stonecutters, masons,

miners, limeburners, carpenters, smiths, gardeners or wheelers, one sergeant-major, three sergeants, three corporals, and a drummer, to be called the Soldier Artificer Company. This was the corps of Royal Sappers and Miners in the first year of its life.

Very good fellows, at first, these soldier artificers were—at first; for, they became at last, while still excellent workmen, rather sottish men. But before that time came, the idea represented by their constitution had begotten new Sappers and Miners, which are the more direct progenitors of those now in existence. It was a fine company at the very first, nevertheless. By it was built the King's Bastion on the Gibraltar Rock. By it, in the memorable siege of Gibraltar by the allied forces of France and Spain, the defence of the fortress was maintained with wonderful effect. "A thousand dollars," cried the Governor, one day, "to the man who will say how I can get a flanking fire on the works of the enemy." After a modest pause, forth stepped from the ranks Sergeant-Major Ince, of the company of Soldier Artificers, and suggested the formation of those subterranean galleries and batteries, like that of St. George's Hall, within the bowels of the mountain, which constitute now the most noted marvels of the place.

These men and their families often had no little experience of the outer world. One of them had a High-Admiral for nephew. This nephew, Peter Lisle, entered into the service of the Bashaw of Tripoli, and was appointed gunner of the castle, under the name of Mourad Reis. He throve as an African, was nominated captain of a Xebeek of eighteen guns, and in the course of time, through his ability as a seafaring man, became High-Admiral of the Tripoline Fleet and Minister of Marine. He married one of the Bashaw's daughters, had a fine family, wore a fine dress, lived in a palace in the midst of date-groves, and spoke with a broad Scotch accent. This dignity used to pay visits to Gibraltar; and whenever he did so, he fired a salute in honour of his uncle, Sergeant Blyth, of the Soldier Artificers. He was not by any means ashamed of his relation; but was obliged to change his method of saluting after having once, in a burst of affection, fired by mistake, shot along with his powder.

If anybody wants to know all that was done by the Soldier Artificers at the great siege of Gibraltar, let him read Drinkwater. To Sergeant Conolly, however, we will be indebted for the rest of the story of the two boys mentioned by Drinkwater in the succeeding passage. In the course of a certain day, we are told, a shot came through a capped embrasure on Princess Amelia's Battery; and, by that one shot, four men had seven legs taken off and wounded. "The boy who was usually stationed on the works where a large party was employed, to inform the men when the enemy's fire was directed

towards that place, had been reproving them for their carelessness in not attending to him, and had just turned his head towards the enemy, when he observed this shot, and instantly called for them to take care; his caution was, however, too late; the shot entered the embrasure, and had the above-recited fatal effect. It is somewhat singular that this boy should be possessed of such uncommon quickness of sight as to see the enemy's shot almost immediately after they quitted the guns. He was not, however, the only one in the garrison possessing this qualification; another boy, of about the same age, was as celebrated, if not his superior. Both of them belonged to the Artificer company, and were constantly placed on some part of the works to observe the enemy's fire; their names were Richmond (not Richardson, as Drinkwater has it), and Braud; the former was reported to have the best eye." Thomas Richmond and John Brand went, for this virtue of theirs, by the nicknames of Shot and Shell. Richmond was called Shell, his being the better eye at a look-out. The fathers of these two boys were sergeants in the company. Richmond's was killed at the siege. After the siege, the boys, noted for their good service at the batteries, were sent to the best school at Gibraltar; where, by their quickness and ingenuity, they earned the patronage of certain officers of Engineers. They became in their own corps corporal and lance-corporal, were discharged, and appointed by the commander-in-chief assistant-draughtsmen, for they had already distinguished themselves by their skill as modellers. After several trial-models of various subjects, these young men completed, on a large scale, a model of Gibraltar, which obtained so much repute that they were ordered to make two other models, one in polished stone of the King's Bastion, and one of the north front of the rock. When these were completed they obtained the warm approbation of the highest authorities of the fortress; and Richmond and Brand, still going through the world together, were recommended to the Duke of Richmond for commissions. They were sent then to Woolwich for preparatory training, where they were so apt at learning that few months sufficed to qualify them for appointments as second-lieutenants in the Royal Engineers. Their commissions were both dated on the one day—the seventeenth of January, seventeen 'ninety-three. Before the year was out, both young men died, in the West Indies, of the same disease. These are the only instances of commissions having been given from the ranks of Sappers and Miners into the corps of Engineers. The great model of Gibraltar (on a scale of an inch to twenty-five feet), executed by these youths, was brought from the rock in the year of their death, and deposited in the museum of the Royal Arsenal, at Woolwich.

Nine years afterwards the museum, and the model in it, was destroyed by fire. The other two models mentioned in this story are now to be seen in the Rotunda, at the Royal Military Repository, Woolwich, and are the most beautiful things in the place.

Through changes which it is not requisite for us to specify, we come to a period in the history of the Sappers and Miners, when the Duke of Richmond, being Master-General of the Ordnance, and having extensive plans of fortification for the defence of the country, did not see how they could be effected economically with the ordinary labour of the country, and suggested to Mr. Pitt the necessity of raising a corps of Military Artificers on the model of the companies employed at Gibraltar. Experience was in favour of the proposition, and without reference to the House of Commons, the warrant for the first embodying of such a corps was signed on the tenth of October, seventeen 'eighty-seven, not, of course, wholly unquestioned, but sheltered under cover of more stirring topics, the innovation slipped through the fingers of the Commons easily enough. Country gentlemen did not fail to declare that "if the house should agree to put six hundred Englishmen under martial law, merely for the paltry consideration of saving two thousand a-year, they would betray their constituents, and would be devoid of those feelings for the constitution, which, &c. &c. &c." Lord Carlisle, in the upper house, pointed out that "if the rights and liberties of six hundred artificers were worth just two thousand pounds, they would see that the Noble Duke valued the rights of every individual exactly at three pounds ten shillings a-piece." The suggestion, nevertheless was adopted, and the corps of Royal Military Artificers—consisting of six companies of a hundred men each, commanded by officers of Royal Engineers—was duly constituted.

Civil artisans in the government service showed, at first, grave discontent at the authorised employment of Military Artificers; and the Dock workmen at Plymouth interfering in a trifling dispute between a member of the new service and a sailor, brought about a quarrel between the Military Artificers on the one side, and the dock labourers and sailors on the other, which ended in serious battles, the killing of three or four men, and the wounding of many. The courage, good conduct and efficiency of the new corps, as well as the tender nursing of the Duke of Richmond, made it easy to surmount such difficulties. Military Artificers, living only at stations in England, were in fact treated more like citizens than soldiers, until the war broke out with France in seventeen hundred and ninety-three; then men were, for the first time, demanded from the English companies for active service in Flanders and the West Indies. The demand was made in pursuance of an agreement that had almost fallen into

oblivion among the men. Many resisted it by desertion; others bought discharges by providing substitutes at a great cost. The first foreign detachment of the corps was sent to the West Indies, and every man but one died there of fever before the year came to a close. The one man survived his comrades only for about two years and a half; and eventually the whole band was destroyed. The companies that were sent to Flanders did excellent service in the aid of siege works, as true Sappers and Miners. Therefore the Duke of Richmond represented to the king the benefit that would result to the service if a corps of artificers and labourers were formed expressly for service abroad. In September, seventeen hundred and ninety-three, a warrant was signed for the raising of four such companies, each of a hundred men, two to serve in Flanders, one in the West Indies, one in Upper Canada, and they were to be stationary in those countries. The whole legal establishment of Military Artificers at home and abroad was thus raised to the number of a thousand men.

In June, seventeen hundred and ninety-seven, the soldier artificer corps, at Gibraltar—which had, up to that date, maintained a separate position, and had lost much of its good character—was incorporated with the main body in England and elsewhere. At that time, detachments for miscellaneous foreign duty were generally formed by selections from the stationary companies; and, as the commanding engineers at the several fixed stations were glad in this way to get rid of their most ignorant and untrustworthy men, these detachments did not always reflect much honour on the corps.

A detachment of Military Artificers was sent to Turkey, where a private was attacked by a Turk, who attempted to stab him with his yataghan. The capitan pacha ordered the Turk, who belonged to his retinue, to be beheaded; but, by the mediation of Lord Elgin, a mitigation of this punishment was obtained, and the offender, after receiving fifty strokes of the bastinado on the soles of his feet, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in the College of Pera—to learn the Arabic language.

While, in the year eighteen hundred and four, the companies in the West Indies were losing one man out of every two by yellow fever, deeds of daring were done, which Sergeant Conolly thinks most worthy of record. "Private John Inglis," he says, "performed the important duty of orderly to the sick in the hospital at Windmill-hill, and, to assiduous attention, united marked kindness and tenderness, shrinking from no difficulty, and dreading no danger. Private James Lawford undertook the melancholy service of receiving the dead, both for the Artificers and the Artillery, and conveying them to the burying-ground, near the Grand Parade. Horrible and hazardous as was this duty, he persevered in its performance with

a coolness and intrepidity that was perfectly amazing. Private James Weir was the principal grave-digger, and attended to his appointment with unflinching ardour and self-possession. Surrounded by the pest in its worst forms, and inhaling the worst effluvia, he never for a moment forsook the frightful service, but laboured on, inspiring those who occasionally assisted him, until the necessity for his employment no longer existed." And all these men the plague spared. A thousand fell at their side, and ten thousand at their right hand, but it did not come nigh them.

We think it a most admirable feature in Quartermaster Connolly's history, that while it is full of stirring narratives of war and curious adventure, it never fails to record deeds such as these; and, throughout, chronicles the names even of the humblest labourers attached to the corps, who have done deeds worthy to be borne in remembrance by their comrades.

At Torres Vedras, Corporal Wilson had charge of a work, and a party of the Portuguese Ordenenza Militia was placed under his orders to execute it. He assigned to two of the men a task, to be completed in a certain time. They refused to do it, and complained to their officer that it was too much. The officer agreed with them, and was inclined to censure the corporal. Straightway the corporal offered to bet the officer a dollar that he could do the assigned work himself within the given time. The bet was accepted; the corporal stripped, and, going to work like a Briton, won his dollar easily enough. There were no more complaints during the progress of the lines.

Major Pasley, of the Royal Engineers, having been appointed to the command of Military Artificers, at the Plymouth station, took unusual pains with his men, and was the first officer who represented the advantage of training the corps in the construction of military field works. After the failure of Badajoz, in eighteen hundred and eleven, the adoption of such a measure was strongly advocated by the war officers. It was recommended then to form a corps under the name of Royal Sappers and Miners, to be formed of six companies chosen from the Royal Military Artificers; which, after receiving some instruction in the art, was to be sent to the Peninsula. Early in the succeeding year, the idea was further supported by the authority of Sir Richard Fletcher and Lord Wellington; and Lord Mulgrave, Master-General of the Ordnance, founded, accordingly, a school at Chatham, of which Major Pasley was appointed the director. A few months afterwards the name of the corps was changed, in accordance with these new views, and became the corps of Royal Military Artificers or Sappers and Miners. On the sixth of March, in the succeeding year eighteen hundred and thirteen, the style was

again changed to Royal Sappers and Miners. Some mistrust was occasioned by the alteration; confidence was, however, soon restored.

Four more years elapsed before this military class of working-men, long subjected to drill, was armed. "On one occasion," says the Quartermaster, "near St. Denis, all the Sappers of the army, nearly a thousand strong, were assembled to witness an execution, and strange to add, in that imposing force, there was not a single firearm. At another time there was an inspection of the pontoon-train of eighty pontoons and other carriages, with horses, drivers, and pontooners, occupying a line of road nearly two miles in length. The Sappers were present in their whole strength, but without a musket in their ranks to show the quality of protection they could afford to the immense charge entrusted to them. Fifty men with firearms could easily have destroyed the whole force in ten minutes. These instances, and others equally striking, occurring in an enemy's country, were strongly brought under the notice of the higher powers; but, where representations and remonstrances founded on the necessities of the service failed, accidental circumstances at last gained the desired object." What it was impossible to get done for the help of a war, was done promptly enough for the help of a show. "At the great reviews in France, the bridges required for the passage of the army were thrown the evening previously, and the Sappers consequently were free for any other duty. Usually they were employed to represent the enemy; and, to show the line of the enemy's pontoon to advantage it was considered best to effect it by musketry fire. Orders were therefore given to supply the companies with firearms; and, from this trivial incident may be dated the period, from which the corps was properly and uniformly armed."

Of the admirable service since done by the Royal Sappers and Miners in all climates and many lands—in wars and in expeditions—Quartermaster John Conolly tells, bringing his tale down to the siege of Sebastopol, whereof he has much information to convey. The quality of their labour we have already indicated. A fine fellow was Lance-corporal Greenhill, who in eighteen thirty-six was with the exploring party upon the Euphrates, when the natives marvelled greatly at his hair, which was white like silver, while his beard was black as soot. He was seized by Arab banditti, who tore the gilt buttons from his coat. One button remained upon a cuff; and, tearing off his coat, he threw it at them to be quarrelled over, while he himself scampered away up the hills. Greenhill collected ancient coins, which, like a good Perthshire man, he presented to the Perth Museum. He became at last a volunteer to the Niger expedition; for which he set to work so vigorously about the inuring of

his body, that by exposure and self-denial he brought on himself erysipelas, and died.

A fine fellow was Corporal Coles, who endured with Captain Grey, in the deserts of Western Australia, terrible suffering. When he had been picked up by a boat, and found his captain, "Have you a little water?" asked the captain as he entered. "Plenty, sir," answered Coles, handing a very little, that was swallowed eagerly. That drop of water was all that was in the boat when Coles was found; and although he suffered severely from thirst, he would not taste a drop, as long as he retained any hope that his chief might be found, and he in want of it. Brave Corporal Coles, at the end of all the suffering and labour, by which Captain Grey and his party were almost destroyed, was in a dreadful plight. "Corporal Coles," the captain wrote, "my faithful and tried companion in all my wanderings, could scarcely crawl along. The flesh was completely torn away from one of his heels; and the irritation caused by this, had produced a large swelling in the groin. Nothing but his own strong fortitude, aided by the encouragement given him by myself and his comrades, could have made him move under his great agony." He was then walking for his life, twenty-one miles in the day, under a fierce sun, without food, or water, to sleep at night in the darkness, under drenching rain, and rise next morning to resume his toil. Then we may read in the Quartermaster's book, of Sappers attached to an Arctic expedition, making soup of their boots boiled with a bit of buffalo grease. Running on to the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, we find the Sappers constituting an important and most interesting feature of the human machinery connected with the Great Exhibition, and passing over the sapping and mining work done at the Chobham Camp we come to the great siege of Sebastopol, whereat what work was done by the Royal Sappers and Miners, the Quartermaster industriously laboured to make out from many private sources.

We have said nothing of General Colby's classes for the training of men up to the highest state of efficiency in execution of the national surveys. Of the twenty-two companies into which the present number of two thousand six hundred and fifty-five Sappers and Miners of all ranks is divided, four are set apart for the duties of the national surveys. The number of officers upon the survey has been reduced from forty-five to nine. Nevertheless, the men are so efficient, that they can be safely intrusted with the charge of difficult and important works; concerning which they cannot always receive directions from officers.

We have not yet accepted the whole lesson taught us by the admirable result of the introduction of mechanics, as constituent members of the British army. It has been

shown for many years past by the working of the corps of Sappers and Miners, and the idea upon which it was founded has been further acted upon during the last months by the despatch of railway labourers to the Crimea. It is not simply of fighting men that a perfectly organised army ought in these days to consist. The formation of the corps of Royal Sappers and Miners was the first official recognition of the fact; other recognitions of it, doubtless, are to follow.

POETRY ON THE RAILWAY.

If I succeed in the object I have proposed to myself in this paper, I shall consider that I am entitled to the gratitude of all poets, present and to come. For I shall have found them a new subject for verse: a discovery, I submit, as important as that of a new metal, or of a new motive power, a new pleasure, a new pattern for shawls, a new colour, or a new strong drink. No member of the tuneful craft; no gentleman whose eyes are in the habit of rolling in a fine frenzy; no sentimental young lady with an album will deny that the whole present domain of poetry is used up:—that it has been surveyed, travelled over, explored, ticketed, catalogued, classified, and analysed to the last inch of ground, to the last petal of the last flower, to the last blade of grass. Every poetical subject has been worn as threadbare as Sir John Cutler's stockings. The sea, its blueness, depth, vastness, raininess, freedom, noisiness, calmness, darkness, and brightness; its weeds, and waves, and finny denizens; its laughter, wallings, sighings, and deep bellowings; the ships that sail, and the boats that dance, and the tempests that howl over it; the white winged birds that skim over its billows; the great whales, and sharks, and monsters, to us yet unknown, that disport themselves in its lowest depths, and swinge the scaly horrors of their folded tails in its salt hiding places; the mermaids that wag their tails and comb their tresses in its coral caves; the sirens that sing fathoms farther than plummet ever sounded; the jewels and gold that lie hidden in its caverns, measureless to man; the dead that it is to give up:—the sea, and all appertaining to it, have been sung dry these thousand years. We heard the roar of its billows in the first line of the *Iliad*, and Mr. Sharp, the comic singer, will sing about it this very night at the Tivoli Gardens, in connection with the Gravesend steamer, the steward, certain basins, and a boiled leg of mutton.

As for the Sun, he has had as many verses written about him as he is miles distant from the earth. His heat, brightness, roundness, and smiling face; his incorrigible propensities for getting up in the east and going to bed in the west; his obliging disposition in tipping the hills with gold, and bathing the evening sky with crimson, have all been sung.

Every star in the firmament has had a stanza; Saturn's rings have all had their posies, and Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, and Virorum, have all been chanted. As for the poor illused Moon, she has been ground on every barrel-organ in Parnassus since poetry existed. Her pallid complexion, chastity or lightness of conduct, treacherous, contemplative, or secretive disposition, her silver or sickly smile, have all been over-celebrated in verse. And everything else belonging to the sky—the clouds, murky, purple, or silver lined, the hail, the rain, the snow, the rainbow, the wind in its circuits, the fowls that fly, and the insects that hover—they have all had their poets, and too many of them.

Is there anything new in poetry, I ask, to be said about Love? Surely that viand has been done to rags. We have it with every variety of dressing. Love and madness; love and smiles, tears, folly, crime, innocence, and charity. We have had love in a village, a palace, a cottage, a camp, a prison, and a tub. We have had the loves of pirates, highwaymen, lords and ladies, shepherds and shepherdesses; the Loves of the Angels and the Loves of the New Police. Canning was even good enough to impress the abstruse science of mathematics into the service of Poetry and Love; and to sing about the loves of ardent axioms, postulata, tangents, oscillation, cissoids, conchoids, the square of the hypothenuse, asymptotes, parabolas, and conic sections—in short, all the Loves of the Triangles. Doctor Darwin gave us the Loves of the Plants, and in the economy of vegetation we had the loves of granite rocks, argillaceous strata, noduled flints, blue clay, silica, chert, and the limestone formation. We have had in connection with love in poetry hearts, darts, spells, wrath, despair, withering smiles, burning tears, sighs, roses, posies, pearls and other precious stones; blighted hopes, beaming eyes, misery, wretchedness, and unutterable woe. It is too much. Everything is worn out. The whole of the flower-garden, from the brazen sunflower to the timid violet, has been exhausted long ago. All the birds in the world could never sing so loud or so long as the poets have sung about them. The bards have sung right through Lemprière's Classical Dictionary, Buffon's Natural History, Malte Brun's Geography (for what country, city, mountain, or stream, remains unsung), and the *Biographie Universelle*. Every hero, and almost every scoundrel, has had his epic. We have had the poetical Pleasures of Hope, Memory, Imagination, and Friendship; likewise the Vanity of Human Wishes, the Fallacies of Hope, and the Triumphs of Temper. The heavenly muse has sung of man's first disobedience, and the mortal fruit of the forbidden tree, that brought Death into the world and all our woes. The honest muse has arisen and sung the *Man of Ross*. All the battles that ever were fought—all the arms and all the men—have been celebrated in numbers. Arts, commerce, laws, learning,

and our old nobility, have had their poet. Suicide has found a member of the Court of Apollo musical and morbid enough to sing self-murder; and the Corn Laws have been rescued from Blue Books, and enshrined in Ballads. Mr. Pope has called upon my lord Bolingbroke to awake, and "expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;" and the pair have, together, passed the whole catalogue of human virtues and vices in review. Drunkenness has been sung; so has painting, so has music. Poems have been written on the Art of Poetry. The Grave has been sung. The earth, and the waters under it, and the fearsome region under that; its "adamantine chains and penal fire," its "ever burning sulphur unconsumed," its "darkness visible," its burning marl and sights of terror. We have heard the last lays of all the Last Minstrels, and the Last Man has had his say, or rather his song, under the auspices of Campbell. The harp that once hung in Tara's halls has not a string left, and nobody ought to play upon it any more.

Take instead, oh ye poets, the wires of the Electric Telegraph, and run your tuneful fingers over those chords. Sing the poetry of Railways. But what can there be of the poetical, or even of the picturesque, element in a Railway? Trunk lines, branch-lines, loop-lines, and sidings; cuttings, embankments, gradients, curves, and inclines; points, switches, sleepers, fog-signals, and turn-tables; locomotives, break-vans, buffers, tenders, and whistles; platforms, tunnels, tubes, goods-sheds, return-tickets, axle-grease, cattle-trains, pilot-engines, time-tables, and coal-trucks: all these are eminently prosaic matter-of-fact things, determined, measured and maintained by line and rule, by the chapter and verse of printed regulations and bye-laws signed by Directors and Secretaries, and allowed by Commissioners of Railways. Can there be any poetry in the Secretary's office; in dividends, debentures, scrip, preference-shares, and deferred bonds? Is there any poetry in Railway time—the atrociously matter-of-fact system of calculation that has corrupted the half-past two o'clock of the old watchman into two-thirty? Is Bradshaw poetical? Are Messrs. Pickford and Chaplin and Horne poetical? How the deuce (I put words into my opponent's mouths) are you to get any poetry out of that dreariest combination of straight lines, a railroad;—straight rails, straight posts, straight wires, straight stations, and straight termini.

As if there could be anything poetical about a Railroad! I hear Gusto the great fine art Critic and judge of Literature say this with a sneer, turning up his fine Roman nose meanwhile. Poetry on a Railway! cries Proseyard, the man of business—nonsense! There may be some nonsensical verses or so in the books that Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons sell at their stalls at the different stations; but Poetry on or in the Railway

itself—ridiculous! Poetry on the Rail! echoes Heavypace, the commercial traveller—fudge! I travel fifteen thousand miles by railway every year. I know every line, branch, and station in Great Britain. I never saw any poetry on the Rail. And a crowd of passengers, directors, shareholders, engine-drivers, guards, stokers, station-masters, signal-men, and porters, with, I am ashamed to fear, a considerable proportion of the readers of Household Words, seem, to the ears of my mind, to take up the cry, to laugh scornfully at the preposterous idea of there being possibly any such a thing as poetry connected with so matter-of-fact an institution as a Railway, and to look upon me in the light of a fantastic visionary.

But I have tied myself to the stake; nailed my colours to the mast; drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard: in fact, I have written the title of this article, and must abide the issue.

Take a Tunnel—in all its length, its utter darkness, its dank coldness and tempestuous windiness. To me a Tunnel is all poetry. To be suddenly snatched away from the light of day, from the pleasant companionship of the fleecy clouds, the green fields spangled with flowers, the golden wheat, the fantastically changing embankments,—now geological, now floral, now rocky, now chalky; the hills, the valleys, and the winding streams; the high mountains in the distance that know they are emperors of the landscape, and so wear purple robes right imperially; the silly sheep in the meadows, that graze so contentedly, unweeding that John Hinds the butcher is coming down by the next train to purchase them for the slaughter-house; the little lambs that are not quite up to railway-trains, their noise and bustle and smoke, yet, and that scamper nervously away, carrying their simple tails behind them; the sententious cattle that munch, and lazily watch the steam from the funnel as it breaks into fleecy rags of vapour, and then fall to munching again;—to be hurried from all these into pitchy obscurity, seem to me poetical and picturesque in the extreme. It is like death in the midst of life, a sudden suspension of vitality—the gloom and terror of the grave pouncing like a hawk upon the warmth and cheerfulness of life. Many an ode, many a ballad could be written on that dark and gloomy tunnel—the whirring roar and scream and jarr of echoes, the clanging of wheels, the strange voices that seem to make themselves heard as the train rushes through the tunnel,—now in passionate supplication, now in fierce anger and loud invective, now in an infernal chorus of fiendish mirth and demoniac exultation, now in a loud and long-continued though inarticulate screech—a meaningless howl like the ravings of a madman. To understand and appreciate a tunnel in its full aspect of poetic and picturesque horror, you should travel in a third-class carriage.

To first and second class passengers the luxury of lamplight is by the gracious favour of the Directors of the company condescendingly extended; and in passing through a tunnel they are enabled dimly to descry their fellow-travellers; but for the third class voyager darkness both outer and inner are provided—darkness so complete and so intense, that as we are borne invisibly on our howling way, dreadful thoughts spring up in our minds of blindness; that we have lost our sight for ever! Vainly we endeavour to peer through the darkness, to strain our eyes to descry one ray of light, one outline—be it ever so dim—of a human figure; one thin bead of day upon a panel, a ledge, a window-sill, or a door. Is there not matter for bards in all this?—in the length of the tunnel, its darkness and clamour; in the rage and fury of the engine eating its strong heart, burnt up by inward fire like a man consumed by his own passions; in the seemingly everlasting duration of the deprivation from light and day and life; but a deprivation which ends at last. Ah, how glad and welcome that restoration to sunshine is! We seem to have had a sore and dangerous sickness, and to be suddenly and graciously permitted to rise from a bed of pain and suffering, and enter at once into the enjoyment of the rudest health, with all its comforts and enjoyments, with all its cheerful pleasures and happy forgetfulness of the ills that are gone, and unconscious nescience of the ills that are to come, and that must come, and surely.

Whenever I pass through a tunnel I meditate upon these things, and wish heartily that I were a poet, that I might tune my heart to sing the poetry of railway tunnels. I don't know whether the same thoughts strike other people. I suppose they do,—I hope they do. It may be that I muse more on tunnels, and shape their length and blackness, and coldness and noise, to subjects fit to be wedded to immortal verse; because I happen to reside on a railway, and that almost every morning and evening throughout the week I have to pass through a tunnel of prodigious length,—to say the truth, nearly as long as the Box Tunnel, on the Great Western Railway. Morning and night we dash from the fair fields of Kent,—from the orchards and the hop-gardens,—from the sight of the noble river in the distance, with its boats and barges and huge ships, into this Erebus, pitch dark, nearly three miles long, and full of horrid noises. Sometimes I travel in the lamp-lit carriages, and then I find it poetical to watch the flickering gleams of the sickly light upon shrouded figures, muffled closely in railway rugs and mantles and shawls,—the ladies, who cower timidly in corners; the children, who, half-pleased, half-frightened, don't seem to know whether to laugh or cry, and compromise the matter

by sitting with their mouths wide open, and incessantly asking why it is so dark, and why there is such a noise. Sometimes, and I am not ashamed to confess, much more frequently, I make my journey in the poor man's carriage—the “parly,” or third class. In that humble “parly” train, believe me, there is much more railway poetry attainable than in the more aristocratic compartments. Total darkness, more noise (for the windows are generally open, and the reverberation consequently much greater), more mocking voices, more mystery, and more romance. I have even gone through tunnels in those vile open standing-up cars, called by an irreverent public “pig-boxes,” and seemingly provided by railway directors as a cutting reproach on, and stern punishment for, poverty. Yet I have drunk deeply of railway poetry in a “pig-box.” There is something grand, there is something epic; there is something really sublime in the gradual melting away of the darkness into light; in the decadence of total eclipse and the glorious restoration of the sun to his golden rights again. Standing up in the coverless car you see strange, dim, fantastic, changing shapes above you. The daylight becomes irraguous, like dew, upon the steam from the funnel, the roofs of the carriages, the brickwork sides of the tunnel itself. But nothing is defined, nothing fixed: all the shapes are irresolute, fleeting, confused, like the events in the memory of an old man. The tunnel becomes a phantom tube—a dry Styx—the train seems changed into Charon's boat, and the engine-driver turns into the infernal ferryman. And the end of that awful navigation must surely be Tartarus. You think so, you fancy yourself in the boat, as Dante and Virgil were in the Divine Comedy; ghosts cling to the sides, vainly repenting, uselessly lamenting; Francesca of Rimini floats despairing by; far off, mingled with the rattle of wheels, are heard the famine-wrung moans of Ugolino's children. Hark to that awful shrilly, hideous, prolonged yell—a scream like that they say that Catherine of Russia gave on her deathbed, and which, years afterwards, was wont to haunt the memories of those that had heard it. Lord be good to us! there is the scream again: it is the first scream of a lost spirit's last agony; the cry of the child of earth waking up into the Ever and Ever of pain; it is Facinata screaming in her sepulchre of flames—no, it is simply the railway whistle as the train emerges from the tunnel into sunlight again. The ghosts vanish, there are no more horrible sights and noises, no flying sparks, no red lamps at intervals like demon eyes. I turn back in the “pig-box,” and look at the arched entrance to the tunnel we have just quitted. I seemed to fancy there should be an inscription over it bidding all who enter to leave Hope behind; but instead of that there is simply, hard by, a placard

on a post relative to cattle straying on the railway.

A railway accident! Ah, poets! how much of poetry could you find in that, were you so minded. Odes and ballads, sapphics, alcaics and dactyls, strophes, chorusses and semi-chorusses might be sung—rugged poems, rough as the rocky numbers of Ossian, soothing poems, “soft pity to infuse,” running “softly sweet in Lydian measure” upon the woes of railway accidents, the widowhoods and orphanages that have been made by the carelessness of a driver, a faulty engine, an unturned “point,” a mistaken signal. Think of the bride of yesterday, the first child of our manhood, the last child of our age, think of the dear friend who has been absent for years, who has been estranged from us by those whispering tongues that poison truth, and is coming swiftly along the iron road to be reconciled to us at last. Think of these all torn from us by a sudden, cruel, unprepared-for death; think of these, falling upon that miserable battle-field, without glory, without foes to fight with, yet with fearfuller, ghastlier hurts, with more carnage and horror in destruction than you could meet with even on those gory Chersonesean battle-fields after storms of shot and shell, after the fierce assaults of the bayonet’s steel, and the trampling of the horses, and the stroke of the sharp sword. There are bards to wail over the warrior who falls in the fray, for the horse and his rider blasted by the scarlet whirlwind. There are tears and songs for the dead that the sea engulfs, to cradle them in its blue depths till Time and Death shall be no more. There are elegies and epitaphs and mourning verses for those that sleep in the churchyard, that have laid their heads upon a turf, that eat their salad from the roots, that dwell with worms and entertain creeping things in the cells and little chambers of their eyes. There is poetry even for the murderer on his gibbet; but who cares to sing the railway victims? who bids the line restore its dead? who adjurates the engine to bring back the true and brave? They are killed, and are buried; the inquest meet; the jurymen give their verdict, and forget all about it two days afterwards. Somebody is tried for manslaughter and acquitted, for, of course, there is nobody to blame! It is all over, and the excursion train, crammed with jovial excursionists, sweethearts, married couples, clubs of gay fellows, laughing children, baskets of prog, bottles of beer, and surreptitious, yet officially connived at, pipes; the engine dressed in ribbons, the stoker—Oh, wonder!—in a clean shirt; the excursion train, I say, rattles gaily over the very place where, a month since, the accident took place; over the very spot where the earth drank up blood, and the rails were violently wrenched and twisted, and the sleepers were ensanguined, and death and havoc and desolation were strewn all around, and the wild flowers

in the embankment were scalded with the steam from the shattered boiler.

Can you form an idea, poets, of a haunted line? Suppose the same excursion train I was speaking of to be on its way home, late at night, say from Cripplegate-super-mare or Buffington Wells. Everybody has enjoyed himself very much—the children are tired, but happy. The bonnets of the married ladies have made their proper impression upon the population of Cripplegate-super-mare, and they are satisfied with them, their husbands, and themselves. The married gentlemen have found out of what the contents of the black bottles consisted—they smoke pipes openly now, quite defiant, if not oblivious, of bye-laws and forty-shilling fines. Nobody objects to smoking—not even the asthmatical old gentleman in the respirator and the red comforter—not even the tall lady, with the severe countenance and the green umbrella, who took the mild fair man in spectacles so sharply to task this morning about the mild cigar which he was timidly smoking up the sleeve of his poncho. Even the guards and officials at the stations do not object to smoking. One whiskered individual of the former class, ordinarily the terror of the humble third-class passenger, whom he, with fierce contempt, designates as “you, sir,” and hauls out of the carriage on the slightest provocation, condescends to be satirical on the smoke subject; he puts his head in at the window, and asks the passengers “how they like it—mild or full flavoured?” This is a joke, and everybody, of course, laughs immensely, and goes on smoking unmolested. Bless me! how heartily we can laugh at the jokes of people we are afraid of, or want to cringe to for a purpose.

Surely a merrier excursion train as this was never due at the Babylon Bridge station at eleven-thirty. Funny stories are told. A little round man, in a grey coat and a hat like a sailor’s, sings a comic song seven miles long, for he begins it at one station and ends it at another seven miles distant. A pretty, timorous widow is heard softly joining in the chorus of “*tol de rol lol*.” A bilious man of melancholy mien, hitherto speechless, volunteers a humorous recitation, and promises feats of conjuring after they have passed the next station. Strangers are invited to drink out of strange bottles, and drink. Everybody is willing to take everybody’s children on his knee. People pencil down addresses by the lamplight, and exchange them with people opposite, hoping that they shall become better acquainted. The select clubs of jolly fellows are very happy—they even say “vrappy.” There is laughing, talking, jesting, courting, and tittering. None are silent but those who are asleep. Hurrah for this jovial excursion train, for the Nor-Nor-West by Eastern Railway Company, its cheap fares, and admirable management!

Suppose that just at the spot where this

allegro train now is, there occurred the great accident of last July. You remember, the excursion train, through some error, the cause of which was unfortunately never discovered, ran into the luggage train; the driver and stoker of the former were dashed to pieces—thirty-three persons were killed or wounded. Suppose some man of poetical temperament, of fantastic imagination, of moody fancies were in the carriage of this merry train to-night, looking from the window, communing with the yellow moonlight, the light clouds placidly floating along the sea of heaven as if sure of a safe anchorage at last. He knows the line, he knows the place where that grim accident was—he muses on it—yes; this was the spot, there laid the bodies.

Heavens and earth! suppose the line were haunted! See, from a siding comes slowly, noiselessly along the rails the PHANTOM TRAIN! There is no rattle of wheels, no puffing and blowing of the engine, only, from time to time, the engine whistle is heard in a fitful, murmuring, wailing gust of sound; the lamps in front burn blue, sickly lambent flames leap from the funnel and the furnace door. The carriages are lamplit too, but with corpse candles. The carriages themselves are mere skeletons—they are all shattered, dislocated, ruined, yet, by some deadly principle of cohesion, they keep together, and through the interstices of their cracking ribs and framework you may see the passengers. Horrible sight to see! Some have limbs bound up in splinters, some lie on stretchers, but they have all faces and eyes; and the eyes and the faces; together with the phantom guard with his lantern, from which long rays of ghastly light proceed; together with the phantom driver, with his jaw bound up; the phantom stoker, who stokes with a mattock and spade, and feeds the fire as though he were making a grave; the phantom commercial travellers wrapped in shrouds for railway rugs; the pair of lovers in the first-class coupé, locked in the same embrace of death in which they were found after the accident, the stout old gentleman with his head in his lap, the legs of the man the rest of whose body was never found, but who still has a face and eyes, the skeletons of horses in the horseboxes, the stacks of coffins in the luggage-vans (for all is transparent, and you can see the fatal verge of the embankment beyond, through the train). All these sights of horror flit continually past, up and down, backwards and forwards, haunting the line where the accident was.

But, ah me! these are, perhaps, but silly fancies after all. Respectability may be right, and there may be no more poetry in a railway than in my boots. Yet I should like to find poetry in everything, even in boots. I am afraid railways are ugly, dull, prosaic, straight; yet the line of beauty, honest Hogarth tells us, is a curve, and curves you

may occasionally find on the straightest of railways—and where beauty is, poetry, you may be sure of it, is not far off. I am not quite sure but you may find it in ugliness too, if there be anything beautiful in your own mind.

WHAT MY LANDLORD BELIEVED.

My Bohemian landlord in Vienna told me a story of an English nobleman. It may be worth relating, as showing what my landlord, quite in good faith and earnest believed.

You know, Lieber Herr, said Vater Böhm, there is nothing in the whole Kaiserstadt so astonishing to strangers as our sign-boards. Those beautiful paintings that you see—Am Graben and Hohe Markt, real works of art, with which the sign-boards of other countries are no more to be compared, than your hum-drum English music is to the delicious waltzes of Lanner, or the magic polkas of Strauss. Imagine an Englishman, who knows nothing of painting, finding himself all at once in front of one of those charming compositions; pictures that they would make a gallery of in London, but which we can afford to put out of doors; he is fixed, he is dumb with astonishment and delight—he goes mad. Well, Lieber Herr, this is exactly what happened to one of your English nobility. Milor arrived in Vienna; and as he had made a wager that he would see every notability in the city and its environs in the course of three days, which was all the time he could spare, he hired a fiaker at the Tabor-Linie, and drove as fast as the police would let him from church to theatre; from museum to wine-cellar; till chance and the fiaker brought him into the Graben. Milor got out to stretch himself, and to see the wonderful shops, and after a few turns came suddenly upon the house at the sign of the Joan of Arc.

"Goddam!" exclaimed Milor, as his eye met the sign-board.

There he stood, this English nobleman, in his drab coat with pearl buttons, his red neckcloth, blue pantaloons and white hat, transfixed for at least five minutes. Then swearing some hard oaths, a thing the English always do when they are particularly pleased, Milor exclaimed, "It is exquisite! Holy Lord Mayor, it is unbelievable!"

Mein Lieber, you have seen that painting of course, I mean Joan of Arc, life-size, clad in steel, sword in hand, and with a wonderful serenity expressed in her countenance, as she leads her flagging troops once more to the attack upon the walls. It has all the softness of a Coreggio, and the vigour of a Rubens. Milor gave three bounds, and was in the middle of the shop in a moment.

"That picture!" he exclaimed.

"What picture,—Eurer Gnaden?" enquired the shopkeeper, bowing in the most elegant manner.

"It hangs at your door—Joan of Arc, I wish to buy it."

"It is not for sale, Eurer Gnaden."

"Bah!" ejaculated Milor, "I must have it. I will cover it with guineas."

"It is impossible."

"How impossible?" cried Milor, diving into the capacious pocket of the drab coat with the pearl buttons, and drawing forth a heavy roll of English bank-notes, "I'll bet you anything you like that it is possible."

You know, mein Lieber, that the English settle everything by a wager; indeed, betting and swearing is about all their language is fit for. For a fact, there were once two English noblemen, from Manchester or some such ancient place, who journeyed down the Rhine on the steam-boat. They looked neither to the right nor to the left; neither at the vine-fields nor the old castles; but sat at a table, silent and occupied, with nothing before them but two lumps of sugar, and two heaps of guineas. A little crowd gathered round them wondering what it might mean. Suddenly one of them cried out, "Goddam, it's mine!" "What is yours?" inquired one who stood by, gaping with curiosity. "Don't you see," replied the other, "I bet twenty guineas level, that the first fly would alight upon my lump of sugar, and by God, I've won it!"

To return to Milor. "I'll bet you anything you like that it is possible," said he.

"Your grace," replied the shopkeeper, "my Joan of Arc is beyond price to me. It draws all the town to my shop; not forgetting the foreigners."

"I will buy your shop," said the Englishman.

"Milor! Graf Schweinekopf von Pimplestein called only yesterday to see it, and Le Comte de Barbeiche."

"A Frenchman!" shouted Milor.

"From Paris," your grace.

"Will you sell me your Joan of Arc?" was the furious demand. "I will cover it with pounds sterling twice over."

"Le Comte de Barbeiche"—

"You have promised it to him?"

"Yes!" gasped Herr Wechsel, catching at the idea.

"Enough!" cried the English nobleman; and he strode into the street. With one impassioned glance at the figure of La Pucelle, he threw himself into his fiaker, and drove rapidly out of sight.

On reaching his hotel, he chose two pairs of boxing gloves, a set of rapiers, and a case of duelling pistols; and, thus loaded, descended to his fiaker, tossed them in, and started off in the direction of the nearest hotel. "Le Comte de Barbeiche"—that was the pass-word; but everywhere it failed to elicit the desired reply. He passed from street to street—from gasthaus to gasthaus—everywhere the same dreary negative; and the day waned, and his search was still

unsuccessful. But he never relaxed; the morning found him still pursuing his enquiries; and mid-day saw him at the porte cochère of the Hotel of the Holy Ghost, in the Rothenthurm Strasse, with his case of duelling pistols in his hand, his set of rapiers under his arm, and his two pairs of boxing-gloves slung round his neck.

"Deliver my card immediately to the Comte," said he to the attendant; "and tell him I am waiting." He had found him out. Luckily, the Comte de Barbeiche happened to be in the best possible humour when this message was conveyed to him, having just succeeded in dyeing his mustache to his entire satisfaction. He glanced at the card—smiled at himself complacently in the mirror before him, and answered in a gracious voice, "Let Milor Mountpleasant come up."

Milor was soon heard upon the stairs; and, as he strode into the room, he flung his set of rapiers with a clatter on the floor, dashed his case of duelling pistols on the table, and with a dexterous twist sent one pair of boxing-gloves rolling at the feet of the Comte, while, pulling on the other, he stood in an attitude of defence before the astonished Frenchman.

"What is this?" enquired the Comte de Barbeiche.

"This is the alternative," cried the Englishman. "Here are weapons; take your choice—pistols, rapiers, or the gloves. Fight with one of them you must, and shall, or abandon your claim to Joan of Arc."

"Mon Dieu! What Joan of Arc? I do not have the felicity of knowing the lady."

"You may see her, Am Graben," gravely replied Milor, "outside a shop door, done in oil."

"Heh!" exclaimed the astonished Comte, "in oil—an Esquimaux, or a Tartar, pray?"

"Monsieur le Comte, I want no trifling. Do you persist in the purchase of this picture? I have set my heart upon it; I love it; I have sworn to possess it. Make it a matter of money, and I will give you a thousand pounds for your bargain; make it a matter of dispute, and I will fight you for it to the death; make it a matter of friendship, and yield up your right, and I will embrace you as a brother, and be your debtor for the rest of my life."

The Comte de Barbeiche—seeing that he had to do with an Englishman a degree, at least, more crazed than the rest of his countrymen—entered into the spirit of the matter at once, and chose the easiest means of extricating himself from a difficulty.

"Milor," he exclaimed, advancing towards him, "I am charmed with your sentiments, your courage, and your integrity. Take her, Milor—take your Joan of Arc; I would not attempt to deprive you of her if she were a real flesh and blood Pucelle, and my own sister."

The Englishman, with a grand oath, seized the Comte's hand in both his own, and shook it heartily; then scrambling up his paraphernalia of war, spoke a hurried farewell, and disappeared down the stairs.

The grey of the morning saw Milor in full evening costume, pacing the Graben with hurried steps, watching with anxious eyes the shop front where his beloved was wont to hang. He saw her carried out like a shutter from the house, and duly suspended on the appointed hook. She had lost none of her charms, and he stood with arms folded upon his breast, entranced for awhile before the figure of the valiant maiden.

"Herr Wechsel," said he abruptly, as he entered the shop; "Le Comte de Barbeiche has ceded his claim to me. I repeat my offer for your Joan of Arc—decide at once, for I am in a hurry."

It certainly does appear surprising that Herr Wechsel did not close in with the offer at once; perhaps he really had an affection for his picture; perhaps he thought to improve the bargain; or, more probably, looking upon his strange customer as so undoubtedly mad, as to entertain serious fears as to his ever receiving the money. Certain it is, that he respectfully declined to sell.

"You refuse!" shouted Milor, striking his clenched fist upon the counter; "then, by Jove! I'll—but never mind!" and he strode into the street.

The dusk of the evening saw Milor in the dress of a porter, pacing the Graben with a steady step. He halted in front of his cherished Joan; with the utmost coolness and deliberation unhooked the painting from its nail, and placing it carefully, and with the air of a workman, upon his shoulder, stalked away with his precious burden.

Imagine the consternation of Herr Wechsel upon the discovery of his loss. His pride, his delight, the chief ornament of his shop was gone; and, moreover, he had lost his money. But his sorrow was changed into surprise, and his half-tearful eyes twinkled with satisfaction as he read the following epistle, delivered into his hands within an hour after the occurrence:—

"SIR,—You will find placed to your credit in the Imperial Bank of Vienna the sum of five thousand pounds, the amount proffered for your Joan of Arc. Your obstinacy has driven me into the commission of a misdemeanor. God forgive you. But I have kept my word.

"I am already beyond your reach, and you will search in vain for my trace. In consideration for your feelings, and to cause you as little annoyance as possible, I have placed *my* Joan of Arc into the hands of a skilful artist; and I trust to forward you as accurate a copy as can be made.

"Yours, MOUNTPLEASANT."

And Milor kept his word, mein Lieber, and the copy hangs, Am Graben, to this day in the place of the original. The original shines among the paintings in the splendid collection of Milor at Mountpleasant Castle.

I will not pretend to say, concluded Vater Böhm, reloading his pipe, that the English have any taste, but they certainly have a strange passion for pictures; and, let them once get an idea into their heads, they are the most obstinate people in the world in the pursuit of it.

THE WIND.

The wind went forth o'er land and sea,
Loud and free;
Foaming waves leapt up to meet it,
Stately pines bow'd down to greet it,
While the wailing sea,
And the forest's murmured sigh
Joined the cry,
Of the wind that swept o'er land and sea.

The wind that blew upon the sea
Fierce and free,
Cast the bark upon the shore,
Whence it sail'd the night before
Full of hope and glee;
And the cry of pain and death
Was but a breath,
Through the wind that roar'd upon the sea.

The wind was whispering on the lea
Tenderly;
But the white rose felt it pass,
And the fragile stalks of grass
Shook with fear to see
All her trembling petals shed,
As it fled,
So gently by,—the wind upon the lea.

Blow, thou wind, upon the sea
Fierce and free,
And a gentler message send,
Where frail flowers and grasses bend,
On the sunny lea;
For thy bidding still is one,
Be it done
In tenderness or wrath, on land or sea!

AUSTRALIAN CARRIERS.

I AM one of a strong body of many hundred carriers over Keilor plains, towards the diggings of Victoria, whose two-horse drays and wagons do the work that may, some day, be done by the Melbourne and Mount Alexander Railway. On us depend some eighty thousand diggers, whom we serve by carrying their houses of canvas, wood, or iron, their clothes, made of all sorts of materials, their food, their tools, their simple machinery, sometimes themselves. We form an endless chain between the city and the diggings—one side continually going up full, and the other coming down empty. Our work never stops. One of us rarely stays two nights in the same place, and only when in town sleeps under a roof, or on a bed. Wandering thus incessantly, we encounter, of course, many adventures. Each trip has a story of its own; but what I wish now to do is to give only a general idea of our mode of life. It

has a summer and a winter aspect. Many a summer carrier vanishes like a fair weather friend during the winter, to re-appear only when he can travel without being compelled to wade knee-deep during the day, and sleep at night in six inches of water. Victoria, let all geographers be careful to record, is famous for producing mud and dust. When one of these products is not to be met with, there is certainty of finding plenty of the other. I write this in December, our midsummer, bedazed with sun, and dust, and flies. Melbourne, as we leave it, is totally hidden from us by the gritty cloud that her increasing traffic raises; that hangs above her as the smoke hangs over London.

The road, for a few miles out of the city (barring dust) is very good. It is bordered by cultivated lands and is tolerably pleasant travelling. We pass through the thriving townships of Flemington, Moonee Ponds, and Essendon; and, descending a steep hill, nine miles from town, we cross a small stream by a massive timber bridge. The bridge is something more than massive: not content with forming a stout road-way, its heavy beams rise, high above our cart, in three huge wooden walls, and roof us over; making of the bridge too lofty tunnels, that might be a portion of a bomb-proof citadel. There is good reason for this. The thread of water that now trickles below, will swell, and rush, and roar; and, during the heavy winter rains, become a giant against which a giant only could contend. Beyond the bridge, a little encampment of tents, a few houses of wood and two or three of stone, form the township of Keilor. We fill our water-kegs at the stream; and, after climbing a long steep hill, road and fences end abruptly, and we are turned out upon the open plain. Away it stretches back towards Melbourne, its boundary there being the masts of the shipping in the bay, of which we have not yet lost sight. On either hand it touches the horizon, and it rolls before us to break at the foot of a low range of wooded hills, beyond which Macedon heaves his dark head.

Now we feel the worst of summer. The thick grass of the plains is parched and withered, and the heat lies visibly tremulous over the brown surface as it does over a burning kiln. Along the hundreds of tracks which intersect the plain, vehicles are moving, all accompanied by clouds of dust. During the early part of the day the air is still, and the dust falls where it rises; but, as the sun climbs higher, the land-breeze comes down, hot and unrefreshing; and, as it gathers strength, it catches up the heavy clouds of grit, and, dashing them together, sweeps across the open ground, half-smothering both men and horses, and producing a thick darkness, very like that of a London fog. The wind usually starts up in sudden gusts, and, sometimes twisted in a creek or hollow, it becomes a whirlwind, erecting

in a moment a tall monument of dust, which dances down the road until it breaks upon a line of drays, startling the horses from their steady pace, and, throwing everything into confusion.

Along the line of the government road a few refreshment tents and one or two public houses stand. A notice is posted outside one of the tents to the effect that water may be had within, at sixpence a bucket. Beer, I should say, rises to two shillings a pint at the distance of only two hours' journey from Melbourne. We halt for an hour, to refresh our horses and ourselves, and then plod on, over the plain. By sunset, we have reached the Gap Inn, where there is a small settlement, and where the road is about to cross, by a low saddle, the hills that we have had in sight all day. Here we turn off into the bush, to camp down for the night.

The three great requisites for a camping-ground are, grass, water, and fire-wood; yet, in summer, grass and water are not always to be found, and the horses suffer. On the chosen spot, we draw the dray over a smooth place, unharness the horses, and, first having fastened their fore-legs together by a short chain and two straps, turn them adrift, to graze. Then the fire is to be lighted, and, in order to prevent it from running through the dry grass, we prepare the fire-place by first burning a circle, and then beating it out. Over the lighted fire we sling the billy, or, in home phrase, put the kettle on; the kettle being usually a tin pan with a loose wire handle, which attaches it to the dray during the journey. Whilst the water is boiling, we retire to our apartments. The sheet of canvas, which is doubled over the load during the day, is opened out to its full extent, and, falling over both wheels and the back of the dray, converts the space between the wheels and beneath the body into a room. The shafts of the dray are raised, resting upon the crossed prop-sticks, and—as we approve of ventilation—this part of the enclosure is not covered. The door of our impromptu bedroom is thus left open, and occupies one entire side of the enclosure. But as we take care to keep the wind at the back, and the fire at the front, the open door is no source of discomfort. The worst of our room is, that the axletree crosses the centre of the ceiling at a rather low elevation, and thus a sleeper, suddenly awakened, is not unlikely to knock his head against it. In rainy weather, too, we get water beds, and do not like them; while, in dry weather, the ants moisten their clay too frequently at the expense of ours. They appear by hundreds, and are industrious insects, each about half-an-inch long, being usually of the species distinguished as the bull-dog ant, from the tenacity with which they retain their hold of anything on which they fasten. The pain of their bite may be compared to the pricking of a red-hot pin. The whole country swarms with them.

them, and binding them to trees along the roadside, are now rendered impracticable by the unceasing stream of traffic which is ever rolling along all the main roads, and the number of mounted troopers to be met with in all parts of the country. But even now the whole colony is occasionally startled and dismayed by some daring outrage, the very bravery of which robs us of the disgust we ought to feel at villainy—as the attack, last year, upon the escort, when the whole of the gold in its charge was captured by a gang of armed men—and the still more recent robbery of the bank at Ballarat, when four men, in the middle of the day, entered a bank situated in a populous diggings, and, locking themselves in, bonad and gagged the manager and all his clerks, cleared out its stores, and walked quietly away with a booty of some fourteen thousand pounds. The coolness of these men is still further expressed by the fact that one of them actually lodged his share of the money in the very bank at Melbourne of which he had robbed the branch at Ballarat, thus getting an exchange of notes. But, with all their daring, such men commonly want the tact and prudence necessary to ensure an ultimate escape; for, in the first of these instances, the robbers were all taken and hung, and in the last they are now in Melbourne gaol awaiting trial. In each instance, one of the gang turned queen's evidence, so that, as might be supposed, they are not more wanting in tact than in the instincts of generosity and honour.

But to return to our dray. The main road through the forest has become so impassable that we prefer the tracks of our own making which lie near to the foot of Mount Macedon, and upon which, from the division of the traffic, the ruts are not particularly deep; where, also, we may venture to cross the creeks without any fear of being swallowed up in the holes, which are left wherever a bullock-dray may have been dug out during the preceding winter. Under the shade of the trees the grass retains some of its verdure, and we camp in a green spot for dinner. During the whole time that we are resting, vehicles and foot passengers are continually passing. Long American wagons on springs, with three or four horses in light harness, well matched and well managed by a driver, who sits on the top of his high load, holding the reins, smoking a cigar, and talking to his cattle in a language Greek to English draymen. English wagons, heavier and more unmanageable, fitted in the old-fashioned style, with double shafts and heavy chain traces, the driver compelled to walk by the side of his horses, and, consequently, unable to manage them half so well as the Yankee, who twists his team through narrow openings in the timber just shaves the numerous stumps and logs, runs his wheels within an inch of the deep holes, trots down the steep hills with his foot upon the patent break, and

climbs up them with a steady pull, a touch on his leader's flanks, and a "Hi! hi! git on thar!" calculating that "no human on airth can take a team through thir openings, 'cept he's been raised in the States. No, sir!" After him come colonial drays of all shapes and sizes, drawn by one, two, three, or four horses—occasional spring-carts, containing passengers, ripe fruit, or even fresh fish—and sometimes vehicles of unknown name, combining all the others in themselves. Then there come also ponderous drays piled up with heavy goods, drawn by four, six, or eight bullocks, crawling along at snail's pace, urged by continual shouts and heavy lashes, machines that produce more noise than work. Presently, perhaps, a shout of "Clear the way!" passes along the line, and two of the conveyances that run daily between Melbourne and Castlemaine dash by us at full gallop—American again; low, light vehicles that seem utterly unfitted for such roads, but which, nevertheless, can run all others off them. Behind, comes the Argus, a vehicle of the same kind with its daily load of newspapers for the diggings. All at full speed. This is the country for a man who would learn how to drive four in hand. Another cloud of dust in the opposite direction clears off, and four troopers, with their swords drawn, come into view. Two light-carts, each drawn by four horses, follow; more troopers riding at the side of them, whilst others gallop through the bush for fifty yards about, and four more follow in the rear. This is the Bendigo and Castlemaine escort, with its precious cargo. Numerous foot passengers fill up the intervals. Old diggers returning from town with a light compact pack, or swag, fitting closely and well up upon the shoulders. New chums, with heavy loads lashed badly and carried awkwardly—carpet-bags stuffed full of all manner of un-necessaries, rolls of blankets, tents, guns, tools, and all sorts of things which they will live to learn are almost as cheap on the diggings as in town. Sometimes, a very new man passes, in black coat and Wellington boots, and, worst of all, wearing a tall black hat, an abomination quite as rare upon the roads as an umbrella. Then a party of Germans with their wives, each woman having a small pack tied on her shoulders, and the children carrying as their share of the common burden the kettle and frying-pan or the provision bag. I once passed a German family, in the middle of winter, when the mud was yards deep. One man was dragging a small hand-cart, in which were stowed four very young children and a regular assortment of picks, shovels, and other tools; another—an old man—pushed behind: he wore a curious coat, much too short for him, and, as he stooped to push, there peeped from the shallow pockets the brass-mounted butts of two huge horse-pistols, with flint and pan. Two women and several children of all sizes walked beside

them. Poor, bold hearts! Though they were only bound to Forest Creek (about eighty miles from Melbourne), yet, in the then condition of the roads, it was almost impossible that they could ever reach their destination, and the miseries of such a journey cannot be imagined. Following the Germans come, perhaps, specimens of a race occupying another corner of the world—a train of Chinamen, in single file, extending for some miles along the road; others appear, long after we had thought the whole procession past. They jog along at a slow trot, bending under immense loads, which they carry hanging from each end of a long bamboo, the middle resting on the shoulder. Their slight figures, smooth brown faces, hair carefully twisted up into a huge tail, the coils of which are hidden beneath their immense hats; their short frocks and voluminous petticoat-trowsers, form a strange contrast to the stout forms, long beards, and close-fitting dresses of the European diggers, who are sometimes mingled with them. Each party has its own leader, and they usually travel in such numbers, that their small tents form, when they camp for the night, quite a little township on the roadside. Such are a few only of the passengers and vehicles who usually pass us whilst we eat our bread and mutton in the forest.

Dinner over, we ourselves go with the train, and are soon deep in the labyrinth of trees, our whole attention fully engaged by the difficulties of the road. Occasionally we pass some unlucky fellow who has had the misfortune to start from town with a jibbing horse—a very common animal here—which does not kick, or rear, or perform any of the evolutions common with English horses in such case, but stands stock still, his feet advanced, his head down, ears drawn back, lips slightly apart, eyes dull, half closed, and turned back towards the dray, and his whole body hanging heavily in the breechings. Stroking and swearing, kind words and hard blows, might as well be expended on a gum-tree as upon this statue of a horse. At length, some carrier unyokes his leaders and hooks on to the stuck dray; the stubborn animal is fairly drawn out of his strong position, and, once on the move, goes on until another soft place brings him up, or another fit of the sturdies comes upon him.

The Black Forest is one succession of hills, short and steep, with swampy creeks between them. Sometimes, in order to avoid these creeks, we run along the sides of the hills, and thus subject ourselves to another common accident of the roads. As we are paid for carrying by the ton, our loads—when they consist of light goods—are piled high above the dray, which thus becomes rather top-heavy. When siding a hill, this tendency to capsize necessitates great care, but, in spite of all that can be exercised the lower wheel will occasionally drop into a hole, or the upper

one rise over a stone or a log large enough to destroy the wavering equilibrium. Then, away goes the dray, turning completely over, the wheels spin in the air, and the shaft-horse, thrown on the broad of his back, twists and untwists his huge legs, with a force that threatens to demolish harness, dray, and driver. Then there is cutting of straps and unhooking of chains, with all the usual accompaniments of such accidents, including plenty of advice gratis. The dray is turned over, and the load, left on the ground, is, by the willing help of many hands, afterwards restored to its original position. Then we go on again.

We meet many returning drays, but all make way for us, for it is a tacitly understood rule of the road here, that no loaded dray shall, on any account, make way for, or be impeded by, an empty one. But this rule scarcely extends to the bullock-drays—of which there are vast numbers, so long as the grass lasts,—for their long, unmanageable teams take up so much room, and occupy so much time in leaving and returning to the track, that we are generally glad enough to leave it clear for them. How, it may well be asked, do their drivers steer lumbering vehicles and awkward cattle through the narrow openings betwixt the trees without very frequent accidents? They draw immense loads, and the worse the roads are, the greater is their advantage over horses, for they are continually on the move, crawling slowly through the mud, or creeping up the steep hills, getting the ground by inches, it is true, but still getting it. Sometimes they stick fast, and then, if teams are together, Babel breaks loose. The other drivers range themselves, with their long heavy whips on each side of the team, and then commences such shouting and yelling, such long rolls of strangely-worded oaths and whip-cracks that go off like pistol-shots, that even the opossums own themselves startled, and come out into the daylight. At first the bullocks only turn mild eyes on their tormentors, and bend down their heads to avoid the heavy shower of blows. By degrees, however, they get into line, and one after another throws his weight into the iron yoke, the long chain tightens, strains, the wheels move, and with a deafening crash the dray rises slowly out of the mud, and is safely landed on the comparatively dry patch beyond. Then the word is "Spell, oh!" The little keg is turned out from its resting-place in the back of the dray, and a pint pot filled with rum passes round the party, each one of whom accompanies his nobbler with the usual toast of our colony, "Here's luck!" Occasionally, when the dray has sunk very deep and its own team is unable to extricate it, others are added; I have thus seen four teams or thirty-two bullocks yoked before a single dray. The drivers attach strips of silk twisted into a hair-cord to their long lashes, and, in the hands of men

accustomed to their use, these whips become terrible instruments of torture. It is, indeed, horrible to witness the savage brutality with which the cattle are treated, and the mercilessness of the drivers. These men are generally of the lowest class, and though I have met with some very good exceptions, they certainly are not raised by their occupation. For deep drinking and hard swearing they may challenge the world, though for the latter practice they say that they have an express privilege. The story runs, that a clerical settler, in New South Wales, overtaking his bullock-driver on the edge of a creek, stood for few minutes to watch the crossing of the team. This was accomplished with the assistance of the usual number of expletives, and the parson, shocked by their abundance, remonstrated with his man for his profanity.

"It's no use," said John, "bullocks won't go without swearing. Just you try 'em."

The master dismounted, and taking the whip from John, walked on by the team. Strawberry, and Damper, and Blackbird, and Nobbler, and their brethren in the yoke, stepped along very quietly on the level road, probably wondering at the meaning of the gentle tones of their new driver. But, another creek appeared. The dray ran down the bank, the wheels sunk in the mud, moved through it a few inches, and stopped. In vain the reverend driver expostulated with his ungrateful charges, and twisted the long lash round his own face in his endeavours to reach the leaders with it. Indeed, when the end of it did fall harmlessly upon them—as Sterne says of the mules of the Abbess of Andouillettes, under similar circumstances—they simply lashed their tails, and stood stock still. At length the parson gave up in despair, and resigned the whip to his bullock-driver. A sharp crack, a few well-directed blows, and a torrent of loud oaths, and the chain tightened again, the dray moved, and the whole team were soon standing on the opposite bank. "Well, John," said the parson, mounting his horse, "bullock-drivers are allowed to swear; but only, mind, when they have a creek to cross."

The Black Forest differs much from the gum and box forests common in Australia. They are usually more lightly timbered, spread over extensive flats, and seldom possess much undergrowth beyond a wiry grass and a few flowering shrubs. But in the Black Forest the majority of the trees are rough, stringy barks, which have their loose fibrous covering blackened by the frequent bush fires, that take no such hold on the smooth bark of the white and blue gums. Many of the huge trees are completely hollowed by the fire, the massive trunk and lofty branches being upheld only by a thin shell, burned through in many places, and covered on its inner side with a thick coat of charcoal. A strong blast of wind rarely

sweeps through the forest without levelling some of these sooty veterans; and the numbers of fallen logs, in every stage of decay, show that the wind here is no rare visitor. New saplings spring from all the ruins—their tall, tapering barrels become blackened in their turn; but thick masses of brushwood and green patches of fern and silky grass spread over the blackened surface that the fires have left upon the soil. Here and there a huge white gum will stand out in startling contrast with the blackness round about it; and the dark-leaved black-wood, feathery shiaw, light tea-tree, silver wattle, and gnarled honeysuckle grow singly, or in groups, beneath the forest shadow. Though many travellers have bewailed the scentless nature of Australian flowers, few have spoken of the rich fragrance that pervades Australian forests. Near a group of forest young gums, with the dewy jewels of a recent shower glistening on their broad leaves, the scent is almost overpowering. The rich aromatic odour spreads through the whole forest, and amply compensates us for the absence of the spice groves which, Easterns tell us, make the air of Indian Islands heavy with perfume. It is a libel, too, on our Flora to say that it is all scentless. I have gathered violets in Australia as sweet as if they had been born under a hedge of hawthorn. Many of our shrubs have the grateful perfume of the almond-blossom, and the thousand yellow flowers of the mimosa spread around them a perpetual fragrance. Even the slight scent emitted by many of our small wild flowers—fleeting though it be—is sufficient to redeem them from the sweeping charge that has been so often brought against them. The most common, and the dearest of home flowers, are plentiful in some parts of the country. I have travelled for miles over plains white with daisies, and over rich alluvial flats thickly powdered with the yellow buttercup. Only once—on the banks of Loddon—have I met with another home-flower, the dandelion; it was a solitary stalk, crowned with its light globe of feathery seeds. We were camped near the spot and I could not resist the inclination to lie down on the grass beside it—as we used to do in the meadows—and try what o'clock it was, in the old boyish way.

The Black Forest is twelve miles through, and in wet weather several days are often occupied in travelling that distance. But, as the roads are now dry, we get along rather faster, and as the sun leaves us to show his broad face in an English winter picture, we emerge from the forest, and get to the township of Woodend, or Five-mile Creek, which marks the forest boundary on this side, as Gisborne marked it on the other. Passing through Woodend, we follow the metalled road, which appears here again for a couple of miles, and then turn off into the bush, where there is plenty of grass, and

once more choose our bed for the night. In the morning, a short pull of three miles through a swampy gum-forest brings us again upon the road, which now lasts as far as Castlemaine. We pass through Carlarhue and the large and rapidly-increasing township of Kyneton, where we cross the little river Campaspie, the banks of which, in the unfrequented portions of it, abound with game—teal, black-duck, plover, black swans, water-hens, &c. The road skirts next along the edge of a green flat—which in winter is a boggy swamp—and enters on a small tract of the beautiful park-like scenery for which Victoria is famous, but which is rarely met with on the road to, or in the neighbourhood of, the diggings.

Patches of bright green in the distance, and long dark lines of fences show that cultivation has commenced in earnest, and, with the large steam flour-mill at Kyneton, give hopes that Victoria will not long be dependant upon other countries for her bread. A few miles farther we pass another township—Malmesbury, and, rare pleasure, another river—the Coliban; though I fear that Ouse or Trent would shame to call it sister, for it is, in summer, but a thread indeed.

From hence, passing through an occasional turnpike—for Civilisation, having no fear of Rebecca before her eyes, has advanced so far—we go on to Taradale, or Back Creek, and passing through it, push forward to Elphinstone, or Saw-pit Gully. Nearly all the townships on the road have two names—one given by the bushmen in old times, the other, the new baptism of some government surveyor. The most remarkable feature in Elphinstone is the number of wine and spirit merchants it contains. They seem to constitute the majority of the inhabitants. This is accounted for, by the fact of this being the nearest township to the diggings; and before townships were formed upon the diggings themselves, it became the depot from which the grog-cart started on illicit traffic. Before licenses to retail liquors were granted on the diggings, a heavy penalty was attached to their sale there; but each man was allowed to have not more than two gallons in his tent at one time. Of course, neither this nor any other law could totally prevent the sale of spirits; and by every refreshment tent-keeper as well as by the majority of the store-keepers, a supply was kept for the use of customers. In order to prevent the seizure of the drays which carried in the liquor, it was usual to take it all up in two-gallon kegs or cases. Any person ordering spirits gave at the same time a list containing as many names as there would be kegs in his cart-load. The names were those of friends or acquaintances on the diggings; and in the event of the drayman being stopped and accompanied by a trooper, these men were always ready to step forward, claim the kegs

bearing their respective names, and call them off to their tents, whence they were restored to the person who had sent for them when the squall was over. The same system was successfully adopted with whole dray-loads, brought up on speculation for the sale; but it sometimes happened that names being taken at random, no owner could be found; forfeiture of the grog, and a heavy fine were then the results of speculation. The same plan is still adopted when spirits are smuggled into the diggings.

Leaving Elphinstone and its grog-sellers we turn to the left over a small bridge, to the other branch of the road continuing to Bendigo, and in a sheltered gully once more fix a temporary resting-place. We have had a long day's journey of about twenty-six miles, and are now within five miles of Forest Creek.

As we travel on in the morning, indications of the neighbourhood of a gold-field become more striking. We see barren ranges stretching to the north thickly strewn with quartz, and intersected by numerous gullies: at the points of which, holes had been sunk by prospecting parties. Occasionally, a short line of holes running up a gully show that gold has been struck, probably, but not in sufficient quantities to be worth working. Ridges of laminated stone, out from the surface, all resting on the edges; and where the road has been cut along the side of the hill, the exposed strata seem to have been violently pitched on its bed, and the slaty layers are raised up or recline at any angle.

After running thus for a short distance along the side of a hill, the road descends into a narrow flat, then turns abruptly to the foot of another hill, and the wide diggings of Forest Creek lie suddenly before us. A few minutes we are passing between rows of tents and wooden houses, every one of which bears an announcement that some business of trade is carried on within. The whole of the road through the Forest Creek diggings—about five miles—is a succession of ascents and descents, every little hill having a name—as the Old Post Office Hill, the A Hill, the Red Hill, and so on. On the first stretches an extensive flat, which runs up to the celebrated Golden Point at the foot of Mount Alexander. Every inch of ground is turned over. The hills on the side are in the same condition. The whole country seems to be turned inside out, presents only a broken and irregular surface of many-coloured earths. In various places horse-puddling machines are at work by turning up and re-washing, for the second or third time, auriferous earth from which earlier diggers had, as they thought, extracted all the gold, but which is still found to contain quite sufficient to repay their successors. Some are employed in throwing out the fallen earth from old holes in or

to obtain what has been left beneath the "walls" that separate them. Others are sinking new holes on spots that have hitherto escaped, probably because tents were pitched there during former rushes. Numbers of Chinamen are busily washing over again old "stuff," or paring off about six inches of the surface of some untouched hill—surfacing, as this operation is called, being more to their taste than the heavier toil of sinking holes. Our sketch, however, is of the roads, not of the diggings, which must by this time be familiar to every reader.

We pass through Forest Creek, and find at Castlemaine—which joins it—a neatly laid out township, with streets and squares, stone, brick, and iron stores and houses, a church and chapels, large substantial inns, and all the essential of an old community. Across a small bridge—which has occupied the energetic government rather more than two years in building—stands the government camp, a very extensive establishment, and there it is that a commissioner lives and reigns over his subject diggers. We, being carriers, require no license from him, and are therefore not within his jurisdiction; we may feel his power though, if we forget ourselves so far as to stay for a couple of days within his territory; for in that case some armed and mounted digger-hunter may pounce down upon us unawares, drag us before his majesty, and in a moment sixty of our hard-earned shillings fall due to her Majesty's exchequer.

Here ends my ordinary journey at the store to which our load has been directed. The dray is at once discharged, a receipt is given which acknowledges the delivery of our material in good condition. Without loss of time the horses' heads are turned, and we go back empty to Melbourne.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

RUSTCHUK.

THOUGH I am getting an elderly gentleman, I do not remember to have ever witnessed a scene of such filthy and disorderly wretchedness as that presented by the Sultan's good town of Rustchuk, on the banks of the Danube.

The approach to it is over some romantic hills; and the land on all sides, agriculturally speaking, is as rich and grateful a soil as could be found anywhere. There is no natural reason, therefore, for the horrible squalor of a town which might, and ought to be, one of the first cities in the Turkish empire.

To see it, however, now is positively disheartening. On the morning we arrived there, a fine drizzling rain was falling, and it was bitterly cold. There was a deadly penetrating chill about the weather, which gave you a sort of beau ideal of thorough irredeemable discomfort. There was a slight

fog, also; one of those raw fogs which haunt the marshy banks of the Danube in winter time.

So, cheerless exceedingly, we rode through the broad street on to the Pasha's house, or Kouak, as it is locally called. Our hands were so wet and cold that the bridle slipped through our powerless fingers whenever our horses stumbled, and they did stumble with most disagreeable frequency. It would have been odd if they had not. The broad high street of Rustchuk was neither more nor less than a deep and dangerous mud-pond. Safe footing for man or beast did not extend more than a few feet immediately in front of the dirty little wooden traps of shops which were situated on either shore. The remainder of the road was really and truly a perilous pond. The inhabitants, however, had placed great blocks of stones at irregular intervals to mark where the pond was fordable; and if you went aside from the narrow line of safety a single yard, your horse had hard work to struggle and flounder back again. A ride is not so pleasurable a thing, under such circumstances, as an amateur traveller would desire. But fancy two English gentlemen struggling, on sorry hacks, against drift and wind with a little cloud of servants and pack-horses, and so jolting slowly through a blinding rain, completely wet through and dispirited, and you will have us to a hair.

Rustchuk, like most Turkish towns in Bulgaria or elsewhere, covers a large extent of ground; for the houses are scattered about here and there, and the shops and the dwelling-houses of the shopkeepers are often wide apart. The great Turks also often live in a house completely separate from that in which the harem resides; and if any great Turk has more than one wife (a rare occurrence), each wife has often, perhaps I may write usually, a house and servants of her own. The Turks, indeed, are fond of having a good deal of house-room. A grand Turk will rarely offer a guest apartments in his own house, but he will provide him with a distinct establishment, visiting him every day and perhaps dining and breakfasting with him, but not residing. This arises, of course, chiefly from the jealous seclusion of their women. The near relatives of Turkish ladies—their sons and brothers, for instance—are of course allowed to enter the harem; but as a Moslem guest would, of course, be horror-stricken at his womenkind being beheld by the relatives of his friend's wife or wives, this disagreeable chance is duly provided against by giving them a separate house. The relations of host and guest are almost as clearly defined among the Turks as they were among the ancient Greeks and Romans; for every traveller of respectability claims the hospitality of his acquaintance, as there are no hotels, and the khans are merely refuges for the destitute.

Then again the size of oriental towns of

the smallest importance may be explained by the fact, that almost every trade is carried on in some special quarter; and a few rows of little shops (like so many corn bins turned sideways) are set apart for this craft only. Then again there is always a good deal of space taken up by fountains and the intramural gardens of the wealthy.

The poverty and wretchedness of Rustchuk, however, in spite of its size, was sufficient to make one quite melancholy. Not a single house, perhaps, was in perfect repair. The dirt and squalor of the inhabitants was sad to see; though here and there the splendid horses of some overfed Pasha pawed their stately way up to his konak, half-smothered in golden housings and gaudy horsecloths; or the pasha himself panted fussily along with his jewelled scimitar at his side, and attended by a posse of bravoës and pipe-bearers.

As we drew near to the bazaars it was easy to perceive that they wore an unusual air of business. Here and there a Frank strutted about in an astounding uniform, or paused contemptuously before a bearded seller of kabobs or dates, and addressed him in a British West Country Turkish quite wonderful to hear. If you watched the Turk who might be thus accosted, his face would gradually assume a look of endurance and patience that was almost touching, while perhaps his sons and hangers-on, less subdued by years and circumstances, would look marvelling up at the gay stranger with thoughts unfriendly enough; and women as they shuffled past would cry with shrill surprise that God was great, and hastily draw their veils closer when they saw the jaunty Frank. Leaving the bazaar we passed down a narrow street. Before a door there stood three gaunt horsemen. They were in a picturesque attitude enough though dripping with rain; but their arms were, of course, rusty and unserviceable, and their horses were leaner than themselves. They were waiting for somebody, and we drew rein to speak to them. They told us that Omer Pasha had just arrived at Rustchuk, and that we should find him with the governor. They added that they belonged to his army, but had only just joined. As they spoke their chief came out of the house. He was the usual low-browed savage in embroidered clothes, and girt with silver arms. He was a Bashi-Bouzkouk—probably the chief of a little company of banditti from some far away Albanian village, and he had joined the Turkish army in the hope of plunder—whether friends or foes it would matter little.

On then by baggage waggons drawn by oxen creeping along their devious and painful way, no matter where. An awkward little squad of soldiers with their trowsers turned up to their knees, and their muskets carried nohow, slouched beside every waggon, and some were stretched on the top of the load asleep, and careless of the rain and jolting.

All belonged likewise to Omer Pasha's army, and were a very fair specimen of it. It is an undisciplined horde of gulars—sullen, nerveless, useless, apathetic in a shocking state of disorganisation and inefficiency; so that we may fairly say that Omer Pasha is a great captain, to have been able to do anything at all with this more wretched army, physically or morally speaking, perhaps, never confounded with the plans of a general. Every man compares himself as troublesome and dangerous to his unprotected countrymen as insignificant before the enemy. There is no enthusiasm, no martial ideas of glory. Our friends are hurled listlessly into battle and listlessly out. They will fight as all men will fight, compelled to do so in self-preservation; but they do not fight or do anything else with will; and in degradation of mind they stand scarcely on a level with the beasts of the field.

I know that in saying this, I am recording a popular or agreeable sentiment. The romantic notions of a Moslem warrior are very different; but I know the Turkish soldier pretty well, and pity him sincerely for I know the causes which have sunk him so low. As I have seen and known him, I describe. Let Conrad Mazeppa, Esq., who has just passed a month at Constantinople, and who knows all about this and every other, correct me where he sees fit.

We found Omer Pasha at the Roman camp we expected, and were at once introduced to his presence. He was then going to join his allied army in the Crimea. He seemed considerably disgusted with the state of his army in general. It appeared that he had been detained by the intrigues of the Austrian generals at Bucharest, till so late in the season, that the line of his march was strewn with the corpses of his army, and that his co-operation with the Allies would be difficult and valueless. A few months before his troops were in far better condition.

The Wallachians had been anxious to join with him and march on the disaffected Moldavian province of Bessarabia, where they would have been joined by thousands of their countrymen, who waited only for the signal to rise. Also, if Omer Pasha had been able to act earlier, and if the Austrians had not so perseveringly thwarted him, he might have diverted a large portion of the Russian army, which had been permitted to concentrate itself in the Crimea. The Austrian commanders had designedly rendered the Turkish army useless, and retained Omer Pasha in fretful inactivity at Bucharest. For the most part the renowned Turkish general was a plump, vigorous looking man, somewhat past middle life, but hale and hearty. Both he and his family have discreetly adopted the manners of the Turks; but it is pretty well known that the great pachas at Constantinople

Turkish aristocracy in short) are endowed with the same short-sighted cunning as elsewhere. It is known well enough that they thwart and harry the great soldier who is fighting for their worthless existence with that ungenerous enmity and ignorant perseverance which is a part of their craft—the inherent quality of their whole species. We must not think that Britain is the only land which has such precious work with little great men. Hufi Pacha and Scruffi Effendi are to the full as wicked and wrong-headed as our own white-gloved cousinocracy. Omer Pacha has found this out long ago, but he seems to have got used to it—as we shall perhaps some day—and recognises it as one of the immutable laws of human affairs.

DOCTOR DUBOIS.

DOCTOR DUBOIS had just finished a dinner which, if not served up according to the philosophical principles of Brillat-Savarin, was at any rate both succulent and substantial. He had turned his feet towards the fire—it was in the month of December—and was slowly cracking his nuts and almonds, and occasionally moistening them with a glass of genuine Beaune. Evidently he considered that his day had been well employed; and fervently hoped that the goddess Hygeia would watch for that evening at least over his numerous patients. A pair of comfortable slippers—presented by a nervous lady for his assiduous attendance upon a scratch on the little finger of her left hand—adorned his small fat feet. A black velvet skullcap was pulled half over his ears, and a brilliant morning gown fell in graceful folds about his legs. Bobonne had retired to prepare the customary coffee. The evening paper had arrived. Fraught with interesting, because as yet unknown intelligence, it was waiting on the edge of the table, to be opened. There might be news of a new war or of an unexpected peace; some miraculous rise or fall of the funds might have taken place. The worthy doctor had already thrice glanced at the damp parallelogram of folded paper; but it was his custom to tantalise himself agreeably before satisfying his curiosity. He dallied with the little stone-coloured strips that held the journal in a cross, and bore his name and address, before he liberated it; and was glancing at the first column when he was startled by a melancholy shriek of wind that came up the Rue de Sevres, mingled with the crash of falling tiles and chimneypots, the dashing of shutters, and the loud splashing of the rain.

"Whew! peste!" ejaculated Doctor Dubois, in a tone of pleasant wonder, "what a night! How fortunate it is that I am not called out. This weather will protect me. All my friends are going on nicely, bless them! No one is

in danger of a crisis. Madame Favre has promised to wait till to-morrow. Nothing but a very desperate case could make people disturb me at such a time. Decidedly, I shall have one quiet evening this week."

The words were scarcely out of the doctor's mouth when the bell of the apartment rang violently. A physiognomist would have been delighted with the sudden change from complacent security to peevish despair that took place on the doctor's countenance. He placed both his hands firmly on his knees; and, turning round towards the door, waited for the announcement that was to chase him from his comfortable fireside.

"My poor gentleman," said Bobonne, bustling in with a platter, on which was the expected coffee; "you must be off at once. Here is a lad who will not believe that you are out, although I told him you are from home, twice. He says that his mother is dying."

"Diable!" exclaimed Doctor Dubois, half in compassion, half in anger. "Give me my coffee—tell him to come in. Where are my boots? Indeed if she be dying—really dying—I am scarcely wanted. A priest would have been more suitable. However, duty, duty, duty."

"We shall be eternally grateful," said a young man, who, without waiting to be summoned, had entered the room, but who had only caught the last words. "When duty is willingly performed, it is doubly worthy."

"Certainly, sir," replied the doctor, questioning Bobonne with his eyebrows, to know whether his previous grumbling could have been overheard. "I shall be with you directly. Warm yourself by the fire, my dear young man, whilst I arm myself for combat."

The youth—who was tall and slight, not more than eighteen years of age—walked impatiently up and down the room, whilst Doctor Dubois pulled on his boots, swallowed his scalding coffee, wriggled into his great coat, half strangled himself with his muffler, and received his umbrella from the attentive Bobonne.

"I have a fiacre," said the youth.

"So much the better," quoth Doctor Dubois; "but precautions never do any harm. Now I am ready. You see a man may still be sprightly at fifty. Go to bed, Bobonne; and take a little tisane—that cough of yours must be cared for—hot, mind."

The buxom housekeeper followed her master to the door; and no old bachelor who witnessed the little attentions with which she persecuted him—buttoning his coat tighter, pulling his muffler higher over his chin, giving a tug to the brim of his hat, and, most significant of all, stopping him in the passage to turn up his trousers nearly to his knees, lest they might be spoiled by the mud—no one of the doctor's bachelor friends who witnessed all this (and the occurrence was frequent) failed to envy the doctor his excellent housekeeper.

The youth saw nothing. He had gone down-stairs three steps at a time, and was in the vehicle and angry with impatience long before the man of science bustled out, thinking that he had been extraordinarily energetic, and wondering how much more decision of character was required to make a general of division or an emperor.

"Now that we are in full march," quoth he, as the driver was endeavouring to make his drenched hacks step out briskly, "I should like to know something of the case; not the particular symptoms, but the general facts. What is your mother's age?"

The youth replied that she was about forty, and had been ill some time. Her family had supposed, however, until then, that her disease was rather mental than physical. He said other things; but the doctor felt certain that there was something behind which shame had concealed.

The vehicle continued to roll; but it had left the Rue de Sèvres, and was threading some of the sombre streets between that and the Rue de Varennes.

"You came a long way to look for me," said the physician, half enquiringly.

The youth muttered some answer that was unintelligible, and was saved from further questioning by the stopping of the cabriolet. On getting out, the doctor recognised the house as one of the largest private hotels in that quarter. He had often passed by, and thought it was uninhabited. The porte cochère was opened by an elderly serving-man, who looked sad and sorrowful.

"She is not yet—" exclaimed the youth, not daring to utter the word of the omen.

"No, no! but she has begun to talk reasonably."

"Be frank," whispered Doctor Dubois, as they crossed the court under the hastily opened umbrella. "Has your mother's mind been affected? It is necessary that I should know this."

"Yes—in one particular—in one particular only. I will explain all; but—it is very humiliating."

"Medical men are confessors," said the Doctor, sententiously.

"Well, you shall know everything; but first let me entreat you to come in and see my poor mother, and tell us whether there is any immediate danger. I think—yes, I am sure, that if we can prolong her life—but just a little—health will return; and we shall have her with us for many happy years."

"Let us hope so," Doctor Dubois ejaculated, as, after stamping his feet and shaking his hat muffler and coat and depositing his umbrella, he crossed a scarcely furnished hall, and entered at once upon a large apartment on the ground-floor, preceded by his guide.

The inmates of the room were two, beside the sick person, who lay in a bed at the further extremity. There was first an old man—a very old man—sitting in a chair,

with his knees advanced towards the remnant of a fire, which he was watching intently with lack-lustre eye. His garments were scanty and threadbare, but it was not difficult for a practised eye to see that he had formerly lived amidst wealth and ease. He rose when the doctor entered, made a graceful bow, and then sank back into his chair as if exhausted with fatigue.

A girl of about seventeen sat by the bedside of the sick person, in whose hand her hand was clasped. She was evidently the sister of the youth who had disturbed Doctor Dubois from his comfortable dessert. The invalid was deadly pale and fearfully thin; but traces both of beauty and intelligence remained on her countenance. At least so thought the doctor, whilst at the same time he was detaching as it were from those sickly features the expression which formed their chief characteristic, and which indicated to him the state of her mind. Combining what he had already heard with what he saw, he easily came to the conclusion that one at least of the mental faculties of his new patient was in abeyance. He sat down in a chair which the youth had placed for him, felt the lady's pulse, put on his usual wise look, and after having received answers to a variety of questions, seemed to fill the apartment with life and joy by announcing that there was no immediate danger. The old man near the fire-place, who had been looking eagerly over his shoulder, clasped his hands, and cast up a rapid glance to heaven. The servant, who still remained in the room, muttered a prayer of thanksgiving; and the two young people absolutely sprang into each other's arms, embracing, laughing, and crying. The person who seemed least interested in this good news was the sick lady herself.

"What is the matter?" she enquired at length, in a tone of mingled tenderness and pride. "Why are you so pleased with what this good man says? You will make me believe I have really been in danger. But this cannot be; or else the Duchess of Noailles would have come to see me, and the Countess of Malmont, and the dowager of Montsorrel. They would not let me be in danger of dying without paying me one visit. By the way, what cards have been left to-day, Valerie?"

These words, most of which were rather murmured than spoken, were greedily caught by the observant doctor, who began dimly to perceive the true state of the case. He received further enlightenment from the answer of Valerie; who, glancing furtively at him and becoming very red, recited at random a list of names; some of them belonging to persons whom he knew to be in the country or dead.

"I wish to write a prescription," said Doctor Dubois.

"Will you step this way?" replied the

young man who had brought him to that place, and who now conducted him to a little room furnished with only one chair and a table covered with books. Other books, and a variety of papers, were scattered about the floor.

"A student, I see," Doctor Dubois smiled. He wished to intimate that he attributed the disorder and nudity he could not but perceive, to eccentricity rather than to poverty.

"We must do what we can," eagerly replied the youth, as if delighted at the opportunity of a sudden confession. "We are too poor to be otherwise than you see."

Doctor Dubois tried to look pompous and conceited. "Madame de—de—"

"Jarante."

"Madame de Jarante," he continued, "has been undermined by a slow fever, the result of—what shall I say?—an insufficient supply of those necessities of life which humble people call luxuries. You need not hang your head, my young friend. These things happen every day, and the proudest of us have passed through the same ordeal. How long has this state of things lasted?"

"Two years."

"A long time. It seems to me that your mother has been kept in a state of delusion as to her position. She believes herself to be still wealthy, still to form part of the world of fashion, in spite of the accident which removed her from it."

"You know our history, then?"

"One incident I know, in common with all Paris. Every one read in the papers the report of the trial by which your family lost its immense fortune. I thought you had quitted Paris; and never dreamed that after that disaster—"

"You mean disgrace," put in the youth, bitterly.

"That after that disaster you continued to inhabit your old hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. Whenever I pass I see the shutters closed. I see no one come in or go out. I am not inquisitive. Indeed I have noticed these symptoms without even reflecting upon them. I had forgotten your name. I now understand that you have remained here ever since; living on the ruins of your fortune, and keeping your poor mother in the illusion that nothing has been changed—that she is still rich, honoured, and happy."

"All this is true," exclaimed the youth, seizing the hand of the doctor: "but you do not know all."

"I know enough," was the reply, "to make me honour and respect you."

The story which the young man in the fullness of his heart now told was curious and painful. M. de Chesnel, his grandfather, the old man whom Doctor Dubois had seen in the other room, was one of the nobles who had emigrated during the first French revolution. He had gone to America, where he married the daughter of a Virginian planter, and

settled down quite hopeless of ever returning to his native country. After a time his wife died, and left him with an only daughter. He came to Paris; where, although his fortune was small, he was able to give his child a complete education. After eighteen hundred and thirty news came to him from America that his father-in-law had died, leaving all his property to him. He again crossed the Atlantic with his daughter, then nineteen years of age. On the voyage out he made the acquaintance of M. de Jarante, a young French nobleman of great wealth, who was going to the west in order to expend his superabundant activity in travel. An affection sprang up between this young man and M. de Chesnel's daughter. The consequence was that, some time after their arrival in America, they were married. But M. de Jarante had not entirely lost his wandering propensities. Whilst M. de Chesnel was engaged in an unexpected lawsuit with the relations of his father-in-law—which ended in the will being utterly set aside—the young couple travelled together in various directions. This lasted some years. Victor, the youth who related the story to the Doctor, and Valerie were born, and the mother found it necessary to remain more stationary than before, to look after her children. Then M. de Jarante undertook to explore the cordilleras of the Andes alone, and sent his wife and family back to France.

Victor evidently slurred over certain domestic quarrels here; but it came out that M. de Chesnel had reproached his son-in-law with neglecting his daughter, and seemed to think that it was partly because the fortune which she had expected had been taken from her. M. Jarante afterwards returned in safety, and led a very quiet life in Paris. His wife thought that his restlessness was now quite worn out; but at length he again started for South America, wrote home—frequently sending valuable collections which he made by the way—and was last heard of when about to undertake a voyage across the Pacific. This happened six years before the period at which Doctor Dubois became acquainted with the story. For some time Madame de Jarante suffered no misfortune but separation from her husband; but at length his relations had reason to consider him to be dead. They asked his wife to give an account of his immense fortune. She refused, saying, that it devolved upon her children. Then, to her surprise, they asked for proofs of her marriage. She had none to give. A trial took place; and, although some corroborative testimony was brought forward, it did not satisfy the law, and Madame de Jarante was not only deprived of her husband's fortune, but was called upon to give an account of many large sums she had spent. M. de Chesnel sacrificed all that remained to him to protect her. The hotel in which they lived had luckily been taken in

his name. They sold the furniture piecemeal to enable them to live. Then it was that Madame de Jarante first showed symptoms of her mental disorder. She could not believe in the disaster that had overtaken her; and, to save her from complete insanity, her father and children found it necessary to commence the system of deception which they had ever afterwards been compelled to carry on. Victor gave many details of the extraordinary means they took for this purpose—always successfully. His mother invariably kept her room. Only within the last few weeks, however, had she shown signs of bodily decay. Assistance had not been called in, simply on account of their poverty.

"And what, may I now inquire," said the doctor, deeply interested, "are the grounds of the hopes of better times which you seem to entertain?"

"I am certain," replied Victor, "that my father is not dead. He will return, there is no doubt, and restore us to our former position. All that I ask is that my mother's life shall be preserved until then."

Doctor Dubois did not entertain the same confidence. "Little stress," he said, "must be laid on presentiments of that kind. Meanwhile, your mother must not be allowed to wait for anything. You must borrow money of some friend."

"We have no friends," said the young man.

"Then I shall write a prescription," muttered the doctor, as he seized pen and paper.

What he wrote was as follows:

MONSIEUR,—I am in want of money immediately, please send me three hundred francs by the bearer.

ALPHONSE DUBOIS.

"There," said he, getting up, "take that to its address to-morrow morning, and do not let me hear from you again until you have used what you receive. I will come again to-morrow evening."

So saying, the doctor bustled away to escape the thanks of Victor, and crossed the court in so great a hurry that he forgot to put up his umbrella.

In the evening Doctor Dubois returned to the hotel, and felt his heart warmed by the evidences of greater comfort he beheld. He now ventured to prescribe medicine, and succeeded eventually in restoring his patient's health. There was no change, however, in her mental condition. She still believed herself to be surrounded by wealth; only she thought her children were more attentive than before. The little comforts they now gave her excited not surprise but gratitude. The doctor continued his visits and his loans! "You shall pay me all back with interest," he said, when Victor hesitated to accept.

"Good works are never lost," remarked Bobonne, falling in with her master's humour.

One evening in the following when the physician happened again making ready for a comfortable night with his feet in the same slippers; a usual plate of nuts and almonds before him, and an uncorked bottle of Beaune, with he took alternate draughts of Seltzer with the same black velvet skullcap to the back of his head, and the same ing-gown thrown back in graceful folds. Bobonne had just come in with the evening paper. The bell rang. Doctor Dubois again exclaimed "Peste, and Peste." It was Victor as before.

"Come," he exclaimed, "to save the consequences of excess of joy!"

"They are never very serious," quoth the doctor, without moving. "What matter?"

"My father has returned."

Bobonne instantly understood the significance of these words, was the first to urge her master to be up and doing, and lost no time in handing him his hat. "For your coffee, my dear doctor, I will heat that warm for you," she said, in a less affectionate familiarity which was new to Victor.

Doctor Dubois learned, as he walked down the hotel, that Monsieur de Jarante had suddenly appeared without giving any warning whatever. His wife became insensible on beholding him, and Victor had instantly rushed away for medical assistance. When they reached the hotel, all danger seemed to have passed, and the returned traveller listened with astonishment, anger, and indignation to the story of the sufferings of his family. For his own part, he had met many perils and fatigues, which had grieved him at last with a wandering. He had been shipwrecked on a remote island, scalped, and escaped with his life only, by a miracle. He admitted that he had been neglectful. His future life, however, should atone for the past.

He naturally resumed possession of his fortune, and established the legality of his marriage, and the legitimacy of his children. Madame de Jarante at length understood all that happened to her, might have returned into the society, had so readily cast her off; but, instead of seeking pleasure, she occupies herself in relieving the poor; in which benevolent occupation she is much assisted by Doctor Dubois. Her son and daughter both married well; and, although M. de C. recently died in the fulness of years, the whole family now enjoys a happiness it had never before known.

It may as well be mentioned that Doctor Dubois went the other day, with rather a fazed look, to ask Victor to stand godfather to a son and heir which Bobonne—her pardon—which Madame Dubois, he presented him with.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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CHEAP PATRIOTISM.

WHEN the writer of this paper states that he has retired from the civil service on a superannuation fund to which he contributed during forty years, he trusts that the prejudice likely to be engendered by the admission that he has been a Government-clerk, will not be violently strong against him.

In short, to express myself in the first person at once—for, to that complexion I feel I must come, in consequence of the great difficulty of sustaining the third—I beg to make it known that I have no longer any connexion with Somerset House. I am a witness without bias, and will relate my experience in an equitable manner.

Of my official career as an individual clerk, I may soon dispose. I went into the office at eighteen (my father having recently "plumped for Grobus," who, under the less familiar designation of The Right Honourable Sir Gilpin Grobus Grobus, Bart, one of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, retired into remote space and unapproachable grandeur immediately after his election), and began at ninety pounds a-year. I did all the usual things. I wasted as much writing-paper as I possibly could. I set up all my younger brothers with public pen-knives. I took to modelling in sealing-wax (being hopeless of getting through the quantity I was expected to consume by any other means), and I copied a large amount of flute music into a ponderous vellum-covered book with an anchor outside (supposed to be devoted to the service of the Royal Navy), on every page of which there was a neat water-mark, representing Britannia with a sprig in her hand, seated in an oval. I lunched at the office every day, when I stayed till lunch time which was two o'clock, at an average expense of about sixty pounds per annum. My dress cost me (or cost somebody—I really at this distance of time cannot say whom), about a hundred more; and I spent the remainder of my salary in general amusements.

We had the usual kind of juniors in the office, when I was a junior. We had young O'Killamollybore, nephew of the Member, and son of the extensive Irish Proprietor who had killed the other extensive Irish Proprietor

in the famous duel arising out of the famous quarrel at the famous assembly about dancing with the famous Beauty—with the whole particulars of which events, mankind was acquainted. O'Killamollybore represented himself to have been educated at every seat of learning in the empire—and I dare say had been; but, he had not come out of the ordeal, in an orthographical point of view, with the efficiency that might have been expected. He also represented himself as a great artist, and used to put such capital imitations of the marks they make at the shops, on the backs of his pencil-drawings, that they had all the appearance of having been purchased. We had young Percival Fitz-Legionite, of the great Fitz-Legionite family, who "took the quarterly pocket-money," as he told us, for the sake of having something to do (he never did it), and who went to all the parties in the morning papers, and used to be always opening soda-water all over the desks. We had Meltonbury, another nob and our great light, who had been in a crack regiment, and had betted and sold out, and had got his mother, old Lady Meltonbury, to "stump up," on condition of his coming into our office, and playing at hockey with the coals. We had Scrivens (just of age), who dressed at the Prince Regent; and we had Baber, who represented the Turf in our department, and made a book, and wore a speckled blue cravat and top-boots. Finally, we had one extra clerk at five shillings a-day, who had three children, and did all the work, and was much looked down upon by the messengers.

As to our ways of getting through the time, we used to stand before the fire, warming ourselves behind, until we made ourselves faint; and we used to read the papers; and, in hot weather, we used to make lemonade and drink it. We used to yawn a good deal, and ring the bell a good deal, and chat and lounge a good deal, and go out a good deal, and come back a little. We used to compare notes as to the precious slavery it was, and as to the salary not being enough for bread and cheese, and as to the manner in which we were screwed by the public—and we used to take our revenge on the public by keeping it waiting and giving it short answers, whenever it came into our office.

has been matter of continuous astonishment to me, during many years, that the public never took me, when I was a junior, by the nape of my neck, and dropped me over the banisters down three stories into the hall.

However, Time was good enough without any assistance on my part, to remove me from the juniors and to hoist me upward. I shed some of my impertinences as I grew older (which is the custom of most men), and did what I had to do, reasonably well. It did not require the head of a Chief Justice, or a Lord Chancellor, and I may even say that in general I believe I did it very well. There is a considerable flourish just now, about examining candidates for clerkships, as if they wanted to take high degrees in learned professions. I don't myself think that Chief Justices and Lord Chancellors are to be got for twenty-two pound ten a quarter, with a final prospect of some five or six hundred a year in the ripe fulness of futurity—and even if they were, I doubt if their abilities could come out very strongly in the usual work of a government office.

This brings me to that part of my experience which I wish to put forth. It is surprising what I have, in my time, seen done in our Department in the reforming way—but always beginning at the wrong end—always stopping at the small men—always showing the public virtue of Two thousand a year M.P. at the expence of that wicked little victim, Two hundred a year. I will recal a few instances.

The head of our Department came in and went out with the Ministry. The place was a favourite place, being universally known among place-people as a snug thing. Soon after I became a Chief in the office, there was a change of Ministry, and we got Lord Stumpington. Down came Lord Stumpington on a certain day, and I had notice to be in readiness to attend him. I found him a very free and pleasant nobleman (he had lately had great losses on the turf, or he wouldn't have accepted any public office), and he had his nephew the Honourable Charles Random with him, whom he had appointed as his official private secretary.

"Mr. Tapenham, I believe?" said His Lordship, with his hands under his coat-tails before the fire. I bowed and repeated, "Mr. Tapenham." "Well, Mr. Tapenham," said His Lordship, "how are we getting on in this Department?" I said that I hoped we were getting on pretty well. "At what time do your fellows come in the morning, now?" said His Lordship. "Half-past ten, my Lord." "The devil they do!" said His Lordship. "Do you come at half-past ten?" "At half-past ten, my Lord." "Can't imagine how you do it," said His Lordship. "Surprising! Well, Mr. Tapenham, we must do something here, or the opposition will be down upon us and we shall get floored. What can we do? What do your fellows

work at? Do they do sums, or do they write, or what are they usually up to?" I explained the general duties of our Department, which seemed to stagger His Lordship exceedingly. "'Pon my soul," he said, turning to his private secretary, "I am afraid from Mr. Tapenham's account this is a horrible bore, Charley. However, we must do something, Mr. Tapenham, or we shall have those fellows down upon us and get floored. Isn't there any Class (you spoke of the various Classes in the Department just now), that we could cut down a bit? Couldn't we clear off some salaries, or superannuate a few fellows, or blend something with something else, and make a sort of an economical fusion somewhere?" I looked doubtful, and felt perplexed. "I tell you what we can do, Mr. Tapenham, at any rate," said His Lordship, brightening with a happy idea. "We can make your fellows come at ten—Charley, you must turn out in the middle of the night and come at ten. And let us have a Minute that in future the fellows must know something—say French, Charley; and be up in their arithmetic—Rule of Three, Tare and Tret, Charley, Decimals, or something or other. And Mr. Tapenham, if you will be so good as to put yourself in communication with Mr. Random, perhaps you will be able between you to knock out some idea in the economical fusion way. Charley, I am sure you will find Mr. Tapenham a most invaluable coadjutor, and I have no doubt that with such assistance, and getting the fellows here at Ten, we shall make quite a Model Department of it and do all sorts of things to promote the efficiency of the public service." Here His Lordship, who had a very easy and captivating manner, laughed, and shook hands with me, and said that he needn't detain me any longer.

That Government lasted two or three years, and then we got Sir Jasper Janus, who had acquired in the House the reputation of being a remarkable man of business, through the astonishing confidence with which he explained details of which he was entirely ignorant, to an audience who knew no more of them than he did. Sir Jasper had been in office very often, and was known to be a Dragon in the recklessness of his determination to make out a case for himself. It was our Department's first experience of him, and I attended him with fear and trembling. "Mr. Tapenham," said Sir Jasper, "if your memoranda are prepared, I wish to go through the whole business and system of this Department with you. I must first master it completely, and then take measures for consolidating it." He said this with severe official gravity, and I entered on my statement; he leaning back in his chair with his feet on the fender, outwardly looking at me, and inwardly (as it appeared to me), paying no attention whatever to anything I said. "Very good, Mr. Tapenham," he observed,

when I had done. "Now, I gather from your exposition"—whereas I *know* he had got it out of the Court Calendar before he came—"that there are forty-seven clerks in this Department, distributed through four classes, A, B, C, and D. This Department must be consolidated, by the reduction of those forty-seven clerks to thirty-four—in other words, by the abolition of thirteen juniors—the substitution of two classes and a Remove for four—and the construction of an entirely new system of check, by double entry and countersign, on the issue at the outports of fore-top-gallant-yards and snatch-blocks to the Royal Navy. You will be so good, Mr. Tapenham, as to furnish me with the project you would recommend for carrying this consolidation into effect, the day after to-morrow, as I desire to be in a condition to explain the consolidation I propose, when the House is in committee on the Miscellaneous Estimates." I had nothing for it but to flounder through an impracticable plan that would barely last Sir Jasper Janus's time (which I knew perfectly well, was all he cared for), and he made a speech upon it that would have set up the Ministry, if any effort could have made such a lame thing walk. I do in my conscience believe that in every single point he touched arising out of our Department, he was as far from accuracy as mortal man could possibly be; yet he was inaccurate with such an air, that I almost doubted my own knowledge of the facts as I sat below the bar and heard him. I myself observed three admirals cheering vigorously when the fore-top-gallant-yards and snatch-blocks came into play; and though the effect of that part of the consolidation was, that no ship in the Navy could under any conceivable circumstances of emergency have got rigged while it lasted, it became so strong a card in Sir Jasper's favour that within a fortnight after the coming-in of the opposition, he gave notice of his intention to ask his successor "Whether Her Majesty's Government had abandoned the system of check by double-entry and countersign, on the issue at the outports of fore-top-gallant-yards and snatch-blocks," amidst vehement cheering.

The next man of mark we got, was the Right Honourable Mr. Gritts, the member for Sordust. Mr. Gritts came to our Department with a Principle; and the principle was, that no man in a clerkship ought to have more than a hundred a-year. Mr. Gritts held that more did such a man no good; that he didn't want it; that he was not a producer—for he grew nothing; or a manufacturer—for he changed the form of nothing; and that there was some first principle in figures which limited the income of a man who grew nothing and changed the form of nothing, to a maximum of exactly one hundred pounds a-year. Mr. Gritts had acquired a reputation for unspeakable practical sagacity, entirely on

the strength of this discovery. I believe it is not too much to say, that he had destroyed two Chancellors of the Exchequer by hammering them on the head with it, night and day. Now, I have seen a little jobbery in forty years; but, such a jobber as Mr. Gritts of Sordust never entered our Department. He brought a former book-keeper of his with him as his private secretary, and I am absolutely certain, to begin with, that he pocketed one-half of that unfortunate man's public salary, and made it an exalted piece of patronage to let him have the other. Of all the many underfed, melancholy men whom Mr. Gritts appointed, I doubt if there were one who was not appointed corruptly. We had consolidations of clerkships to provide for his brother-in-law, we had consolidations of clerkships to provide for his cousin, we had amalgamations to increase his own salary, we had immolations of juniors on the altar of the country every day—but I never knew the country to require the immolation of a Gritts. Add to this, that it became the pervading characteristic of our Department to do everything with intense meanness; to alienate everybody with whom it had to deal; to shuffle, and chaffer, and equivocate; and be shabby, suspicious, and huckstering; and the Gritts administration is faithfully described. Naturally enough, we soon got round to Lord Stumpington again, and then we came to Sir Jasper Janus again; and so we have been ringing the changes on the Stumpingtons and Januses, and each of them has been undoing the doings of the other, ever since.

I am in a disinterested position, and wish to give the public a caution. They will never get any good out of those virtuous changes that are severely virtuous upon the juniors. Such changes originate in the cheapest patriotism in the world, and the commonest. The official system is upside down, and the roots are at the top. Begin there, and the little branches will soon come right.

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

THE stranger who should walk round by Santa Lucia, in Naples, by night, would at the present moment be astonished by seeing the entire heavens in the direction of the north lighted up by a blazing fire. The little fishing-boats, indicated by the lights at the bows, and which dart like fire-flies across the the tranquil sea, are lost; and even the Lighthouse, with its revolving fires, which give courage to the distant mariner, is dimmed by that outburst of light, which sets the whole sky in a ruddy glow. A path of fire lies across the sea, and curiosity rapidly running along it, pierces the mystery, and finds that Vesuvius has broken out, and is filling the people with consternation. All Naples quickly turns out to gaze on this wondrous spectacle. Santa Lucia, the Mola, and the Carmine, are thronged with anxious and

awe-struck multitudes. Should the night be cloudy, little is to be seen except the lurid clouds, which, like huge masses of red-dyed wool, lie piled one upon the other; but should a land wind, as it did last night, sweep away these threatening volumes of smoke, the cone may be seen with its north side seamed with fires, and the stream of lava may be watched, like a broad crimson ribbon, pursuing its silent and almost imperceptible course down to the base of the mountain. Not a sound, however, is to be heard—no thunder—no distant cannonade.

This eruption, which has now continued for upwards of a week, broke out on the first of May—the month when birds are singing and flowers are opening their bosoms to the sun. The well-known guide, Cozzolino, reported early in the morning that, on ascending the mountain, he had heard a noise like thunder, and that a new mouth had been immediately formed, from which were ejected flames and stones. In the afternoon of the same day the eruption was more decided, and, as night approached, the mountain assumed the appearance I have described. A grand spectacle even at a distance, how much grander must it be on the summit!

So thought I, and so thought thousands of others; during the whole of the night carriages were astir in taking off the curious to the Hermitage. For myself, I did not go up till the following evening. Carriages were of course quadrupled in price; the Neapolitans are too knowing not to take advantage of any extraordinary incident; and it was with difficulty that we could get any vehicle at any reasonable price. But the obstacles are overcome, and my friend and I have at length lighted our cigars, and are bowling along the Carmine at eight o'clock p. m., at a good round pace.

On getting out of the city we fall into one continued line of carriages, all bent in one direction. On either side of the road is a crowd of pedestrians, who accompany us like a body-guard. Sometimes, indeed, they linger at the stalls with their little paper light, to lay in the luxuries of the season as a supply for the night, such as dried peas and beans, or melon seed, or shrivelled black olives, or nuts in their several varieties; and then, running on to make up for lost time, shout, or sing, or utter some joke which sets them all a-laughing. I should not be at all surprised, at its being at our expense, if I read their looks and signs aright. There is a species of etiquette which prevents carriages of high degree from passing one another on such an occasion as this. We jog on, therefore, very properly and orderly for the most part, except when corricoli shoot by us like a mail-train. See,—one has just passed us; the coachman, a tall, laughing-looking devil, in a Phrygian cap, stands up behind, and rubs the reins against the shoulders of a fat priest. There are

fifteen passengers, three of whom hang in a net attached to the bottom of the carriage; and what is most remarkable of all, the single horse dashes along at a pace which would make you believe that he could carry double the number. On arriving at Resina we find a motley crowd of guides and donkeys, facchini, and torchbearers, all insisting on the necessity of their services, and forthwith attaching themselves to our persons. "Let us be off, let us be off, Signore," says a sly-looking rogue; "Giacchimo is the guide for you; I know every step of the way, and can lead you into the crater if you will." "But, Giacchimo, caro," I argue, "we are in a carriage, and have no want of a guide." "Very well, Signore, I will get up at the back." So there he is, standing between the spikes, and here we are dragging up through the accumulation of fine sand, nearly axle deep in the debris of lava. "They'll be up to-morrow morning," says one. "Ah!" cries another, "the mountain will stop for them, of course; don't you see they are English!" The taunts were not encouraging certainly; so, quickly dismounting, we took to our legs.

I remember feeling almost a sense of disappointment as we ascended, for the shape of the mountain caused the cone, with its magnificent display of fire to retire altogether from our sight. We had a better view at Naples, I thought; wiser to have remained there, and strolled about Santa Lucia. However, there we were; another effort, and we should see what we should see. Torches were blazing all about us as we went on, and in a blaze of light, and a cloud of smoke we arrived at the Hermitage. What a scene of bustle and confusion it was this night. Hundreds of vehicles, of every kind of build under the sun, were assembled here, whilst their temporary proprietors and their various hangers on, were spread about the mountain, or else tending by a rugged path in the direction of the cone. Over this blasted plain, covered with strata of lava, we followed the stream of people. The whole cone was now apparent to us, irradiating every object with its ruddy light. It seemed like a huge giant, whose side was seamed with wounds, from out of which poured forth his very life-blood. Sometimes the upper new crater shot up stones and flames of fire, which, rising and subsiding at intervals, reminded one of the action of a forge. And then, from the other craters the lava gurgled out, which, flowing down in two distinct streams, united at the bottom, and running along the valley between Somma and Vesuvius, were lost to us. To solve the mystery of its course was our great object, and we pushed on through the crowd who were coming and going until we saw them turn off sharp to the left. It was a bed of recent lava over which we now passed. Last night it had been thrown out of the bowels of the mountain, and had been running

down, a stream of living fire, and though for a moment its course was arrested, we had only to stoop and pick up its loose scorix, and find the fire glowing beneath our feet. We light our cigars at it; and throwing in paper and other inflammable materials, created a bright flame. What if this mass had again moved on? A little more pressure at its source, and we should have started on our last trip; even since that night it has actually recommenced its journey. To stand still on some spots was impossible, so excessive was the heat and so strong the odour of the sulphur; besides, a certain respect for our boots and our nether garments kept us in motion. The former we gave up in despair, and the latter we tucked up to our knees, only to add, however, one more to the many ills which flesh is heir to, for our legs were scorched. So onward, onward, over fissures, breathing forth flame and smoke—over glowing masses of fire, with a long jump; stepping now from one piece of scorix to another, like dainty cats shod with nutshells; until we stood by the glowing river of lava. It was an inappreciable line which divided us from it; and it seemed like a freak of nature, which had split the bed of scorix in two, and that so finely as to be imperceptible. Grand as the spectacle was to the outward eye, it was not that which impressed me so deeply as the idea of power which was conveyed by the silent, majestic, irresistible course of the miraculous stream. I could understand what must be the feelings of a savage at seeing a steam-vessel move over a sea unruffled by a breath of wind, or a mail-train dashing along through fertile plains. Where is the motive power? None but the Great Spirit could have put them in movement. And such was my feeling as I looked down on that vast body of moving liquid fire. Where the surface was undisturbed for a few moments, and became black as the surface of a coal fire, the appearance of the scorix was as that of coke which had been well burnt out; and the noise which was made by the pieces rolling over one another, was just like that of a load of coke being thrown out—with this difference, however, that there was a continuity in the sound: grinding, grating, crashing against one another—over and on they went until they arrived at the brink of a precipice.

We could not see to a greater depth, perhaps, than from forty to fifty feet; yet the grandeur of the spectacle was indescribable. A large mountain of lava accumulated gradually until it rose to nearly a hundred feet in height. The pressure from behind increased with every fresh quantity that was thrown out from the distant crater. At length it could no longer maintain its equilibrium. Small pieces began to drop away; then a fine sand poured out; then larger masses were detached, disclosing, as it were, the mouths of so many furnaces, which threw out a heat and light that scorched

and blasted us; and then the whole body poured over in a continuous stream into the abyss beneath. Whither it went or what course it took, was hidden from the eye, but a thick lurid smoke ascended continually, realising the most vivid descriptions with which poetry or painting have ever presented us of the infernal regions. The illusion was not a little assisted as we stood behind in the distance and watched the groups who were standing on the edge of the precipice. Every line of their figures was drawn distinctly on the lurid smoke; and, glowing with the ruddy reflected light, they appeared like the presiding demons of the scene. Curious demons, however, many of them proved to be, and most unspiritually occupied. Some were baking eggs, or lighting cigars, or hooking out lava to stick their coppers in. Some had brought baskets—ham and chicken, and such like luxuries—and had stowed themselves away under a mass of coke of some hundreds weight. Some, again, were changing their shirts behind heaps of cinders for the walk up the mountain had made them hot; and there is nothing which the Neapolitan so much dreads as a neglect of this precaution of changing. Others, again, were descanting on what they had had for supper. And there were a few, too, who stood by me, who appeared to be under the influence of a deeper sentiment; for I heard them exclaiming as they looked on the wondrous spectacle, Judgment of God! Chastisement of God! Generally, however, a Neapolitan crowd is noisy, whatever may be the cause of their getting together; and there was laughing, singing, and shouting enough.

"Birra, birra! who will have some beer?" roared out a double-bass.

"Fresh water, signore?" insinuated a tenor, as he rattled his barrel. "With or without sambuca, signore?"

The orange man and the man with cheap pastry, too, made their rounds continually; and last, though not least, the man with pieces of lava, which he was liberally offering for thirty grains each.

"Thirty grains! why, you are mad, my good fellow!"

"Well, what will the signore give?"

"Five grains."

"Five grains! Then go yourself to the crater, and expose yourself to the danger to which I have exposed myself. Five grains, indeed!"

And so we moved off, when my hero cried, "Well, signore, take it for five grains, for the sake of friendship. And would the signore like to go up to the crater?"

"Why, you have just told us that it would be dangerous to go up!"

"Si, signore, and so it would be without my assistance; but I know a path over the lava, and can conduct you safely."

There were several parties near us discussing and arranging the same trip. Some were

opposed to it. Several persons had already been driven back by a change in the wind, which had brought down upon them the clouds of sulphurous smoke. New craters were continually opening, and a fountain of fire springing up beneath one's feet was not so agreeable: besides, the crust of the mountain was so thin that it might fall in at any time. Having struck our bargain with our man, however, away we started, over a rugged bed of lava, for upwards of a mile. Plunging and tumbling over heaps of scorice, on we went, rising gradually until the magnificent scene began to open upon us in all its splendour. On our left, and between us and the mountain of Somma, which was irradiated with reflected light, ran a river of lava, pursuing its course to the cascade we had just left; then making a bend to the right, till we got to the base of the cone, we perceived two streams of lava flowing down its sides, and uniting below in that great body of fire. It was a stiff pull through the fire and ashes; and we sunk to the knees in cinders. Fortunately the wind was from us, or we should have the entire mass of red-hot stones upon our heads. After strong effort, having most magnanimously refused the assistance of our guides, we stood by the edge of one of the most active of the new craters. How many there are, it is impossible to say. One day's report differs from another, and no two people behold the mountain under the same aspect, so continual are the changes. I have heard that there were four, and seven, and ten, and twenty craters. I should prefer saying that the mountain is riddled with craters and fissures, that it is like an inverted colander, and that a stranger is in doubt and fear lest a mouth may open beneath him and swallow him up. I knew one party of friends who watched a rotatory motion in some smoke ascending from the ground, which grew into a whirlwind of dust and smoke and flame, and then the earth cracked and opened, giving them barely time to fly. A Spanish family, too, were in imminent peril of a similar accident. However, here we were after our struggle through the ashes, and our catlike walk over burning scorice, by one of the new craters. The lava was running over the sides like a cup over-filled with treacle, and it seemed purer, finer, and more liquid than it did in the river below. I explain it by the fact of its having come immediately from the furnace, and not having, as yet, been exposed to the action of the air. There were other tributary streams more towards the back of the mountain, but only two main streams flowed into the valley, and nothing could be more beautiful than their movement. As the descent was rapid, they flowed down like water, their surface, like that of a crisped lake, being ruffled with gentle undulations. Near the base of the cone they united, and then they ran along in one great something—for no word can describe it—until they shot over the precipice. From our standing-place we had a view of its entire course until it was lost below, and never can I forget that semicircle of fire which half girdled us about. So many were the mouths, either opened or opening, that attention became distracted amongst them. Some fizzed and smoked, others flamed, others threw stones, (though not large ones,) to a great height, and some of these fell over us. The noise near the surface was as the sound of many forges at work, but deep in the bowels of the mountain it sounded like a continued distant cannonade, whilst the ground vibrated and shook beneath us, as if every fresh effort must split it open. Yet there was a fascination in the scene which was irresistible; and still we stood by the boiling cauldron, fixed as the bird by the eye of the serpent. Like a copper cauldron, too, it appeared: glowing at the rim and edges with red heat. In the background, piled up against the sky, were mountains of lurid clouds, full of sulphurous exhalations and everything deadly and destructive to human life. A change of wind had driven them back, and they hung suspended; but if another change of wind had taken place on this inconstant, fitful night, we must have fallen dead on the spot.

As we descended, we gazed back continually on the scene. There has since been a cordon of soldiers drawn across the mountain, not far from the Hermitage, and no one is permitted to pass beyond. The ground is riddled with holes; all the upper part of the mountain, including the cone and the ground around it, is like a sponge or a colander. The crust breaks continually beneath the feet, and the expectation is that the whole of the upper part of the mountain will fall in. Should such a crash come, it is impossible to calculate what the consequences may be, immediate and remote. The ruin and suffering it may involve—the altered aspect of the country—a lake where there is now a picturesque cone—the possible change in the climate of Naples when the bulwark against the easterly wind is removed,—all these are pure speculations as yet; meanwhile the lava is spreading ruin far and wide over the lower parts of the mountain, down amongst smiling vineyards and perfumed bean fields, folding cottages and palaces in its fiery embraces, and filling the inhabitants of a populous district with consternation. More of this, however, in another article.

On going down the mountain, we met the king and the royal family, encircled by guards, and lighted by blazing torches. It was near four o'clock in the morning, and yet the tens of thousands of people who were coming and going, gave the scene the appearance of a fair. Perhaps the women and the children outnumbered the men. There were troops of the fair sex without any escort, and babies innumerable in arms. In short, a madness had seized on every one,

and no wonder, for the spectacle is grand and terrific in the extreme. What a contrast it was as we turned our backs on the flames and rattled down the mountain! The moon, which had been a nullity all night, began to assert her power; softly and faintly her beams fell on the sea beneath us, bringing into a spectral kind of life the beautiful coast, and the islands looming up coldly in the distance. The day was beginning to dawn, Portici was reached, and we approached the Carmine. Here and there an early caffè had opened its doors, and slipshod, uncombed, unshaven men were serving out the precious cup of black coffee to sleepy customers. The sambuca and spirit boys were also in movement—why should they not dispense their liquid fires as well as the mountain? Just in the gray of the morning, too, were perceptible the small white sails bringing in the fish for the morning's market; and so, one after another, woke up every component part of the vast mass of human life.

STRICTLY FINANCIAL.

For more than two years we have been indulging in a hope of relief from the high duties on the produce of foreign vineyards. Ever since we waded through the ponderous blue volumes containing the evidence given before the wine committee in eighteen hundred and fifty-two, a portion of which we embodied in an article* at the time, we have lived in the expectation of a one-shilling duty from the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

We confess that, although not picturing John Smith of London suddenly abandoning brown stout for Romanée Conti or Clos Vougeot, Hollands for Chateau Lafitte, or three-and-fourpenny mixed for sparkling Moselle at the breakfast-table, we certainly did indulge in dreams of shrimps and Sauterne at Gravesend, of water-cresses and Frontignac at Hampton Court, and of cooling libations of Pomys Medoc on a hot August afternoon at Herne Bay. These pleasant imaginings have been scattered to the winds by Sir Emerson Tennent, of the Board of Trade, who, in a book† just published, has shown how little hope there is left for us on this score.

Like Sancho Panza at the memorable banquet, we have been sitting down to the anticipated enjoyment of a long array of good things, only to see them one by one borne away at the inexorable fiat of our Board of Trade physician. Casting our eyes on a bottle of exquisite Tokay, and mentally inquiring if it be really a luxury, or, as some maintain, only a necessary, our relentless guardian waves his thin volume of azure blue, repeats the cabalistic words Pitt and Huskisson, and the coveted beverage dis-

appears across the British Channel. We regard a flagon of brilliant Rousillon with the eyes of a thirsty man, and fancy it is already ours, when, lo! Sir Emerson mutters something about popular prejudice and national taste, and the vessel melts into thin air. We turn to a flask of the veritable Xeres, from Spain; but, as we stretch forth our hand to seize it, hear the same voice exclaim, "Malt-duty and hops," and we are again disappointed. We make a last desperate effort for a bottle of light Italian wine, with a bright luscious look and a soft liquid name; but, once more, our physician interposes with the fatal words, British and colonial spirit duties, and we are left in despair. It is in vain that we protest against this scurvy treatment, and insist that the whole thing is purely a temperance and social question. Our political physician replies that it is a strictly financial question.

We have been endeavouring to fight against this terrible conclusion, but find the facts and arguments ranged against us by Sir Emerson are overwhelming; and for the present we confess to being beaten. In other words, whilst the great desirableness of admitting foreign wines for consumption in this country at the almost nominal duty of one shilling per gallon in place of the present duty of five shillings and ninepence, is not denied, it is shown clearly enough that the step cannot be taken without dealing with other taxes of a similar nature; that if we confer a boon on the British consumer and the foreign wine-grower, we cannot do so without a proportionate concession to the British and colonial distillers, the brewers, the maltsters, and the hop-growers. And, inasmuch as the present revenue derived from all these sources amounts to nineteen millions sterling, it will be manifestly impossible for some time to come to interfere with so large a portion of the national income. Here we feel at once the financial evils of war—be it ever so just or needful. While war lasts dear wine will last also.

We state this with no little reluctance and considerable disappointment. The perusal of Doctor Hassell's book on Food and its Adulterations has materially quickened our vinous predilections. Coffee, that was once our pride—tea, that was our solace—stout, in which once upon a time we placed such implicit faith, have become suspected abominations—embodiments of vile drugs and insidious chemicals. We turned from the contemplation of green vitriol, gypsum, arseniate of copper, black lead, catechu and cocculus indicus, to a mental survey of the sunny slopes of Burgundy, the green, warm banks of the Rhone, the vine-clad heights of the Alto Douro, rich in all that can gladden the heart and invigorate the frame of man. We had hoped that all this was within our reach on greatly reduced terms, but find that it cannot be so for reasons strictly financial.

* Really a Temperance Question. No. 142.

† Wine, its Use and Taxation. Madden.

In deducing this result, the author of this little blue book has skilfully grouped together some interesting facts bearing on the consumption of beverages in this and other countries. It is shown that the population of Great Britain and France consume almost precisely the same aggregate quantity of wines, spirits, and beer—namely, twenty-two gallons for the latter and twenty-two gallons and a-half for the former per annum per person. These quantities, however, are made up of widely-disproportionate elements. The particular consuming powers of each population amount, for every Frenchman, to nineteen gallons of wine, two gallons and a-half of beer, and half a gallon of spirits; for every Englishman, Scotchman, and Irishman, a quarter of a gallon of wine, twenty-one gallons and a quarter of beer, and one gallon of spirits. In this country, then, it is evident that beer takes the place which wine holds in France. Yet it must not be lost sight of, that, whilst we are so anxious to procure the cheap light wines of France, they, in their turn are becoming more attached to malt liquor. Large breweries are fast multiplying in Paris and other principal cities, and the imports of beer from Great Britain are greatly on the increase. Something of this may no doubt be caused by the prevalence of the vine disease in the wine districts of France, and the consequent small vintages.

Comparing our consumption of other beverages, such as tea and coffee, it will be seen that whilst the population of this country consume at the rate of three pounds and a-half of the foregoing articles, in France the consumption of the same amounts to but one pound and three-quarters per head. It is at the same time gratifying to find that whilst the average consumption in this country of tea and coffee since eighteen hundred and thirty-five has increased by nearly fifty per cent., the aggregate of spirits, wine, and beer has fallen from twenty-five and a-half to twenty-two and a-half gallons for each individual. During the period of the Great Exhibition in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, it was expected, and with some reason, that the demand for spirituous and fermented drinks would prove greatly in excess of former seasons. The actual result was precisely the reverse of this—the consumption for the first eight months of eighteen hundred and fifty-one having been considerably below that of previous years.

Returning to the subject of wine, it is apparent that the taste for this article varies very considerably in different countries. In France, the consumption of Paris and other large towns is given as about twenty-seven gallons each person, and in the country districts sixteen gallons. In other countries that are non-producers of wine, the use of it is not much greater, and often still more limited, than in England. Whilst we consume at the rate of one quart each per on

annually, with a high duty, Belgium, with a nominal duty of one penny a gallon, uses but three bottles per head. In Holland, wine is free of all duty in the cask, and pays but two-pence the gallon in bottle; yet there, so near to the finest wine countries, the individual consumption is but one pint. In Norway, we find a similar low demand, with a duty of sixteen-pence a gallon. In Sweden, the duty is a little higher, and the consumption one-twelfth of a gallon per head. Denmark, with the low duty of seven-pence halfpenny the gallon, takes about the same quantity as ourselves. Russia, with less than half our duty, consumes half-a-pint; whilst in the United States, where the duty is equal to eighteen-pence a gallon, the individual consumption is under a quart.

There is a singular fact connected with the consumption of wine in France. In Paris, the various duties and licenses levied on wines bring up the amount levied to about the same as our present import duty; yet we find the individual consumption in that city amounts to twenty-seven gallons yearly, giving a higher average than that for the rest of the country. But this proves nothing more beyond the fact that there is more money afloat in the capital of every nation than in its provinces; and that much of it will be spent in social enjoyment, whatever the cost.

France produced on an average, before the ravages of the vine disease, upwards of nine hundred millions of gallons of wine, worth, on an average, sixpence-halfpenny a gallon,—about equal to our common beers. But this produce varies greatly in quality. About one-sixth of the whole may be called good; another sixth may be considered as middling; a third of the vintage will be inferior; whilst the remaining third embraces all kinds of low, poor wines, between bad and detestable.

Of her wines, France regularly exports thirty-two millions of gallons; whilst about two hundred millions of gallons are employed in the distillation of brandy, to the extent of twenty-five millions of gallons. Of this quantity, ten millions of gallons are exported, leaving fifteen millions for use, of which a large quantity is employed in fortifying wines for shipment abroad,—leaving less than half a gallon for individual consumption. In this country, brandy forms but a trifling item amongst the spirits consumed, barely a fifteenth. Omitting that article, and taking only colonial and British spirits, it has been shown that the relative individual use of these in the three kingdoms ranges from half a gallon in England, to more than three-quarters of a gallon in Ireland, and above two gallons and a half in Scotland; and supposing the use of spirits to be confined to adult males, the figures would stand thus:—England, two gallons; Ireland, three gallons and a half; Scotland, eleven gallons.

If the question of reducing the duty on

foreign wines were simply a matter of supply, quantity only being considered, the advocates of a reduction would find an abundance of figures to support their case. We have already observed that France has been in the habit of producing above nine hundred millions of gallons yearly. Austria makes annually five hundred millions of gallons. Portugal yields one hundred and fifty millions; Spain, a hundred and twenty millions; Prussia and other German States, forty-five millions; Madeira and Sicily, four millions. Here there is an aggregate of upwards of two thousand millions of gallons; besides which, we are told that there are still immense tracts of land in the wine-producing countries capable of vine cultivation.

Unfortunately, however, quality has to be considered as an important element in the calculation; and keeping that in view, we are driven to results directly opposed to what we might have expected on a first view of the subject. Setting aside the extremely conflicting evidence as to the probability of succeeding in so augmenting the demand for foreign wines, under a low duty, as to realise an equal amount of duty with the present, and which may well be doubted—at least for many a long period—we come to the question as to the obtaining the needful quantity, of a quality adapted to English palates.

Surely a sufficient portion of the nine hundred millions of gallons yearly made in France could be spared for us. Surely the peerless vintages of the Marne and the Gironde, the medium vineyards along both banks of the Rhone, from Isère to Vaucluse, and the more humble produce of the Garonne, Hérault, and the Oriental Pyrenees, can be made to yield us a sufficient supply of good sound wine. This is debateable ground. There was evidence enough given before the Wine Committee to show that all this could be accomplished; but according to the statement before us, which appears to be carefully collected, and thrown together in a masterly manner, we should fail to obtain the supply of wine from France of a suitable character; whilst any large quantity taken would have the effect of raising the first cost of the article more than equal to the reduction of the duty.

We turn next to Austria and Italy, full of hope; but there again are disappointed. The bulk of their wines are either too costly to benefit by a low duty, or too poor to meet any favour with a people so long accustomed to the fortified wines of Spain and Portugal. The Peninsula, then, is evidently our resting-place—our forlorn hope. There, we were told in eighteen hundred and fifty-two, are to be found sherries of marvellous quality,—ports of surpassing richness, well suited to our tastes, and equally adapted to our pockets. Our author is once more against us in opinion and fact. That there is an abundance of good wines in both countries, though not

nearly equal to what has been stated, is not questioned; but the great distance of the majority of the wine districts of Spain from sea-ports, the absence of roads, the want of coopers and casks, added to the use of skins on mules' backs for conveying wines, which destroy their flavour, all preclude the hope of gaining any sensible supply from Spain, until an industrial revolution shall have taken place in that benighted land. Under the most favourable circumstances, the two kingdoms might between them furnish fourteen million gallons of wines,—but a small portion of what would be needed under the new order of things.

Turning once more to France, we find, at the present moment, a state of things in relation to the wine trade which of itself is quite sufficient, without any other cause, to put out of reach, for a long period, the realisation of our hopes in respect of cheap wines in abundant quantities. Between eighteen hundred and forty-eight and eighteen hundred and fifty-one, there was a succession of disastrous vintages throughout the greater part of the French wine districts. From eighteen hundred and fifty-two to the present year, the vine disease has committed fearful havoc, and the stocks of wine, diminished in quantity, and greatly lowered in quality, have been reduced to the lowest ebb, whilst prices, affected by these combined causes, have reached unheard-of prices. In eighteen hundred and forty-eight, the total yield of all the French vineyards was above eleven hundred millions of gallons; in eighteen hundred and fifty-four, it has fallen to two hundred and thirty millions. The export of wines, during the same period, has declined to one-half, and that of brandy, from seven millions of gallons, in eighteen hundred and fifty-two, to three millions of gallons in last year.

A still more striking proof of the lowness of the French supply of wines is to be found in the fact of France becoming a considerable importer of wine and spirits from other countries. In eighteen hundred and fifty-two, France imported seventy-six thousand gallons of foreign wines; last year she took upwards of two millions of gallons. During the same period, her imports of foreign spirits rose from less than three hundred thousand gallons to upwards of a million gallons. For some years to come, then, this terrible scourge of the vineyards will, we fear, place the realisation of our hopes out of the question; and, at all times, its possible recurrence must form a serious element in our calculations.

Before concluding, we will remark that tobacco forms a remarkable exception to the rule of high taxation discouraging consumption. Whilst wine feels the effect of a duty equal to three hundred per cent. on its value, tobacco, in spite of a duty amounting to twelve hundred per cent. on its cost, has increased, from an average consumption of less than twelve ounces per head, in eighteen

hundred and twenty-one, to not quite seven-teen ounces per head in eighteen hundred and fifty-one. This has taken place concurrently with a decided decrease in the use of ardent spirits; and it is worthy of note that Lane, the annotator of the Arabian Nights, and Layard, the explorer of Assyria, state, as the result of their observations, "that the growth of the use of tobacco amongst oriental nations has gradually reduced the resort to intoxicating beverages."

FRENCH LOVE.

I HAVE seen a French lover. I have even watched the process of French love-making, and traced the course of an affaire from its birth to its decay. Which thing hath not been given to every Anglo-Saxon. It was a curious study; almost worth a woman's heart-ache to master. So at least I, not being the sufferer, felt during this psychological experience. Harriet was probably of a different opinion; for few like to learn pathology by their own ailments, or to study human nature by their own sufferings.

A French love affair is the most scientific matter in the world. It can be reduced to as positive rules as an Aristotelian drama, and follows as certain a course of progressive development as an historical essay or a three-volumed novel. It has a beginning, a middle, and an end, all distinctly planned and foreseen; and combinations of feelings and circumstances are provisionally arranged and deliberately "played for," as if a love affair were a game of chess, where all was science and nothing chance. Consequently it is not impulsive in its action, like a Spanish, or even an English, matter of the kind; it is purely mathematical, and requires as keen an intellect to manage properly as the conduct of an army or the leadership of a party.

No French lover who understands what he is about is precipitate. He is as deliberate and cautious in love as he is passionate and inconsequential in politics. The man who would organise a revolution because he disapproved of the court liveries, would spend months in planning the surprise of certain minute evidences of interest which an Anglo-Saxon would demand bluntly in a few days, and think very little of when obtained. A faded rose, a crumpled ribbon, exalts a Frenchman into the highest realms of bliss. To see him with such a token in his possession, one would believe that he had attained the extreme point of human happiness, and that nothing now was left to fate or the future. And it is so. His opening has given him the game. An Englishman would neither feel such security nor show such rapture if all the preliminaries had been signed, and mammas and aunts were "agreeable;" for we are generally chary of our emotional expressions, and few of us think love sufficient cause for madness.

A Frenchman's love will live on food as unsubstantial as the camelion's. The colour of his lady's hair will keep it in good condition for a month; the perfume she affects, the turn of her lip, the pink nail with its half-moon, the delicate finger, her smile, and the little foot so neat and shapely—nay, even the ribbons she prefers, her shawl, and her bonnet—will be as robust diet as it will need in the earlier days of its existence. You will never meet a French lover among the educated classes, who has not made an artistic study of his mistress, and who does not know every line of her face, and every change of her countenance. He would be only a bungling journeyman else, incapable of all the fine work of his profession. But this gives a certain poetic charm to a woman's intercourse with him, which few fail to appreciate; appealing as it does to that vague sentiment which all women possess, and the want of which they so sadly complain of in men of business and of actual life. Thus then the first step in French love making is artistic admiration, the profound knowledge of every personal peculiarity sliding into the respectful adoration of a devotee, and the spiritual appreciation of a poet. It is a long slow step, but sure and irremovable. Every day sees the smallest possible advance in his suit; but every day is an advance. As nothing is left to chance, the progress of each week is mapped out months ago; and what he will have dared, and what obtained, by such and such a time, is as definitely arranged as the manoeuvres of a squadron. He seldom deceives himself; and seldomer fails by undue familiarity. His lady-love is a saint that he worships Chinese fashion—kneeling, but ever advancing nearer to her shrine; the means of humility giving him the end of success. He installs her like a goddess that he may reverence while conquering. He makes her feel that to understand her aright is his *business*; that he has not a thought nor a wish distinct from her; that her happiness is the one unfailing endeavour of his life; her love the one adored hope of his heart. Absent, his every thought belongs to her; present, his whole being is merged and fused into hers. He becomes her own best interpreter to herself; for these lovers are wonderful readers of character—with perceptive faculties almost like clairvoyance. Not a glance but he reads and replies to; not a smile but he reads its meaning, such as she herself perhaps did not half understand; not a word but receives its amplification and the revealing of its mysterious import. He impresses on her that he reads the hidden secrets of her heart and brain, and that, to be understood in half her beauty, she must be interpreted by him. And, as no woman lives on this earth who, at some time of her life, does not think herself (if she thinks at all), misunderstood and unappreciated as no woman was before her, this peculiar tact and power of the

French lover generally carries all before him. For it is so sweet to be understood, and yet idealised—to have all that is best in her magnified and exalted, and to see herself in a mirror that blots out all defects and heightens all beauties. It is so delicious to hear those dumb inarticulate thoughts of ours, struggling confusedly within our brains, brought forth and set in due shape and order by one who makes himself the hierophant of the mysteries of our being; who interprets us so as to make us almost a new creation. Talk of flattery! Our coarse personal compliments deserve as little to be called so by the side of this supreme essence of flattery, as an Irish stew to be called cookery by the side of the *carte* of the *Maison Dorée*. No flattery can equal in subtle potency that which takes the form of spiritual interpretation—which reveals to us a new self superior in beauty and goodness to that outer husk which the uninitiated only see—which heightens, glorifies, idealises, yet preserves our individuality, and which makes us our own embodiment of the beautiful and the good. This is French flattery. It is commendable for its wisdom and ingenuity, to say the least of it.

To exalt his mistress in her own eyes, yet ever to hold himself higher than she—a hero humbling his strength before beauty—this is the first great success on the French chess-board. Pride in her lover, pleased vanity in herself, dumb greatness made articulate, and veiled beauty brought to light—what more can the soul of woman need, to lure her to the altar of her own sacrifice—to the place of her own bondage?

When this heroic love and spiritual devotion have been carried out to their sufficient limit, and when monotony would soon begin to take the place of constancy, the French lover advances another step. He offers pleasures in place of spiritualities. Flowers—even if comparatively a poor man—winter bouquets at five francs, or more; violets, bonbons, a *jardinière*, or flowers in pots. On New Year's Day his expenditure must be magnificent: not forgetting the servants; above all the *femme de chambre*, if he wishes to be considered *comme il faut*, and un *vrai Monsieur*. For servants have vast influence in France. Gifts are necessities in French love-making: remember this my brother Englishmen, ye who would attempt Gallic successes, and who would hear yourselves called gentils and charnants, by Gallic lips: make presents above all things, and begin with bouquets and bonbons. Then come gaities. Theatres, balls, *cafés*, *petit soupers*, and *petit coupés*, all in due order and succession: also in due proportion to the rank of the contracting parties; for a *marquise* and a *grisette* would be wooed differently of course. And now the divinity so respectfully idolised, begins the life of a queen dowered with gaiety and gladness. To the time of spiritual adoration succeeds

that of social endowment. Every pleasure within his reach the French lover showers on his mistress. And all are gay and sparkling pleasures; nothing heavy or gross. A day down among the stately trees of Saint Germain, or between the leafy walls of Versailles, is a day of unmingled happiness to both; though they do nothing but sit so well dressed under the shade for hours together—in full view of the *monde*—he smoking a cigar, and she embroidering a collar; talking sentiment and love. And a *fauteuil de balcon*, or a place in the *baignoires* beneath, where the lady receives a bouquet or *acien*, either in the dark box, or out in the *foyer* with the world, makes a pleasure rivalling that of children for freshness and intensity. And we may add innocence. Then, they love the hippodrome, and the *Jardin des Plantes*, the *Jardin d'hiver*, and the *Tuileries* and the *Luxembourg*; and they drive out into the wood, and walk through its alleys, bidding the carriage wait or follow them; and they dine at those charming restaurants among the trees of the *Champs Elysées*, or in the *Bois* itself at a certain famous place which all the world knows; and they hear music and see bright dresses, and eat good things, and feel the sunshine, and believe that their lives are to be for ever after as bright and happy as the scene around them, and are sceptic as to all future sufferings in any shape. In fact, French love in its second stage, means pleasure.

This, then, is the middle stage of a French love affair. In the beginning the unknown and the mute found a revealer and an interpreter, and the *femme incomprise* was understood "for the first time in her life." In the second stage, the *femme ennuyée*, *desolée*, *triste*, was amused; and smiles and gaieties sprang up beneath her lover's hand as flowers beneath the footsteps of a god. The sun has risen to his zenith. The next changes will be decline; the setting; and then night.

The third. Ah! the gray that will mingle with the shining locks of youth!—the autumn that must come after the springtide promise and the summer gladness!—the waning moon that will turn into darkness—the fading French love that cannot learn friendship, and so attain a second growth, another youth. The third: the term of doubt, of suspicion, of jealousy, of dictation, of quarrellings, of weariness, of hatred, of separation; yes, this third term comes too, inevitable as storms after tropical heat; and then the game is played out, the drama is acted to its end, the idol is displaced, the queen dethroned, and, after a few hours of tears and a few days of grief, the—

Hearts so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds—or as the stream,
Which smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er should sever;
Yet ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part for ever.

The fused individualities separate; the joined lives break asunder, like one of Prince Rupert's drops; each goes on a separate way; each finds new hierophants and new divinities; and so the ball of life and love is kept up with other players—but the same marker. What a pity it is that the third term should ever come!

Now, Englishwomen do not understand this kind of love making; we have no national equivalent for it, even among the most inconsiderate of our flirting, charming, bewitching coquettes. I cannot say it is a national loss to be filled up.

The worst characteristic of a French lover is his suspiciousness. It is the worst characteristic of French society generally. Profound ineradicable scepticism is the plague spot, the festering sore of the modern French mind. That no man is honest and no woman faithful, are the Alpha and Omega of the popular creed; to believe that his trusted friend will betray him for self-interest, his wife deceive him for the most paltry pleasures, that the man who offers him a service does so for some sinister motive, and that the caresses of his betrothed hide some fault planned or committed; to believe that he lives in the midst of snares and enemies, and that he must trust to his intellect alone to help him out of them—this is the creed of the modern Frenchman, and this he calls wisdom and knowledge of the world.

His suspicions know no limit, and no rest. A bouquet which he has not given, a soirée to which he is not invited, friends that he does not know; even a new gown or a new mode of dressing the hair—are all indications that the lady is betraying him, and that he must bend his mind and tax all his faculties to "find her out." He is never unconvinced; for, even if he "finds out" nothing, he says only that he has been tricked, and that Madame is more skilful than himself; more artful he says, if very angry. French women are generally submissive to this kind of thing. They are marvellously patient and forbearing, those gay little creatures; and they expostulate and gesticulate, and affirm and disclaim with a volubility and a grace and an earnestness that few men can resist. So the storms blow over; and Madame (for all that has been written refers chiefly to widows), Madame only shrugs her shoulders, and laughs, and says, "Mon Dieu, quel homme!" as she dries her eyes and settles her smooth bands of glossy hair. But, they don't much mind, they say, and would rather have a French lover—with all his fire and fury and jealousy and suspicion, with whom they can have a dramatic scene, and then a poetic reconciliation—than a stiff sombre Anglais, cet homme sévère, who takes up his hat and wishes them good day, and won't be brought to hear reason any how. An Englishman is the horror of most French women.

And Frenchmen too, they have the same horror of English pride and independence in Englishwomen. They almost all say that they would rather be deceived with smiles, than treated with the coldness, the pride, the disdain, the iron wilfulness of a faithful Englishwoman. They cannot understand it. It is a new experience, and they don't admire it. Anything but this: Italian revenge, Spanish passion, and French inconstancy, all rather than the cold severity and marble pride of Englishwomen. It is a riddle to them. It is long before they can be brought to understand it, and longer still before they will accept the position—une peu basse, they say—that our women assign them. There is generally terrible confusion between French and English lovers at the first, and very seldom any real union of heart and life even if they marry; unless the wife has been so long abroad as to lose her nationality, and to adopt foreign views and foreign feelings.

Another peculiarity among the French is their strictness with the unmarried women. They cannot understand the liberty of our young ladies. It is a crime in their eyes—a premium for immorality. A French fiancée is never allowed a moment's unrestricted intercourse with her lover. Perhaps she sees him only once or twice before her marriage—for marriage is a commercial affair in France; and so much a year with my daughter, is married to so much a year with your son: but it is the marriage portion and the income that marry: the daughter and the son are merely accessories. Which makes it very easy for our unmarried women to be totally misunderstood in France—and sometimes painfully so. For liberty recognised among us as natural and proper, is there considered dangerous and immoral. I knew an instance of this.

In the corner yonder, just under that broad-leaved palm of the Jardin d'Hiver—are M. Auguste and Miss Harriet; Mademoiselle Henriette as he calls her. Miss Harriet is about thirty, an orphan of good family, tolerably well-looking, lady-like and rich. She is a little original, and passes even in England for being eccentric and too independent. M. Auguste is the possessor of some five or six hundred a year (he is rich for a Parisian); possessor too of certain small properties beside. They met by accident: they were travelling together from Avignon, and they first met at Vaucluse, by the Fountain. An acquaintance sprang up between them: very naturally; which left them mutually pleased with each other. It was an adventure; and, Miss Harriet being an impulsive lady on the verge of her wane, liked adventures. All Englishwomen do.

M. Auguste received permission to visit her. They both adroitly gave each other such proofs of their mutual respectability as took off all that might have been equivocal in their acquaintance. M. Au-

gusto was ravished at Mademoiselle's condescension. She was truly charming; her boudoir was delicious, Mademoiselle herself was perfectly idéale, and was the realisation of all M. Auguste's dreams of female perfection: compliments paid with the profoundest reverence, but with an exaltation of feeling that bewildered poor Harriet. A neglected daughter, shut up in a remote country village in the west of England, her independence gained only when her first youth had fled—it was no wonder that these new and strange devotions bewildered and unsettled her. A kind of startled gratitude, gratified vanity and personal admiration—for M. Auguste was exceedingly handsome—made up together a feeling which the world calls love, and which she herself mistook for the same.

Up to a certain point in their intercourse nothing could be more delightful than M. Auguste. The refinement and spirituality of his tone and conversation completed the charm which his wonderful knowledge of the human heart, and his good looks had begun; and Harriet was desperately in love—much to the edification of her maid, who watched that she might take lessons. Flowers, gifts, pleasures of all kinds were showered fast and thick on the Englishwoman's path, and perpetual sunshine was over her. Poor Mademoiselle Henriette in her weary past had never dreamed of such happiness.

One day Harriet had bought a large bunch of lilies of the valley, and placed them in the vase from which she took M. Auguste's last and now decidedly faded bouquet. These were very simple acts. No one would have thought them storm-seeds sown broadcast. M. Auguste called. His eye glanced to the lilies before it saw the smiling face eager to greet him. His countenance changed; his address was cool, constrained, and distressingly polite. Harriet could not understand this; and, at first, was too timid to ask; for she dreaded bad news of his own affairs or some terrible catastrophe. At last she did summon up courage enough. M. Auguste smiled gloomily. He pointed to the vase and bit out a few words spitefully, in which Harriet distinguished "un autre—prétendant—infâme—scélérat—trahi—triché—adieu—Madame." Not very intelligible to the innocent Englishwoman, who did not see any infamy or treachery in a handful of lilies of the valley bought by herself for twelve sous at the Madeleine. After a time he condescended to be more explicit; and then he expressed his conviction that another Monsieur—one of Mademoiselle's milder friends doubtless—had given her this bouquet to replace his own—that his was not choice, not rich enough for Mademoiselle's taste—he apologized for its poverty; but he was only a poor Frenchman with a heart—he must leave the means and the power to make Mademoiselle happy to her rich compatriots, with a good deal more.

And then he ended by taking up his hat and gloves and saying in a tragic voice, "Adieu for ever!" Of course that storm blew over and fine weather was restored; but this was the beginning of long days of jealousy as groundless and as worthless. Harriet bore up against them heroically. She was the essence of good temper to him, and soothed his waywardness and bore with his follies, until he himself confessed that her temper was wonderful, and that he tried it sorely. However he went too far once. He was in a bad humour, and he forgot himself; and then the English pride woke up; and she called him "Monsieur," and bade him adieu tearlessly, and never so much as sighed when he closed the door, as she believed for ever. But he wrote to her after this, and apologized for his violence: (it was all because she had walked in the Tuileries gardens with a certain relative of hers, who was too young and well-looking for M. Auguste's taste; and as Frenchmen cannot understand the liberty of our unmarried women it was grand ground for a quarrel). In his letter he besought a reconciliation with her; who was the life of his soul, and the star of his future: promising better things, and the profoundest confidence in her integrity. So Harriet relented, and the wheel of love went round once more. But he never forgot, nor wholly forgave her passionate burst of English pride; and he told her more than once that Frenchwomen were much more submissive, and that he did not approve of this Roman pride, this classic haughtiness, of the English women. So they quarrelled again, because he was impertinent and sarcastic.

The third term had come, even to M. Auguste and Mademoiselle Henriette.

Quarrels, still healed by love, but becoming daily more numerous and more fierce, and the love less powerful in the healing—doubts and suspicions for ever renewed and passionately resented—these were the dying throes of the affair, painful enough to witness. His pride was now wounded as well as hers: he could not forgive her strength of will, and she could not forgive his want of trust. He was certain, she had deceived him. Yes, Madame—deceived, betrayed, tricked him—the confiding French gentleman, the loyal man of honour! Which indignity Mademoiselle resented in real earnest. So the matter ended, and they parted really for ever. Which was the best thing both could have done, if they looked to happiness and peace.

Yet M. Auguste was a fine fellow. Brilliant, generous, witty, kind, brave, romantic, and not harshly egotistical though extremely vain. He was a pearl beyond price among his countrymen, and would have made any Frenchwoman living, the proudest and happiest of her sex. For, she would have yielded to his dictation, and have managed his jealousy: she would have soothed

him by flattery and amused him by her wit; his suspicion would not have fired her pride—she would have taken it as a thing of course, and perhaps have felt neglected if she had not seen it; and his anger would have been turned aside by coaxing and submission. When in the wrong he would have been adroitly flattered into the right; and so his own sensitive self-love would never have been wounded by an over hard or fierce integrity. Yield and flatter, and his wife would be superior; oppose and reason, and she would be slave.

Reflect on this, ye Englishwomen who travel in France, and who believe in the perpetual sunshine of French love. It is the true and literal description of the general French mind in love matters; and all who are not prepared to be suspected, watched and disbelieved as a matter of course, had best eschew the charms, even of flattery, gaiety, generosity, affectionate forethought, exquisite politeness, and such keenness of perception as seems to give an added sense, and to open a new world.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE; yet I do not promise

The prize you dream of to-day,
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you

The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for

May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

INDIA PICKLE.

If some earthquake or sea volcano were suddenly to add a hundred square miles of fertile soil to our coast; if it escaped the depressing influences of the Woods and Forests, and fell into the hands of landowners of the stamp of the owners of the Brocklesby, Lowestoff, Holkham, or Woburn estates; it is easy to imagine how rapidly and completely the new territory would be put in a condition to employ labour, grow crops, and pay rent. It would be surveyed, intersected with hard roads, accommo-

dated with branches from neighbouring roads, provided with coasting ports, and the shortest possible time brought as near possible to the centres of population where more is eaten than grown. The lords of the manor to whom the new land had fallen would think it well worth while to set a capital in the improvements, or raise a loan for that purpose on mortgage, if ready money were wanting: capital being to land so cultivated as essential as fire and knives, forks and plates are to turn raw food into decent dinner.

We need not draw from fancy a picture of what an English speaking race would do with a new country in the United States of America. Every year, for the last twenty years, has seen the steam-boat and the canal, the railroad or the plankroad, penetrating the most savage regions, and opening a way for new colonies and new cities. By such means, in a wonderfully short space of time, the eastern and western, the northern and southern ports of the Republic have been united, and the cultivable lands lying between rendered accessible and profitable to the labours of a tide of emigrants—the produce of corn and cotton fields carried to the best market.

But, if we turn from the works of vigorous colonists of America, and the vigorous improvers of England, to India, a country whose richest provinces have been for exactly one hundred years subject to British rule—we find ourselves almost transported back to the dark ages, when our shaven ancestors were content to feed swine on acorns, and barter with a few adventurous foreigners a little wool and a little corn. On the rich, fertile soil of India, there scarcely a single solid monument of Anglo-Saxon enterprise to be found. The Indian peasant tills the earth with the implements of his ancestors a thousand years removed, and the ten thousand white rulers seem content to accept with the Eastern traditions of government—native principles with native subjects.

India is like Ireland in the good old times of Ireland, before the potato famine and the Encumbered Estates Act had sent the bankrupt holders of great estates to live by wigs instead of credit. There, in Tipperary and Galway, and Connaught, were thousands of thousands of acres where no farm-buildings, barn, or beast-stead—no hut, no fence, no drain, no road—had ever been made at the cost of the landlord, who drew from a half-naked peasantry a rack-rent for permission to grow the potatoes on which they vegetated, and to feed the pig they never ate.

India is one great rack-rented Irish estate conquered from conquerors, and administered (with rare exceptions) on purely native principles. The government is virtually the landlord; and the whole efforts, the utmost intelligence, of the ten thousand white officials

settled among these dark millions, seem concentrated on the best mode of taxing this conquered empire—shifting and balancing the burdens under which the peasants totter through their weary lives, with the one object of preserving an even account between income and expenditure. For the consideration of those public works which form the living essence of Anglo-Saxon colonisation and culture, there seems to have been no time in a century which has elapsed since Clive made the title-deed of Bengal the prize of his victories.

Although our Indian empire is within thirty days' post of England, it is so little known that it will be best to begin at the beginning. Italy, with its Alpine barrier, is on a small scale, not unlike India. On the northern base of a pyramid-shaped territory, rise the range of Himalaya mountains, a barrier of snow-covered mountains, rocky defiles, and narrow valleys, dividing India from the tablelands of Thibet and China. On the extreme west lies one of our later conquests, the Punjaub—the flat country of the five rivers—hemmed in by the mountain barriers known to us by the terrible names of the Khyber and the Bolan Passes. On the extreme east are Assam and Pegu, our latest acquisitions. On the north and west, a tract of one hundred and fifty miles of plain intervenes between the base of the sub-Himalayas and a column of mountains—the Ghauts—which run parallel to the western coast, and form a barrier, uninterrupted except by three huge clefts, down to Cape Camorin.

From this range of Ghauts the whole country inclines towards the eastern coast; at first by a series of steppes, or table-lands, and then by a gradual incline throughout the whole length of the peninsula, ending in flat plains. From the Himalaya range flow, beside many minor streams, six great rivers, namely, the Ganges, the Godavery, the Kistnah, the Cauvery, the Hindus, and the Nerbudda—the one exception traversing the country in a single stream, unlike the many-branched Ganges and Godavery.

When we examine a map, or, still better, a relief model of India, we see a country in which nature has provided every resource for the support of a dense population and the growth of enormous exports. Under an Indian sun, water alone has the fertilising virtues of the most powerful manures in Europe. Great rivers, with their multitude of branches and affluents, and thousands of minor streams, fed by the Monsoon rains and the melting of Himalayan snows, rush first through the narrow valleys of descending table-lands, and then flow gently along the flat plains and delta islands of richest fertility at the sea's mouth—thus affording extraordinary facilities for storing in the high grounds in seasons of flood, and distributing, through canals and rivers, channels

raised by weirs to a convenient height for navigation and irrigation in times of drought.

More than five hundred years ago the then rulers of India vigorously availed themselves of the irrigating powers of the Indian rivers, and employed a system of cultivation brought, perhaps, from Egypt, which travelled on with the Moors to Spain and Italy, where it still survives, and in Italy flourishes. But the minor streams—so valuable when properly used in a tropical climate—if the art of the road-maker and the bridge-builder are not brought into operation, form a terrible impediment to internal commerce. Thus it comes to pass that not only in Central India, but within comparatively short distances of the coast and of river ports, great fertile tracts are cut off from all but the most expensive means of transit; and large populations, for want of markets for the produce of their labour, drag on a miserable existence, with no other knowledge of European rule than the punctual demands of the tax-gatherer.

Easy means of communication by land and water are all the essential elements of civilisation. In India, save a few slow trifling efforts, which barely touch the course of communication, this great work is all to be done. England, which contains an area of about fifty-six thousand square miles and twenty-six million inhabitants, with a sea-coast not far from its most central city, has of high-ways thirty thousand miles; canals and navigable rivers about three thousand miles; railroads between five and six thousand miles. The United States, besides its many rivers and a vast canal system, has already upwards of ten thousand miles of railroad. But India, with an area of one million two hundred thousand square miles and a population of one hundred and sixty millions—of which an important part is distributed with a density equal to the best agricultural districts of Europe—has less than eighteen thousand miles of communication beyond the unmade tracks and footpaths; that is to say, coastwise, on a dangerous, surf-beaten coast, from the mouth of the Hindus to the Ganges, three thousand five hundred miles; river navigation, two thousand miles; complete roads, two thousand miles; imperfect roads, about ten thousand miles. Two railroads, one from Bombay, the other from Calcutta, equal in construction to those of Europe, are now open to the extent of about two hundred miles, creeping slowly on, further extension of one thousand miles is promised by the year eighteen hundred and sixty. Yet fifty thousand miles would barely place our Eastern Empire on an equality with the French in roads.

But, when we speak of two thousand miles of complete and ten thousand miles of incomplete roads, our readers must not think of the works of Telford and Macadam, or the French Roman-like military roads of solid

stone, or even of ordinary parish roads. The best roads, with the exception of a few miles near one or two military stations, are something like what the Herefordshire lanes would be (where the deep ruts if too deep, are filled with faggots in winter and ploughed up level in the spring), if Herefordshire were under a tropical sun, rank with tropical woods and intersected by deep, unbridged watercourses—dry in summer—roaring torrents after a few hours' rain.

For instance, in the Bombay district of the Koukan, just twenty-seven per cent. of one year's revenue has been spent in twenty years on seven hundred miles of roads. Of these roads, five hundred and sixty miles are impracticable for half the year; seventy more are second class roads—that is to say, full of ruts from one foot to two in depth; and out of one hundred and thirty miles of the best roads, half are only useful for military purposes, as they go across instead of along the line between the produce district and the market ports. It took the late Mr. Mackay, the Manchester cotton-commissioner, seven hours to travel twelve miles in a bullock-cart, at the cost of bruises from head to foot, from a cotton district to the port of Tunkeria, where the produce of that district was regularly shipped. On the road the driver amused him with a story of a man who, in a sudden jolt, bit off half his tongue. In Malabar the proprietors of some sugar-works told Mr. Mackay that they required sixty-thousand pounds' worth of sugar-cane (an amount equal to half the revenue of the province) to keep their manufactory at work. For want of roads it was frequently impossible for the carts laden with canes to come in from the sugar-plantations. When the sugar was made, it required twelve days to travel seventy miles to the port. For five months of the rainy season, no sugar could be sent down, as it would be melted in passing the Nullah's watercourses. During that time forty thousand pounds were locked up totally unprofitable. Common roads would largely increase the growth and fabrication of sugar—complete roads, with bridges, would keep the factory at work the whole year round.

It is true, that within the last century here and there a revenue-collector or an enterprising governor, imbued with European notions, has made detached spasmodic efforts to execute main roads in divers districts; but, unfortunately, these efforts were generally entrusted to gentlemen who knew no more of the art of road-making than what they had learned while walking to school as boys in England. For instance,—one officer, commanding a road-party of pioneers, devised the following plan of roads through a cotton country of black alluvial mud, then of sand or gravel:—"First, a complete layer of large stones about a foot thick over the intended surface of the road; then three feet of the

black cotton soil, to raise the way above the floods." As the stones had all to be brought from a distance, the cost was magnificent; but, the upper crust of mud was some degrees worse than a path over the natural country it had been dug from. This plan received the high approval of the head of the road department, the quarter-master-general, and was circulated by him for the guidance of the officers under his command. Under this system of irresponsible ignorance, a few miles of road in different detached directions cost from one thousand to five thousand pounds a mile; and the Court of Directors, not unnaturally alarmed at such useless extravagance, took a decided and effectual step for preventing further expense—ordering that no new road should be made. In one case, eighty thousand pounds were spent on a line of two hundred and twenty miles, between Masulepatam, on the coast of Hyderabad; and, for this sum, no stones had been laid down, so that it was not practicable at all in wet weather, and scarcely better than before, in dry.

After a pause of a few years, another effort was made. In the Madras Presidency a road department of one engineer officer, with two assistants, was constituted, to attend the main roads of a province of one hundred and sixty thousand square miles, with a population of fourteen millions. Of course, the officer was lost in his duties. He had not the assistance of the county newspapers, which in England weekly daguerreotype the local wants of every county. However, he was soon saved one source of anxiety, for the local government refused to take the responsibility of spending the money the directors had authorised—and so road-making efforts ceased.

The native population is essentially agricultural. A ton of cotton is worth fifteen pounds; a ton of sugar, twelve pounds; a ton of rice or grain, three pounds. Where it takes twelve days to travel seventy miles, with only seven months of possible travelling in the year, it is easy to imagine that there are millions of acres, hundreds of miles from the coast, where the cost of conveyance eats up the whole value of the article, while the saving of ten shillings alone on the one, and one pound on the other, would leave a profit. What would farms be worth in our fattest counties, if everything was carried on the backs of Welsh ponies—if the best agricultural roads were like the winter tracks on Dartmoor and Exmoor? What would half our coal mines be worth, worked on Indian principles, with stream-pumps, and with only cart roads to market?

To give India common roads, in proportion to those of England, would require half a million miles. Ceylon, where European coffee-growers are sufficiently numerous to create a public opinion, and where rebellions are formidable, has, in addition to its coast

navigation, on twenty-four thousand six hundred and sixty-four square miles, with a population rather over a million,—five hundred and fifty-four miles of carriage-road, of which one-third are first-rate, and the rest are in good order all the year round. In like manner, twenty years ago, the Ceylonese government offered to join the Indian government in deepening a dangerous strait, Paumbaum Pass, between Ceylon and the mainland. The Indian government refused to join, and the project fell to the ground. Three years ago, a governor of Madras, more enlightened, expended twenty-four thousand pounds in obtaining ten feet of water; and already the saving to Madras in imported food is equal to a hundred thousand pounds a-year.

Berar is a magnificent cotton district, spoiled by want of communication with Rajahmundry, on the Godavery. It costs a million of people of Berar two or three millions sterling every year to grow rice for themselves, which, with easy communications, they could purchase for seventy thousand pounds in Rajahmundry; and, by employing the surplus labour in growing cotton for Manchester (provided always that a cheaper road than the backs of bullocks was open for the cotton), the people would save more than a million in their food, and would pay with ease those taxes which now leave the Indian peasant nothing beyond a cotton rag round his loins, and a little rice or grain for his sustenance.

From time to time drought occurs in every district; famine follows drought; the people perish by hundreds of thousands. To multiply instances would be too painful. One will be sufficient. In the province of Guntoor, very recently, out of a population of five hundred thousand, half perished by famine. Seventy thousand marched into Madras, and compelled the government to feed them. These seventy thousand were all men. They had left their weaker wives and children dead or dying in their huts. This famine cost the East Indian government a vast sum for food, and a loss in revenue in the following year of eight hundred thousand pounds. Yet within a hundred miles of starving Guntoor there was abundant food, in Tanjore, a province secured by irrigating works and roads from the curse of drought. With due use of the natural resources of India, with the exercise of wise liberality, and comprehensive plans, famine might be rendered impossible.

Water is the great solvent of the Indian difficulties that have tormented Indian statesmen and statisticians from the time of Lord Cornwallis to the publication of the book of Mr. Campbell. Water is to India what coal mines and the coasting-trade have been to England. So says Colonel Arthur Cotton* in his bundle of Notes and Axioms on the

Development of Indian Resources. He speaks with the earnestness of a patriot and philanthropist, and the authority of twenty years' engineering experience, and twenty years of struggling against supine indifference to everything except rent and dividends, victories and annexations.

The rivers of India, turned to their full use, would render transit through three, if not five, most important regions cheap and easy, the supply of cotton ample and certain, the people prosperous and happy. Engineering skill in the Madras district can store, on a vast scale, the torrents of the rainy season; would reduce full harvests to a certainty, and would produce in rent and revenue one hundred pounds for each five pounds. "Every paddle," says Colonel Cotton, "is a valuable thing in a dry season"—an axiom which ought to head the instructions issued to Indian rulers and rent-collectors, and be inscribed in the office of the Board of Control and the council chamber of the Governor-General. In irrigation we might have taken a lesson from the conquerors whom he succeeded. Five hundred years ago, Anno Domini, thirteen hundred and fifty-one, a canal of irrigation, near Delhi, was constructed by Feroze Toglah, a monarch of whom it is recorded that he built "fifty dams across rivers for irrigation, and thirty reservoirs, forty mosques, thirty colleges, one hundred caravanserais, one hundred hospitals, one hundred public baths, and one hundred and fifty bridges." In fifteen hundred and sixty-eight the Emperor Akbar, in a decree, which is our earliest specimen of a canal ordinance, recites that "The Chetang river, by which the Emperor Feroze brought water from the streams and drains in the vicinity of Sudhaura, at the foot of the hills, to Hansi and Hissar, by which, for four or five months of the year, water was available, has become so choked up that for the last hundred years the water has not flowed past the boundary Khythul; and the Emperor declares that his order has gone forth that the waters of the rivers and streams at the foot of the hills at Khurabad be brought by a canal deep and wide, by the keep of dams, into the Chetang, &c." Then follows a list of irrigation officers. And the decree farther directs that,—“On both sides of the canal, down to Hissar, trees of every description, both for shade and blossoms, be planted so as to make it like the canal under the tree in Paradise, and that the sweet flavour of the rare fruits may reach the mouths of every one, and that from these luxuries a voice may go forth to travellers, calling them to rest in the cities, where their every want will be supplied.” Seventy years later, in the reign of Shah Jehan, his architect, Murdan Khan, brought a channel from Feroze's Canal to Delhi, by works, including a masonry aqueduct and a channel cut sixty feet deep through solid rock, until it reached a point where, flowing

* Public Works in India, by Lieut.-Colonel A. Cotton.

through the city in a masonry bed, it divided into minor streams, which abundantly supplied the residences of the nobles of the city. A great stream, flowing through the palace, supplied fountains, basins, and baths, and irrigated the trees and flowers of the splendid gardens. Water-courses still existing along the line of this Delhi Canal are monuments of the luxuriant agriculture called into existence by Shah Jehan. According to a tradition in Delhi, the returns from the canal were sufficient for the maintenance of twelve thousand horsemen. The permanent establishment for repair and protection consisted of a large body of workmen, and one thousand foot and five hundred horse-police, stationed at points three or four miles apart. Two hundred years later, this canal, in the course of intestine wars, became filled up. When the Mogul empire fell under our dominion, a Mr. Brewer offered to restore it, if the profits were secured to him by a lease. His offer was rejected, and a long period elapsed before any effective steps to restore irrigation were attempted.

Nothing is more lamentable, in the history of our eastern empire, than the neglect of the examples left us by Ackbar and Shah Jehan. To develop India, the most profitable step that could be taken would be to expend money in adapting streams for irrigation, and, where possible, for navigation,—to husband every drop of superfluous water in the rainy season, in order to distribute it in the dry. In England, we use irrigated meadows to grow green crops; in the south of Europe, rice is grown in pale meadows; but in India, almost every crop, in a series of years, has need of water, more or less, in the long uncertain intervals that prevail between the rains—the seed time and the harvest—besides the rice or paddy fields, which require, for several weeks, a constant covering of water.

There are two ways of obtaining water for irrigation: the one, practised for many hundred years, is, to dam up a river, and then lead canals from either side through the district to be irrigated. If it be a delta, the work of each cultivator is comparatively easy; he has only to level the slight irregularities of his land, and cut the small channels, by which he can lead his share of the stream over every part of his fields. If the level of the canals or stream should be lower than his land, then he must make use of some of the many simple irrigating pumps, wheels, and scoops, in use in all Eastern climates. Another mode is, to take advantage of a valley among the hills, or other slope, in the way of the fall of monsoon rains, and, by erecting a wall or bund, catch and store the flood of rain for use in the dry season. These two operations are done on large and small scales, from a few yards to fifty miles in length; but the principle is always the same.

The rivers available for irrigation are all more or less available for navigation, if not by steamers, by boats, canoes, or rafts.

While the Marquis of Tweeddale, whose name is well known in this country as an agricultural improver, was Governor of Madras, he sanctioned, and, still more extraordinary, induced the home government to sanction, the expenditure of some three hundred thousand pounds on irrigation works on the Godavery river, planned by Colonel Cotton. These works have since been executed. The result is an increase of revenue from various sources, of three hundred thousand pounds a-year, besides the prospective advantage of a thousand miles of navigation from the cotton districts of Berar to the sea. The whole system of agriculture over some hundred square miles has been changed by these works. Cultivators who only grew dry grain before, have, within two years, laid out thousands of acres in rice fields.

Others, the steady supply of water was used to moisten the earth before ploughing the land for grain or oil seeds, without waiting for rain. In a word, it increased the fertility and the produce of the irrigated district, and effectually protected it from drought or famine. The operations of irrigation to twelve hundred thousand acres. This acreage was not only protected from famine, but became a granary for surrounding districts in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, when all the surrounding country suffered from drought. The revenue of the irrigated district increased by fifty thousand pounds; and the exports by sea were a hundred and seventy thousand pounds against thirty thousand pounds, the average export before the irrigation works had been executed. A gentleman who had charge of the district adjoining that just described writes: "No one could have seen, as I did the wretched condition of the people and the crops on the Kistnah side of the district, the difficulties of obtaining even the scanty supplies of moderately pure water, and then have passed to the Godavery side, and witnessed the contrast—the abundance of pure water, the splendid crops, the comfort of the people—without being deeply sensible that statistics can convey an idea of the priceless blessing which the waters of the Godavery—carried by weirs and channels through such an extent of delta—have conferred upon the people. In May, I was encamped at Akeed, on the banks of a large branch of the river Kistnah, reduced to a dry sheet of sand. The cattle were dying; no signs of vegetation were apparent; the water for ever. Never did I see so much poverty and misery. In the month of June I was at Akeed, more than thirty miles from the nearest point of the Godavery; but here, fresh water and forage were abundant. The water of the Godavery, which had passed through the head sluice fifty miles up channel, flowed

past my tent, and numerous boats loaded with produce went daily to and fro."

The most remarkable instance of the effect of works of public utility on an Indian soil is to be found in the Province of Tanjore—a province well known as the scene of the labours of the celebrated Moravian missionary, Schwarz (whose monument in the palace of Tanjore was executed by Flaxman for the Raja, his pupil, and by Bacon, in St. Mary's Church, Madras, for the East India Directors). Tanjore is an example of the revenue value of money laid out on irrigation and roads. It was an irrigation dispute between the Raja of Tanjore and the Nabob of the Karnatic, which eventually resulted in the absorption of the former province with Nelompang. By the terms of the treaty the reigning Raja had beside an annual allowance a fifth share of the surplus revenue. Without works of irrigation the province would soon have been a loss instead of a profit to the company. The situation of the capital and the civilising results of the labours of Schwarz have made Tanjore so agreeable a residence that, unlike most other collectorates (collector is the modest name of an Indian satrap or prefect), the officer, once appointed, seldom desires to leave; in fact, from the time of its cession, Tanjore, with its fine capital and Protestant church, has been a pet province. Instead of a constant succession, not more than four or five collectors have administered the revenues in fifty years, and each has followed in the footsteps of his predecessor. About eight thousand pounds a-year have been expended in rudely constructing and repairing common roads, bridges, and irrigation works. The result has been, that while other districts around, especially Guntur with equal natural advantages for irrigation and roads, have been starving, Tanjore has been able to export to famine-stricken districts; that while the lands of the Presidency of Madras are generally valueless, the land of Tanjore is solely at twenty-five years' purchase; that while the population and revenue of other districts have remained stationary, the population of Tanjore has increased from eight hundred thousand to a million and a half, and the revenue has increased from three to five hundred thousand.

About twenty-five miles northward of the City of Ajmeer, is Mairwara, on the country of the Mairs, a hilly, jungly district, inhabited by a race who bear or bore a wonderful resemblance to the Highland clans of Rob Roy's time. In religion they are a sort of wet Hindoos, regardless of ablution, preparation of food, and other set ceremonies. They live on Indian corn and barley bread, with the flesh of sheep, goats, cows, and buffaloes, when they can get them; but hog's flesh, venison, fish, and fowl they reject. Faithful, generous, and brave, with strong clannish feeling, the sword was the Mair's constant companion. Robbery was the pro-

fession of the whole race. Their strip of wild hilly country enabled them to dash into the heart of the surrounding lowland country. Each district of Mairwara had its assigned field of plunder; after the execution of a raid, all shared alike. It was a republic, military, social, democratic, and larcenous. The horsemen, in small bands, on the highways, levied tribute on marriage cavalcades and pilgrims. The footmen devoted their energies to cattle-lifting, taking also in hand such travellers as fell in their way. Brahmins, professed devotees, and women, were exempt from robbery under their laws, and blood was never shed, except for strictly professional reasons.

In eighteen hundred and twenty-three this colony of caterans, having been conquered, was placed under the command of Captain Hall. For thirteen years he devoted himself to their civilisation, and so far secured their good will that he was able to arrest and punish criminals, where, from the nature of the country, two thousand policemen would be helpless. When compelled by ill-health to retire, he was succeeded by Captain Dixon. Captain (afterwards Colonel) Dixon saw that the people could not continue honest, with no sufficient means of earning a livelihood at home, and plenty of cattle feeding on the plains below. Water was the great need; rains are precarious, bad seasons the rule; in some years no rain falls at all; and, from the hilly character of the country, the rain flows rapidly away, without sufficiently saturating the earth. So, Colonel Dixon set to work with three clearly-defined objects in view. First, to insure a sufficient supply of water for the permanent cultivation of the soil; second, the cultivation of tracts of land covered by jungle; third, the abolition of cattle-stealing by turning every inhabitant into a land cultivator. To obtain a constant supply of water, the main watercourses of the country were banked up, and great tanks were formed; small tanks and wells were made by the Mairs, assisted by loans of about twenty shillings for each work, and of tools. At first the people would not sink wells, because they found there was no water. An example was set by causing the battalion of Mairs, a sort of local militia formed by Colonel Hall, to sink fifty wells, which were handed over to the villages complete when finished. This gave them heart, and was the first step towards eradicating habits of self-reliance. When the villages showed themselves industrious in erecting these public works, they were rewarded by a remission of land tax. The next step was to found villages on waste land, of which there were thousands of acres. The head men of the new villages were selected from the sons of the gentry or men of adjacent villages, and their names formed the nucleus of the new settlements. Settlers were furnished with seed, and purchase of bullocks.

free, but the settlers had to build the houses. The loans were repayable in four or six instalments, within three years after the village was established. Wells, tanks, and terrace-wells for gardens on the steep hill sides followed. And thus, within twelve years, a hundred and six flourishing hamlets were founded in the midst of what had previously been jungle waste. The superintendent took care to warn his subjects that, now that an ample field for industry had been opened, cattle-stealing and similar crimes would be punished more rigorously than before. The village smith, the barber, the potter, the carpenter, the leather-dresser, and other handicraftsmen, who are usually remunerated in kind for their services, and who do not usually engage in field labour, were turned into food growers. Even the minstrel yielded to the influence of the engineer officer, and became a husbandman. Colonel Dixon went further. The villagers under his control attacked a band of robbers, from whose depredations they had suffered, and made twenty-nine of them prisoners, after slaying twelve. These prisoners were confined in the Mairwara gaol under sentence for four years; but before the time had expired, a piece of waste land, near Majari, was marked out; the prisoners were permitted to leave the prison every morning unfettered to dig wells and prepare for settlement; on the expiration of their sentence they were joined by their families; and a prosperous village of twenty-seven families was the result of the robbers' foray. This village has since been remarkable for the orderly conduct and industry of its inhabitants.

As the improvements advanced, the eagerness of the peasantry to partake of these improvements advanced also; it became so intense, indeed, that the authorities were unable to keep pace with it. One village (Soorean) having been deferred until the next season, a few months afterwards they requested a visit from the superintendent, without assigning a reason. He went, and was pleased and surprised to find that, out of their own resources, by the sale of cattle and the betrothal of their daughters, they had constructed a great embankment for a tank. They were rewarded by a donation of one half the expense—forty pounds. In one instance, a jungle waste has been converted into fertility by a series of tanks connected by weirs for an unbroken distance of twenty-six miles.

A town was found to be needed as a centre of this new colony, and (Nya Nuggar—new city) was founded, where at the date of the report, two thousand souls of every caste and profession were settled in handsome, solid dwellings and shops. The example of the more solid architecture spread to the neighbouring villages. The average annual value of merchandise passing through Nya Nuggar in three years was one hundred and forty-

seven thousand pounds. The number of carts increased to six hundred and eighty from forty,—the whole number in the local district before the founding of the city.

Colonel Dixon next proceeded to found an annual fair, fixed the fair day in the beginning of the autumn, when the whole country is covered with the rain crop, when the tanks are overflowing, and agricultural prosperity at its height. The invitation of the Great Chief, equal to a command, was cheerfully accepted. "The men decked out in their best attire, accompanied by their wives and children, attended by their minstrels. Clans, kept apart by ancient feuds, met and made friends. More than ten thousand Mairs attended these fairs."

All this has been done by the zeal, intelligence, and perseverance of two men, Colonels Hall and Dixon, without other assistance than the acquiescence of the Indian Government. The total expense of Colonel Dixon's improvements was only twenty-four thousand pounds, and this sum produced in Mairwara, between eighteen hundred and thirty-five and eighteen hundred and forty-seven, an increase of revenue of from nine thousand pounds to twenty-one thousand pounds; an increase in the value of agricultural produce, from twenty-nine thousand pounds to sixty-three thousand pounds; of the population from thirty-nine thousand six hundred to one hundred thousand two hundred. In a neighbouring district of Ajmeer, with less favourable soil, and less available land, the same system has produced most satisfactory results; the people being stimulated by the example of their neighbours, and encouraged by the support of Colonel Sutherland, who commenced improvements without waiting for the sanction of Government.

Wherever money has been wisely spent on reproductive works in India, the condition of the people has improved, and the revenue returns have been enormous. But such works, which altogether have not cost more than twenty millions sterling, or about one year of the revenue of India, are but specks upon so vast a country. They are the accidents of an enlightened collector, an enthusiastic engineer, or a governor acting contrary to all the precedents. It has not yet become part of the fixed policy of the Indian government to spend a certain minimum per-centage of the annual revenue in road or river improvements, or in works of irrigation. And, if it were the theory, it could not be carried out without sweeping away a wilderness of forms, and enlisting an army of intelligent engineers. General Routine lives and flourishes in India, in Leadenhall Street, and in Cannon Row, as well as in Downing Street and Whitehall. Each Presidency is most absurdly placed in leading strings, Bengal at the head, and Bengal under a hundred checks. Matters of simple detail, which the

agent of a nobleman would settle, on a Scotch or English estate, on his own responsibility, or at one interview with his chief, are obliged to be referred from the local governor of Madras or Bombay and his Council, to the Governor General and his Council, from the Governor General to the Court of Directors, from the Court of Directors to the Board of Control—each power having its own consulting engineers and lawyers, and its own reports: so that, in nine cases out of ten, the matter is buried in paper. For instance, when the Godavery River Works were nearly completed, the engineer applied for five hundred pounds to take a steamer up, and ascertain what were the obstructions in the way of opening a regular communication of five hundred miles of water, with the cotton growing country of Berar. Water communication had been used by a private firm, years previously, and it was calculated, by those who had travelled over it in boats, that fifty thousand pounds would open it the whole way, or a cost of one thousand pounds a mile. The local government, afraid of the responsibility, estimated the expense of a survey at one thousand pounds—a sum beyond its control; and so, shifted the responsibility to the Governor General. The Governor General considered the object too unimportant to risk one thousand pounds upon, in the then state of the Indian finances—there being only thirteen millions sterling in the treasury. On another occasion, a request for one hundred pounds to dredge away a bar of sand, which was ruining a harbour, after a delay during which the harbour was quite destroyed, shared the same fate. If a question arise as to repairing a few panes of glass in a barrack, a mountain of correspondence accumulates; if the engineer of an Indian railway desire to turn a skew bridge into a straight one, he has to run the gauntlet of about thirteen officers and their reports. He cannot alter the form of his sleepers, without consulting the Board of Control in London.

The coast of India is sorely in want of ports, piers, and breakwaters. The terminus of the Madras Railway will be a black man's raft, or a Massoola boat. India wants common roads; rivers cleared and embanked; railroads of all kinds, from the best to the lightest and cheapest: from the centre to the sea; canals of navigation wherever possible; irrigation everywhere. But, India wants these immediately; thirsty for water, she cannot afford to wait until a vineyard, not yet planted, shall grow wine.

England wants millions of pounds of cotton, at four-pence a pound; wants wheat at two guineas a quarter; wants sugar, rice, spice, oils, fibres and dyes. Between English and Indian marts, stand a morass of forms, an avalanche of paper reports, a mountain range of old Indian blockhead prejudices, the flippancy of Sir Chatter Chatterer, the supercilious ignorance of the Honourable

Wishy Washy, the tax-grinding tradition, that black fellows ought to pay their rent and give no trouble to the Court of Directors, and the general delight of Government Councils to talk and write, and do nothing.

O, if in the next parliamentary game of puss in the corner, the experiment were tried, of choosing for the autocrat of one hundred and sixty millions, instead of a lord, or a lawyer, or a talker, a worker and a doer! O, how a Stephenson, or Peto, or Brassey, installed in Cannon Row, would civilize the Blacks and astonish the Browns!

PETITION EXTRAORDINARY.

Unto the Lords and Gentlemen in the House of Common-Sense assembled, the Petition of Hercules Tully, Clerk, humbly sheweth:

THAT your petitioner is six feet high, with broad shoulders and strong back-bone, sound in wind and limb, of unfailing appetite at meal times, and of undoubted personal courage and pluck; that thereby he might have been serviceable to his country as heavy dragoon, grenadier, navvy, or coal-heaver, but is rendered useless and burdensome to himself and others by circumstances over which he has no control:

THAT, at an early age, your petitioner was placed by his guardians at a royal public school, and distinguished himself greatly in the demolition of heavy tarts and the deglutition of apples and other fruits—as also in the games of peg-top, cricket, football, racket, and fives; that in seven years and a-half he acquired some knowledge of Homer, Virgil, Horace, Æschylus, and Terence, with the rules of syntax, and the composition of hexameters and pentameters, but remained in profound ignorance of Chaucer and Pope and Blackstone and Shakspeare and Hume and Smollett; that by means of a powerful memory he retained the dates of Marathon and Pharsalia, the foundation of Rome, and the consulship of Plancus; but knew nothing whatever of the Norman Conquest, the Magna Charta, the battle of Trafalgar, or the ministry of Lord Chatham. That he knew the value of sestertia and oboli, but was ignorant of the multiplication table and the rule of three; that he knew the partition of the world among the Triumvirate, but had never heard of the settlement of Europe at the Congress of Vienna; that with those acquirements and qualifications he proceeded, in his nineteenth year, to the University of — with an exhibition from his school of fifty pounds a-year:

THAT as his reputation had preceded him to Alma Mater, he fought with, and completely thrashed, a bargeman (in three rounds) on the first evening of his going into residence, and on the following morning was requested to be "stroke" in the college boat:

THAT he construed Hesiod, Thucydides, Lucretius, and Plautus, entirely to his tutor's satisfaction, and took lessons in pugilism from a first-rate professor of the art; that he got publicly thanked at his "little go," and ran a race with the Flying Butcher, beating him by twenty yards in the half-mile on the same day; that he afterwards translated John Gilpin into Greek Iambics, and wrestled for twenty pounds a-side with Joe Pullen, the Headington Giant, giving the said giant a throw which strained his back, whereby the said Joe Pullen has been an inmate of the poor-house ever since:

THAT your petitioner, at the request of one of his guardians, the Reverend Sir Trulliber Western, Baronet (whose name must be known to many members of your honourable house as the most successful feeder of pigs and fattener of oxen of his time), entered deeply into the study of divinity, and "did" the Fathers of the first three centuries in six months; at the same time he reduced himself to one bottle and a-half of port wine a day, and seldom exceeded nine cigars:

THAT in a very short time he mastered the Oriental controversy, and gave up the practice of driving tandems:

THAT, when the proper time came, he took his degree (high in honours), and after a festive meeting at the principal hotel, to celebrate the event, he took the opportunity of a town-and-gown riot, which suddenly occurred at that time, to wipe off some old scores with the college dean of chapel, whom he encountered, by accident, on the way home; and that in the effort of wiping off the said old scores, a rib of the said dignitary was unfortunately broken—either the detergent being applied too roughly, or the osseous fabric of the said dean being more brittle than usual:

THAT he then—again by the advice of one of his guardians, the Reverend Sir Trulliber Western—established himself in the house of a respectable clergyman, in order to acquire experience in the management and working of a parish before he himself took orders; that with this purpose, he occupied a bedroom in the parsonage of the Reverend Ambrose Grovel, at a rent of a hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and prepared to take useful lessons in ecclesiastical and parochial affairs:—

THAT he found the said Reverend Ambrose Grovel the most eloquent preacher he ever heard—particularly when he inculcated the duties of submission and resignation, and reverence to the old family and immense estates of the Duke of Gaudeston, whose steward occupied the main pew in church; that of his preaching there was no end, for he believed the whole value of parochial ministration consisted in what he called the pulpit services; that he left the visiting of the sick and comforting of the afflicted to an assistant of sixty years of age, who had not the gift of

fluency, and was therefore only fit for the lower offices of the church; and that thereby your petitioner, so far from acquiring any insight into the working of a parish, merely saw the method of working a curate, and was not particularly edified by the same:

THAT the family of the Reverend Mr. Grovel consisted of a wife and daughter—Miss Theodosia Grovel—who was in the enjoyment of surprising spirits, and laughed and giggled in the flow of her innocent mirth in a very captivating and agreeable manner; that her attentions were great and incessant to your petitioner; that she played your petitioner favourite tunes on harp and piano; that she praised your petitioner's horse and horsemanship; that she said she thought your petitioner was certain, as soon as he was old enough, to be Archbishop of Canterbury, and that if she were queen she would appoint him to that high office at once. That thereupon her father, the Reverend Ambrose Grovel, used to chuck her under the chin, and say,—"Silly girl—what an innocent little fool you are!"

THAT your petitioner is informed and believes that the said Reverend Ambrose Grovel had been in the habit of chucking the chins of the four senior sisters of Miss Theodosia, in presence of four previous clerical apprentices (as they were irreverently called); and that the result was, that the said four clerical apprentices married the said four senior sisters of Miss Theodosia Grovel, whereby the said Reverend Ambrose Grovel had obtained, among those who were acquainted with the proceedings, the name of "the Judicious Hooker:"

THAT your petitioner was heedless of chinning and tune playing, by reason the young lady had already a double chin, and was a very poor musician; that before the year had expired your petitioner was not on friendly terms with any of the family; was preached at by the Reverend Ambrose Grovel, sometimes under the name of Judas, sometimes under that of Gallio, and once in an unmistakeable manner under the compound name of Sampson Eutychus, because he was gifted with great bodily strength, and was in the habit of falling asleep during the sermon. That the mother also withdrew from your petitioner, all the little amenities which make residence in the same house agreeable: his tea was weak and cold, his beer sour, his dinners scanty, his wine withdrawn, his linen unwashed; that Miss Theodosia never listened if your petitioner made a remark; never giggled, or even smiled: informed her mother that personal power was symptomatic of intellectual weakness: and occasionally received at tea a neighbouring attorney of remarkably small person, whom she had pretended to forget, and not to know even by sight, during the first four months of your petitioner's residence at the rectory:

THAT, under these circumstances, your

petitioner left the house of the Reverend Ambrose Grovel, and betook himself, for the remainder of the year of preparation, to Mangold-Wurzel Hall, the seat of the Reverend Sir Trulliber Western; that there he acquired considerable skill in fattening pigs, and the crossing of breeds; and, as he was known to excel in the training and breaking of horses, did train and break in both to hounds and harness, several of the best bred hunters and carriage horses in the county of Hants:

THAT being now upwards of three-and-twenty years of age, full of health and spirits, anxious to volunteer for the exploration of Africa, or the extermination of hostile nations by the sword, your petitioner—by the persuasion and promises of his guardians aforesaid; that is to say, of his two aunts, each with five hundred a-year at her absolute disposal; of Sir Trulliber Western, Baronet, aforesaid; and further, of an old bachelor cousin, who was reported to have murdered and robbed an Indian princess at the taking of Seringapatam, who was honoured and respected accordingly, and who strongly urged the necessity of the contemplated step, merely to keep so much animal courage and robust enterprise in order—was presented to the bishop as a simple esquire, and came out with a handle to his name, and the perpetual obligation to wear white neckcloths and a black coat:

THAT your petitioner now found himself established in a parish where there was no parsonage-house, and where no resident minister had been heard of, either before or after the Reformation; where the population was so purely agricultural, that it could neither read nor write, nor do anything but drink and swear; where the roads were impassable for half the year; and a school, which had once been founded by a benevolent blacksmith, for the promulgation of Mormonism, was converted into a cock-pit. That in this parish—without rectory, without school, without rector, with a pauper population, and untravellable roads—your petitioner spent upwards of seven months, with no society, no visitor, no comfortable lodging, no encouragement from bishop, no superintendence from archdeacon; and was rapidly falling into habits of private gin-and-water and innumerable meerschaum pipes, but fortunately was prevented from further degradation by the death of one of the maiden aunts already mentioned, as having the absolute disposal of five hundred a-year:

THAT your petitioner's said aunt had purchased for his benefit the next presentation to a valuable living, in a favourite county, within easy distance of three packs of hounds, and with excellent shooting, easily procured, in the neighbourhood:

THAT to make this purchase legal (which it would not have been if it had been effected during the vacancy of the said valuable living), your petitioner's said aunt had insisted

on the patron communicating to the vacant cure of souls the oldest and most unhealthy clergyman that could be discovered in the diocese; and, for this end, had recommended a man of upwards of eighty, who had had three different strokes of paralysis, had been for forty years a martyr to the gout, and was pronounced not likely to survive longer than was absolutely necessary to read into the said valuable living, and so make the purchase of it a legal transaction:

THAT scarcely had the said old man been inducted, and thereby put in possession of the temporalities—to the great increase of fame and reputation to the patron, who was described in the county newspapers as a model of kindness and generosity, in at last rewarding the services of a curate who had been neglected for sixty years—than a remarkable change took place in the new incumbent's health: that he grew fat and rosy, drove out in a nice phaeton with a pair of ponies, and smiled in a significant manner; that then the possibility of a bride and a specious nursery in the parsonage, was hinted at by his friends:

THAT your petitioner felt a most injurious change taking place in his Christian sentiments; that he hated the said new incumbent in a manner, and to a degree, in which he had never hated any one before; that he looked every morning into the list of deaths in the newspapers, and gave way to execrations and ejaculations of the bitterest and most vulgar kind, when he failed to perceive the old gentleman's name in the said list; that he detested all old persons whatever, and wished a law to be passed making it penal for any one to live beyond sixty years; or, that so much of the Hindoo faith should be engrafted on the Christian as consisted in putting aged individuals to an honourable death. That his feelings of objection to the longevity of the said new incumbent were excited nearly to frenzy, when Miss Sophia Western, the youngest daughter of the before-mentioned Sir Trulliber Western, to whom your petitioner was engaged by the most formal promises and vows, declared she could not wait any longer for an old parson's demise, who would probably exist till the frame of all things was dissolved in universal destruction at the end of the world: and, accordingly, married her cousin, Jack Allworthy, who had bought some land in Canada, and was going out to settle upon his estate:

THAT your petitioner, on the occurrence of this blow, determined to console himself for the delay in his anticipated increase of income, by buying a share in some lucrative and respectable business; that with that view, he applied the remainder of the succession of his said aunt to the purchase of one-sixth part of a banking concern, long established, and holding out great advantages to any person of good education and steady habits

who would enter personally into the management of the business :

THAT your petitioner, on these premises, paid the sum of five thousand pounds for the said share ; and, besides his proportion of the net profits, was to be paid a further sum of three hundred a-year in consideration of being an active and not a sleeping partner ; but a hitch was soon discovered, after the transference of the said sum of five thousand pounds, namely, that being a clergyman, with cure of souls, your petitioner's interference would vitiate any business transactions of the firm, making its debts and credits alike irrecoverable at law ;—whereupon your petitioner being threatened by the other partners with a bill of ejectment, resigned his managerial functions, and has not, nor ever has had, any control over his own money since that time :

THAT your petitioner, after waiting five years more, coming round to the opinion of Miss Sophia Western, now Mrs. John Allworthy, that the new incumbent, the Reverend Methuselah Parr, would probably survive him by many years, and be the last man alive of all the generations of mankind, sold the next presentation at a diminished price, and resumed his rural and stall-feeding pursuits, and, at the same time, commenced acquaintance with the poets, historians, and orators of his own country :

THAT your petitioner's circumstances were now greatly improved ; that his other aunt followed her sister's excellent example, both in dying and in leaving him her money ; that his distant cousin, also, who had been present at the siege of Seringapatam, and was reported to have enriched himself with the spoils of a murdered Begum, departed this life, leaving your petitioner his sole heir ; that being at this period thirty-three years old—possessing four thousand five hundred a-year—married to a charming wife—and anxious to make himself useful to his country—your petitioner founded schools and built a church and subscribed to societies, and conducted himself in all respects as befits a country gentleman of ample fortune and philanthropic mind :

THAT your petitioner has portions of his estate in several parishes ; that the clergymen of the said parishes consider, each respectively, that the whole of your petitioner's income ought to be devoted to the particular purposes of each individual parish ; and, furthermore, that as each of the said clergymen holds very decided and exclusive opinions, your petitioner has the misfortune to be viewed in the following lights by the said clergymen respectively :

By Dr. Dry, of Bolster-cum-Pillow, as a revolutionary radical and an enemy to the church :

By the Reverend Mr. Narrowpath, of Needles, as a castaway, encumbered in filthy rags, and blindly shutting his eyes to the truth ;

By the Reverend Reginald Fitz-All, as a latitudinarian and a despiser of ecclesiastical authority :

THAT your petitioner, labouring under this amount of obloquy among the clergymen of his own persuasion, has the misfortune to offend in an equal degree all the dissenters with whom he comes in contact ; being considered by them an amalgamation of all the various sections of the church—high and dry—narrow and weak—archæological and sentimental. That he is hated and distrusted accordingly, his schools (maintained entirely at his expense) ; denounced as seminaries of revolution and retrogression—of unmitigated orthodoxy and German neologism—for the simple and sufficient reason, that in the said schools neither orthodoxy nor neologism is taught at all ; but the Bible is reverently read, and the universal precepts of the Christian faith unfailingly inculcated :

THAT your petitioner is severely animadverted on by each and all of the above-named clergymen, as false to his cloth in not devoting all his means to strictly church purposes ; and by the dissenters aforesaid as a great deal too true to the said cloth, and affecting a little apparent liberality for a purpose which they can well understand :

THAT your petitioner being qualified, as he conceives, to add some little information to the moderate fund of that article possessed by the members of the legislature, would have great pleasure in devoting himself to the service of his country in the character of a senator, but that such a proceeding is rendered impossible by a law which excludes from the representation of the people any one who has ever officiated in a church, although he may glow with as holy a wisdom, and as heroic a heart, as Sidney Godolphin Osborne, be as benevolently sagacious as Sidney Smith, and as practically instructive as Dean Dawes of Hereford :

THAT debarred from trade and from parliament, by law ; from amusement by public opinion ; from active exertions in any sphere of life, by professional narrowness and seclusion ; your petitioner's energies are either not excited for the good of his fellows, or are entirely misapprehended and thrown away :

THAT great benefit would accrue if your Honourable House would, therefore, take some steps to remedy this state of things, either by ensuring active ecclesiastical employment, with decent remuneration, to all persons entering the church, or by enabling them to cast aside the handle to their names, and the white neckcloth, which impedes their respiration ; and by permitting them to endue the plain blue coat and brass buttons, which to them would be the passport to the shop, the counting-house, the judicial ermine, the benches of parliament, or the councils of her Majesty the Queen.

And your petitioner (as a clergyman) would never pray, &c. &c. &c.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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SPECIMENS OF THE ALCHEMISTS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

It is the custom in these days to speak of alchemy as a "dream;" but it was by no means one of those dreams that come in sleep. It was, on the contrary, the hard work and the hard watching of a lifetime. The angels and "the giants who were upon the earth in those days," are handed down by tradition as the earliest possessors of the secrets of alchemy, but they all went out with Noah's deluge, and their labours followed them. The early Egyptians are quite ancient enough, and as far back in antiquity as any "little candle" which we possess "can shed its rays." The emerald tablet found in the tomb of Hermes Trismegistus by Alexander the Great is the earliest record, and Hermes Trismegistus is the first patriarch of the science whose name has been handed down, though, of course, he must have had masters and teachers who were before him. This emerald tablet, however is, we are sorry to say—one would have been so glad to have believed in its existence—if not a pious, at least a scientific, fraud, and belongs to a much later date. It contained an inscription in thirteen propositions, upon which the alchemists bestowed great pains to discover the meaning. As they are not very long, we subjoin them as they have come down, for the benefit of such of our readers as love to study the dark sayings of old:

I. I speak not fiction, but what is certain and most true.

II. What is below is like that which is above, and what is above is like that which is below, for performing the miracle of one thing.

III. And as all things were produced from one, by the meditation of one, so all things were produced from this one thing by adaptation.

IV. Its father is the sun, its mother was the moon, the wind carried it in its belly, its nurse is the earth.

V. It is the cause of all perfection throughout the whole world.

VI. Its power is perfect if it be changed into the earth.

VII. Separate the earth from the fire, the subtle from the gross, gently and with judgment.

VIII. It ascends from earth to heaven, and descends again to earth. Thus you will possess the glory of the whole world, and all obscurity will fly away from you.

IX. This thing is the fortitude of all fortitude, because it overcomes all subtle things, and penetrates every solid thing.

X. Thus were all things created.

XI. Hence proceed wonderful adaptations, which are produced in this way.

XII. Therefore am I called Hermes Trismegistus, possessing the three parts of the philosophy of the whole world.

XIII. That I had to say concerning the operation of the sun is completed.

These thirteen mysterious sayings nearly drove the followers of alchemy to distraction. They, however, religiously followed the example of their master, and enveloped whatever knowledge they possessed in the most impenetrable coat of darkness, but it was a coat embroidered and spangled with such seducing figures of speech, such mystical birds, beasts, and flowers, that the reader is enticed by their strange beauty. We have now at our elbow a pile of old alchemical tracts and treatises. They are, one and all, profoundly unintelligible, but they speak their unknown tongue with so much grave and earnest emphasis that it is difficult not to believe they are pointing out the road to a mysterious, unknown world, full of strange beauty—if one only could understand their directions!

The authentic records of alchemy that have come down to us do not begin before the eighth century.* It was the Arabians who gave it the shape and dignity of a science. The Arabians came into Egypt, which they overran as they did other countries like a swarm of locusts, they destroyed the great library of Alexandria, and, by so doing, seemed to have extinguished the last spark of learning; but if ever that savage belief that the virtues of the conquered foe pass into the person of the conqueror, seemed to be borne out by the result, it was so in this instance. The Arabians absorbed and assimilated the knowledge of the people they conquered. They were themselves set on fire

* The destruction of ancient manuscripts had, previously to this, taken place on a large scale. Diocletian has the credit of having burned the books of the Egyptians on the chemistry of gold and silver. Caesar is said to have burned as many as seven hundred thousand rolls at Alexandria; and Leo Isaurus three hundred thousand at Constantinople, in the eighth century, about the time the Arabians burned the library at Alexandria.

with the ardour of their own swift energy, and they set on fire whatever they touched. They inspired with a living force every branch of learning, and this knowledge they carried with them and spread abroad in every country whithersoever they went. The good they did to mankind—not by their genius only, but by the industry with which they worked out the results of learning, and the intense vitality which fertilised their industry—amply atoned for the loss sustained by the destruction of the great library. Chemistry was the science into which they threw themselves with the greatest ardour, and is the one in which we can best judge of what they effected. Many words of their invention retain their place in our present nomenclature—such are, alchemy itself, alkali, alcohol, alembic, algaroth, alembroth, and others. They brought into mechanical operation many natural processes;—such as distillation, sublimation, filtration, crystallisation. They invented the retort, the alembic, the crucible, the water-bath, and the sand-bath. The Arabians did something greater than all these things—they changed the whole method of conducting scientific enquiry; the ancient mode was to reason from abstract principles, which, in matters of fact, was like beginning to build a house from the roof downwards. The Arabians set to work by observing facts and making experiments, thus endeavouring to raise their theories from a foundation of reality alone; but, as they were men and not gods, of course, they were liable to error, and often set out upon their investigations entangled in a web of previously-conceived abstract ideas, which they set up as “laws of nature.” But this does not alter the fact that the Arabians were the first who caught a glimpse of the method by which alone natural science can be conducted with any certainty or success—it is the great step which separates ancient science from modern research. Before we commence our stories of the alchemists our readers may possibly like to know something of what alchemy professed to be and to do, but truly it is such a wide subject, not only as regards its general principles and modes of practice, but also in its digressive tendencies, which are infinite, that the information we give is indeed superficial. There is scarcely anything the imagination has ever conceived or questioned concerning the operations of nature that is not to be found in the records of alchemy. We must pick our way through the labyrinth as well as we can, and shall only give what seems to us necessary for the better understanding of the life and labours of the class of men of whom we purpose to treat.

Alchemy had two great objects in view: the first was the conversion of the metals into one another by means of a single substance; the second was, the cure of all diseases whatever by the application of a single remedy: the first to acquire an unlimited supply of Fortunatus-purses of gold, and the

second to secure, if not an immortality, at least a terribly long lease of this mortal life. It was supposed by the alchemists—and traces of the idea are to be seen in the earliest ages—that all metals were mutually convertible. Seven metals were known—namely: gold, silver, quicksilver, copper, iron, tin, and lead. These numbers, corresponding with the number of the planets, were generally called by alchemists Sol, Luna, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. The alchemists believed that each planet stood in such close relation and communication with its appropriate metal, as to be constantly generating fresh quantities of it in the depths of the earth. Each of these metals was supposed to consist of sulphur and mercury in different proportions and in different degrees of purity; hence, by adding what was deficient or subtracting what was superfluous in the composition of each metal, it might be changed into another. Common mercury and common sulphur were found not to answer the purpose, and, by degrees, became two spiritual or elemental principles called, for the sake of convenience, by those common names. The mercury was supposed to impart to metals their lustre and ductility—their fixed properties; whilst the sulphur conferred upon them their changeable nature. Both elements were united in each metal in different proportions and in different degrees of purity and fixation—which latter term had a very indefinite meaning; sometimes it was merely the degree in which the fusibility of the metals was affected, and sometimes it was meant to shadow forth what we now call affinity. Of the metals, gold and silver were called perfect, the others were, more or less, imperfect, and the great object was to convert these imperfect, into the perfect metals: yet, singularly enough, the great masters of alchemy disclaimed all sordid motives. This conversion of the metals was to be effected by what was compendiously termed the philosopher's stone; but the word stone must be taken figuratively, for it was not conceived to be a stone at all, but a powder; and, in some of the processes, a fluid—generally, the successful adepts represented it as a red powder with a faint smell. Before we have done, the reader shall have the benefit of some of the directions for obtaining this precious powder, and an account of the different appearances it took during the course of the work, before the moment when it touched perfection. One of the alchemists thus describes the result of his labour:—“Our stone is nothing but an odoneous spirit and a living water (which we have also called dry water) purified by a natural proportion, and united in such a way that it can in nowise be absent from itself.” The alchemists were dreadfully afraid of making their instructions intelligible to general readers; and, from the name of one of their chief writers—Geber—Dr. Johnson derives the word gibberish, which was formerly

written geberish. Their red powder, when found, was capable of converting all metals into gold, even when used in the minutest particle. There was also a second preparation, called the white tincture, not so difficult to obtain, and it could convert every metal into silver, and could itself be converted into gold by the red powder. The red powder also could, if administered in homœopathic doses, cure all diseases, from its quality of being able to change everything imperfect and unhealthy into what was pure and perfect.

What we have already said may afford some general idea of the nature of the study of alchemy; we proceed to give some account of the most learned and noted adepts whose fame has been transmitted to us, and to whose dreams we are indebted for many valuable realities little, if at all, inferior to the red powder.

Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais, one of the earliest adepts, was born in three hundred and sixty-five. He was a learned and excellent man; more of a Pagan than a Christian, but a good bishop notwithstanding. His portrait has been restored to us in Mr. Kingsley's *Hypatia*, and our readers are referred to his pages. Geber—or more correctly Dah-ad-far al Softe—is the first who gives a full account of the science of alchemy; but, although his works have come down to us—having been translated into both Arabic and Latin—and although he attained the greatest celebrity in the age when he lived, which was the eighth century, yet little is known of his life except that he was born in Mesopotamia, and passed into Spain, where he spent some time.

The story of Morieu reads like one of the Arabian Nights' entertainments, and may, perhaps, repay the reader for any tediousness he may have indulged in. Morieu was born in Rome, in the tenth century, he was a good Christian, and we are told extremely dutiful to his parents; but, hearing of Adfar, a famous Arabian philosopher, who lived at Alexandria, and some of his writings having fallen into his hands, they so took hold of his imagination that he ran away from home and made for Alexandria. Arrived there, he had great difficulty in finding the house of the learned man; but he had not come so far to fail then; and, at length, having found the man he sought, he made known to him his country, his religion, and his desire to become a disciple. Adfar was glad of a disciple who showed great zeal, docility, and intelligence, and Morieu was happy to have found a master who promised to unveil for him the source of all treasures. The gentleness of Morieu so won upon his master that he concealed nothing from him. But all Adfar's immense riches, his learning, and his genius, could not keep him from dying, like the most ignorant of men. Morieu mourned his death paid the last duties to his remains, and then quitted Alexandria to go to Jerusalem. He settled himself in a hermitage a little way

out of the city, and there determined to end his days. He took with him a pupil whom he intended to train in his own knowledge. In this retreat Morieu heard of Kalid, the Soldan of Egypt—"a wise and curious prince," lieutenant of the caliph. One of the books of Adfar having fallen into his hands, he made great inquiries and offered immense rewards to anyone who would enable him to understand it. Many persons presented themselves, but they were not true teachers: only persons greedy of reward, and seeking for gain and not wisdom.

Morieu heard with pain how much this good Soldan was deceived by false professors, and he determined to leave his retreat and to undertake a journey to Egypt, as much with the design of converting the Soldan to the blessed faith of Christianity as of instructing him in the knowledge of Adfar. The Soldan received him with gladness, and gave him a house; where Morieu remained until he had finished his process. The work being brought to perfection, he poured the precious elixir into a vase, and wrote upon it, "He who has all, has no need of others." He then departed secretly, and returned to his hermitage near Jerusalem. Kalid went to the house where Morieu had dwelt, and there found the vase containing the elixir; but that did not console him for the loss of his master. He was filled with great indignation against the false pretenders who had deceived him; he put to death all who remained within his reach, and made an edict that, in future, whoever dared to come before him with false pretences should die. He kept this law rigidly; but it did not bring back Morieu. He one day called Galip, his favourite slave, and said to him, "Oh! Galip, what are we to do further?"

Galip replied, "My lord, it is good to believe that God will make us know the conduct we ought to pursue."

Kalid passed many years regretting the loss of Morieu; until one day when he was engaged in the chase, accompanied, as usual, by Galip; they were separated by some accident, and Galip came upon a hermit who was devoutly praying in a solitude.

"Who are you?" said Galip to him; "whence come you, and whither do you go?"

"I come from Jerusalem," replied the hermit, "where I was born, and I remained long with a holy man amongst the mountains near to that city. I heard there how Kalid was in pain to know how he might finish the mystery of Hermes. That holy man is, I know, skilful in that science, and I quitted my country to inform the prince of him."

"Oh, my brother! what is this you say?" cried Galip; "it is enough—I do not wish you should die as the imposters have died, who presented themselves to my master."

"I fear nothing," replied the hermit, "let me see the prince, if you know where he may be found."

Galip took him to his master, and the hermit informed him that he had made this long journey on purpose to tell him that, in the solitudes of Jerusalem, dwelt a holy man who had received this supreme wisdom of God—the knowledge of the hermetic work. “He has confessed to me that he has this precious gift, and I have seen the proof of it in the immense treasures of gold and silver he took each year to Jerusalem.”

Kalid cautioned him of the risk he ran of being put to death like many others before him, if he made promises he could not perform; but, as the hermit seemed very confident and not in the least afraid, Kalid grew sanguine, and his desire to see Morieu again increased, if possible, in ardour. For, he had no doubt, from the description, that this holy man at Jerusalem was Morieu himself.

Kalid desired Galip to take an escort and accompany the hermit. After many difficulties, they came to the mountains of Jerusalem, where they found Morieu; who, in a rude hair garment, lived in perpetual youth and the most austere penance. He made no difficulty about going back to Egypt with Galip. The Soldan received him with great joy, and would have made him his vizier; but Morieu had no other desire than to convert the prince to the true religion. He preached all the truths of Christianity, but Kalid would not be converted; he, however, treated Morieu as his dearest friend, and he seems to have been a very good man, if we may judge from the fact that Morieu at last instructed him in all the secrets which he had so long and so ardently desired to learn. The remainder of his life is not known, but so far his history and his conversations have been written both by himself and by Galip the faithful slave. Kalid wrote some little treatises on hermetic philosophy, which are printed. Bacon and Arnold both cite Morieu as one of the hermetic philosophers, and Robertus Castrensis translated Morieu's book into Latin from the Arabic in the year eleven hundred and eighty-two.

Most of the alchemists had a history attached to them. Raymond Lully had a romance—The reader will find all we tell, written in heavy biographical dictionaries and musty books of reference, innocent of the least tendency to levity or novel-writing.*

Raymond Lully was born at Majorca, in the year twelve hundred and thirty-five. His father was of a noble family, seneschal to James the First of Arragon, who had enriched him with lands in the isles of Majorca and Minorca, when they were taken from the Saracens in twelve hundred and thirty. Raymond was brought up at court after the

fashion of the young noblemen of that age. He received little instruction of any kind except in the arts and accomplishments of a cavalier. He was handsome, graceful, excellent in all knightly exercises, and, we are sorry to add, eminently a mauvais sujet. He led a gambling, dissipated, disreputable life, enjoying great favour at court, where James the Second of Arragon continued the favour that his father had shown to the father of Raymond. He made him seneschal of the isles and grand provost of the palace. Raymond increased his fortune by a great marriage; but the more money he had, the more he spent. He led the life of a grand seigneur, and carried on his affairs in grand style. He fell in love at last with a beautiful woman of the court, Donna Ambrosia Eleanora di Castello. She was married and considered as remarkable for her virtue as her beauty. For some time the declarations and assiduities of Raymond took no effect; but one day it so happened that, whilst she was leaning from a window the wind blew aside her handkerchief, and displayed her bosom. Raymond, who, of course, was hanging about wherever she was to be seen, was so struck with her beauty that he wrote some passionate verses on the white bosom he had beheld. This poem took an effect he had scarcely dared to hope. The Lady Eleanora sent him a message desiring his company. It may be imagined with what alacrity he obeyed her commands. He was shown into her presence; he fell at her feet; and began at once to expand into expressions of gratitude and passion; but she desired him to rise, and told him that, having tried in vain to repulse his passion, and to cure him by her coldness and indifference, she had now resolved to requite him by allowing him to look upon the beautiful white bosom he had celebrated in his verse; saying which, she disclosed her bosom and half her side, and he saw a hideous cancer. The shock was so terrible, that he forsook the court and entirely changed his mode of life. He had a remarkable vision, in which he imagined he beheld The Saviour, who said to him, Raymond, follow me from henceforth. This vision he saw twice; he then delayed no longer, but arranged his affairs and divided his property amongst his family. What became of his wife we are not told; but he himself retired to a hovel on mount Aranda, near his estate, and there he devoted himself to study Arabic, and to prepare for the conversion of the infidels. He was at that time about thirty years of age. People did nothing by halves in those days. If their profligacy and violence were enormous, their devotion and austerity, when they threw themselves into religion, was in the same proportion. He remained in this retreat for six years; and then set out with a servant—who could speak Arabic, and was a Mahomedan—to convert the infidels wherever he might find them. But the servant no

* He may consult for himself, if he pleases, the following works upon the Life of Raymond Lully:—Byronius *Annal. Eccles.* tom. 14, ann. 1372; *Solland Act. Sancta*, tom. 23; *Mariana de Rebus Hispania*, lib. 15, c. 4; *Peroquet Vie de R. Lully*, Vendôme, 1667; *Hist. de Raymond Lully*, Paris, 1668, 12mo.

sooner understood what were his master's designs against the Koran, than he took the earliest opportunity of endeavouring to murder him. The wound, fortunately, was not mortal; and, before he could repeat the blow, a pious anchoress, we are told, passed the spot and assisted Raymond to disarm him. Raymond refused to kill his assassin, and only consented with reluctance that he should be put in prison; where he strangled himself in rage and fury.

When Raymond had recovered from his wound, he remained a little while longer in his beloved solitude, and then once more began his wanderings. In twelve hundred and seventy-six he founded a professorship in the Convent of St. Francis, at Palmes, for the Arabic language, to serve towards converting the infidels. In twelve hundred and eighty-one, he went to Paris, and there became acquainted with Arnold of Villa Nova, or Arnaud de Villeneuve, one of the great alchemists—a man whose immense reputation filled all the age with wonder; in his day he perhaps enjoyed more renown than any other man ever did. Lully's genius for science seems to have been developed by his six years' solitude and his study of Arabic manuscripts. For the present, his zeal to convert the infidels slackened, and he became the disciple of Arnold, and invented a new mode of teaching and learning philosophy and the sciences—afterwards called from him the Lullian art. From Paris he went to Rome. His object was to obtain from the Pope the establishment of a college for the study of the oriental languages, for the purpose of propagating the true faith amongst the infidels; but the Pope had just died, and he could meet with no attention to his desires. He was received with much distinction, however, wherever he went, and wrote and taught publicly. Disappointed at Rome, he returned to Paris, continuing always to teach philosophy. In twelve hundred and ninety-one, he went to visit the King of Majorca, at Montpellier, and there he found his friend Arnold established at the head of the faculty of medicine in that city. He was well received, but his old longing to convert the infidels came back upon him in all its force—indeed it had never entirely slumbered—and all the fame he obtained for himself he only considered as the means to further his great object. He set out once more for Rome, and remained some months at Geneva, where he wrote and taught and disputed as was the fashion amongst learned men of that time. When at length he reached Rome, he could by no means obtain from Nicholas the Second, who was the then pope, the establishment he desired for the study of the oriental languages; and he considered that he ought to go in person and preach the true faith to the infidels. He went to Genoa and hired a passage to Africa; but, when the vessel was

on the point of sailing he took a sudden panic and let the vessel sail without him. His remorse and regret threw him into a fever. He looked upon himself as a Jonah, trying to escape from the divine command. When he recovered, he lost no time in repairing his fault and sailed to Tunis. This sudden panic in a man of such high courage and firm purpose is remarkable, and may serve to make us charitable in our judgments upon those who seem for a time to fail. Lully's courage never again faltered. On his arrival at Tunis, he began to speak and to dispute with the Mahomedan doctors, and was immediately arrested for his pains and condemned to death; but, a learned Arabian who loved him for his science and learning, interceded for him, and remonstrated with the sultan upon the scandal it would be to slay so great a man. His life was spared; but he was commanded to leave Tunis without delay, under the penalty of death if he returned.

He went to Genoa, and thence to Naples, where he disputed against his master, Arnold, denying the possibility of transmuting metals; but nothing distracted his mind from his earnest desire to convert the infidels; and he used all his eloquence to prevail on Pope Boniface the Eighth to encourage the study of eastern languages; but the Pope had other affairs on hand, and Raymond retired to Milan, where the house in which he lived is still to be seen. In thirteen hundred and eight he went to Paris, and made acquaintance with the famous Duns Scotus, and practised alchemy; but his beloved infidels prevented him from resting in this learned leisure. He tried to get up a crusade, and to persuade Ferdinand of Castile to join King Philip of France for the recovery of the Holy Land. To prove his own zeal, he once more crossed from Spain to Africa, and landed at Bona—Saint Augustin's old bishopric. Here he had the satisfaction of converting seventy of the followers of Averroes—a great physician—more, we should imagine, by the reputation he had acquired as a man of science than from the superiority of his theology. He went next to Algiers, where he also made converts; but the persecution rose to such a height that he was thrown into prison, and had a bridle placed in his mouth. Some accounts say that a padlock was fastened upon his lips to prevent him from speaking, which was only removed when he ate his food. At the end of forty days, however, he was severely bastinadoed, and then expelled from the city. He had no road except through Tunis, where sentence of death awaited him; but, when he arrived, although he was thrown into prison, the inhabitants were still deterred by his reputation from putting him to death. They contented themselves with trying if they could not, in their turn, convert him; but as they did not succeed, they shipped him on board a vessel sailing for Genoa. He was shipwrecked in sight of Pisa; and, although

he and the crew escaped to land, he had a violent illness, through which he was nursed by some Dominicans.

A general council was then sitting at Vienna, and so soon as he was able to travel, he went there to solicit assistance for the conversion of the infidels. He made several propositions which he could get no one to listen to. Whilst at Vienna he received flattering letters from Edward the Second, King of England, and from Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, entreating him to visit them. He had also, in the course of his travels, met with John Cremer, Abbot of Westminster, with whom he formed a strong friendship; and, it was more to please him than the king, that Raymond consented to go to England. Cremer had an intense desire to learn the last great secret of alchemy—to make the powder of transmutation—and Raymond, with all his friendship, had never disclosed it. Cremer, however, set to work very cunningly; he was not long in discovering the object that was nearest to Raymond's heart—the conversion of the infidels. He told the king wonderful stories of the gold Lully had the art to make; and he worked upon Raymond by the hope that King Edward would be easily induced to raise a crusade against the Mahomedans, if he only had the means. Raymond had appealed so often to popes and kings that he had lost all faith in them; nevertheless, as a last hope, he accompanied his friend Cremer to England. Cremer lodged him in his abbey, treating him with distinction; and there Lully at last instructed him in the powder, the secret of which Cremer had so long desired to know. When the powder was perfected, Cremer presented him to the king, who received him as a man may be supposed to receive one who could give him boundless riches. Raymond made only one condition; that the gold he made should not be expended upon the luxuries of the court or upon a war with any Christian king; and that Edward himself should go in person with an army against the infidels. Edward promised everything and anything. Raymond had apartments assigned him in the Tower, and there he tells us he transmuted fifty thousand pounds weight of quicksilver, lead, and tin, into pure gold, which was coined at the mint into six millions of nobles, each worth about three pounds sterling at the present day. Some of the pieces said to have been coined out of this gold are still to be found in antiquarian collections. To Robert Bruce he sent a little work entitled *Of the Art of Transmuting Metals*. Dr. Edmund Dickenson relates that when the cloister that Raymond occupied at Westminster was removed, the workmen found some of the powder, with which they enriched themselves. During Lully's residence in England, he became the friend of Roger Bacon.

Nothing, of course, could be further from

King Edward's thoughts than to go on a crusade. Raymond's apartments in the Tower were only an honourable prison; and he soon perceived how matters were. He declared that Edward would meet with nothing but misfortune and misery for his breach of faith. He made his escape from England in thirteen hundred and fifteen, and set off once more to preach to the infidels. He was now a very old man, and none of his friends could ever hope to see his face again. He went first to Egypt, then to Jerusalem, and thence to Tunis. There he at last met with the martyrdom he had so often braved. The people fell upon him and stoned him. Some Genoese merchants carried away his body, in which they discerned some feeble signs of life. They carried him on board their vessel; but, though he lingered awhile, he died as they came in sight of Majorca, on the twenty-eighth of June, thirteen hundred and fifteen, at the age of eighty-one. He was buried with great honour in his family chapel at St. Ulma, the viceroy and all the principal nobility attending.

He left many works behind him—some are in manuscript and some in print—the greater number are to be found in the Royal Library at Paris. Amongst the discoveries of Lully we may mention the preparation of sweet nitre; but his chief merit was that he perfected and spread the knowledge of scientific discoveries which were but little known before his time.

Alexander Sethon was a Scotchman, and lived at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century. Tradition credits him with having succeeded in becoming master of the secret of making gold. Whatever might have been his life before that period, it is certain that at the moment which seemed to crown him with the highest fortune, he might have quoted old Gammer Gurton's lamentation, and said:—"This first day of my sorrow is the last day of my pleasure," for he knew no comfort afterwards. He passed into Holland, and remained some time in the house of one John Haussen, a mariner, in the town of Erkusen, whom he had once hospitably received and entertained when he was shipwrecked on the coast of Scotland, near to where he lived. He made several transmutations in the house of this man, binding him to secrecy, which John Haussen kept pretty well; although he thought it no harm to mention the circumstance to Doctor Vandervelden, a physician of Erkusen. He gave him also a piece of gold on which he marked the hour and the date of the reputed transmutation, March thirteenth, sixteen hundred and two, at four o'clock. Sethon proceeded on his travels, making transmutations from time to time; but news did not travel fast in those days, and he might have escaped mischance for a pretty long while, if his evil genius had not led him into Saxony. Here he made an imprudent display of

his art to some persons who reported him to the Elector of Saxony. This prince fancying that he had now got hold of a living and inexhaustible treasure, seized upon his person, and put him in prison; setting a strong guard of soldiers over him, with orders to keep him always in sight. At first, the Elector endeavoured by fair words and fine promises to persuade Sethon to make gold; and, perhaps he might in time, have consented to ransom himself, but the Elector was also determined to obtain his secret, and this, as all adepts of alchemy know, was a secret not to be revealed to any under the penalty of their eternal salvation; they did not dare to reveal it even to their dearest friend; only when they grew old might they select some one man as their heir and instruct him in their method of working, under the most solemn oath of secrecy. Their works were always written in enigmas, to mislead purposely all who came with vain curiosity, and who were not elected to the knowledge of the mystery. Sethon, therefore, could by no means purchase his own deliverance at the price of his secret. Patience and fortitude were the qualities which were developed by the pursuit of alchemy, if nothing else, and Sethon was a match for his noble jailor.

When fair means could not induce him to speak, the Elector began by making his captivity more rigorous, and tried what privation would effect. When that failed he resorted to more active measures, and Sethon was subjected to a variety of tortures in the hope of extorting his secret, which even if he could, or would, have imparted, the Elector would not have been able to apply, for Sethon could not have given his own skill. Nevertheless, he remained obstinately silent, enduring whatever it was the good, or rather, evil pleasure of the Elector to inflict, and the tortures grew more and more intolerable. Even fire was applied to make him speak. This treatment was continued at intervals for many months, but all in vain.

At length one Michael Seudigovius, a Polish nobleman, himself also a seeker after the philosopher's stone, obtained from the elector the liberty to visit Sethon in his prison.

Feeling pity for Sethon's sufferings, and also a hope that he might be induced to do from gratitude, what he had refused to compulsion, Michael offered to aid him to escape, which offer of course Sethon gladly accepted. Seudigovius came again in a few days, and gave a feast to the soldiers who guarded him. This he did more than once. At last he regaled them better than usual, and having made them drunk, he and Sethon escaped in disguise; he had a carriage in waiting. They stopped at the house where Sethon's wife still lived, and got the powder of transmutation, which her husband had confided to her keeping. Whether she accompanied them in their flight is un-

certain. Probably she remained in Dresden, that the escape of her husband might appear more mysterious.

Sethon and his deliverer escaped to Cracow, where Seudigovius had a castle. He now reminded Sethon of his promise to assist him in his alchemical pursuit. Sethon presented him with an ounce of his powder of transmutation, which he declared was amply sufficient, if used with prudence. But as regarded the secret of making this powder, he said: "You see what I have suffered; my nerves are shrunk, my limbs are dislocated, emaciated to an extremity, and my body almost corrupted; even to avoid all this I did not disclose the secrets of philosophy." It was clear there was nothing to be done with such a man; and, after trying every species of entreaty and persuasion in vain, Seudigovius allowed him reluctantly to depart.

Sethon did not long enjoy his liberty. He was old, and the hardships he had endured had worn him out. He died in sixteen hundred and four, only two years after he had left his peaceful laboratory in Scotland. Seudigovius married his widow, but she knew nothing of her husband's secrets. She however possessed some of his manuscripts, and these Seudigovius published under the name of the "Cosmopolitan," which was the title under which Sethon was generally known.

The powder which Seudigovius had received from Sethon is said to have done him very little good in the end. It enabled him for a while to live extravagantly, and to waste his substance in riotous living. He made no secret of the present he had obtained. He presented himself at Prague before Rudolph the Second, and made a "projection" for him, for which the Emperor appointed him to be Counsellor of State. Seudigovius narrowly escaped the fate of Sethon upon one occasion. He was travelling through Moravia, and a nobleman of the country having heard rumours of his proceedings at Prague; and, believing that he had a great quantity of the transmuting powder in his possession, seized upon him and put him in prison, threatening that he should not obtain his liberty until he had given up all his treasure. Seudigovius was not an alchemist, but he knew other secrets, and "obtained some matters with which he cut through the iron bar of his prison-window;" and, making a rope of his clothes escaped almost naked. He summoned the little tyrant before the Emperor's Court to answer for what he had done; the nobleman was fined, and a village on his estate was confiscated, which Seudigovius gave to his daughter as a dowry.

By this time the ounce of powder was nearly expended. Seudigovius had run through an enormous fortune, and beggary stared him in the face. Sethon must have seen in his character that he was not worthy to possess the "Great Secret," and that his

only idea of using it, or desiring to know it, was that he might be able to carry on a life of profligacy, without measure or bounds.

Seudigovius thought that he would turn the few grains that remained to him of the powder into medicine; for it was quite as powerful to cure sickness, or whatever disease a man might have, as it was to transmute base metals into gold. He accordingly put all that remained into rectified spirits of wine, and astonished the regular physicians by the marvellous cures it effected. It cured, amongst others, Sigismond the Third, King of Poland, "of a very grievous accident." At length the elixir came to an end, as the gold had gone, and Seudigovius found himself without money or property of any kind. He then began the life of an adventurer. He obtained large sums from various noblemen, under pretence of making the powder, but he produced no result save smoke and cinders. He then subsided into a deliberate impostor, and played tricks of sleight of hand worthy only of a mountebank. He silvered over a piece of gold, and pretending that he had the true powder, made the silver disappear by a common chemical operation easy to execute, and sold his worthless preparation at large prices; a thing quite obvious and repugnant to the principles of all true adepts, who never sold their knowledge.

He died at Guvernu, on the frontiers of Poland, in sixteen hundred and forty-six, at the age of eighty-four, having seen great vicissitudes, and been Counsellor of State to three Emperors, Rudolph, Matthias, and Ferdinand.

We add an extract from the work of Eireneus Philalethes, called *The Shut Palace Opened*, which may serve to show what it really was to possess a secret which it was forbidden to reveal, and which it was dangerous to exercise; it takes the shine out of the gold. Few would desire to obtain it, if gold alone had been the object of the Great Work. Eireneus, we should tell the reader, was an Englishman, who lived in sixteen hundred and forty-five (at least that is the date of one of his works), his true name has never been distinctly ascertained. The following may be accepted as his account of his own lot, after the discovery of the Stone. "All alchemical books abound with obscure enigmas, or sophistical operations; I have not written in this style, having resigned my will to the Divine pleasure. I do not fear that the art will be dis-esteemed because I write plainly, for true wisdom will defend its own honour. I wish gold and silver were as mean in esteem as earth, and then we need not so strictly conceal ourselves. For we are like Cain, driven from the pleasant society we formerly had without fear. Now we are tossed up and down, as if beset with furies, nor can we suppose ourselves safe in any one place long. We weep and sigh, complaining

to the Lord. 'Behold whosoever shall find me, shall slay me!' We travel through many nations like vagabonds, and dare not take upon us the care of a family, neither do we possess any certain habitation; although we possess all things, we can use but a few; what, therefore, do we enjoy except the speculation of our minds? Many strangers to art imagine that if they enjoyed it they would do great good. So I believed formerly, but the danger I have experienced has taught me otherwise. Whoever encounters the imminent peril of his life, will act with more caution henceforward. An adept cannot effect the works of mercy to an uncommon extent, without in some degree confiding to the secrecy of others; and this is at the hazard of imprisonment and death. I lately had a proof of it, for being in a foreign place I administered the medicine to some distressed poor persons who were dying, and they having miraculously recovered, there was immediately a rumour spread abroad of the Elixir of Life, insomuch that I was forced to flee by night, with exceeding great trouble; having changed my clothes, shaved my head, put on other hair, and altered my name; else I should have fallen into the hands of wicked men, that lay in wait for me, merely on suspicion excited by the thirst of gold. I could mention other dangers which would seem ridiculous to those who did not stand in a similar situation. They think they would manage their affairs better, but they do not consider that all those intelligent people whose society is chiefly desirable, are extremely discerning; and a slight conjecture is sufficient to produce a conspiracy, for the iniquity of men is so great that I have known a person to be strangled with a halter on suspicion, although he did not possess the art, it was sufficient that a desperate man heard a report of it. This age abounds with alchemists, however ignorant of science, they know sufficient to discover an adept, or to suspect him. An appearance of secrecy will cause them to search and examine every circumstance of your life. If you cure the sick, or sell a large quantity of gold, the news is circulated all through the neighbourhood. The goldsmith knows that the metal is too fine, and it is contrary to law for any one to alloy it, who is not a regular metallurgist. I once sold pure silver worth six hundred pounds in a foreign country; the goldsmith, notwithstanding I was dressed as a merchant, told me—'this silver is made by art.' I asked the reason he said so, he replied, 'I know the silver that comes from Spain, England, &c., this is purer than any of these kinds.' Hearing this I withdrew. There is no better silver in trade than the Spanish; but if he had attempted to reduce my silver, from its superior quality, and were discovered, I would be hanged for felony. I never called again for my silver, or the price of it. The transmission of gold and silver from one country to another is

regulated by strict laws, and this is enough to condemn the adept, who appears to have a quantity of it. Thus, being taught by these difficulties, I have determined to lie hid, and will communicate the art to thee, who dreamest of performing public good, that we may see what you will undertake when you obtain it."

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

THE PASSAGE OF THE DANUBE.

A WILD wind was blowing, and a drifting sleet beat in our faces as we waded through mud and mire down to the waterside. Here were bales of goods and heaps of military stores, crowds of dirty, ragged, desponding Turkish soldiers, waiting, seemingly, to be rained upon, and for no other purpose whatever. Weary, jaded-looking oxen, rudely yoked to the most primitive waggons, ruminated in patient wretchedness, wet through. There was a great multitude of people and a great number of things, but there was no life and bustle. Everybody and everything appeared to be waiting for some unexplained event, and to be wasting time, meanwhile, in listless discomfort. The broad river teemed with craft of all descriptions, from the rattling Austrian steamer, tugging long rafts laden with warlike implements, and the rakish Greek merchantman, down to the heavy Bulgarian barges which serve as ferry-boats, and the most trumpery little cockleshells used for coasting in fine weather or in bobbing about from ship to ship.

The aspect of affairs generally was unsatisfactory. Even our old friends, the officers lately in the service of the king of Candy, who much delight in the gay uniforms allowed to Omer Pasha's staff, and who were consequently assembled here in considerable force, appeared to lose all their usual vivacity and strutting importance amidst the complete and perfect cheerlessness around them here.

We try to get a boat, and thus pass over to Giurgevo and the regions of civilisation at once, but the thing is absolutely impossible. There are plenty of boats, as we have said, but they seem to belong to nobody, and nobody, visible at least, appears to belong to them. They have, indeed, the freedom of the waterside, and keep bobbing about and bumping against each other amidst the short fat waves of the Danube, but nobody heeds them, and they may creak and groan, and bob and strain at their cables for ever, precisely like a man with a grievance. So, after shouting for some time, and getting into a boat or two, just to try if our apparent appropriation of it will arouse any apathetic owner to assert his rights, and then getting out of it in despair at not being able to attract the smallest attention, we finally clamber up a mud hill and elbow our way through a listless crowd of soaking

bumpkins, then we toil up some rotten wooden stairs to a rickety platform, and so into a Bulgarian coffee-house which is there situated.

It is full to suffocation of military idlers of every description, from the last dashing courier who has posted down with despatches from Bucharest, to the loosest hanger-on of the Turkish army, on the look-out for a little quiet game of robbery whenever an occasion may turn up favourable to the exercise of his talents in that direction. An immense fire of damp wood and ashes slumbers and moulders in an ample grate. The hobs and hearthstone are garnished with little black invalid coffee-pots, one without a handle, another with its handle tied on by a piece of dirty twisted linen, a third with a great bit knocked off its rim, a fourth used and battered out of all shape, suggesting an idea—perhaps true enough—that it may have been frequently applied to the hard pates of refractory customers.

Everybody is smoking—not the long, majestic pipes of Constantinople and Asia Minor, nor the light fancy article covered with glass beads and gay silk or gold and silver wire, which are of common use in Syria and Palestine, nor the costly implement of silver and precious wood which solaces the idleness of our lazy allies on the frontiers of Persia and in Kurdistan. The Bulgarian pipe appears to the most uninterested observer to belong to a people addicted to the pursuits of agriculture. It is short, fat, sturdy, unpolished: it is made of a stick cut out of a hedge. A large round hole is burnt or whittled through it—this forms the stem; the bowl is made of a piece of the root of a tree with a receptacle for tobacco and a dumpy exit for smoke punched irregularly into it. It is stuck on the stick as much on one side as the rowdy white hat of a medical student, and looks not unlike it in the eyes of any one gifted with a good serviceable amount of ready imagination. The Bulgarian pipe is dirty, as all Bulgarian things are: it is covered over with several layers of various coloured muds, dried by time, and blending not inharmoniously the one with the other. It has no mouth-piece as other pipes have, but the smoker puts his lips to the hole, and sucks at it ardently till satiated. The tobacco is coarse, rough, untractable, and bitter, but this does not seem to diminish in any way the visible enjoyment experienced from the use of it, as may be witnessed by the attentive examination of any gentleman present as he sits behind his cloud of smoke, somnolent and surly.

It is a quaint scene. The Bulgarians dress in a more primitive fashion than is even usual among the Turks, whose dress is always quaint and primitive. They do not wear beards like the rest of their countrymen. They shave their heads and every part of the face except the upper lip; and, the

moustaches being allowed to grow as long as they will, give a peculiar wild air to their dark, lowering countenances, and adds an expression very military and ferocious. It is not till you get quite close up to them and examine their faces, till you have grown perfectly familiar with the ferocious moustaches, that the lion-look wears off, and the mere dull, listless, sulky lout is plainly revealed beneath it.

After we have passed some time smoking and drinking coffee, which occupation is the indispensable preliminary to all Turkish affairs, our Tatar (courier) comes in, dripping and steaming, to tell us that he has at last routed out a man who has something to do with one of the boats, and who will undertake to find his companions in the course of the day, and transport us into Wallachia for the consideration of a golden ducat, or about nine shillings and sixpence of our money. We agree to the proposal of the boatman who has thus been discovered, and, when our Tatar has duly shouted from the platform our acquiescence in this arrangement, he returns and sits down to enjoy a pipe and to join us in the agreeable pastime of waiting upon Providence meanwhile. He is a Tatar who has had so much to do with Britons, that he has at last acquired something of our air and manners. Very wonderful and instructive it is to see him displaying the attainments he has gradually picked up amongst us. Reesto is his name, Turkey is his nation; Belgrade is his dwelling-place (when he is at home, which is but seldom). By a long intercourse with Englishmen, and those usually of a pretty highly connected sort, my friend Reesto has acquired, not only a little English, but he speaks it with a fashionable accent really remarkable to hear. I once knew an Arab who had learnt the British language in the county of Connaught, but I am bound to say his attainments were not more extraordinary than those of Reesto. Then my friend has a red face and a certain bluff free-and-easiness of bearing which are also English in their way.

Upon the whole, we are very much entertained with him, and his discourse suffices to pass an hour or two not disagreeably while we are still detained at the coffee-house. He says he can sit on horseback for five days and five nights at a time, merely dismounting at the post houses. In summer he eats bread and grapes on the road; in winter he substitutes olives for grapes. He seldom takes any other food. He can sleep in his saddle as easily as in bed. He is fifty-eight years old. He has passed all his life travelling. He finds no diminution of his strength. He feels indeed a little stiffer, but not much, and quite as hearty, only he can never remain long in one place. He was employed for a long time by the British Government. He made a good deal of money at that time. Most people do. He made, indeed, about

three thousand pounds of our money; but the devil was at his elbow, and prompted him to build a fine hotel near Belgrade, for the accommodation of the queen's messengers who then passed that way. He fitted it up very expensively, and just as it was finished, the queen's messengers ceased to go that way. So did most other people, and he found that he had sunk his capital in the No per cents. Poor Reesto! Thou wert not formed for a moneyed man, and art justly reprov'd for having wished to barter thy merry content for gold.

There was some difficulty in wading down to the boat when it was ready at last, and still more difficulty in getting our luggage together. Many of the Bulgarian agricultural gentlemen cast a sly glance at our effects, and I noticed that a short heavy stock whip I carried, attracted such very marked attention that it appeared only courteous to leave it behind me, and I did so. I wonder how many shoulders have smarted beneath its application since my departure. I remember that its new owner eyed it with a joyful appreciation of its customary uses in Turkey, which was cheerful and suggestive to a degree very far beyond description.

As soon as our friends by the water side discovered that we had hired a boat and paid for it, they began to flock into it in such numbers that we had some difficulty in keeping our seats, and were obliged to spend a considerable time in reducing our volunteer companions to a cipher at all safe; for the wind was blowing almost a hurricane, and the sullen angry look of the Danube was by no means inviting. We got off at last, however, with an egg-merchant, a Jew pedlar, an old woman, and a little cluster of idlers who sat together at the prow, waiting upon Providence. We had also four rowers, each manœuvring a single oar, so that the size of our barge may be imagined.

Our boatmen do not sit down and row like English rowers. They could not move our clumsy barge an inch by such a process. They stand up, therefore, and leaning forward, thrust their oars as far back in the water as possible; then they plant their right feet firmly against a footboard made for the purpose, and throw the whole strength of their arms, and the weight of their bodies into the stroke. If one of them happens to be ever so little out of time, he gets a blow on the chest, enough to fell an ox, from the sudden impetus given to the boat by the rest, and his feet are up in the air, before you can say Jack Robinson. At every stroke the rowers make a sound in taking in their breath like that which emanates from the stout chests of Irish labourers engaged in paving a street. There is a good deal of incidental practical joking going on also. I notice that one of the rowers appears to be especially the butt of the rest. He is a chubby young lout, with a scanty red beard, and I think he is an

amateur. The efforts of the other rowers appear to me to be directed almost as much to throwing this fellow down as often as possible, as to the progress of the boat. Every time he is knocked the wrong end uppermost there is a hoarse laugh, in which the idlers, of course distinguish themselves. When the young boatman is overthrown also they begin to splash him, and as they splash us also this occasion rather a warm discussion.

The joking, however, would probably have died away without our interference as we got farther out into the centre of the river, for, to say truth, the Danube is by no means an agreeable customer when he blusters.

The current in the middle of the stream ran with fearful violence; we could not breast it and go straight across, but were obliged to turn, and tack, and twist not a little, while the large full waves rolling down, struck us blows which made our timbers shiver as if they had been hit with a rock. Our immense heavy boat was tossed and blown about as if it had been a mere wherry, and for at least ten minutes, the chances appeared very small of our being able to reach the opposite coast without swimming for it. The water swept over us in blinding spray, and we were obliged to cling on to the sides of the boat for dear life. The amateur waterman lay motionless where he was last knocked down, and the remaining rowers toiled at their oars; beards bristling at the imminence of our danger. As for the egg-merchant, the Jew pedlar, and the old woman, they coiled themselves up into balls as small as possible, and cowered in the wet at the bottom of the boat, groaning piteously. At last, after a tremendous struggle with the wind and waters, we were beaten away considerably down stream to leeward of a small island opposite Giurgevo, but then fortunately we got into smooth water, and so crept up the shore, till at last we got among the shipping which lay anchored in the little Wallachian port; and then, but not till then, did we feel safe, and light the pipes of mutual relief and congratulation, feeling that we had escaped a danger which has been fatal to so many in these piping times of war.

The first words we hear on the Wallachian shore are German. There is an harrangue about passports and formalities of all sorts, which at once assures me, if I had had the smallest doubt on the subject, that I am in the near neighbourhood, and under the domination, not to say in the custody of, my old friends, the Austrians.

There, indeed, are the smart white liveries, which distinguish the servants of the Imperial Royal Apostolic Emperor of that joyous country, strutting about in all directions. They have evidently taken possession of the land, and all that in it is, and they have indoctrinated the inhabitants thereof, with their cheerful, but peculiar tenets. If you were to turn round a corner, and say, "how

do you do?" to the first man you met, that man would be, without doubt, an Austrian.

For the rest, the difference between the Wallachian town on this side of the Danube, and the Turkish town on the other is very striking and remarkable. Rustchuk, we have already attempted to describe. Let us now, therefore, say something about Giurgevo.

In the first place, there is an excellent European hotel, kept by an Italian. All the principal inhabitants are dressed in Frank clothes, very oddly made, certainly, but still Frank clothes. There are even some dandies in varnished boots, strutting about, and the only thing which still reminds us of Turkey, is, that we have a little Greek consul, who is always in hot water, and having a game at braggadocio with everybody, after the custom of his craft and countrymen.

Giurgevo is a large, straggling, rambling place. Some of the streets are paved, and some are not. There are a good many imposing houses, also some churches. It was immediately in front of the churches, that the Russians planted their guns, and took up their position, that they might cunningly raise the cry of sacrilege, when Omar Pacha fired at them. Giurgevo still shows many traces of the recent Russian occupation. It is rich in spirit shops; and there is that air of tinsel and immorality about it, which is one of the most marked characteristics of all semi-Russianised places. The small gentry of the place are fond of playing the Grand Seigneur. They are rather too affable and epigrammatic in their conversation. There is a rude, semi-barbaric splendour about their doings, which is half-laughable, and half-sad. Otherwise, they are as pertinaciously good humoured, and easy going, as all Wallachians are. Most of them speak French in a naïve, quaint sort of way, but still French. As I am standing at the door of the hotel, a Wallachian gent enters into conversation with me in this language. He is a curious compound of the walking gentleman at a provincial theatre, a Polish huzzar, and the Brompton brigand. He wears a white hat, and yellow gloves. His moustachios are waxed and pointed, till they stand out, like a pair of lady's scissor-blades, used for very fine work. His frock-coat is frogged, rabbit-skinned, and braided. His trowsers are of an exaggerated green pattern, and his small, gray, jean boots, are of French origin, and lacquered.

"Eh bien! Well," he says, with that good humoured, droll impertinence, which belongs to his race. "What do you think of our country?" Being satisfied with respect to my ideas on this important subject, he proceeds to examine me with much curious attention. I perceive now, that his first question was merely an excuse for further researches. He takes out my studs, looks at them closely, weighs them, asks what they cost, and puts them back again. Then he takes out my

watch, and puts it through the same process. Then he twiddles the collar of my waistcoat between his finger and thumb, to satisfy himself as to the quality of its texture. Then he examines the lining of my coat, points out that it is neither so pretty, nor of so fine a fabric as his own, and, finally proposes a walk about the town, and to smoke a few cigarettes, a luxury, in the preparation of which, by means of tobacco and tissue paper, he promises duly to instruct me.

I accept the proffered cigar. It convinces me at once that I am no longer in Turkey properly speaking. The tobacco is detestable. With respect to promenading about the town, I must first see about my passport. A rusty individual attached in some way to the British Consulate, is promptly summoned, and courteously offers his services to relieve me of this difficulty. I am grateful sufficiently, and confide my farther interests in this respect to his care. When I join my new acquaintance, who I learn is one of the notabilities of the place, he lets off a little French joke, not the less blythe from being perfectly unintelligible, and apropos to nothing. Then in the midst of our consequent hilarity, we strut down the street in company.

Acquiring information as I go on, I gradually ascertain that the Wallachian gent was anxious to make my acquaintance for the purpose chiefly of affording a little harmless morning entertainment to his friends. He trots me out with much diligence to all sorts of places. We pay visits as though for a wager, and I am glad to see the pretty Greek custom of serving sweetmeats and strong waters to all comers, still existing here. In some houses they also maintain the Turkish fashion of pipes and coffee. Our visits do not occasion any surprise. Hospitality is one of the national virtues of Wallachia. I might take up my quarters, therefore, permanently in almost every house we enter, without such a decision on my part calling for any observation beyond a general welcome. They are curious about me individually, and every successive host asks all manner of odd home questions, my visit as a perfect stranger, appearing to be the most natural thing in the world. The ladies are particularly frank and delightful, and I feel some regret as the day wanes, and I am obliged to refuse everybody's invitation to dinner, to see about my passport, and prepare for my departure. When I get back to the hotel, therefore, with this heroic object resolutely in view, the Consular individual who undertook to manage my affairs is no where to be found, and I am occupied for the next three hours in the most refreshing and invigorating pursuit of endeavouring to discover his retreat. It is not easy to find him. Now I get scent of him at one place, now at another, half a mile off, and away I hasten flushed and astonished. At last, I run him down

at a rakee shop. He has forgotten the whole transaction. Did he receive my passport and promise to submit it to the Austrian authorities? Impossible! If he did he must have either lost it, or left it at home one or the other. He will go and see, and I can return to my hotel meanwhile. Not a bit of it, my Consular acquaintance. Now that I have found you, at last, we will go together, if you please. We do so, and the passport at last turns up safe, but almost obliterated, in the lining of his hat.

THE FIRST DEATH.*

SCENE.—*A solitary place in the midst of Trees.—KABEEL sitting moodily upon a Stone.—EBLIS (a shapeless gloom) standing in front of him. The setting sun close upon the horizon.*

Kabeel. What art thou, that thus standest in my path,
Thou shapeless and dilating Mystery?
I've felt thee in my heart a weary while,
And in still places I have talk'd with thee,
Muttering strange words: but, till this moment, never
Hast thou upon these eye-balls laid the weight
Of thy most awful presence. Speak to me!
I fear thy silence, and that eyeless face
With which thou starest at me! Art thou dumb?
I feel thee rising out of mine own soul,
As a black smoke goes upwards from a fire,
And hangs in the lagging wind. I know, oh Shade,
That thou hast lived within me like my blood;
Yet wherefore dost thou load the dying day
With such enormous darkness? wherefore rise
Like a new Chaos, blacker than the old,
Making a void of the sweet face of things?
Eblis. I am the Evil Spirit in thy heart.
I am a part of thee; and well thou say'st
That thou hast parley'd with me in dim nooks.
I am a part of thee; yet, not alone
Of thee, but of the orb'd universe,—
A drop of the unconquer'd primal Night
Wherefrom this world arose. In everything
Below the swift heavens and the home of God,
A wonder and a misery to myself,
I blend most strangely with my opposite—
Darkness and light, discord and harmony,
Mix'd in unceasing strife!

Kabeel. Thy words fall down
Into the joyless chasms of my soul,
Like stones into abysses of the hills,
Waking stupendous murmurs. Oh, thou Gloom!
My spirit lies before thee in a trance,
And must to thee yield up her inmost self.
Alas! I feel thou art a part of me,
And yet I melt beneath thee like a dew!
Why dost thou grow upon me day by day,
Companioning my dreadful solitudes?

Eblis. Kabeel, thou hast a brother.

Kabeel. Lo! thy shade
Grows heavier at that word. Thou speakest false.

* An Arabian tradition connected with the Mahometan version of the story of Cain and Abel, forms the substance of this dramatic scene. According to the Arabian narrative, Eblis (the Evil Principle) taught Kabeel (Cain) the way to slay his brother by suggesting to him the dashing in of his skull with a stone. In the present instance, Eblis is represented as nothing more than an outward reflection of the inner evil in Kabeel's nature; and therefore the device of the stone becomes a subtlety of his own disturbed brain.

I have a clinging curse, they call my brother :
I have a heavy pain, they call my brother :
I have a desolation in my heart,
They call my brother ! And my soul is sad.

Eblis. Thy brother's highly favour'd, lov'd, and
prais'd :

The heavens smile on him, and dull things of earth
Rejoice to be the servants of his will.
The vapour of his spiced sacrifice
Made yesterday upon the skye's hills,
Took wings for the eternal land above,
While thine was beaten back into thy face,
And dash'd upon the dust, and made as naught :
And yet his offering had Murder in't,
And innocent blood of meek and trusting lambs
Accuse him to the vast, eternal sky.

Kabeel. Thou speakest duskily. What thing is this
Which thou call'st murder ? for I know it not.

Eblis. Thou wilt soon know it, more than words can
tell :

Thy hand is heavy with a weight of doom.

—Kabeel, bethink thee of thy many wrongs.

Thy father and thy mother turn from thee :
She whom thou lovest, and would'st call thy wife,
Swoons when she hears thy step.

Kabeel. No more ! no more !

There is a dark tide rising in my brain,
And I am borne upon it. The glad heavens
Are gone—the sweet earth vanish'd ; and I stand
Within a vast and melancholy blank,
Listening to thy far-sounding words, which burst
Upward, like bubbles from the deep black wells.

Eblis. Thou wouldst be happier if thou hadst no
brother.

Kabeel. What is it that thus shakes the darkness
round

As with a hand ? What groping thing is this ?

Eblis. There is a god called Death, whom thou
know'st not ;

Yet is he ever hovering in thy flesh,
And in all flesh ; and whoso'er he takes
Within his stiff embrace, turns faint and pale,
And lies him down upon his mother earth,
Kissing with dreary lips the foot-spurn'd dust,
And never speaketh more to friend or foe,
Nor eats, nor drinks, nor moveth any limb,
No, though you taunt him loudly in the ear :
And so he fades away into a thing
That his own kindred hide in very shame,
And the earth takes him back unto herself.
Thus will it be, though it hath not been yet,
With all thy father's race.

Kabeel. What prayers, what vows !
What devilish sacrifices, what loud cries,
What raging dances, what fierce ecstasy,
What gaspings of the limbs, what sumptuous pain,
Will draw this god, like lightning, from his heaven,
To do my bidding ?

Eblis. He needs none of these ;
Thou hold'st him in thy hand—this unknown god—
With many a harmless seeming thing, where in
He lurks, like fire within the cold flint-stone.
Look forth ! What seest thou ? Look !

Kabeel. The darkness stirs ;
And in one spot, flush'd with white, tremulous beams,
Like night before the morning, languishes !
And now, within a broad and luminous space,
I see my brother sleeping in the shade
Of mingling palm-trees. Very still he lies :
Idly his huge arm drops along his side ;
His strengthful fingers feebly clutch the grass ;
His open mouth is speechless ; and the soul

That look'd out of his eager eyes has fled.

Is this the god thou speak'st of ? Is this Death ?

Eblis. Death comes upon the tempest of his night !
The upper air is ruffled with his step !

What see'st thou now ?

Kabeel. I see the darkness yearn

From side to side, and strangely palpitate :

And now it gathers form, and glares aloft,

A living blackness ! Now—oh, horrible !—

It is myself I look upon, with eyes

That peer into their own tremendous depths,

And startle at themselves !—Light, light ! oh, light !

Ye winged ministers of the One Supreme !

I am alone in darkness ; and my heart

Is traitor to itself, and mocks at me !—

Alas ! they hear me not—they know me not !

My thought stands full between me and the heavens ;

The shadow of my soul is on all things !

Eblis. The great god Death comes nearer—nearer
still !

Look up, and give him welcome !

Kabeel. Now, strange shape,

Thou holdest in thy hand a jagged stone,

And smil'st on it ! And now, with upward whirl

Of that avenging arm—Ha, ha ! the bolt

Has fallen, and my heart cries out ! My breath

Seems snatch'd from me ! My ears are loud with
noise !

My sight dazzles ! Bear me up ! The rooted earth

Rolls hither and thither, and I faint—I sink !

There is a crimson something in my eyes,

Which dances like the motes before the sun !

I have a sense of a distorted face,

And of a silence that shall live for age,

And of a satisfaction and deep ease

To the very bones, like that which comes to us

At quenching of a great and tyrannous thirst !

I could even weep ; but not for grief—not grief !

Eblis. The mighty Death shall set his seal on the
world !

Rejoice, Kabeel ! The great god Death shall come !

[*He vanishes like a slow cloud.* *KABEEL, who has
fallen to the earth, starts up with a great cry.
A red sunset is looking through the trees.*

Kabeel. Spread yourselves out, ye hills ! Leap up,
ye heavens !

Sink, thou firm earth, below me ! for my joy

Cannot contain itself within your bounds !

My heart is giant-like, and knocks against

The framework of the world ! Arise, thou dust,

And triumph over that which trends on thee !

Shout to the scornful and down-looking stars,

Ye stones, and ye condemn'd, lowly things !

I will avenge the wrongs of such as ye.

Nature, to discord and confusion haste !

Roar to the many-faced and threatful sea,

Ye cloud-compelling and great-voic'd winds !

Answer, ye billows, from the vast abyss

In thunderous laughter !—I will do this deed.

[*Observes the sunset.*

Thou fierce, red sunset, staining all the west,

And splashing the tree-tops with wicked light !

Thou shalt to me be as an influence,

Only I will surpass thee. I will fling

A light far down the weltering stream of years,

Crimson as thine, but not so briefly gone,

Which men shall quake to see. I will glare out

From the recesses of the cavernous Past,

A bloody star, more dreadful than those glooms

By night beneath the iron cedar woods

When the moon drops below the hills, and all

The world lies night-mared. And, for ever and ever,
The spurn'd and trampled man shall turn to me,
As to some glorious terror in the skies,
And shall cry out, "I thank thee, oh, Kabeel!
I thank thee for the deed which thou hast done,
And for the deed which I will do, thus taught
By thy supreme example!"—Oh, thou Night,
Now darkening down from the utmost peak of Heaven,
And closing with black lids upon the west!
I charge thee, stare out with thy million eyes
To see the advent of this mystery, Death,
For Death is coming to wed the virgin world!
This hand holds Death! There shall be Death ere
morn!

A VERY LITTLE HOUSE.

It was my fortune, not long ago, to spend a few weeks with a certain Miss Oldtown—a kind old maiden-lady, residing in one of those miraculously small houses which speculating builders are so profusely scattering all over England. These little abodes haunt the outskirts of all our towns, and occasionally startle the traveller by appearing with extraordinarily white, new, and glaring fronts, between the tallest, oldest, and dingiest houses in the very midst of the towns themselves. They spring up in our lanes and our turnip fields, and surround every railroad station, presenting to the eye confusing rows of little street doors, and little knockers, and little stone steps, and little chimneys, and little gardens; but, however numerous, they are all inhabited as soon as built. It was long a question with me, whether the inhabitants of these little houses were real full-grown substantial English people? How could they, and their sofas, and tables, and piano-fortes get into them through such tiny doors? Could they stand upright in the sitting rooms? Could they lie at full length in the bedrooms? Where do they stow their spare clothes, their coats, and the "few friends" they so often invite to tea?

I could not answer these questions satisfactorily until Miss Oldtown invited me to stay with her. I packed up the smallest trunk I could by any means persuade to contain my clothes, and started for number sixty-three, High Street, Knollington, Surrey, fully determined to penetrate to the very bottom of the mystery, or perish in the attempt.

I alighted from the train, at the Knollington station, and found myself in a very young outskirt of the town. Buildings which had evidently been once upon a time picturesque cottages, had made themselves square and smooth, and had put up smart window blinds, and slate roofs, and were in short aping their betters in every possible way. Then I passed a very new church of very old architecture, a new rectory of very uncomfortable architecture, and a new school-house of no architecture at all; then, of course, you come to the inevitable "semi-detached villas"

that turn so sulkily away from each other, as if they had been attached once but had thought better of it and parted. They are so bright, neat, new, and resplendent, with such fine plate-glass windows, that they make you feel quite shabby in your travelling dress, and you long to hide your diminished rays as you pass them. Then an ancient house will come into sight: an old rambling two-storied building, the first floor beginning far below the present level of the street, and the second threatening to fall down into it. Then come poor shops, then grander ones; then a few scattered private houses, neither young nor old, rich nor poor—strange, dull, silent, curtain-drawn places. Are they warehouses? or what sort of people live in those old fashioned, comfortable, independent-looking buildings, that make blanks so often in the busiest parts of the busiest street of our country towns?

But I have nothing to do with them. Miss Oldtown is my friend, and she lives in one of the doll's houses of which there are three in the very middle of the High Street, squeezed into small gaps between the shops. Two of these are on one side of the street, and one—Miss Oldtown's—stands in solitary grandeur on the other. It is intensely white, and has about three feet and a half of lawn in front of it, protected by intensely green iron railings. It is three-storied, displaying three windows, one above the other; the lowest containing a canary cage with a very old canary—which I long believed to be stuffed—inside it; the next containing a small table supporting a vase of artificial flowers, for the better display of which the muslin blind is removed; and the third permitting a glimpse of a toilet looking-glass. These signs sufficiently indicate to the intelligent observer, that on the ground floor there is a small dining-room, with a small kitchen behind it, and a smaller scullery behind that; a small drawing-room over the small dining-room, with a very small bed-room behind it (my castle during my visit); a small bed-room over the small drawing-room, with a small cupboard called a dressing-room behind it; and, over all, a small loft, with a small window at the back, where from the small maid Susan, whose apartment it is, enjoys an extensive view of small back premises, scullery yards, wet linen, dirty windows, chimneys and soot. In short, the only difference between the rooms is that which exists between the words small, smaller, and smallest. The furniture is so little, that one cannot help thinking it must be very young and will grow up by and by, and become stronger and more robust; and everything is so tiny and delicate that, in the midst thereof, one feels one's self a sort of giant. A lion in a canary cage could not feel more out of place than I did at first in Miss Oldtown's house. I felt so much too large; I was quite ashamed of my height (I am five feet two), and began to think that I must

have grown during my two hours journey in the train.

In my little sleeping-room I was quite overwhelmed by this sensation, and looked with some dismay at the little white bed, in which I should certainly have discovered by experience what are the feelings of a bodkin in a bodkin-case, had it not proved so deliciously soft. There was a pretty pale brown paper on the walls, blossoming with bunches of pink flowers (of a kind unknown to botanists); there was a picture representing Hubert the jailor, with legs like walking-sticks, in the act of seizing an instrument strongly resembling a poker, and exclaiming "Heat me these irons!" evidently a work of youthful genius, carefully framed and glazed for everlasting preservation. There was a coloured print, representing a lady and gentleman and a child, with pink cheeks and short waists, walking with three cows near a stream and a ruined castle, and labelled "connubial bliss." There was a difficulty in getting round the bed without knocking down the towel-stand, breaking the looking-glass, and upsetting the fire-irons. My trunk was pushed into the only available corner behind the door; so that when I wanted to open the trunk I must shut the door, and when I wanted to open the door I must shut the trunk; and, finally, there was myself, standing at the foot of the bed, and feeling a great deal too large for it.

Miss Oldtown's household is Susan, the little maid-of-all-work—and, let me tell you, that a maid-of-all-work is the highest domestic official known in Knollington High Street, and that Susan is quite a pattern to her class. She is a pretty little country girl, very black-eyed and very red-cheeked, very brisk and very fresh, and terribly quick and energetic. She gets up every morning at an incredible hour, and picks up all the country news from the milkman, and all the town news from the postman, which she retails to her mistress at all convenient times. Miss Oldtown herself is the daughter of a clergyman, at whose death she was turned loose on the world, with a very limited independence. She chose sixty-three, Knollington High Street, as her place of abode because it was near the scene of her father's labours, and she was well-known and respected there. None of her new neighbours ventured to call upon her, so she has the satisfaction of knowing that they are conscious of her grandeur and superiority, and of looking down on them all from inaccessible heights of gentility. This she does pretty frequently through her plate-glass drawing-room window, where she spends the greater part of her life. She knows everyone "by sight," but deems none worthy of closer acquaintance, for, as she says, "though her name is not in the peerage (a peculiarity which she shares with a good many other people), she is not a hairdresser nor a lawyer's clerk." This is an allusion to the occupants

of the two doll's houses opposite; in whose proceedings Miss Oldtown, nevertheless, feels much interest. She knows when they dine, and what they have for dinner; when they get up, and when they go to bed. There is, however, a mystery in the life of the lawyer's clerk and his dashing, black-ringed bride which Miss Oldtown cannot penetrate. It is this: they are constantly getting into frys at about six o'clock in the evening, attired in Sunday clothes and white kid gloves, and not coming home till daylight doth appear—so Miss Oldtown declares. We see them sometimes at their drawing-room window; but they never appear in the front garden—Miss Oldtown supposes, because the back one, being more sheltered and private, offers greater facilities for kissing—she hopes the hairdresser's young family, next door, are not witnesses of these scenes (for she calls kissing "scenes"). This hairdresser is a very dignified gentleman, of whom Miss Oldtown has bought her fronts for the last ten years. Every afternoon, at about five o'clock, he leaves his shop and repairs to the little house opposite number sixty-three, where he keeps his innumerable children. He does not seem to practise his art upon their hair, for it is always in more curlpapers than I would undertake to count; except on Sundays, when the curls appear without the paper, and flow over dresses of unparalleled splendour. Miss Oldtown says it is very bad taste in them to make such a grand display at church, but I think that the lavender silk, which she wears on Sundays, although it is so shabby and crumpled, is *her* best dress.

The only person Miss Oldtown thoroughly approves of is her landlord. He is quite a young man—a chemist's shop-boy, and the son of a late retired and ambitious butcher. Miss Oldtown says he is very gentlemanly; but he is a little too gentlemanly for me, and rather overpowers me with his respect and politeness. He keeps himself awfully stiff, and never smiles, and continually lets off the word madam, like a minute-gun, or a royal salute, when he speaks to you. I hope a tender sentiment for this young man may not be sprouting in Miss Oldtown's sensitive bosom—she is certainly very careful of his property, and she sends bones every evening to his dog—"Love me, love my dog." Dear me! Really it is rather alarming.

Next to looking out of the window, Miss Oldtown's greatest delight is in dusting and rubbing up the drawing-room furniture, which she does at odd moments all day long. The fact is, the room is so very small that everything in it is quite close to the window; so that she cannot help seeing the least little spot that rests upon anything, and then off she trots for the duster and woe be away. The first thing to be done every morning, however, is to go out marketing; but—here we start, a great ceremony has to be gone through. First, Susan is called up, and

solemnly charged to "take care of the house," during our absence—who it is that is expected to run away with it, I have never been able to ascertain—but somebody is, that is quite clear. Then a dark cupboard under the staircase is opened, from the depths of which a Guy Fawkes is carefully taken to be placed in a chair by the window in order to frighten away this ill-disposed somebody, by showing him that the house is not "unprotected." Miss Oldtown constructed this Guy with infinite pains and labour for this express purpose, and she looks upon him—especially his face—as a triumph of art. She has given him very short legs, being constructed of a pair of child's trousers stuffed with straw, and a very large body, covered with the variegated and cut-out paper which is used to decorate fire-places in summer time. His head is adorned with black crape flowers, to imitate fiercely dishevelled locks; he has eyes made with ink, one very high up, and the other very low down; and a terrible moustache, made of bright yellow ribbon, to obviate the difficulty of painting a mouth. "And you see," says Miss Oldtown, "I have put a red satin rosette on one cheek to give him a colour. I was obliged to make his nose of blue crape, because I had nothing else, and you have no idea how difficult it is to dress up a figure when you have nothing to dress it with. It requires so much management—and you see I have given him the Order of the Garter and everything, just like Guy Fawkes." There is great difficulty in making him sit upright in his chair, because, of course, he has no anatomy. To seat him requires a vast amount of coaxing, and punching, and patting, and his head so often requires fixing on tighter, that his neck must contain quite a small fortune in pins by this time. And there he sits, with his back to the window, and a hat on, perusing with deep interest the *Times* advertisements for eighteen hundred and thirty-two, whenever we go out. The windows opposite are full of curl-papers every morning for two or three hours—first waiting to see Guy, and then gazing at him with wrapt and terrible interest. Then we lock up Susan so securely that if the house took fire she could not possibly escape, but must inevitably perish miserably in the flames with poor Guy, and then, at last, we go forth; and very clever marketers we think we have been when we return. We are always quite satisfied with the result of our labours, and when we sit down, at two o'clock, to enjoy it, we say very sincerely with Goldsmith, "I like these here dinners, so pretty and small." It is very fortunate that we do, for there are no means of making them larger. Even if an extra dinner has to be roasted, Miss Oldtown is obliged to give up her knitting-needles to act as *allevator*; and Susan cannot cook anything but chickens, legs of mutton, soles, and a limited number of vegetables and puddings.

Of an evening Miss Oldtown likes a rubber.

Susan has to come up and take a hand, Miss Oldtown having instructed her in the art—a very good notion (though troublesome), for, as Miss Oldtown says, "when a servant spends the evening in the same room with yourself, you know where she is." I think our games must be rather singular, for I never could distinguish kings from knaves, and Miss Oldtown is constantly "provoking," she says, but I suppose she means "revoking," and I don't think Susan has quite mastered the subject yet; especially with regard to dummy.

Miss Oldtown's subjects of conversation are generally supplied by what happens to be going on in the street at the moment. On week-days it is really very bustling and gay. Of a morning we see all the genteel little boys and girls walking demurely off to school, books in hand, and all the ungenteel little boys and girls going with coppers to the stale greengrocer's, round the corner. Then, female heads of families issue forth in straw bonnets and large plaid shawls, followed by their maid, with a cook's basket on her arm. By-and-by they return home; and then presently you will see the maids rushing alone across the street in frantic haste—their little caps nearly flying off their heads—to purchase a pat of butter, or two or three eggs. Then, as the dinner-hour approaches, a solemn stillness settles on our street; you would think that every one had gone to be buried. But at about half-past two a great stir commences. Unaccountable people walk on the foot-pavement, and look in at the shop-windows—"Gentry," Miss Oldtown says, but where can they come from? From those queer, dull, curtain-drawn houses! Are they the lawyer and the doctor, I wonder? Presently Mrs. Vickerton drives in from the Rectory, in her little brougham, that is so much too small to hold all the children. She stops at the shoemaker's, and then, from unknown recesses of the brougham, out come one, two, three, and three are six, and two are eight—yes, eight children! Poor Mr. Vickerton! Eight pairs of shoes at one fell swoop!

Then, a gentleman in a long coat and a low-crowned hat, goes into the bookseller's, opposite, and comes out of it, presently, with a great bundle of tracts and pamphlets. I say to Miss Oldtown, "Who is that?" and she replies, "A most extraordinary man. Mr. Lower, the dissenter;" apparently under the happy delusion that there is only one dissenter in the world, and that Mr. Lower is that singular being. Then comes a magnificent sight. Lady Proudleigh dashes down the street in her great barouche, as big as our house; with a powdered footman reclining in a graceful, supercilious, used-up sort of attitude, in the rumble. He seems to look straight over the top of our chimney as he passes. They stop at the linen-draper's—quite a grand shop; and Messrs. Valentini

and Orson come out, bare-headed and bowing, and receive her ladyship's orders. Mr. Valentine is quite a gentleman; he has grayish hair, standing upright all over his head, and very white shirt cuffs, always turned back over his coat-sleeves, and he is most stately and polite in his manners. When we go to his shop he always puts chairs for us, and bows quite low; but Mr. Orson looks as if he was laughing, and thinking one very poor, and very impertinent for coming to buy things of him. He is so disagreeable; he looks at one's cotton gown, and old cloak, and says, "Can we show you any French shawls to-day, ma'am? just fresh from Paris. Or any silks? We have some beautiful Lyons silks, ma'am, very cheap—twelve guineas the dress." Miss Oldtown says, "Oh, thank you, not to-day. Another time!" and we get up quite nervous, and are sure to tread on each other's dress, or on somebody else's toes, and to stumble out of the shop awkwardly—quite hot and flurried. It is astonishing and delightful to see how cool and composed Lady Proudleigh is, with him. Miss Oldtown and I like to see her, and we wonder at her nerve and her courage, and her grand off-hand manner, as if she cared no more for Mr. Valentine, or Mr. Orson either, than for a fly or a pea. Then they step backwards into the shop; the footman jumps up behind again; the coachman waves his whip; the horses, that have stood for five minutes like statues, suddenly start into life and dash away. What a fine thing it is to have a big barouche!

Well, after this, very often there is a great commotion, a groom gallops up to the organ-man, and roars out to him to stop his noise; and chases a boy with a wheelbarrow into a side-street; and we see Miss Rixley coming, on her chestnut horse, that always will dance all down the street on the foot-pavement, to the terror of all the mothers in the neighbourhood. I do not envy her.

On Sunday mornings our street is very quiet indeed, until the bells begin to ring for church; and then, by degrees, it fills. The few people who frequent distant churches start first; those who patronise nearer preachers next set out; and, last of all, we, St. Johnites, issue forth, and then the street swarms like an ant-walk. After service, as we step home, we meet hasty figures rushing from the bakers', with smoking joints and puddings in their hands. Then, there is peace for a time; but, as soon as the eatables are demolished, out come all our neighbours again. There are no carriages now, as on week-days, and no carts, as on Saturday nights; nothing but people, people, people, streaming towards a strawberry-garden, a mile out of town; nothing but artisans and workmen of all sorts, with their wives and babies, idling along like gentlemen at large, scarcely knowing what to do with their hands. What a wonderful state of things!

Then, too, we observe a number of young ladies, in muslin dresses, and black silk-cloaks, and straw-bonnets trimmed quite in the fashion, I assure you; and these are Susan and the maids-of-all-work. The children, too, are not sent on errands to-day, but walk out ceremoniously with their parents in a state of dress that is positively dazzling, even to themselves.

By-and-by, Susan's father and mother arrive, to take charge of the house; for Susan has a half-holiday, and we are going out for a country walk. They are very old, and so deaf, that, once out of the house, I am sure we should never be able to gain admittance into it again, if we did not take the key with us. Then we walk to the little village of Brooklyn, through the still and golden evening light that makes the hills look so soft and misty. We often turn to look at them as we stroll up the steep lane, by the Rectory garden, to the ancient little church. It is a very sweet and peaceful spot, and the rooks, circling round the ivy-covered tower, are cawing an accompaniment to the pleasant bells. How quiet everything is here! The clergyman mounts into the pulpit, and I rejoice to see such a good and kind face there. The wind sighs gently among the trees, changing the shadows on the foot-worn pavement, over which many generations have passed, and we are passing, to death. We look up at the clergyman, whose white hair stirs in the breeze; he lays his hand on the book, looking kindly round upon us, to include us all, and addresses us all personally, and begins. There is not a word of controversy in his sermon. It is very simple; all about kindness, and charity, and tender-heartedness, and the pleasant duty of loving one another; and the preacher's voice is full of earnestness and sincerity, and his face of kindness and benevolence. We depart from the little church inexpressibly soothed and calm, and peacefully happy. The current of our ideas is changed; we no longer think of our street and its sights; of our little vanities and vyings. Our hearts smite us for not having been to see Susan's old aunt in the village, and we go and see her the moment after leaving the church. She is sitting alone, with spectacles on nose, and a Bible on her knees, and is so pleased to see us! We tell her all about the sermon, and she says it does her heart good. Then we walk briskly home, and the night steals on by imperceptible degrees. Standing by the window, I am surprised to see, so soon, as it appears to me, lamp after lamp throw out red rays on the smart clothes, and weary homeward-bound figures which pass beneath them, until not one remains unlit up and down our street. At ten o'clock all is quiet and silent. There are no lights in the windows; the stars look coldly down upon us, and must think it a very dull prospect indeed. Every High Streetite is in bed; and

we are helpless in the hands of the policeman, our stout guardian-angel, in a shiny hat and a blue uniform with white buttons.

QUITE REVOLUTIONARY.

A STAUNCH, thoroughgoing revolutionist am I, and I have not the least hesitation in avowing it. Not a Red Republican either, nor yet a promoter of a general world-wide Agapemone, with funds, food, and families in common; nor even a modest, levelling Five-pointer, according to the standard of the People's Charter; nor a cool annexer of reluctant states, by means of Lynch law and piratical expeditions. I may be a revolutionist to the backbone nevertheless, with a firm belief that the welfare of nations greatly depends on the special form of revolutionary faith which they entertain.

For revolution means the act of going round,—but there are various different ways of revolving. You have seen your groom clean the wheel of your cab, by tilting it up and spinning it in the air, after having washed it well with his mop. If it were to perform a thousand revolutions in a minute for a whole day long, like the beet-sugar whirligigs, it would still remain exactly where it was,—working hard, but doing nothing except scattering a small quantity of dirty water. It would have neither got on an inch itself, nor have helped others to advance in the world. It is the pattern of a busybody, of a laborious fussy idler, who worries himself and everybody around him to death, with no other result whatever than that of possibly sprinkling the bystanders with a few small spots of very diluted mud. But the same wheel firmly planted on the ground, with the vehicle upon it and the horse before it, by revolving at a much less phrensied rate, will progress. At the end of every complete revolution, it will no longer be exactly where it was before. It has gone round; but it has also gone forward. Whether it likes it or not, it has shifted its place, and has made an advance into the realms of the future. There is change and the means of improvement in that wheel, although it may not be aware of it.

There are also revolutions improperly so called, wherein the act of going round, instead of fully completing its orbit, sticks half-way, or thereabouts. The top of the wheel descends to the bottom, and remains there, turning everything belonging to it topsyturvy for want of strength or directing purpose on the part of those who give the rotatory impulse. Such, in fact, are not revolutions, but abortions, whose ultimate home is Limbo. If the young lady at the show in the fair, who spins a glass of water in a hoop without spilling a drop, were to check the movement just at the moment when the vessel is poised with its bottom upwards, that imperfect mode of revolution would only get

her ladyship into a mess;—as happens to every one else, whether nations or individuals, who undertake mighty feats and changes, and then, when the work is just half-done, lazily put their hands in their pockets, leaving matters to take their own course, and get round again as best they may.

Revolutions, therefore, and revolutionists, ought to be spoken of with careful discrimination; because, while some, like the last-mentioned, may be mischievous and dangerous, others, belonging to the former class, are necessary to the prosperity and existence of society. The earth herself is very revolutionary; yet no sensible man finds fault with her for that. She spins on her axle, and rolls round her orbit, in most obstinate progressively conservative style, procuring us thereby a greater variety of produce than the boldest free-trader ever enumerated on his tariff, and introducing us to more startling diversities of scene than the most roving Englishman would have dared to dream of without her aid. The blazing sun, in the midst of the heavens, is even more revolutionary still: compelling us minor dancing dervishes to pironette around him, cycle on epicycle, orb on orb, all the while dragging us after him, no one knows whither, through universal space, with the mere object, if we believe what wise men tell us, of joining in one vast celestial round, performed by the combined totality of things that have been, are, and are to be created.

Note, too, that all these mighty movements,—which have made men believe the universe to be a living thing whose existence is one continued series of revolutions,—are most complex and intricate. They are not like a simple fly-wheel which swings its round in stately solitude: they are a nice, well-balanced chronometer, with due compensations for expanding and contracting metals, wheel within wheel in reciprocal action. Break a single tooth of a single wheel, and your once beautiful watch no longer serves as a measure of time. Only set one of Saturn's satellites to spin the wrong way round his principal, and you put the solar system out of order. And, to tumble headlong from heaven to earth, if you compel one set of men and things to fulfil the offices for which Nature never intended them, and to refrain from those for which she has made them fit, the social machine cannot revolve steadily; wheel within wheel cannot turn as it ought, but sooner or later must come to a dead stop. It is of no use for any political watch-doctor, any self-sufficient chronometric charlatan, to say, "It will suit me better for such a wheel to go in such a way, and for such other to stop entirely, or, perhaps, to go double-quick time." He may try the experiment, but it will fail abruptly. With the innumerable springs, and chains, and catches, with which the world's mechanism is consti-

tuted, to have it go well, and keep correct time, every single wheel and pivot must receive due respect and attention, and be allowed free liberty to move according to the great original design.

Therefore, the nations of the world had much better agree to lend each other a helping hand, than to make disdainful and repulsive gestures, or even to shake their fists in each other's faces. I say emphatically, a helping hand; for what is any exchange of benefits or goods but an exchange of concentrated labour? Does not the Chinaman who gathers, dries, and twists the tea-leaves, give a hand's turn to the English seamstress who drinks the infusion made from them? Do not the farmers who grow Norfolk barley, and the brewers who brew it into pale bitter ale, lend a helping hand to their friends in India, who are to drink and enjoy it at the end of its voyage? Is not the exportation of the wine and brandy of France a simple export of the labour of Frenchmen and the sunshine of France, for which we can return a friendly day's work in the shape of flannels, coals, cutlery, sugar, calicoes, and muslins?

But our governors have not allowed us to perform these neighbourly offices; at least, not of late years. In former days, there might be found in Great Britain such a thing as a claret jug; not a smart cut-glass decanter with no other honorary distinction than a glass handle and a glass spout, but a real earthen claret jug, to fetch up wine from the cellar to the parlour. At present, claret is not drunk in parlours, only in dining-rooms. But,—say the anti-revolutionists,—you have plenty of beer. Why can't you be content with that? Would you open the flood-gates to a deluge of cider and wine; thereby, probably, diminishing the consumption of our national beverages, ale and porter, and ruining the brewers, the maltsters, and the farmers?

Yes! And should rejoice were such diminished consumption the consequence. There are plenty of ways in which we could avoid the "ruin," and plenty of shapes in which we might repay the debt to our creditors on the other side of the water. Consider this. We are all of us, both French and English, loudly complaining, with too good reason, of the scarcity and dearth of our solid viands. At the very same time, we English alone are obliged to have recourse to our very best lands to supply our drink. The French, by favour of their superior climate, derive nearly all their beverage either from their worst soils, or from a crop of apples growing in the air, which prevent neither culture nor pasturage. The sands of the Sologne, as barren as those of Norfolk and Suffolk, which serve only for rabbit warrens, yield, by the agency of the vine and genial summers, as many pounds' worth per acre as ours do shillings. In England, the greater part of the wheat-producing lands in every course yield also

barley, sometimes as often as once in four years. If our hills, rocks, sand, shingle, and our steep declivities gave us our liquor, could we not apply these richer soils to something better than the production of malt? But a hand's turn from France will help us to do so to a certain degree; although, perhaps, not so effectively as was once supposed. And I only require an answer to this question: With one-fourth nearly of our best lands occupied by barley, can we grow as much mutton, beef, and bread, as if we were under no necessity of growing any barley at all? This wheel, at least, in the European machinery wants well oiling, and freedom of action to set it going in right good earnest.

Clans, cliques, and classes of society, of whatever importance they may consider themselves, are no more than individual members of the great body of a nation; and nations, also, however mighty—whether England, Russia, or America—are simply members of the body of the world; just as the world itself is a member of the body of the solar system, and the solar system a member of the body of the universe. No clan, clique, or class, can any more absolve itself from the duty of reciprocating good offices with other clans, cliques, and classes, than the earth can detach itself from the gravitating influences either of its humble follower the moon, or of its princely leader the sun. Destroy gravity in the realms of space—destroy social and national interchange on earth, and in both cases you come to chaos speedily.

Even if the world were so constituted that "I" could care for "nobody," most certainly "nobody" would care for "I;" and, consequently "I" would soon be brought to death's door from mere starvation and neglect from others. But we are naturally made to be beggars and recipients, one from the other, in all kinds of ways. We are all athirst to imbibe some advantage which springs from the jet of a foreign fountain. The moon drinks the rays of the sun; the sun drinks the vapours of the sea; the sea drinks the waters of the rivers; the rivers drink the moisture that oozes from the earth; and the earth drinks the dews that distil from the air. Pride tries to isolate herself; in vain. She intrenches herself within a ring-fence to drive off the profane vulgar; but her best inclosure is no better than an old park-paling, full of loopholes and gaps through which all sorts of small deer creep in, not to say a word about poachers. Pride tries to elevate herself on a Babel Tower; but the higher she builds, the more does her haughty dwelling-place approach the condition of a brazen colossus with feet of clay, which the merest trembling of the earth, or even injurious nibbling hy-mice, is sufficient to lay for ever prostrate. Men have often tried to separate themselves from humanity, and have never succeeded.

Yet, with all this legibly visible as we

walk through the streets or ride over the country, good Justice Talfourd's dying words remain unheeded; class looks upon class with cold and stony gaze; and England is almost the only country where a man dares not associate on friendly and familiar terms with persons whom he presumes to call his inferiors. Not many days since, I spent the evening in a public room, where wealthy employers, around scattered tables, were playing their games, smoking their pipes, and drinking their beer, their brandy, or their wine, as the case might be. In the same room, around similar tables, were assembled sundry of their workmen, engaged in the very same amusements. Solid capitalists and hand-to-mouth earners to the amount of a few shillings per week were thus congregated, and civil words exchanged, without any sense of intrusion on the one hand or pollution on the other. The main formality appeared to be that every new-comer, on entering the apartment, uncovered his head to salute the company. It is hardly necessary to make the statement that this strange scene was not acted within the limits of Albion. But why not? There are a few explanations of the fact which I could suggest, but will not venture. Some trifle may be owing to the lingering influence of a foolish set of books called fashionable novels, and the silver-fork school of literature. I have often wondered why the inferiors don't turn round and set up a system of exclusiveness on their part also. I once tried it myself, with very satisfactory success.

"Come and dine with us this evening," said a superfine lady and gentleman whose acquaintance I had lately made during a run through Italy.

"I thank you, I can't," was my quiet reply.

"To-morrow, then."

"I cannot, to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow we shall quite expect you."

"I thank you, no."

"In short," said the gentleman, turning very red, "you will not dine with us. You do not think us fit society. It is almost an insult."

"I will not dine with you; and I will tell you why. I have not the slightest wish to insult you; but I do not know whether you are fit company for me. Your town-house is in Highflyer Square; my town-lodgings are in Little Crinkum Street, and I do not belong to any Club. Several young men of good family do lodge in Little Crinkum Street, but also merchants' clerks and at least one tailor's foreman. If you should meet me hereafter in London, and discover there, that the world to which I belong is less decorated with gilt and varnish than your own, you would cut me dead the first time you met me, though I had dined with you every day during your stay in Naples. But I have a

slight objection to being cut, and nobody has ever cut me twice."

"The hit is a fair one," said the lady, laughing. "Come, come; jump into the carriage, and drive with us to the Elysian Fields. On the way, we'll arrange the cutting question, I promise you, to our mutual satisfaction."

Suppose, however, that, instead of declining to partake of a dinner, plebeians, like myself, were to refuse to take part in a battle, unless commissions and decent treatment were made indispensable conditions of acceptance! We surely want a little revolution here. Classes constituting at least three-fourths of the population are refused the privilege of fighting for their country. And so, even in battle for life and death, for honour and freedom, we cannot allow villainous, that is low-born, dead bodies to come between the wind and our nobility. Your father is Mayor of Swilton this year; mine was "his Worship," three hundred years ago, and afterwards retired to his landed estates. Therefore, it is not to be tolerated that you should hold a commission in the same regiment, and eat at the same mess table with me. If you get in by hook, or by crook, we will make the barracks too hot to hold you. Yes, were you stationed at Windsor itself, your epaulet shall be no introduction to aristocratic circles. You have no marshals' batons hidden in your knapsack. Unless you are born—not with a silver spoon in your mouth, that is not sufficient—but with a crest on your head, a coat of arms on the pit of your stomach, and a label bearing the motto "excludo" twisted round your feet and ankles, presume not to put on a British officer's uniform. A French officer's uniform is altogether a different thing. The French are strange in many matters. But a multitude of their singularities, depend upon it, are the result of that horrid first Revolution.

Yes! I repeat it seriously; that awful word Revolution is not to be despised, but understood. What has brought Russia, for another instance, into her present awkward antagonism with the Western Powers, but the misfortune of having conceived a wrong idea of what Revolution ought to mean? Russia would revolve after the fashion of a whirlpool, sucking in, at first, stray sticks and straws, to be followed soon by more valuable prey. And then, as the tide of time flows on, the whirlpool, increasing its circuit hourly, would swell into a mighty and irresistible Maelstrom, engulfing whole fleets laden with the treasures of nations. But the bed of this Maelstrom is a faithless quicksand. Too fierce and long-continued a rotation may make the bottom give way altogether, and precipitate the whole insatiable whirl of waters deep down into the fathomless abyss. All vital movement in a healthy organisation, is founded on the principles of "give and take." Russia will take, but will not give.

Russia is thus a nuisance, a pest, a noxious animal, a species of monstrously overgrown vermin, a ravenous crab whose carapace, or body-shell, is composed of large portions of the continents of Europe and Asia, with two grasping claws, called Sebastopol and Cronstadt, ready to seize the first convenient prey, and annex it as a material guarantee of future plunder and partitions of Poland. The Pope Emperor, with proper papistical assumption and arrogance, gives himself out for, and perhaps believes himself to be, a sort of sacred scarabæus, whose office is to mould the globe which he has clutched in the embrace of his holy claws. This worthless, case-hardened beetle has crept into the midst of the European clock-work, preventing it from keeping good time, and hindering many of its internal movements. Shall we wonder if some tooth, or cog, of the machinery catch the intruder, crush him, and utterly break him up on the wheels whose equilibrium he has thus destroyed?

Once upon a time, there was a tolerably healthy Body, with no other complaint than a tendency to plethora, whose Members had heard of the famous revolt raised against the Belly by a former generation of Members two or three thousand years ago. They thought they would get up a little insurrection of their own, and manage it better than their ancestors. Their pride had taken serious offence, because a certain central ruling Power, who called himself the Heart, had urged upon them that, in his eyes, all the Members were of equal rank. They loudly murmured that the stream of life should be forced to flow through all alike. The Legs said—"Shall we receive blood that has mingled with the Feet, who have walked in the dirt!" The Arms said—"Shall we who labour, receive blood from the Legs, who do nothing but carry burdens?" The Hands said—"Shall we—who are artists, musicians, sculptors—shall we deign to admit the slightest admixture from the Arms, who are merely vulgar workmen?" The Head said—"Shall I, who think and govern, suffer contamination by arterial introductions from all sorts of inferior Members?—from the Feet, who daily plod through the mire,—from the Legs, who earn their livelihood by a porter's trade—from the Arms, who are artisans, and barely that—from the Hands, whom I patronize, and to whom I give commissions for works of art? No! Sooner let me perish, than stoop to such degradation as that!" So they each decided to keep themselves quite to themselves, and to get up a private and exclusive circulation, that should be strictly confined within their own circle. For a little while—a very little while—all went apparently well. But soon, each Member became livid and cold, a clammy sweat broke out over their surface, and a deadly crisis was fast impending, when the Heart spoke out in severe and threatening tones of warning.

"Fools! know ye not that ye are one? That ye are many Members of one Body, though all Members have not the same office, and that ye are every one Members one of another? The life of one is the life of all, and the blood of one is the blood of all. Cease, then, your impious jealousies. Receive cheerfully the common life-blood, from whatever quarter it may travel through your veins. Only obey the dictates of the Heart, and ye shall live; ye shall not die!"

BY RAIL TO PARNASSUS.

I AM a poor clerk, who, being out of employment, was on that morning travelling to Southampton to present myself to the firm of Heavahoy Brothers, in some little hope of procuring occupation in their counting-house. To my eyes things were dreary down below, for I am thirty-five years old, and do not see my way yet to a marriage with poor Lucy Jane whose first love-letter to me was dated in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine. I have been earning my own living for seventeen years, and have saved up to this date eighty-one pounds two shillings and ninepence. Nevertheless, Lucy Jane's friends, who are exceedingly respectable, consider me unable to keep myself, and still less able to keep a wife. What does the great world care about that? Nothing at all, to be sure, and yet it is to my purpose to say so much, for I desire it to be seen whether I had not full reason to be dismal on that morning of which I speak. Hopes and fears as to the success of my application to the Heavahoys had kept me awake all night. There are foreign agencies connected with their house for which my ambition was, if I once entered the service of the firm, to become qualified. With a view to some such opening I had been learning Spanish. My hope had come to be that I might some day carry Lucy Jane to Buenos Ayres, or some other distant place. No matter. I lay awake all night and rose, unrefreshed, at an uncomfortable hour. I left a half eaten breakfast to hurry to the Waterloo Road, running through rain in close May weather, with a great coat on my back, a carpet-bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other. I arrived at the station hot, damp, weary, wretched, and took my place in a third-class carriage with a discontented man close at my elbow and a crowd of noisy market people round about. I looked forward to the journey with dread. I was eager to beat the other end, and we were bound to lag on the road, stopping at every station.

The first bell had rung. Suddenly it occurred to me that I would have a book. It was long since I had added one to the small stock from which I got solace of evenings in my lodgings. I had saved two shillings in cab-hire, and I was saving more than five shillings by travelling third-class. For my run through the wet and my discomfort on

the road I would repay myself by spending on a book half of what I had saved in travelling expense. That would be three shillings and sixpence. I had only time to jump upon the platform, hurry to the railway-stall and take—partly for the name's sake of its author, partly because the price was fitted to my notion—a volume of Leigh Hunt's *Stories in Verse*. With that in my hand I regained my seat; the door was beaten in after me; the second bell rang, and the engine heaved us out into the misty weather.

For a time my sad thoughts were my only company. I paid no attention to the chimneys among which we passed, or to the meaning of the noise made by my companions, or to the talisman against dullness that reposed upon my lap. A stench aroused me suddenly. The train was passing near the Thames at Lambeth, and getting among the pest manufactories. I looked out of window, and saw them through the rain. Close by the line of rail were miserable garret windows; back yards choked with enormous dust-heaps; tumble-down sheds and despondent poultry.

"Call this May, sir?" cried my neighbour, shivering uncomfortably. "I hope you don't object to tobacco?"

I smiled faintly. Nothing disgusts me more than the addition of the smoke of bad tobacco to an atmosphere already loaded with the smoke out of the damp bodies and clothes of dirty men. But I am bound to love my fellow-creatures, and be courteous to them. I smiled faintly and opened my book, to begin Leigh Hunt's *Story of Rimini*:

"The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay—a morn the loveliest which the year has seen, last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green. For a warm eve and gentle rains at night have left a sparkling welcome for the light. And there's a crystal clearness all about—the leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out. A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze, the smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees; and when you listen you may hear a coil of bubbling springs about the grassier soil; and all the scene, in short—earth, sky, and sea, breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly."

Thereat I was myself almost ready to laugh out openly with ease and pleasure; for my heavens and my earth were changed. I did not raise my eye from the page of the poet to look freely out upon the broad horizon whence my heart was gladly stirred to see "the far ships, lifting their sails of white like joyful hands, come up with scattered light—come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day, and chase the whistling brine and swirl into the bay."

Those words stand in the book line under line because they are poetry; but they speak quite as well to the heart written like prose, straight on together—also because

they are poetry. Never mind that. What do the ships bring?—why are the people who make holiday all crowding to Ravenna? It is because there "peace returning and processions rare, princes and donatives and faces fair, and, to crown all, a marriage in May weather, are summonses to bring blithe souls together. For on this great glad day, Ravenna's pride, the daughter of their prince, becomes a bride, a bride to ransom an exhausted land; and he whose victories have obtained her hand has taken with the dawn—so flies report—his promised journey to the expecting court, with hasting pomp and squires of high degree, the bold Giovanni, lord of Rimini." And having told me this, the poet took me down into the streets of the gay city, filled my ears with the stir of feet, the hum, the talk, the laugh, callings and clapping doors; filled my eyes with the spectacle of armed hands making important way, gallant and grave, the lords of holiday; caused me to note the greetings of the neighbours; to pass through the crowds of pilgrims chanting in the morning sun; to see the tapestry spread in the windows, and the fair dames who took their seats with upward gaze admired—some looking down, some forwards or aside; some readjusting tresses newly tied; some turning a trim waist, or o'er the flow of crimson cloths hanging a hand of snow; but all with smiles prepared and garlands green, and all in fluttering talk impatient for the scene. Glorious fortune for a poor fellow like me to chance to be at Ravenna on a day like that! The train stopped. "Clapham! Clapham!" shouted a far distant voice. Strange that I should have been able to hear at Ravenna the voice of a man shouting at Clapham!

I paid not much heed to the marvel; for there was Duke Guido seated with his fair daughter over the marble gate of his palace; there was the square before them kept with guards; there were knights and ladies on a grass plot sitting under boughs of rose and laurel, and in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene, a lightsome fountain starts from out the green, clear and compact, till at its height o'errun, it shakes its loosening silver in the sun. The courtly knights are bending down in talk over the ladies, and the people are all looking up with love and wonder at the princely maid, the daughter of Duke Guido, the bride sought with so much pomp by a bridegroom whom she never saw, the sad and fair Francesca.

Now the procession comes with noise of cavalry and trumpets clear, a princely music unbedinned with drums; the mighty brass seems opening as it comes; and now it fills and now it shakes the air, and now it bursts into the sounding square. I saw the whole of it. In magic verse the story-teller caused trumpeter and heralds, squires and knights, to prance before me. Mine was a front place

for looking at the show. I noted the dresses and the jewels, and the ladies' favours of the knights; the action of the horses and the faces of the riders; the life, the carelessness, the sudden heed; the body curving to the rearing steed; the patting hand, that best persuades the check, makes the quarrel up with a proud neck—the thigh broad-pressed, the spanning palm upon it, and the jerk'd feather flowing on the bonnet. Then came, after an interval of stately length, a troop of steeds, milk-white and untattred, Arabian bred, each by a blooming boy lightsomely led. What next? The pages of the court, in rows of three—of white and crimson is their livery. Space after space, and still the trains appear—a fervid whisper fills the general ear. Ah! yes—no—'tis not he, but 'tis the squires who go before him when his pomp requires. And now his huntsman shows the lessening train—now the squire carver and the chamberlain. And now his banner comes, and now his shield, borne by the squire that waits him to the field. And then an interval—a lordly space—a pin-drop's silence strikes o'er all the place. The princess from a distance scarcely knows which way to look; her colour comes and goes, and with an impulse and affection free, she lays her hand upon her father's knee, who looks upon her with a labour'd smile, gathering it up into his own the while. When some one's voice, as if it knew not how to check itself, exclaims, "The Prince! Now—now!" And on a milk-white courser, like the air, a glorious figure springs into the square. Up with a burst of thunder goes the shout—"Wimbledon and Malden! Wimbledon and Malden! Passengers for Wimbledon and Malden!"—and rolls the echoing walls and peopled roofs about.

The noble youth, at sight of whom surprise, relief, a joy scarce understood, something, perhaps, of very gratitude, and fifty feelings, undefined and new, danced through the bride and flushed her faded hue, was Paulo. And, alas for a fair maiden's love, he was to be no more to her than the brother of the bridegroom, by whom he had been sent as proxy to be wedded in his name and to convey the bride to Rimini. To Paulo poor Francesca gave her hand in mockery, her heart in truth. And as I read more of her tale the rainy weather found its way into my eyes, so that I even murmured to myself after Giovanni when he stood over the dead youth, "And, Paulo, thou wert the completest knight that ever rode with banner to the fight; and thou wert the most beautiful to see that ever came in press of chivalry; and of a sinful man thou wert the best that ever for his friend put spear in rest; and thou wert the most meek and cordial that ever among ladies ate in hall; and thou wert still, for all that bosom gor'd, the kindest man that ever struck with sword."

"I could walk faster than this train is going," said my discontented neighbour; "we shall never see our journey's end—it's shameful!"

I had the end to see of Francesca, and I did not answer him. How could I? I knew nothing about the journey—it was his journey, not mine—why should he talk to me about it? But I had not remained much longer absorbed in my book before my discontented neighbour put his head, pipe and all, into my face to say,—

"Esher, sir! We have been twenty minutes coming from Kingston Junction—twenty minutes! I ask you, sir, is it not shameful?"

"Doubtless; I have not noticed."

"Not noticed, sir! Perhaps you've an objection to fast travelling?"

"I—I don't think we've been sitting in the same train. I was just thinking how agreeable it was to be carried in one minute from Rimini to the Hellespont, only to see Hero and Leander."

"O! where next?"

"Why, sir," I said, turning a leaf or two, "my next station, I see, is in Sherwood Forest; I am to stop there to make friends with Robin Hood."

"The writer of that book drives a long excursion-train. I wouldn't mind a word with Robin Hood myself, God bless him! but, as for your poets, I hate them all: they tie their English into knots, and want a mile of it—knots and all—to say 'fine weather for the ducks,' as, truly, it is this morning—Ugh!"

"I say nothing of that, sir; I have nothing just now in my mind except this book of stories—which is just a book of stories, all of them good ones, written in such verse as may be read by rich and poor with almost equal pleasure. They are only told in verse in order that the music may give force and beauty to the sense; read them or print them how you will, you cannot destroy their music or convict them of being by a syllable too wordy; they discharge their burden in plain sentences, without even going out of their way to avoid expressions common in the mouths of the people. Every picture in them is poetical in its conception, and in its expression musical. There is nothing far-fetched—there is no mystification; these are just stories in verse which may be enjoyed by the entire mass of the people. There is even as little as possible of simple meditation in them, though that would have been welcome from the mind of a pure-hearted man, beloved of poets in his youth and in his prime, now worthy to be loved of all mankind. Of him there are fewer to speak ill than even of Robin Hood, when not a soul in Locksley town would speak him an ill-word; the friars raged; but no man's tongue nor even feature stirred; except among a very few, who dined in the abbey halls; and then with a sigh bold Robin knew his true friends

from his false." I was not talking or reading to my neighbour with the pipe. I do not know at what stage of my discourse or meditation I had left my hold upon his ear. I had been thinking about Leigh Hunt to myself, and went on reading to myself of those unfaithful comrades, Roger the monk, and Midge, on whom Robin had never turned his face but tenderly; with one or two, they say, besides— Lord! that in this life's dream men should abandon one true thing, that would abide with them.

We cannot bid our strength remain,
Our cheeks continue round;
We cannot say to an aged back,
Stoop not towards the ground:

We cannot bid our dim eyes see
Things as bright as ever,
Nor tell our friends, though friends from youth,
That they'll forsake us never:

But we can say, I never will,
False world, be false for thee;
And oh, Sound Truth and Old Regard,
Nothing shall part us three.

"Woking Junction! Woking! Passengers for Guildford, Godalming, and Alton, change here!"

I did not change there, but sat reading the brave legend of the knight who cured a lady of disdain by doing battle in a shift against three warriors in steel—a story with a pure and tender moral for the innocent, the noble, and the wise. And when the train was off again I was not travelling by train at all, but humming to myself—"The palfrey goes, the palfrey goes, merrily well the palfrey goes; he carrieth laughter, he carrieth woes, yet merrily ever the palfrey goes." For I was reading then of Sir Grey and Sir Guy, the proper old boys, who met with a world of coughing and noise, to mar young love like mine and Lucy Jane's. O! if we had but a horse that could in our behalf take, like the palfrey, vigorous courses! Well, but never mind that. The palfrey carried me merrily well to Farnborough, where there was a great tournament with lions in the presence of King Francis, and a knight taught vanity a lesson. The rest of the journey was a feast of little stories. I was shown what passed between Abou-ben-Adhem and the Angel, told how the brave Mondeer, in spite of the sultan's order that no man should praise the dead Jaffar, stood forth in Bagdad daily in the square where once had stood a happy house, and there harangued the tremblers at the scimeter on all they owed to the divine Jaffar. "Bring me this man," the caliph cried. The man was brought—was gazed upon—the mutes began to bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he; "from bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me; from wants, from shames, from loveless household fears; made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears; restored me—loved me—put me on a par

with his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?" Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this, the mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss, now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate might smile upon another half as great. He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will; the caliph's judgment shall be master still. Go; and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem, the richest in the Tartar's diadem, and hold the giver as thou deemest fit."—"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it high tow'ards the heavens, as though to meet his star, exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

More stories, as full of pleasant wit and noble feeling, were told me after this; and when we got to Basingstoke, where my neighbour swore a good deal at a crowd of market people who had blocked him (and I suppose me) up with huge baskets and wet umbrellas, I had been introduced to Chaucer, and was riding on the brazen horse of Cambus Khan. The brazen horse which in a day and night, through the dark half as safely as the light, o'er sea and land, and with your perfect ease, can bear your body wheresoe'er you please. (It matters not if skies be foul or fair; the thing is like a thought, and cuts the air so smoothly, and so well observes the track, the man that will may sleep upon his back.) This brazen horse, I say, suddenly dropped me at Southampton. There were some stories told by the Italian poets told again in English waiting to be heard, Dante's own Paolo and Francesca; his story of Ugolino; Ariosto's Medora and Cloridano. I was vexed that I had reached my journey's end, and must in that day read no more; began to observe with surprise that it was raining; to look for the first time at some of my departing fellow-passengers; to resent the smell of my neighbour's bad tobacco, that impregnated my clothes; to think about my carpet bag, and all my troubles; not resenting them, because my book had tuned me to a brave endurance of the troubles of this world, with, I believe, the sole exception of the smell of stale tobacco. I had made two journeys at one time, by packing off my body as a parcel to Southampton, while all the rest of me, having paid a trifling sum for a perpetual ticket (which I shall take heed to keep by me) set out in company with a right genial and noble story-teller to Parnassus. Nevertheless, there was the whole of me at Heavohoy's when wanted; and I am happy to say that from the counting-house of that substantial firm I date the present communication. I have told a plain traveller's tale about traveller's tales, which, as the teller of them hopes, will be read and shown to one another by travellers who are descendants of those travellers about whom Chaucer discoursed: men who beguiled each other's way with tales as they rode side by side on horseback, while yet all horses in existence were of flesh and blood.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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SMUGGLED RELATIONS.

WHEN I was a child, I remember to have had my ears boxed for informing a lady-visitor who made a morning call at our house, that a certain ornamental object on the table, which was covered with marbled-paper, "wasn't marble." Years of reflection upon this injury have fully satisfied me that the honest object in question never imposed upon anybody; further, that my honoured parents, though both of a sanguine temperament, never can have conceived it possible that it might, could, should, would, or did, impose upon anybody. Yet, I have no doubt that I had my ears boxed for violating a tacit compact in the family and among the family visitors, to blink the stubborn fact of the marbled paper, and agree upon a fiction of real marble.

Long after this, when my ears had been past boxing for a quarter of a century, I knew a man with a cork leg. That he had a cork leg—or, at all events, that he was at immense pains to take about with him a leg which was not his own leg, or a real leg—was so plain and obvious a circumstance, that the whole universe might have made affidavit of it. Still, it was always understood that this cork leg was to be regarded as a leg of flesh and blood, and even that the very subject of cork in the abstract was to be avoided in the wearer's society.

I have had my share of going about the world; wherever I have been, I have found the marbled paper and the cork leg. I have found them in many forms; but, of all their Protean shapes, at once the commonest and strangest has been—Smuggled Relations.

I was on intimate terms for many, many years, with my late lamented friend, Cogsford, of the great Greek house of Cogsford Brothers and Cogsford. I was his executor. I believe he had no secrets from me but one—his mother. That the agreeable old lady who kept his house for him *was* his mother, must be his mother, couldn't possibly be anybody but his mother, was evident: not to me alone, but to everybody who knew him. She was not a refugee, she was not proscribed, she was not in hiding, there was no price put upon her venerable head; she was invariably liked and respected as a good-

humoured, sensible, cheerful old soul. Then why did Cogsford smuggle his mother all the days of his life? I have not the slightest idea why. I cannot so much as say whether she had ever contracted a second marriage, and her name was really Mrs. Bean: or whether that name was bestowed upon her as a part of the smuggling transaction. I only know that there she used to sit at one end of the hospitable table, the living image in a cap of Cogsford at the other end, and that Cogsford knew that I knew who she was. Yet, if I had been a Custom-house officer at Folkestone, and Mrs. Bean a French clock that Cogsford was furtively bringing from Paris in a hat-box, he could not have made her the subject of a more determined and deliberate pretence. It was prolonged for years upon years. It survived the good old lady herself. One day, I received an agitated note from Cogsford, entreating me to go to him immediately; I went, and found him weeping, and in the greatest affliction. "My dear friend," said he, pressing my hand, "I have lost Mrs. Bean. She is no more." I went to the funeral with him. He was in the deepest grief. He spoke of Mrs. Bean, on the way back, as the best of women. But, even then he never hinted that Mrs. Bean was his mother; and the first and last acknowledgment of the fact that I ever had from him was in his last will, wherein he entreated "his said dear friend and executor" to observe that he requested to be buried beside his mother—whom he didn't even name, he was so perfectly confident that I had detected Mrs. Bean.

I was once acquainted with another man who smuggled a brother. This contraband relative made mysterious appearances and disappearances, and knew strange things. He was called John—simply John. I have got into a habit of believing that he must have been under a penalty to forfeit some weekly allowance if he ever claimed a surname. He came to light in this way;—I wanted some information respecting the remotest of the Himalaya range of mountains, and I applied to my friend Benting (a member of the Geographical Society, and learned on such points), to advise me. After some consideration, Benting said, in a half reluctant and constrained way, very unlike his usual frank

manner, that he "thought he knew a man" who could tell me, of his own experience, what I wanted to learn. An appointment was made for a certain evening at Benting's house. I arrived first, and had not observed for more than five minutes that Benting was under a curious cloud, when his servant announced—in a hushed, and I may say unearthly manner—"Mr. John." A rather stiff and shabby person appeared, who called Benting by no name whatever (a singularity that I always observed whenever I saw them together afterwards), and whose manner was curiously divided between familiarity and distance. I found this man to have been all over the Indies, and to possess an extraordinary fund of traveller's experience. It came from him drily at first; but he warmed, and it flowed freely until he happened to meet Benting's eye. Then, he subsided again, and (it appeared to me), felt himself, for some unknown reason, in danger of losing that weekly allowance. This happened a dozen times in a couple of hours, and not the least curious part of the matter was, that Benting himself was always as much disconcerted as the other man. It did not occur to me that night, that this was Benting's brother, for I had known him very well indeed for years, and had always understood him to have none. Neither can I now recall, nor, if I could, would it matter, by what degrees and stages I arrived at the knowledge. However this may be, I knew it, and Benting knew that I knew it. But, we always preserved the fiction that I could have no suspicion that there was any sort of kindred or affinity between them. He went to Mexico, this John—and he went to Australia—and he went to China—and he died somewhere in Persia—and one day, when we went down to dinner at Benting's, I would find him in the dining-room, already seated (as if he had just been counting the allowance on the table-cloth), and another day I would hear of him as being among scarlet parrots in the tropics; but, I never knew whether he had ever done anything wrong, or whether he had ever done anything right, or why he went about the world, or how. As I have already signified, I get into habits of believing; and I have got into a habit of believing that Mr. John had something to do with the dip of the magnetic needle—he is all vague and shadowy to me, however, and I only know him for certain to have been a smuggled relation.

Other people, again, put these contraband commodities entirely away from the light, as smugglers of wine and brandy bury tubs. I have heard of a man who never imparted, to his most intimate friend, the terrific secret that he had a relation in the world, except when he lost one by death; and then he would be weighed down by the greatness of the calamity, and would refer to his bereavement as if he had lost the very shadow of himself, from whom he had never been separated since the days of infancy. Within my

own experience, I have observed smuggled relations to possess a wonderful quality coming out when they die. My own dear Tom, who married my fourth sister, and who is a great Smuggler, never fails to speak me of one of his relations newly deceased, though, instead of never having in the remotest way alluded to that relative's existence before, he had been perpetually discounting of it. "My poor, dear, darling Emmy," he said to me, within these six months, "she is gone—I have lost her." Never until that moment had Tom breathed one syllable to me of the existence of any Emmy whomsoever on the face of this earth, in whom he had the smallest interest. He had scarcely allowed me to understand, very distantly and generally, that he had some relations—"my people," he called them—down in Yorkshire. "My own dear, darling Emmy," says Tom, notwithstanding, "she has left me for a better world." (Tom must have left her for his own world, at least fifteen years). I repeated, following my way, "Emmy, Tom?" "My favourite niece," said Tom, in a reproachful tone. "Emmy, you know. I was her godfather, you remember. Darling, fair-haired Emmy, Precious, blue-eyed child!" Tom burst into tears, and we both understood that henceforth the fiction was established between us that I had been quite familiar with Emmy by reputation, through a series of years.

Occasionally, smuggled relations are discovered by accident: just as those tubs may be, to which I have referred. My other half—I mean, of course, my wife—once discovered a large cargo in this way, which has been long concealed. In the next street to us, lived an acquaintance of ours, who was Commissioner of something or other, and kept a handsome establishment. We used to exchange dinners, and I have frequently heard him at his own table mention his father as a "poor dear good old boy," who has been dead for any indefinite period. He was rather fond of telling anecdotes of his very early days, and from them it appears that he had been an only child. One summer afternoon, my other half, walking in our immediate neighbourhood, happened to perceive Mrs. Commissioner's last year's bonnet (to every inch of which, it is unnecessary to add she could have sworn), going along before her on somebody else's head. Having heard generally of the swell mob, my good lady's first impression was, that the wearer of the bonnet belonged to that fraternity, had just abstracted the bonnet from its place of repose, and was in every sense of the term walking off with it, and ought to be given into the custody of the nearest policeman. Fortunately, however, my Susannah, who is not distinguished by closeness of reasoning or presence of mind, reflected, as it were by a flash of inspiration, that the bonnet might have been given away. Curious to see to whom, she quickened her

steps, and descried beneath it, an ancient lady of an iron-bound presence, in whom (for my Susannah has an eye), she instantly recognised the lineaments of the Commissioner! Eagerly pursuing this discovery, she, that very afternoon, tracked down an ancient gentleman in one of the Commissioner's hats. Next day she came upon the trail of four stony maidens, decorated with artificial flowers out of the Commissioner's epergne; and thus we dug up the Commissioner's father and mother and four sisters, who had been for some years secreted in lodgings round the corner and never entered the Commissioner's house save in the dawn of morning and the shades of evening. From that time forth, whenever my Susannah made a call at the Commissioner's, she always listened on the doorstep for any slight preliminary scuffling in the hall, and, hearing it, was delighted to remark, "The family are here, and they are hiding them!"

I have never been personally acquainted with any gentleman who kept his mother-in-law in the kitchen, in the useful capacity of Cook; but I have heard of such a case on good authority. I once lodged in the house of a genteel lady claiming to be a widow, who had four pretty children, and might be occasionally overheard coercing an obscure man in a sleeved waistcoat, who appeared to be confined in some Pit below the foundations of the house, where he was condemned to be always cleaning knives. One day, the smallest of the children crept into my room, said, pointing downward with a little chubby finger, "Don't tell! It's Pa!" and vanished on tiptoe.

One other branch of the smuggling trade demands a word of mention before I conclude. My friend of friends in my bachelor days, became the friend of the house when I got married. He is our Amelia's godfather; Amelia being the eldest of our cherubs. Through upwards of ten years he was backwards and forwards at our house three or four times a week, and always found his knife and fork ready for him. What was my astonishment on coming home one day to find Susannah sunk upon the oil-cloth in the hall, holding her brow with both hands, and meeting my gaze, when I admitted myself with my latch-key, in a distracted manner! "Susannah," I exclaimed "what has happened?" She merely ejaculated, "Larver"—that being the name of the friend in question. "Susannah!" said I, "what of Larver? Speak! Has he met with any accident? Is he ill?" Susannah replied faintly, "Married—married before we were!" and would have gone into hysterics but that I make a rule of never permitting that disorder under my roof.

For upwards of ten years, my bosom friend Larver, in close communication with me every day, had smuggled a wife! He had at last confided the truth to Susannah, and had

presented Mrs. Larver. There was no kind of reason for this, that we could ever find out. Even Susannah had not a doubt of things being all correct. He had "run" Mrs. Larver into a little cottage in Hertfordshire, and nobody ever knew why, or ever will know. In fact, I believe there was no why in it.

The most astonishing part of the matter is, that I have known other men do exactly the same thing. I could give the names of a dozen in a footnote, if I thought it right.

FRENCH SOLDIERS IN CAMP.

I HAVE paid two visits to the Camp of Honvault, near Boulogne; one in the summer, another in the winter. The sandhills in that neighbourhood are diversified by stray patches of verdure and cultivation. I don't think Mr. Mechi, Mr. Philip Pusey, or the author of Talpa would bestow much commendation upon what the French farmers have here laid out for public inspection. Whatever seed first came to hand seems to have been sown; the worthy agriculturists appear to have been rather desultory and capricious in their operations; wandering from turnips to cabbage, and from artichokes to cereals, much as the bee wanders from flower to flower. Sometimes they throw in a patch of mangel-wurzel as a makeweight; sometimes they do a bit of lazy ploughing, as a young lady would take up a morsel of crochet work pending the arrival of her Adolphus; more frequently they appear to be convinced of the futility of farming altogether, and throw themselves into marigolds and other unprofitably gay flowers with a curious zeal.

As I proceed, various phases of camp life begin to break upon me. Little boy soldiers with sunburnt faces and atrociously-made trousers pass me, carrying baskets of charcoal between them, huge loads of bread, tin cans called gamelles, holding the mysterious but savoury-smelling stews with which French soldiers sustain nature; bunches of carrots (our neighbours can't get on in any state of life without carrots), sacks of meal, earthen pipkins, and above all black bottles. For the camp at Honvault, though strictly sober, is a very thirsty camp. It is the sand perhaps that provokes the drought. It must be the sand, for very soon I get thirsty too.

There are no tents at Honvault. Long parallel lines of comfortable, cottage-looking huts, built of mud, clay, and wattles, and neatly thatched, the lines crossed at right angles by other lines of huts, extend along the coast for an immense distance. A great sandy esplanade runs along in front; and, under a long shed in the midst, some hundreds of recruits are being initiated into the goose-step. Here is the broadest avenue—the Regent Street of the camp, and here the officers have their quarters, which are

huts like those of the privates, but have neatly glazed-windows, doors and snug porches, and are plastered over, and white-washed outside quite in the London suburban style.

All my theories of the noisy recklessness of camp-life are blown to the winds in a moment. The greatest characteristic of the camp is its quietude. In this mud city holding thousands of men at arms you can hear the plashing of the sea and the lark high up in the empyrean. Oft in the still day come soft sounds of the military-bands practising, the tread of the sentry, a stray horse's hoof, the clanking of a stray pair of spurs (for this is an infantry camp). Soldiers brushing their clothes or cleaning their accoutrements, digging in little gardens, and doing odd jobs of carpentry, glazing and housepainting, the dulcet clinking of bottles and glugging of ordinary wines into glasses, the puffing of stertorous smokers at their pipes, the scratching of the pen with which the young corporal is writing home to his mother; the mazurka air—a reminiscence of the last camp-ball—which the bearded sergeant is placidly whistling—these sounds of a verity you can hear. But no brawling, no rattling of diceboxes, no roaring chorusses, no oaths, no fights. The licence of the camp is a most excellently conducted licence, and is one that might be granted, renewed, or transferred, *nem-con.*, by the rigidest bench of Middlesex magistrates.

Another little sound I hear. I am standing in front of one of the officer's huts and watching his servant who is training some pretty creeping plant over the door. The officer is a lieutenant; for his surtout-coat with its one epaulette is hung on a pole outside. Through the half-opened door I can just discern a figure in scarlet trousers in its shirt-sleeves, and a scarlet *képi* edged with gold lace. On one arm he wears, not a military gauntlet, but a leathern article of wearing apparel that has a heel, a sole, and an upper leather; with the other he holds a blacking-brush, which he moves vigorously to and fro. And I hear a little sound of hissing and friction as of bristles. And the lieutenant is cleaning his own boots!

By and by the great thirst question assumes graver proportions, and I find that thirst can be assuaged at the *Estaminet de Bomarsund*, where one gives to eat and to drink; at the *Vieux Soldat de l'Empire*; at the *Pierre Napoléon*; at the *Repose of the Honest Society*, and at *Ohé! Marie Jeanne Cannebière*, which last sign requires explication, which I am not able to afford; for I do not know who *Marie-Jeanne Cannebière* was, or why she should have been addressed with the interjection *Ohé!*—*anglice*: *Hi!* I find *Maria-Jane* represented inside the *café*, restaurant, *auberge*, *hostellerie*, *cabaret*, *cantine*, *estaminet*, or whatever this camp hotel may be called, by a very large bearded man in a blouse, very like a sapper and miner who, fatigued with

gabions, fascines, mining and countermining, went into the public line for quietness. He is sleeping in a corner, and I have some difficulty in making him understand that my throat desireth white wine which, together with crusty loaf and some old *Roquefort* cheese will make no contemptible mid-day meal. Rough as the whole apartment is, bare as the walls are, mud for floor, and planks on tressels for tables, *Maria-Jane* supplies that other one thing needful in the economy of French life:—some attempt at artistic decoration. Some tastefully drawn and coloured scroll-work, rough but vigorous, is painted along the walls. Over the door there is a vile (in execution) but meritorious (in design) representation of the flags of England, France, and Turkey; and opposite to it, on the wall, is painted an elaborate and vividly-coloured frame; in the centre of which appears, in letters of uniform size by no means, and in orthography the reverse of pure,

LES AMIS SON PRIEZ DE SE RETIRER
A 9 HEURES MOINS VAINCINQUE LE SOIR.

—The friends are prayed to retire themselves at nine hours less twenty-five the evening.

I am the only civilian present among *Maria-Jane's* customers. Of the twenty other pairs of moustaches present all the rest belong to the twenty-third of the line, the thirteenth léger, the artillery, and the sappers. Some are playing dominoes, some piquet; some drink beer, others wine; all are smoking vigorously, and though very grave and quiet, appear to enjoy themselves immensely. How they can afford to do it out of their munificent allowance of pocket-money, amounting I am informed to one copper sou per diem, I am hugely puzzled to make out. I can understand the possibility of existing upon mid-shipman's half-pay; I can conceive how Colonel Rawdon managed to live upon "nothing a year;" but how my friend private *Tourlourou* and his comrades contrive to drink Bourdeaux, to smoke the Indian weed, and to play piquet (luxuries of life demanding at least five hundred a-year in London) upon a surplus income of a halfpenny a-day is beyond my ken.

Such was my summer visit. My winter visit occurred on the morning of the twenty-third of February, which opened with a fall of fine snow. At noon it had ceased; and I left off letter-writing to walk through the streets of huts which constitute this fresh-built military town. The soldiers were working hard to expel from their precincts every member of Jack Frost's family that had invaded them. Icicles, snow, hailstones, and candied sleet, were carried out in barrows, baskets, biers; and where the work did not go off fast enough to the men's liking they seized some of the four-wheeled carriages called equipages militaires, loaded them with frozen sweepings, and, themselves acting the part of horses, dragged the con-

tents to the spot where unclean things are shot out, till all was tidy and dry around them.

Early in the afternoon a rapid thaw came on. The men, instead of being up to their knees in sludge, could instantly resume the occupations which the late severe weather had completely interrupted. Aspirant trumpeters and embryo drummers made the hills vocal with "rat-tat-tats" and "too-too-toos," resounding from the little green knolls of rising ground which constitute their practising-place. Last year's batches of conscripts and inveterate members of the awkward squad had to submit to the hated rigours of drill, which now was possible in the open air. A gleam of sunshine, that good-naturedly broke forth to aid the sudden rise of temperature, allowed the airing of bedding and the brushing of habiliments without fear of their taking more harm than good from splashes of mud and soakings of half-melted snow. Admiring groups were looking on at the feats of stick exercise performed by a couple of corporals, whose manipulation of the wooden weapon was enough to make one dread the sight of a broom-handle ever afterwards. Further down, the dark-blue chasseurs, or riflemen, were practising hand-to-hand encounters with their formidable cutlass-bayonets, so earnestly that, although the points were corked, an officer had occasionally to warn them—"Gently, gently; you will do yourselves harm." The band resumed its repetitions, or rehearsals, which were possible now that the pistons did not freeze fast in the cornets before half-a-dozen bars allegro were played. In short, throughout the camp, when the great thaw came at last, things marched as usual, without the slightest delay; and all because the trifling precaution had been taken to remove the snow as it fell.

I may here remark at once that the barrack-soldier and the camp-soldier are quite a different race of beings. The former figures exceedingly well in the mess-room, the parade, the review, the country-town market-place, or the county ball-room. The latter shines forth and shows his value in the open country, when he is out a-gypseying, where he has to make use of the most unexpected expedients—to saw with a gimlet or to fry in a tea-kettle. The soldier who has not had some little training in turning makeshifts to the best advantage before he is engaged in actual warfare, has to learn the lesson there at last, and that under unfavourable circumstances; because he has then two things to do at once—to fight as well as to attend to his housekeeping. Although, therefore, it may seem cruel to turn a man out of warm barracks when there is nothing to prevent his staying there, and to compel him to do as well as he can amidst the rough discomforts that have to be baffled with in camp, it really is a preparatory school whose instruction will serve him in good stead by-and-by,

when he most needs it, and when even life and death may hang on the power of endurance thus acquired.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that fighting is the only trade a soldier has to exercise; he is obliged to practise the details of almost every other trade in turn. It is to little purpose to land, or let drop from the skies, a helpless army on any given spot of an enemy's territory, to let them fight a famous battle or two, and then to trust their future welfare to the care of chance and the elements, as if they stood in no more need of creature comforts than a set of chess-men whom you leave on the board, uncared for, when your game is done. A private soldier who marches in the ranks, is a man, of like passions and feelings with ourselves, and not a bit of boxwood, bone, or ivory. He is a young man, too, more susceptible of the evil influences of fatigue, cold, and malaria, than tougher veterans forty or fifty years of age. Hath not a soldier flesh? Hath he not blood, nerves, lungs, brains, a skin, a heart, and finally a stomach? If you tickle him will he not laugh? If you wound and torture him will he not suffer? If you leave him without shelter and clothing will he not, possibly, take a slight cold? If you stick him for weeks up to the middle in mud is there no chance of his catching a fever? If you starve him will not his strength fail? And if, when he is a-cold, a-fevered, and an-hungered, you do not provide him, before it is too late, with medicine or food, with nursing and a hospital, will he not die, just as you and I would? French army administrators answer "Yes."

In the French army, therefore, besides the military duties that each soldier has to perform, care is taken to make the most of any civil accomplishment or talent he may possess, even in matters that appear to be trifling. The handicraft trade a man has been brought up to, his peculiar fitness for one occupation more than another, even the hobby which it best pleases him to ride, are all swept into the general fund, as contributions of labour. Individual specialities are noted and cultivated, to be brought into play in time of need. For instance, the huts of which the winter camp is composed are almost entirely the work of the men's own hands. Some men fetched the wood in artillery wagons, from the forest of Boulogne, to make the framework; others puddled with chopped straw the clay to make the walls; others plastered the puddle so prepared, cunningly making it stick in its place. All the help they had was, assistance in thatching. Then when the huts were made, there were the streets to pave, the drainage to be attended to, decorations to add, and comforts and necessary adjuncts to be gradually got together. From the pitching of the first summer tents to the present occupancy of clay-built huts (wherein each soldier has

his own little home, his little place for standing, sitting, or lying down, exactly as he has his post in the ranks), innumerable extras have been superadded to requirements of absolute necessity, and all by means of the self-helping habits to which the French soldier is constantly trained. After the making of the first camp-kitchens (mere holes in the ground, with chimneys of turf, or no chimneys at all, and a few boards or bits of canvas to screen and cover them, but which, nevertheless, are well worth studying, because they do their work effectually) general attention was next bestowed on the construction of open-air ball-rooms, with verdant sofas and orchestras; for amusement in camp is a matter of serious importance. To let men grow weary, dull, and home-sick, is not the way to make good soldiers. Therefore, at Honvault and Wimereux, fiddlers and clarionet-players in uniform soon emerged from the general mass. Proficients in dancing instantly asserted their ability to unite the graces of Terpsichore with the valour of Mars. Such high pretensions are commonly tested by what are called "assauts de danse," or, dancing matches, which excite as much interest in the saltatory world as a steeplechase or a prize-fight would amongst the fancy in England.

Regimental cooking is done in turns by the privates. The supervision and criticism of culinary processes falls to the lot of the corporals in rotation. All other labour which is not comprised in the calls of military service is paid for. The French soldier is not made to work hard without the encouragement of pecuniary reward. There are soldiers in the camp of Honvault who earn, besides their pay, as much as forty francs a month. The soldier-bakers who make the camp-bread—excellent leavened bread it is—receive eighteen centimes per batch, besides their pay. If the bread turn out good, and the red-legged bakers conduct themselves properly, they have a further gratification of six centimes, making in all twenty-four centimes, or nearly twopence-halfpenny per batch. The result is, that at the end of the week the bakers have a nice little purse of pocket-money, and perhaps Maria-Jean's summer customers were rolling in riches acquired by baking, or tailoring, or cobbling, or other handicraft. The French soldier is a perfect Jack-of-all-trades. Only the day before yesterday, the bit of road under my window was a strip of loose sand; yesterday, artillery wagons discharged their thunder by means of large round pebbles, fetched from the beach. A party of scarlet-pantalooned, red-capped, blue-coated young fellows, smash the afore-said thunder to shivers. My landlord seems to appreciate the exertions they are making in the improvement of his ways; for he gaily mixes with the gang, a litre bottle of *cau-de-vie* in one hand, and a glass in the other, and pours out a *petit verre* for whom-

soever will. The military macadamites are not teetotalers; some take two, some even swallow three, without coughing or making wry faces. But only mark with what levity they treat the task of breaking stones! One has knocked off the head of his hammer, and is fencing with the handle with his next-door neighbour. Human versatility is tried to the utmost; and those who are ignorant of such accomplishments gradually learn road-making, cookery, hut-building, paving, wood-cutting, stick-fencing, dancing, and the grand art of making shift.

Leading qualities which honourably mark the administration of the French army (and why can they not equally belong to our own?), are simplicity, directness of action, forethought, responsibility, fair and equal treatment excluding favouritism, and recompense bestowed in proportion to merit. Whether for soldier, sailor, tinker, or tailor, to labour for nought is melancholy work. In money-payment, as well as in honorary rewards, the industrious and well-behaved French soldier is better treated than the idle and disorderly one. Small services are remunerated with small gratuities, while larger ones are honoured with larger. What might be called domestic services, necessary for the common welfare, are all strictly performed in rotation. No one can reasonably complain of carrying, to-day, a heavy burden to spare his comrades' shoulders, when those same comrades will bear for him exactly the same number of pounds to-morrow and next day. The cooking, we have seen, is done in turn. A man serves his month in the kitchen, and while thus employed in making soup from beef, vegetables, water, and bread, remains exempt from other service. In a few exceptional cases (only in the administrations), the soldiers are permitted to raise amongst themselves a stipend of ten sous a day to give to their cook, as an inducement for him to remain a permanent manufacturer of broth, and to prevent its being spoiled by too frequent a change of hands. The corporals take their month's turn of officiating as master cooks. Theirs is the office to taste and pronounce judgment in contests about pepper and salt, fat and lean, big bits or little, thicker or thinner slicings of bread, and coarser or finer shreds of cabbages and leeks.

Forethought is surely indispensable when the welfare of thousands of men is at stake, and when those men are the defenders of a nation. Sad experience has taught us what a perishable thing an army is. From the first moment when the component parts of an army begin to draw together towards their common centre, even before they form one united body, they have a daily tendency and liability to suffer diminution of their aggregate number. When the army is actually formed, and begins to move either in one or in several large masses, the tendency greatly increases

In both cases there are idlers, stragglers, and drunkards, who are left behind, are missing for a time, and, perhaps, join their company subsequently, perhaps do not. Even in the native land of the troops, or in a friendly country, all such as these are virtual deserters, and many of them would become really so if they happened to be in a hostile territory. Join to this cause, disease and slaughter, the attacks of the weather, as well as of the enemy, and we need indeed admire the wise forethought which distinguishes the French war administration. The loan, by General Canrobert, of ten thousand great coats to our shivering troops, was a noble triumph and a proof of superiority which, in the eyes of many Frenchmen, almost compensates for the reverse of Waterloo. Were a French army required to move, say to the Prussian frontier only, official precursors would be sent forward, to see that stores and all other things required were ready there, before the men would be suffered to stir. We have been enjoying a peace of some forty years; in our first war afterwards we threw away in a few months some forty thousand noble soldiers. In other words, red-tape mismanagement cost us at the rate of a thousand fine men a year for forty years. An awful hecatomb to have immolated before the shrine of privileged and exclusive incompetency!

But, a good war administration is not formed in a single year. The French military organisation has been gradually and carefully perfected. Its first grand step towards improvement was the annihilation of aristocratic privileges in the first revolution, when the profession of arms became an open career, and honours and rewards were attainable by all who deserved them, irrespective of birth. English soldiers now in the East are astonished at its efficacy, and are compelled by sad experience and comparison to envy it.

John Bull, at the present day, can hardly be so prejudiced as to refuse to adopt a good thing, simply because it is taught him by the French. It might answer the purpose of an honest government, to translate and publish the army regulations of our allies, for the benefit of Englishmen who cannot read French. Those of September, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five, "*Reglemens sur le service des subsistances militaires, ou Reglement d'administration approuvé par le Roi*," are a master-piece in which all the best ideas are embodied after careful searching out. Alterations have since been made; but, as they tend to still greater centralisation, the original twenty-five regulations might be more favourably received in England. Then there is the "*Annuaire Militaire*," each year's number of which is published in June. Above all, a good "personnel," well-selected individuals for the office they hold, is a sine-quá-non in France. A man who has served ten

years in Algeria, fighting the Arabs with one hand and provisioning his troops with the other, is thought more likely to manage matters in the Crimea than a youngster whose only field of glory has been the gardens of the Tuilleries or the Champ de Mars.

The outward aspect of the Honvault camp in winter, is that of a long town of mud-built cabins, which might constitute a village of Indian wigwams, but for their number and the order in which they are ranged. The front of the camp, known as the *Front de bandière*, faces the sea, at no great distance from the edge of the cliff; and it is to be observed that this front occupies the same extent of ground as would be covered by the men in battle array. The number of huts is above a thousand, comprising the stables and other accessories. Streets of different width run backward at a right angle to the front. Each camp is divided into two brigades separated by an interval of thirty metres. Between the regiments of the same brigade there opens a street twenty metres wide; between two battalions one of fifteen metres, and between two companies there runs a little lane something like a couple of paces broad. By these various outlets the men can start forth almost instantly to their place in the ranks, when summoned to it by trumpet and drum. Each hut is calculated to lodge a dozen men. Each man has a pound and a half of bread per day to eat, besides half a pound to put in his soup, which contains also half a pound of meat, with rice and vegetables. He has a daily allowance of sugar and coffee. The bread, baked in the camp, is not given out till it is twenty-four hours old. Amongst the comforts distributed when winter commenced, were a pair of wooden shoes and a flannel cincture to every man. The former articles are most effectual preventives of colds, rheumatism, chilblains, and toothache. Gratuitous theatrical performances, at the cost of the Emperor's privy purse, by a clever company of comedians, are organised for the amusement of the troops during the long dark evenings.

As to the management of this and other camps, the war administration in France comprises the service of the hospitals, the provisioning, and the encampment. A general direction, whose seat is at the war minister's office, transmits, for each service, the orders of the minister. All projects, regulations, instructions, are elaborated in the bureaux of the general direction. It includes in its privileges the appointment of the personnel and the management of the materiel; it directs, in one word, under the approbation of the minister, every movement which circumstances render expedient. Each service has distinct bureaux, personnel, money dealings, transport. Each also has its chief, sub-chief, and clerks. The general direction is also charged with the verification and the liquidation of the accounts produced

by the accountable officers; it points out and rectifies errors, if any such exist; allows the expenses which it recognises as regular, and puts a veto on such as do not appear to its judgment to be sufficiently justifiable. The vetos which it exercises the power of pronouncing are not definitive; for the parties can appeal to the council of state, which gives a final decision.

The administrative personnel is composed of intendants, sub-intendants, and officers of administration. Besides these, there are troops of administration, composed of infirmiers, bakers, butchers, masons, and so on, in short, of all the artificers and workmen who are required to execute different services. The intendants are placed, one in each chef-lieu de division, or military divisional central town, one for each corps d'armée. The sub-intendants under their orders are distributed amongst the different garrison towns, and have to act as overseers of the administrative services. One or more officers of administration, according as there is a "hopital majeur," a provision magazine or an encampment, are placed in each of these garrisons to perform the administrative services. The intendants-major receive the orders of the minister; they transmit them to the sub-intendants placed under their orders, who transmit them to be executed by the accountable officers whose duty it is to execute those services.

The services are organised in such a way that when a corps-d'armée departs from one point to march to another, the soldier has to carry with him nothing but his arms and his knapsack. Before its departure, notice is given to all the places which the troops have to traverse, to hold in readiness everything required for their subsistence, so that a distribution is made immediately it arrives by means of the officers of administration. On the other hand, the intendant-major of the military division towards which the corps-d'armée is travelling, assembles at that point the necessary provisions, which are placed at the disposal of an accountable officer, who causes them to be manutentioned and distributed.

But even French army management is not quite perfect. The same complaint is made, though to a less extent, as is charged against our lords of the admiralty in Sir G. Cockburn's remarkable posthumous manifesto; namely, that those who have the direction of the whole vast machine, are wanting in the knowledge of practical details. French officers of experience state that though the military administration of France is superior to that of many other countries, it is still deficient in the important respect that it does not possess a single practical man in its highest region. Thus, the artillery, the engineering, the infantry, and the cavalry, has each its committee at the War Office, composed of officers belonging to each service; but the general direction does not comprise in its

body one single officer of administration who has actually managed either hospital establishments, or a manutentional service, and lastly, magazines of encampment—due most favourable for the acquirement of knowledge and experience that are required to judge whether certain innovations can be introduced without inconvenience, whether the services of the interior or of armies are properly executed, and what alterations are most expedient in case of war. The absence of such men compels the general direction to derive its theoretical knowledge from the mere reading of the regulations. Consequently, when it desires to introduce improvements, it issues orders impossible to execute in all their details; it saps, without intending it, the admirable edifice of "service des subsistances," as given in the Règlement of September, twenty-seven; it renders intricate, instead of simplifying, the system of accounts which can never be so wise than complicated.

SPECIMENS OF THE ALCHEMISTS

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

NICHOLAS FLAMEL was born at Pontoise, near Paris, in thirteen hundred and twenty-eight. His father had left him nothing but the house in which he lived, and where he carried on the business of a scrivener, which in those days, consisted in copying deeds and writings in Latin and French. Printing being then invented, to be a scribe or scrivener was a regular profession.

Flamel was a man of genius—he had a skill in painting, and wrote poetry—chemistry was the art which most attracted him. In those days chemistry was a mysterious semi-supernatural study, which promised to its followers an entrance into all the hidden secrets that cause the appearances of things; it would lead them into the very presence of the invisible powers of nature, and give knowledge to controul them.

Nicholas Flamel became an hermetic student towards the year thirteen hundred and fifty-seven. All the seekers after the hermeneutic mystery cultivated great piety and humility of heart. After a prayer and thanksgiving very good but too long to quote, Nicholas proceeds to give some account of his progress to the great secret, as follows:—I, Nicholas Flamel, scrivener, living in Paris, in thirteen hundred and ninety-nine, in Notary Street, near St. Jacques de la Boucherie, though I learned not much Latin because of the poorness and meanness of my parents, who, notwithstanding, were (even those who envy me most), accounted good honest people; yet, by the blessing of God, have not wanted an understanding of the philosophers, but learned them and attained to a certain kind of knowledge of their hidden secrets. For which cause, I hope there shall not any moment of my

pass, wherein remembering this so vast good, I will not, on my bare knees, if the place will permit it, or otherwise in my heart, with all the entireness of my affections, render thanks to this my most good and gracious God.

After the deaths of my parents, I, Nicholas Flamel, got my living by the art of writing, engrossing inventories, making up accounts, keeping of books, and the like.

In the course of living there fell by chance into my hands a gilded book, very old and large, which cost me only two florins. It was not made of paper or parchment, but of admirable rinds (as it seemed to me) of young trees. The cover of it was of copper; it was well bound and graven all over with a strange kind of letters, which I take to be Greek characters or some other ancient language. All I know is that I could not read them, and they were neither Latin nor French. As to the inside, the leaves of bark were engraved upon, and with great industry written all over as with a point of iron, in clear and beautiful Latin letters of divers colours. It contains three times seven leaves, the seventh being always left without writing, but instead there was painting. Upon the first seventh there was painted a virgin, and serpents swallowing her up. Upon the second seventh there was a cross with a serpent nailed thereon. Upon the last seventh there was represented a desert or wilderness, in the midst of which were several beautiful fountains, with serpents coming out of them, and running about hither and thither. In the first page was written in large gilt letters,—“Abraham the Jew, Prince, Priest, Levite, Astrologer and Philosopher to the people of the Jews by the wrath of God amongst the Gauls—greeting.” He who sold me this book knew its value as little as I, who bought it. I fancied that he had either stolen it from some of the miserable Jews, or found it concealed in some of their old dwellings. In the second leaf of this book he consoled his nation. Upon the third and all the following ones, written to enable his captive nation to pay their tribute to the Roman emperors, also to do another thing, which I will not utter; he taught them in plain words the art of the transmutation of metals. He painted the vessels upon the margin of the leaves, and described all the colours as they would appear in the progress of the work. He told everything except the first agent, the prima materia of which he told not one word, only he declared that, upon the fourth and fifth leaves he had minutely painted it. (This prima materia it should be observed, was the heart of the great secret which no adept would tell. Each had to work to discover it for himself.) These fourth and fifth leaves were without any writing, but covered with fair figures very bright and shining, as it were, illuminated. The workmanship was most exquisite. There was first a young man with wings to his ankles, having in his hand

a rod with two serpents twining round it, and with this he appeared to be striking the helmet which covered his own head. In my poor opinion this seemed to be Mercury. Against him came flying a great old man with an hour-glass upon his head and a scythe—like Death—in his hands, with which he would cut off the head of Mercury. On the other side of the page was seen a fair flower upon the top of a high mountain, shaken by the north wind. Its foot-stalk was blue, its flowers white and red, and its leaves shining like fine gold; round about it the dragons and griffins of the north made their nests and habitations. Upon the fifth leaf there was seen a rose-tree in full flower growing beside a hollow oak-tree, at the foot of which there bubbled up a fountain of very white water which fell headlong into an abyss below, running through the hands of a crowd of people who were busily seeking for it by digging into the ground, but who, by reason of their blindness, could not discern it, except a few who considered its weight. On the other side of the fifth leaf there was a king, with a great faulchion in his hand, causing his soldiers to kill before him a multitude of infants, the mothers weeping at their feet. The blood of these slain children was then gathered up by other soldiers and put into a great vessel wherein the sun and the moon came to bathe.

All this was painted upon the five leaves, but as for what was written upon the rest of the book, in good and intelligible Latin, I dare not say a word, lest God should punish me. Having then got possession of this fine book I did nothing but study it night and day; for, though I understood perfectly the mode of conducting the operations, I did not know with what substance I was to begin the work, which caused me great sadness, kept me in solitude, and caused me to sigh incessantly. My wife, Perronelle, whom I loved like myself, and whom I had but lately married, was much concerned to see me thus, and endeavoured to console me, asking with all her heart if she could do nothing towards delivering me from this torment. I could not refrain any longer, but told her everything, and showed her my beautiful book, which she had no sooner beheld than she became as much enchanted with it as myself; but she understood the signification as little as I did myself. Nevertheless, it was an unspeakable comfort to converse with her and to know what we must do to find out the meaning.

Flamel goes on to tell the various consultations he had with the most learned men and scholars of Paris. Seeing that he had great discretion, for he never showed his precious book out of his house, and no one so much as to look at it, he copied exactly all the figures and alphabets.

At length he met with a certain monk, Anselm, who set up a chamber in the

ears of the king—Charles the Sixth. He sent M. Cramoisi, *maitre des requêtes*, to inquire into the matter. This magistrate went to Flamel's house, where he found them at dinner. A wooden platter of boiled greens was placed upon a stool: Perronelle sat upon one side and Flamel upon the other—this did not look like unlimited riches. M. Cramoisi reported to the king that he believed them absolutely in indigence, and they were left in peace. Flamel died about March in the year fourteen hundred and nineteen. The most remarkable part of their history remains to be told, though it can of course be only a legend. Paul Lucas, who travelled in the East by the order of Louis the Fourteenth—to whom his book is dedicated—gives the following account of a curious adventure which befel him. I was at Broussa, in Natolia, and going to take the air with a person of distinction, we came to a little mosque which was adorned with fountains and gardens for a public promenade. We were introduced into the cloisters, and there we found four dervishes, who received us with civility. They were, we were told, all persons of the greatest worth and learning: one of them, a man of extraordinary learning, seemed in appearance to be about thirty years old, but, from his discourse, I am convinced he must have lived a century. He told me he was one of seven friends who travelled to perfect their studies, and every twenty years met together in a place previously agreed upon. Broussa was the place of their present meeting, and four of them were already arrived. We discoursed upon many things; at length we fell upon chemistry, alchemy, and the cabala. I told him that all these, especially the philosopher's stone, were regarded by all men of sense as a fiction. "The sage," replied he, "hears the ignorant without being shocked. When I speak of a sage I mean one who sees all things die and revive without concern: he has more riches in his power than the greatest kings; but he lives temperately above the power of events." "With all these fine maxims," said I, interrupting him, "the sage dies like other men." "You are ignorant of the sublime science," replied he. "Such a one as I describe dies indeed, for death is inevitable, but he does not die before the utmost limits of mortal existence. The sage, by the use of the true medicine, can ward off whatever may hinder or impair life for a thousand years." "Would you persuade me," said I, "that all who possessed the philosopher's stone have lived a thousand years?" He replied gravely: "Without doubt, every one might: it depends upon themselves." I named Flamel, who was said to possess the philosopher's stone, but who was dead. He smiled and said: "Do you really believe this? No, my friend; neither Flamel nor his wife is dead. It is not three years since I left them in the Indies: he is one of my best friends.

When Charles the Sixth sent M. Cramoisi to him to inquire the origin of his riches, he saw the danger he was in. He soon after spread the report of his wife's death, and sent her away to Switzerland to wait for him. He celebrated her funeral, and a few years after ordered his own coffin to be interred. Since that time they have lived a philosophic life, sometimes in one country and sometimes in another."

Cela sent la Patchouli is very different from the truthful simplicity of Flamel himself; but no one can be responsible for what is said of them by others. This legend may, however, be found in the first volume of Lucas's Travels, page seventy-nine. Flamel gave a quantity of his powder to Perronelle's nephew, M. Perrier; from him it descended to Dr. Perrier; and some of it was found by his grandson Dubois, who was destitute of his grandfather's prudence and moderation, and exhibited the sacred miracle to improper persons. He was brought before Louis the Thirteenth, and transmuted a quantity of base metal. He pretended he could make the powder, but he failed of course, being vainglorious and ignorant. The king suspected him of wilfully withholding the secret, and he was hanged for his pains; leaving a warning to all, to manage their secrets with discretion.

Count Bernard of Treviso, with whom we shall close our specimens of this curious body of learned men, was born at Padua, in fourteen hundred and six, and died in fourteen hundred and ninety, although the adepts declare that he lived for four hundred years. He has left a very naïve account of his tribulations in search of the great secret, which might well discourage less courageous adepts. The first author, says he, who fell into my hands was Rhases, when I was about fourteen years of age. I employed four years of my life, and spent better than eight hundred crowns in proving it. Then I took up Geber, who cost me again two thousand crowns and upwards; besides which numbers of people came about me, who pretended to be adepts, to lure me on. The book of Archelaus occupied me for three years. Whilst engaged upon it I met with a monk, and we both worked together for the space of three years. We followed the instructions of Rupecissa, and worked with alcohol, which we rectified more than thirty times, until no glass that we could find was strong enough to hold it. We spent in this work three hundred crowns. After living thus twelve or fifteen years, finding nothing, after making experiments to dissolve, congeal, and sublime common salt, sal-ammoniac, all kinds of alum and copperas, marchasites (all stones containing metal of any kind were called thus), blood, hair, all species of animal or vegetable secretion. I proceeded by every means—distillation, sublimation, circulation, by separation of the elements both by alembic and athanor (this

was a close inner furnace which was kept carefully at the same temperature. It was heated, not with vulgar fuel, but with a certain matter, about which every philosopher made a great secret. It produced a fire not liable to be extinguished. It was called philosopher's fire, and generally produced by animal matter, by putrefaction, by circulation, by decoction, and by an infinitude of other modes. All these operations I pursued for twelve years, by which time I was thirty eight years old. I had spent besides upon the extraction of mercury from herbs and animals about six thousand crowns.

We ought to tell the reader that Count Bernard was somewhat credulous, and was victimised by pretenders to the science, who spent his money for nothing. Had he been a poorer man he might have carried on his work at much less expense. He relates in a piteous tone how he spent twenty years in calcining egg-shells, in calcining copperas with vinegar, dissolving silver with aquafortis, but all without any result. Then, says he, I abandoned my attempts, for all my relations tormented and blamed me to such a degree that I could not either eat or drink. I had become so emaciated and disfigured that everybody who saw me believed I had been poisoned. I was more than fifty-eight years old; and alas, all these years I had been working in the wrong direction! He then set off on his travels to see if the philosopher's stone were concealed in any other corner of the world. He travelled into every known country, trying an infinity of experiments wherever he went. But, says he, I found only people working in the wrong direction, and I spent upon these things, in goings, and comings, and trying experiments, more than ten thousand three hundred crowns. He was reduced to extreme poverty by this time, and all his relations and friends forsook him, as a disgrace to his family; and he records that in great pain and shame he was obliged to quit his country, trusting, however, always in the mercy of God, who never forsakes those who work faithfully. He went to Rhodes, where he hoped to live unknown, and "there I sought if I might find anything to comfort me." He found a learned and religious man, who again caused him to lose both time and money. Bernard contrived to borrow eight hundred crowns, and in three years it was all gone. He took then to observing the operations of nature, and reading the works of the old alchemists, such as Arnold, Villa Nova, The Tarba, &c. He was by this time seventy-three years old—his patience and courage still invincible. His last effort was crowned with success. At the age of seventy-five he discovered the Great Secret! He was old, and the natural infirmities of age were aggravated by the life of hardship he had led, exposed to the noxious vapours of his furnace, and still more by the corroding anxiety and inquietude of his

pursuits. He, however, lived several years to enjoy his success, and by no means regretted his pains and labours. He left behind him an apophthegm constantly quoted by the masters of the sacred art: Nature contains nature—Nature rejoices in its nature. His works were greatly sought after by adepts. His most important work, entitled, *Of the Great Secret of Philosophers*. It is the one from which we have quoted his life. The Antwerp edition is in Latin—fifteen hundred and sixty-seven pages—excellent and curious work. It is divided into four parts: first, of those who first discovered this precious art; in the second he narrates his own pains, experience, and severance; in the third part he exposes the principles and elements of metals; in the fourth he professes to tell the great secret, which we transcribe for our readers in the course it is in the form of a parable. "One day I was wandering in the fields, and I saw upon a fair fountain surrounded with flowers and meadows. None except the king of the earth has the right to approach and bathe there. The king goes into it by himself; none may accompany him. So soon as he has entered the enclosure, he takes off his robe of fine gold, of fine beaten gold, and hands it to his man who is named Saturn. Saturn takes it and keeps it for forty days. The king then takes off his undergarment of fine velvet, and hands it to his second man, who is Jupiter, who keeps it for twenty long days. Then Jupiter, at the command of the king, gives it to the Moon, who is his third man, and she is so beautiful and resplendent: she keeps it twenty days also. The king is now naked, and takes off his shirt—pure and white like snow. The king then takes off this shirt, and gives it to his fourth man, who keeps it forty days. After that the king hands it to the Sun. It has become yellow and not clear. The Sun keeps it ten days, when it becomes beautiful and resplendent. I met with an old priest, who told me these things. I said to him, 'Of what use is this?' He replied, 'God made both the sun and ten, a hundred and a thousand, and multiplied the whole ten times.' I said, 'I do not understand this.' He answered, 'I tell thee no more, for I am weary.' I perceived that he was tired. I, too, felt an inclination to sleep!"

FIEND-FANCY.

UNLESS our memory be so slippery, we have lost all tenacity whatever, it was I remember rich Heine who dwelt with great uneasiness upon the difference between the supernatural beings who inhabit German mountains, forests and those that spring up so decorously in the fiend salons. In Germany, however, old women, rich in whirlwinds, hideous dwarfs—hideous even when benevolent—dwelt in lonely ravines; wild hunt clattered through the air. The fiend fair

the other hand, moves in good society, she uses her handsome carriage when she pays a visit to a royal protégé, and if she is received with respectful awe it is not because she is excessively terrific, but because she is excessively distinguée. Among the writers of fiend fairy tales: from the Countess d'Aulnoy (recently brought before the world by Mr. Planché's new edition, of which more anon) to Mademoiselle De la Force, the fancy that prevails is rather of the tasteful and decorative than of the wild and roaming kind. No child would go to bed frightened, after reading any one of the Countess d'Aulnoy's tales, unless we make an exception in disfavour of the Golden Branch, as being a fiction well fitted to cause unpleasant dreams. Mr. Planché says of this strange story,—that it is one of the most elaborate and original of the series,—and we heartily assent to his opinion; but we trust that he will tell us some day how such a terribly grotesque invention found its way into a collection of such genteel and courtly fables.

The beautifying process of the fiend mind, in dealing with popular superstition, is nowhere more clearly shown than in the case of Sante Klaas—the supernatural patron of good children in Germany. The name of this being is a corruption of Saint Nicholas, and this saint is no doubt the personage he is made to represent, though popular tradition in handing him down has used him very roughly, and he comes to us all the worse for wear. According to ecclesiastical tradition, which is very different from the folk-lore on the subject, he flourished some time in the fourth century, and greatly distinguished himself, while yet a child in arms, by refusing to imbibe the maternal nutriment on Wednesdays and Fridays. In course of time he became Archbishop of Myra, in Syria; he is said to have suffered imprisonment during the persecution of Diocletian; and is mentioned among the assistants at the great council of Nice.

The Rev. Alban Butler, though he records the fact that St. Nicholas is particularly the saint of children, judiciously omits the anecdote by which, during his lifetime, he conspicuously manifested his protecting care for wronged innocence. In the course of his travels he fell in with an avaricious inn-keeper, who not only coveted the property of three children committed to his charge, but slew them all, and, after cutting them up, put their limbs in a pickling-tub, on the pretence that they were pork. The worthy bishop had, however, an ogre-like scent for fresh meat, and, sniffing out the crime, summoned the three children to rise from the tub, whence they issued, safe and sound, to the terror and confusion of the wicked inn-keeper. In England the glory of the saint was long celebrated by a well-known festival, on Innocents' Day (twenty-eighth December), at which a youngster was dressed up as a boy-bishop, and received episcopal honours

as a representative of Saint Nicholas. One of these youths having the good fortune to die during the brief period of his exaltation, obtained a monument in Salisbury Cathedral. At Ratisbon there was a similar ceremony, and also at Mayence: with this distinction at the latter place, that the boy-bishop was elected on the sixth of December, being the day dedicated to Saint Nicholas himself.

It will be observed that both by his own day and by Innocents' Day, which is connected with him by an odious association of ideas, the good archbishop presses very close upon Christmas. Now, Christmas, with all its jollity, is a gloomy season of the year, and a supernatural benefactor who confers his blessings on dark nights is very likely to become among a people like the Germans a source rather of terror than of gratification,—especially if he be discriminating in his kindness, and punish infantine delinquency, while he rewards juvenile virtue. In Upper Suabia, where the power of St. Nicholas seems to be more firmly established than elsewhere by popular tradition, he becomes with all his kindness as arrant a bogie as ever was domiciled in a coal-hole by the legendary lore of a London nurse-maid. Having shown himself a little on the two or three previous Sundays, he fairly comes out on Christmas-eve: his usual characteristics being, a black smutty face, a dress of pea-straw, a basket on the back, and a stick and chain in the hand. In some places he varies his costume by wearing a fur-cap and carrying a bill,—and it is probably on account of the former article that he is sometimes named Pelzmarte or Pelzmichel (that is, Fur-Martin or Michael) instead of Sante Klaas. At a place called Marbach he once rode on horse-back, and his discriminating nature was here so well established that parents gave him the naughty children on purpose to be whipped. He faithfully executed his office, but, when it was performed, the benevolent side of his character was brought forward, and the chastised urchin received a donation of nuts and cakes from the grim dispenser of justice. When the saint came on horse-back, the children were expected to set out a large dish of oats, which they had previously collected in their shoes, for the entertainment of the steed. It may be observed generally that the Christmas visitor is no mere creation of the imagination or even of the memory. Some strapping fellow assumes the awful guise of the patron, and thus the promises of reward and the threats of punishment are easily fulfilled.

Wander from Germany to the French border, to the neighbourhood of the Jura, and observe how light and gay the patron of infancy becomes. A bell is heard to ring at Christmas time, as in the case of Sante Klaas, but it is the little bell ordinarily used as a donkey-courant, and it announces that Aunt Arie—a beautiful being—has arrived at the

house, and the children entering an inner apartment find a store of toys and delicacies. Compare *La Sante Arie*, whose very name denotes a light ethereal nature, and whose kindly face is one of her essential characteristics, with the moody *Klaas*, who will not deign to look engaging, even when he comes to perform a friendly action, but is invariably black and repelling! Aunt *Arie* is a declared enemy of idleness, but her method of correcting is widely remote from the rude corporeal chastisement inflicted by the *Suabian* masterpiece of morals. When the carnival has arrived, a notable damsel is expected to have all the flax spun off her distaff; and when any is left, Aunt *Arie* testifies her displeasure by entangling the threads. She can do mischief, but she cannot become frightful.

Such is the graceful courtly manner in which fiend fancy exerts itself in influencing the juvenile mind. Possibly our younger readers may like to be informed, that in the nursery legends of France there appears a whole family, composed of such delicacies as appeal to the infantine palate. Possibly they may even like to drop a tear over the tragical history of *Madame Tartine*, the head of the family in question, which we thus freely do into English:—

The mighty Lady Bread-and-Butter
Dwelt in a tow'r of dainties made;
The walls of pudding-crust were fashion'd,
The floors with cracknels overlaid,
Sponge-cake was her mattress
Well soften'd with milk;
Her bed had for curtains
Spun sugar like silk.

Great Master Muffin did she marry,
Whose cloak was made of toasted cheese;
His hat was framed of nicest fritters;
In pie-crust coat he walk'd at ease;
In chocolate waistcoat
He look'd very funny,
With stockings of candy
And slippers of honey.

The fair Angelica, their daughter,—
Ah me! what sweets the maid compose!—
For truth she was the choicest comfits—
Of hardbake is her lovely nose.
I see her arraying
Her gown with such taste;
She decks it with flowers
Of best pippin-paste.

Young Lemonade—that stately sov'reign—
Once came the lady to adore,
Large pendant gems of roasted apples
Twin'd in his marm'lade locks he wore.
With diadem royal
Of cakes he was deck'd;
The circlet of raisins
Commanded respect.

A guard of cucumbers and capers
Accompanied the mighty lord;

Their muskets were all charg'd with mustard,
Of onion-peel was every sword.
Upon a throne sublime of pancakes
The royal couple proudly sat!
Bonbons were flowing from their pockets
From morn till eve—and after that.
But wicked fairy *Curabossa*,
Inspired, no doubt, by jealous spite,
Just lifted up her ugly hump—and
Upset the palace of delight.

MORALITÉ.—(Spoken by the children).

Some sugar pray give us,
Dear father and mother,
And we'll do our utmost
To build up another.

CHIPS.

DEADLY SHAFTS.

We have been calling attention lately to the preventible accidents arising out of unfenced shafts; and the last words we said upon the subject were in reference to the misstatement of a Bradford newspaper, by which we were accused of serving up the tumbles and kicks falling to the lot of boys at play, as cases of death and mutilation in the mills. Our comment had been but a few days before the world, when we were favoured by a Bradford correspondent with a specimen of the degree of attention which a newspaper of that town (our censor, if we mistake not) thinks that those little incidents of factory life—the deaths and mutilations—ought to get from the public. It devotes two lines and a half—one sentence—eight-and-twenty words—of small type, in an out-of-the-way column, to the narration of the latest tragedy. To another correspondent, who sends us a slip from a Leeds paper relating to the same event, we are indebted for some published particulars of this extremely inconsiderable little accident. A young man of eighteen, the only son of his father, was bookkeeper to a firm owning a certain mill. On the last Saturday in May the weaving-rooms were white-washed; and, on the succeeding Tuesday, this young man—whose position of trust is evidence that he was not an idle fellow, of whom Manchester may argue that he deserved to be smashed alive—this young man was helping others who were engaged in clearing off the marks of lime that had been left by the whitewashers upon some parts of the machinery. While he was so doing, in stepping from one loom to another, "his foot accidentally slipped; he attempted to seize the gas-pipe to preserve his balance, but instead of the pipe he grasped the side shaft which drove the loom. His loose dress was immediately caught, and he was then drawn up and twisted round, the shaft revolving a hundred and twenty-five times per minute, and his head and feet with every revolution coming in contact with the ceiling." We are further

told that he was dashed against the ceiling in this way about one hundred and eighty times, and that he was then released, with his legs broken, his boots beaten off, and "his heels and feet torn and battered, his head severely crushed, and his arms and body also much bruised." He had suffered all that torture without being killed; he was taken up alive and sent to the infirmary, where he endured a few more hours of suffering before he died. Well, what is this to Bradford? What can the factory owners care. Little enough, thinks the local editor, and therefore he takes care to put the trifle in a corner among other trifles, wasting not more than one sentence upon it, thus: "An accident occurred on Tuesday morning at — mill, whereby a boy was so severely injured by the machinery, that he died at the infirmary the same afternoon."

When the details of the case were sent to us, there were already two letters on our table, from gentlemen who were determined that we should not be convinced, against the evidence, by anything that our antagonists might say. Never mind what they say, we were told; note what they do. In these letters came the details of another case. This victim was a man aged forty-nine, whose steadiness of character is assured, one may hope, by the fact that he had been thirty-five years in the service of the employers by whose unfenced shaft he was at last beaten to death. He was working in the washhouse of some bleach-works owned by a firm in very high repute, and was fastening one of the clams, when his woollen apron was caught by an upright shaft but eighteen inches from a wall; he was dragged round, beaten against the wall, and also against an iron pipe in the same neighbourhood, and killed upon the spot.

In each case an inquest was held, and the affair was taken quietly, quite as a thing of course, accounts being squared with society by a matter-of-fact verdict: "Accidental death." Upon this, nevertheless, must follow that which the National Association (for the Protection of the Right to Mangle Operatives) calls the unjust and scandalous interference of the law. That law, hitherto half dormant, is awake, and bent upon enforcing the command that all these deadly shafts shall no longer mangle or murder, every year, two thousand human creatures; but that they shall be henceforward securely fenced. If it were usual to have an unfenced shaft in the counting-house, and if only one highly respectable capitalist had his head beaten flat, his ribs cracked, and his feet wrenched from his shins by it, the idea might possibly occur to the National Association that there are dangers connected with machinery against which human life could be, and therefore ought to be, protected. Or will the Association depute one of its body to try a turn or two about an unfenced shaft, and

thereafter report practically against the poetising vein of men who pander to a spurious humanity?

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

The following letter was addressed by a candidate for office, to a Board of Guardians. It is exactly copied.

Sir

I have seen an advertisement for a Master and Matron for the Workhouse. Now I mean to try for the Job if you think Sir, that I can manage the buisness I will leave it to your judgement wether I can do, and wether it is any use for me to try because there will be many others I suppose now you see my hand writeing it is rather bad and you can ges wat I can talk of englis as for irish let me a lone for it I am 48 years of age and my wife is 46 shee can so aud net and she had far beter education than I ever had, I was a farmer for 30 years in the same farm that my Father and Grand Father was, payd all the rents in the dwe years, I sold all my stock for America and went to Liverpool and my wife went poorly and we put back her i am now doing nothing as for a caritor I dont now what to say I am a member of the calvin methodist church and was chost as a Diacon 15 years ago, and I wel poove oll wat I say and will put £200 down for my honesty I have no acwintance with your gwardians a tol I wil leve it to you I have a cousin I dont now wether he belongs to your Union or not, all that I am afraid is of making the accounts yp I can work single rul of three but I a afraid of Practice,

Now Sir i wil leve it to you, and if you please show this to som of the Gwardians I dont now the names of either of them. Be so good as to send me few lines wether you think better for me to try or not and you think there will be sum chance I will Come to the milling on the 10th of this month

I am your obedient Sarvant

Direct as follows

oll wat I say is in earnest, and in my own hand writing and my own words and Language Look inside for the Stamp

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON.

In the course of the not unadventurous life of the humble individual who has the honour of addressing you, it was once his fortune or misfortune to reside in a small seaport town of the Levant. Oranges, grapes, dirt, and rascals, were the chief products of the town I will call Cattivaane. There were some public buildings in the place,—a little church, than which I have seen some pigsties handsomer in England; the ruins of an old castle; a monastery, dedicated to San Birbante, held in peculiar veneration, for not only did the best red wine on the coast come from its vineyards, but it was positively reported to number among its brotherhood a monk who could read and write. There was also an infamous little den of robbery, extortion, indolence, incompetence, ignorance, cheating, foul smells, and lies, called the dogana, or custom-house; and attached to this—like a carbuncle—was a miserable little shed, where

all the custom-house characteristics were to be found reproduced upon a smaller scale—the post-office of Cattivacane.

When any of my friends in England chose to remember that I, the individual, was alive, and out foreign, and were good enough to write to me, their letters, after having paid a prodigious outward postage in England—after having been fumigated with nauseous odours in abominable lazarettos, scorched, branded with hot irons, blistered, punctured with needles, and cut through and through with scissors, greased, stamped all over with illegible gibberish in many-coloured inks, blackened, defaced, and crumpled—were, long after the time of their due delivery, brought to Cattivacane, when, if they were not thrown overboard in the passage of the boat from the ship to the shore, or eaten by the rats, or stolen, or used by the sailors for pipe-lights, they were transferred to our disgraceful little post-office, to await the persons to whom they were addressed coming to claim them. There were no post-men in the wretched place. There was no delivery; and all that could be done was to make periodical voyages of discovery to the post-office, and hunt diligently among the letters, rags, shavings, sacks, and baskets, till you found the missive addressed to you. Plenty of letters directed to Malta, Syria, Gallipoli, and even Constantinople, were always to be found among our letters; as to newspapers, they were kicking about the Levant for months—mere flotsams and jetsams of journalism; and report did say, that if a resident of Cattivacane were disappointed in receiving an expected communication, he not unfrequently indemnified himself by appropriating as many letters and newspapers, addressed to other places, as he could find.

There were almost as many difficulties in sending letters to England as in receiving them. You had first to hunt for the postmaster, who, when he was not asleep, was hunting fleas, or smoking, or fuddling himself with rosolio, but lying and swindling always. Then, when you had recovered from the pestiferous odour of rank oil, garlic, and tobacco smoke which ordinarily hung about this government officer (what a government and what an officer!), you had the pleasure of struggling with him as one might struggle with wild beasts at Ephesus, about the date of the mail-steamers calling for letters, and specially about the amount of homeward postage. Much screaming in that horrible compound of Italian, French, Romaic, Turkish, and thieves' Latin, known as *Lingua Franca*; much violent gesticulation; much expectoration; and, in many cases, threats of personal violence; were always necessary before a letter could be definitely posted at Cattivacane. The altercations I have had with that postmaster make me tingle with irritation even now. He cheated like a *thimble-rigger*; he perjured himself like a

witness in a running-down case; yet, withal, at last, he cringed like one of Mr. Van Amburg's wild animals after he has been well chastised with the crowbar, and, wishing to rend him, fawns upon him pitifully. The chief cause of dispute between myself and the postmaster was the (by him considered undue), amount of manuscript that I chose to send for a single rate of postage. I happen to write a very small, cramped, microscopic hand, and I ordinarily use, when abroad, the very thinnest of foreign letter-paper. It used to cause the knavish postmaster of Cattivacane the most exquisite annoyance to have to receive and weigh my letters—to see through the transparent envelope the close-set lines crossed and re-crossed—to feel how many sheets of paper, closely written upon, there were inside, and yet to know that the amount of postage chargeable upon this vast quantity of written matter was ridiculously small. I always got the best of him in argument and action; but only after the abuse, gesticulation, and threats of which I have made mention. His favourite objection—dancing, screaming, and pawing the air meanwhile—was, "*Troppa scrittura Kyrie Ingles*—*Troppa scrittura!*" (too much writing, Oh, English Lord—too much writing!) by which I suppose he meant that I wrote too small a hand to satisfy the revenue of the government: that there was too much writing in my letters, and for too little money.

Now this brief objection, *troppa scrittura* (to explain the origin of which I have inflicted on you the foregoing little apologue), appears to me applicable to many other things besides closely-written letters. Frequently, watching the world as it wags, and the dupers and duped walking up and down, and going to and fro on it, I find persons, institutions, books, that tempt me sorely to call out *troppa scrittura!*—too much writing! The eighteenth of Gloriana, cap six, sec four, with its endless be it there enacted and provided always, will make me cry out, almost disloyally, *troppa scrittura*. The filling of five columns of a newspaper for which I have paid fivepence, with the five thousand names of the noble and honourable personages who attended Gloriana's last levee (Long may she reign!), all of whose names I have seen five thousand times before, and never want to see again; the correspondence in which I am at present engaged with her Majesty's Postmaster-General relative to the banknote I sent by post last Christmas twelvemonth, and which never reached its destination, and which correspondence, bound, would make a handsome folio volume already; the novels, tales, romances, essays and facetious sketches sent to me as editor of the *Boomerang*, monthly magazine, for perusal; the abominable mass of roundhand MS. written on folio foolscap and stitched with green ferret, which Messrs. De Murrey and Plee have sent me, and call their bill of costs;—these, and a

thousand things besides, move me to exclaim in anger and bitterness of spirit, *troppa scrittura! troppa scrittura!* too much writing!

I have before me a work written by Mr. JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A., called *Curiosities of London*. Before I commenced its perusal, and glancing merely at its title, I found myself sorely tempted (being perchance somewhat bilious and hypochondriacal that morning), to ask Mr. Timbs and myself the question if we had not had *troppa scrittura*, already about London, its curiosities, history, antiquities, topography, and general social aspect. London past, London present, London even to come; Roman London, Saxon London, Norman London; old London Bridge; the Tower of London; Newgate, Whitehall, Whitefriars and Whitechapel; the Strand, the squares, the streets, the lanes, the courts, the alleys, the suburbs and the slums; London characters; the heads of its people; the statistics of its trade, commerce, shipping, consumption of provisions, crime, population, births, deaths and marriages; the inns of London, the clubs of London, the theatres of London, and the dens of London; the Silent Highway; Smithfield, the Parks, Vauxhall Gardens, and Highbury Barn; Sunday in London; Figaro in London; Bell's Life in London, Giovanni in London; London cries, London sights, London noise and bustle; the tricks of London trade, would all seem to have been written about up to the *troppa scrittura* point. There is scarcely a writer at the present day, I believe, connected with the periodical press, but who has written picturesque, humorous, or descriptive sketches upon the sights, characters, and curiosities, moral and physical, of the Great Metropolis, the Great Wen, the Modern Babylon, the World of London, the Giant City, the Monster Metropolis, the Nineveh of the nineteenth century, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. I even think that desultory essays upon some London curiosities have from time to time found their way into this journal; and I am afraid I must myself plead guilty spontaneously to having from time to time had something to say in a garrulous, discursive, rambling, digressive manner, about the bricks and mortar, the men and women, the ups and downs, the Lords and Commons, of London.

The question is, whether we are yet arrived at the *troppa scrittura*, or too much writing stage; whether in the ponderous folios of Stow, Camden, Pennant, Strype, Maitland, and Burgess; the thousand and one guide-books; the lucubrations of Ned Ward and Pierce Egan; the charming sketches of Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith; the stern vigorous satire of Johnson; the elaborate yet compendious handbook of Mr. Peter Cunningham; the positively innumerable sketches and essays upon London men, London manners, and London things that have poured unceasingly from the press

since the time of the Great Revolution, there has been yet sufficient information promulgated upon London topics; whether, in a word, there was an inch of ground left to stand upon in the field of London literature when Mr. John Timbs, F.S.A., came forward with more curiosities than Mr. Roach Smith and Mr. Bernal ever possessed in their collections.

After an amusing and instructive journey through the book I incline to the opinion: not only that the author of *Curiosities of London* has done well, and deserves well of his country in having said and written the things therein set down, but also that not half—nay, not one quarter—nay, not one tithe enough has yet been written about London; and that a legion of novelists, essayists, humourists, artists, archaeologists and antiquaries might forthwith sit down and write volumes more on the subject of London, and that without exhausting the subject. This is said without the slightest idea of disrespect or disparagement to the labours of Mr. Timbs. What he has done he has done excellently well. He has given us much valuable information respecting the monuments, public buildings, streets and parks of London; much curious gossip about old taverns and coffee-houses, odd characters and customs. We live in half-a-dozen Londons while strolling through Mr. Timbs's kindly, chatting, shady-green-lane sort of a book. We see the quaint Elizabethan London with its peaked gables, diamond-latticed windows, ruffs, farthingales, trunkhose, floors strewn with rushes, streets infested by footpads, cavalcades on horseback, clergymen with beards and moustachios, twelve-oared barges, carved ceilings, stately, formal furniture, flat-capped 'prentices, and cozy merchants in velvet doublets and golden chains. We walk with Sir Thomas Gresham on the Bourse, or take oars at Essex House; or attend a broad daylight performance at the Globe Theatre; or go to the Bear Garden, hear bad language and see Sackerson loose; or dine at the French ordinary; or watch those hard-featured country gentlemen going to the Commons House at Westminster to pass that famous statute of Elizabeth—the English Poor Law. Or, by a great favour, and much bribery of porters and guards, we are enabled to penetrate to the sacred court itself, and see a court masque, with moving towers, ships sailing on dry land, dancing fawns and satyrs, and fantastic masquers, addressing the court in paraphrastic bombast from Chapman's Homer, and bringing all the gods and goddesses in Olympus to bear upon the queen's highness, her virtues, beauty, and awful might. It is very pleasant to think of these things, cutting the leaves of this new old book;—pleasant to glide from the London of Elizabeth to the London of James—Ben Jonson's masques, Inigo Jones's fine scene-painting; the powder-plot; the suppers at

the Mitre, the Mermaid, and the Devil,—that Raleigh and sturdy Ben, and gentle Shakspeare, and melodious Herrick, and antithetical, quaint, half-fanatical, half-humorous, whole hypochondriac Doctor John Donne attended: pleasant and sad to see the first Charles's London—the Star Chamber; Hollar's House by the river; Master Rubens, soon to be Sir Peter Paul, painting the ceiling of the Banqueting House—the Banqueting House! ah me!—with the apotheosis of King James; Henrietta Maria's French priests and shavelings prowling about Whitehall, and mobbed by zealous but somewhat intolerant Protestants; the Trainbands, the melting of the citizen's plate; the fatal thirtieth of January with the Banqueting House again; the stiff, starched, puritanical, gloomy but firm and iron-willed London of Oliver Cromwell; theatres closed, maypoles hewn down, superstitious pictures burnt; committees of sequestration sitting out sermons four hours long; Don Pantaleon Sa going to Tower Hill to be beheaded; the reign of the Saints upon earth; and the liturgy of the Church of England read furtively and surreptitiously in holes and corners. And then a pleasant, riotous, naughty London; coffee-houses, the Mall, with the witty worthless king walking faster than his courtiers, whistling to his spaniels, losing them too, as often as he lost his honour, and advertising for their recovery in the London Gazette; feeding the ducks, visiting the aviary in the "Birdcage" walk, giving Dryden a hint for his poem of the Medal, riding about among the ruins of the Fire of London—the only brave and manly thing he ever did,—dicing, chambering, and cheating *Dei gratia*. This London is a brave, wicked place. Hackney coaches, basset-tables; the Duke of Buckingham's chymistries, paintings, fiddlings, and buffooneries; Dryden cudgelled; Elkanah Settle writing odes for Lord Mayor's day; Dr. Oates's flowing periwig, lodgings at Whitehall, and atrocious perjuries; the crowds following the body of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey to the tomb, and howling death to the papists; the Plague; the Fire; the rebuilding of the mighty city; the mutinous sailors round Mr. Samuel Pepys' house, frightening the worthy Clerk of the Acts to such an extent, that he scarcely dared send a pie to the bakehouse; Mr. Pepys himself ordering new clothes of his tailor, and resolving henceforward to "go like himself," and be shabby no more; pottering about the court, making that famous speech of his at the bar of the House of Commons, which he records to have been declared the best speech that ever was made; singing in duets of his own composition; bustling about the theatres, hearing Knipp her part while Nelly "was all unready, and was cursing because there were so few people in the pit." But we must not tarry in this London; it has as many curiosities

and anecdotes as there are grains of sand in an hour-glass. Evelyn's house at Deptford, Lady Castlemaine's fine linen, Dunkirk House, the Duke of Ormond kidnapped, and well-nigh assassinated in Piccadilly; Dryden's house in Gerrard Street: farewell, thou wicked, witty, swash-buckling, roystering, unprincipled London of the two last Stuart kings!

The book to which I have referred, is perhaps richest in curiosities and chatty anecdotes relative to London during the last half century. The writer shows us the Chapter Coffee House in Saint Paul's Churchyard, with all the wits and booksellers who were wont to congregate there, and Alexander Stevens's favourite box, and Macklin's gold-laced cocked hat. The Chapter was the last house in London where you could have a real "dish of tea." It more resembled a bason full of tea than anything else; but it was still known, called for, and recognised, as a dish. The Chapter also within these very latter days was the house of call for clergymen out of place—jobbing parsons, as they were expressively, though not very respectfully called. These reverend men were accustomed to assemble at the Chapter early on Sunday mornings; with a surplice (not very clean sometimes), a pair of bands, and a cassock and hood, conveniently stowed in a blue bag. If there happened to be a hitch at any metropolitan or even suburban church of the Establishment any Sunday morning through the absence or illness of the incumbent, forthwith an express was sent down to the Chapter for a jobbing parson; a bargain was struck; and the reverend gentleman started off to the church where he was to do duty—to read the service or to preach the sermon (which he had ready written, and sometimes, I am afraid, ready printed, in his pocket), as the case might be. The usual fee was a guinea, but half that amount was sometimes accepted; and instances have been known, under peculiar circumstances, for bargains to be concluded for the performance of a whole service, complete, including clean canonicals, for three half crowns and a pint of sherry wine.

Considering that Mr. Timbs's work forms a thick and closely-printed octavo volume, I cannot reasonably be expected to compress into the limits of this paper anything like a proportion of the Curiosities mentioned by the author, whose labours form the subject of my text. The ground is moreover so tempting, that were I to begin to discourse upon some subjects that I love, I should find myself at the end of my literary tether before I had half accomplished the task I had proposed to myself. So I must say, Farewell to Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, Chelsea, Brompton, and Kensington, with all their recollections, fraught as they are with antiquarian and historical interest. Farewell to more enticing Fleet Street; Johnson, Goldsmith;

Temple Bar with Townley and Fletcher's skulls there, grinning on spikes far into George the Third's reign. Farewell to the blood-stained meadows—the "Field of Forty Footsteps." Farewell to the Strand, Charing Cross, Whitehall, the Haymarket, Pall Mall, and St. James's Street. Much, and much that is interesting, Mr. Timbs has told us about these familiar haunts; the old mansions, old legends and traditions, old denizens and frequenters. More, however, much more remains to be said; and legions of Cunninghams and Timbs's yet unborn may write octavo volumes, thick and closely printed, as useful and entertaining as their predecessors, before the great well of London curiosity and London anecdote can be dried up. Even as there are more fish in the sea than ever came out of it, so there are more wonders in London than the most patient searcher for curiosities has yet been enabled to discover.

I know a few of the curiosities of London, which I shall be happy to catalogue for the behoof of some future museum of metropolitan antiquities. I think I have seen London under as many aspects as most men, and know it tolerably well: its stony streets, its heart of marble, and its entrails of brass. I have seen London from the windows of a gilded carriage (not my own though). I have seen it from the kerb where on cold days I have been standing shivering: I have looked at London through the doors of mean coffee-shops, and through bars and gratings. The doors of London have been shut in my face, and then, after a season, they have been opened to me with great pomp and ceremony, and I have passed into Dives' house as a guest. I have seen London asleep and awake in the early morning, and in the dead night; in rags, and in state liveries, in sickness and in health, in murder and sudden death. I have gone up the Grand Staircase, and have taken an ice from John the footman's tray, and I have gone down into the cellar in Low Lane, and slept there among the rags and bones. I have ridden a tall horse in the park, and drawn up at Achilles' statue among the dandy horsemen, and taken off my hat as the Queen went by. And I have gone up Holborn Hill—in a cart—though I have not yet exactly taken my gill at St. Giles's, or made my will at Tyburn. For I have had the key of the street, and have known the secrets of the gas, and have communed with the paving-stones. And, perhaps with some fifty thousand others, I may be a curiosity of London myself.

Of men and women who are curiosities of London there are thousands. To my mind, a certain worthy, honourable, and gallant member of parliament, colonel of militia, and extensive landowner, is to the full as curious as any of the odds and ends of antiquarianism; as London Stone, as St. John's Gate; as Padlock House, at Knightsbridge; as old Bartlemy Fair—shows, sausages, sweeps and all; as a Wardour Street man-in-armour,

or as (the hirsute appearance of our dear colonel being taken into consideration) one of the by-gone lions in the Tower. Old people down in Lincolnshire, too, will, in after years, relate how the gallant colonel, disdaining and denouncing bribery and treating at elections, nevertheless gave each voter's wife a pound of green tea on his own septennial return to Parliament, and how he boldly avowed the fragrant gift in Mr. Speaker's presence, and announced his intention of repeating it at every general election until his (the colonel's) dissolution, an event that may be expected at about the same time as the Greek Calends. Veterans in Chelsea and Kilmainham—veterans in large cuffed greatcoats, with wooden legs, with patches over their eyes—"shouldering their crutches and showing how fields were won"—will tell how their first essays at soldiering were made in the gallant colonel's own regiment of militia, and how, after arduous field-days, he was wont to treat each rank and file, down to the very drummers, to a pint of strong ale. Parliament and Palace Yard will tell how the colonel strode over its broad pavement, his umbrella under his arm, his wide-hemmed trousers flapping over his wellingtons, his unbrushed hat at the back of his head, his huge shirt collars so stiff and sharp and pointed en avant, that they seemed couched likelances, and ready to charge any number of windmills; his eye-glass, with its broad black ribbon fluttering in the breeze; his eyes wild staring; his marvellous unkempt locks tangling, flying, eddying over his face. His praises will be sung in the Grand Avenue of Covent Garden Market, and fruiterers and florists will tell how he smelt melons, and tasted grapes, and bought bouquets of their grandsires. White-headed auctioneers will recount how he bought ancient weapons and armour, strange curiosities and knicknacks at public sales. Ah! could he but have sold, could he but sell himself as a curiosity! What Bernal, what Hope, what Soane, what Roach Smith collection could vie with the Museum where he was placed!

It is strictly in accordance with our colonel's being a curiosity of London that he is strictly indigenous to it, and is not known abroad. Every Frenchman is familiar with the names of Sir Peel and Lord Russell. Wellington's name is known all over the world. Balmerson (vide Mr. Borrow), and Palmerstoni (vide Mr. Lear), both familiar corruptions of a certain old joker in a high place are yet affectionately remembered in Spain and Italy. But I question if a hundred educated foreigners, abroad, ever heard of our colonel.

The man and woman curiosities of London are not all public property, like our gallant friend just dismissed. There are some human curiosities of London, however, whom I may allude to without offence. There is the wonderful old gentleman who, in the present

advanced state of civilisation, will persist in wearing a pig-tail and hessian boots. It is only on sunshiny mornings that you can see this respectable old relic of days gone by. He shuns bad weather, for rain would doubtless impair the lustre of those (I think I may call them, without exaggeration, matchless), hessians, and the stiffness of his well-tied pig-tail. He is a curiosity now. The butcher boy puts down his tray to look at him; the town-made dog cocks up his ears at him; the adult servant-maid stands agape at him, with the latch-key in one hand, and the beer-jug in the other. Yet we wore hessian boots ourselves in our youth, and our fathers wore pig-tails. It must be always so. A wide-awake hat and an all-round collar may be curiosities in eighteen hundred and eighty. I dare say the mob stared and gaped at the last coat-of-mail, the last ruff and pair of trunk hose, the last pinked doublet, the last vandyked collar, the last Steenkerk cravat, the last Ramilies wig, or the last hoop (a ladies' hoop I mean), that appeared in London streets. There are many bad things, which, thank Heaven, are curiosities of London now: the rack, the thumb-screw, the scavenger's daughter, the little ease, the boot, the peine forte et dure, the pillory, Tyburn, the Star chamber, the Palace Court, the stocks, the penal laws against Catholics. Let us hope that, in a few years more, that baby chronicler we spoke of may have to record, in his list of London curiosities gone by, much red tape, more rusty parchment, the whip, gin, sour-Sundays, dirt, rags, much parliamentary pork as exhibited in gammon, and much parliamentary vegetation as exemplified in spinach.

Who may this hessian-booted old gentleman (without curiosity) be? Sometimes I find him sunning himself in Long Acre, that curious stream of the highest commercial respectability running between vile shores—the horrors of Seven Dials and St. Giles's on one side, the slums of Covent Garden on the other—the river that rises from the dubious spring-head of St. Martin's Lane, affects a junction with the Ohio of Drury Lane, and then, as a broad estuary, changing its name to Great Queen Street, falls at last into the ocean of Lincoln's Inn Fields. When I meet hessian-boots in the Acre, I take him sometimes for a retired coachmaker, immensely wealthy, lingering about his old haunts; sometimes for a descendant of, if not that very nabob who ordered his groom to go round to the stables and order "more curricles" for his guests. But, the next day perhaps, I meet him, still sunning himself, in the street of Esculapius, the doctors' walk—Savile Row. Then I set him down as Queen Charlotte's apothecary, or as one of George the Third's medical attendants during his lunacy. I can't help it, but I fancy him, too, sometimes as the Doctor Fell whom Doctor Johnson *didn't like*, though, to the best of my belief,

Doctor Fell was a college don and not a medico.

Curiosity upon curiosities! are not the coachmakers' shops in Long Acre—no; I cannot call them shops—warehouses; no; sheds, covered yards, I have it, repositories, curiosities of London? There is nothing more curious you may say in numerous members of the same trade congregating in the same street than that watchmakers should live in Clerkenwell, Italian image-sellers and organ-grinders in Leather Lane, silk-weavers in Spitalfields, butchers in Clare Market, and lawyers in the Temple. Yet the coachmakers in Long Acre are to me curious among the curious. Here, in this sorry neighbourhood, crime and sorrow and hunger pacing up and down; the gin-palaces yawning like the horse-leech's daughters for prey; the pawnbrokers' boxes ever open, like graves; shabby trades and tenements squeezed in between the huge repositories, like thin passengers riding bodkin between corpulent ladies in a stage-coach; steaming eating-houses and pudding and pie shops; dim chandleries, and places where tailors' trimmings are sold; here, among the cabbage-stalk refuse of the adjoining market, the lees of wort from the brewery hard by, the unaccountable gutter-muck heaps of back-slum poverty (for those who have nothing, always seem to throw away the most); here are the carriages drawn up in trim array, painted, varnished, seated on gossamer springs, gilt, furbished, decorated, silk-lined, squabbed, matted—with silver axle-boxes, plate-glass windows, crimson curtains, bearskin hammer-cloths, coats of arms, plated crests—that are to carry rank and beauty, gold and blood, to court and opera, concert and ball, Ascot race and horticultural show. A few more days' sojourn in the repository, a little more dusting, mopping, brushing, and polishing, and my lord's carriage will be ready for removal to the mews near Belgrave Square; for the high-priced horses (jobbed) to be harnessed before; for the fat, curly-wigged coachman to mount atop; for the ambrosial footmen with the large calves and the gold-headed sticks to get up behind. The carriage will be ready then for the reception of my lord and of my lady, of my lady's daughters, my lady's governess, my lady's nurse, my lady's babies, and my lady's lapdogs. O! lords and ladies who ride about in carriages; O! countesses lolling on the cushions; O! noble lord going down to the house to split hairs with your noble friend; O! young nobility, moustachioed, chained, and ringed, rattling to the club in your broughams; O! loungers over silver-fork novels, holders of parasols, noddlers to acquaintances in the Ring, condescending interlocutors of the honey-spoken young men in the employ of Messrs. Swan and Edgar and Messrs. Rundell and Bridge; O! drivers up to banking-houses, drivers out to Richmond, "stoppers of the way" on rainy nights

before theatres and great houses, card-leavers at Park Lane mansions, book-signers at Buckingham Palace; O! carriage people, titled and untitled; do you know what sort of men and women have seen your carriages in Long Acre before they were brought to the mews near Belgrave Square? Do you know anything of the feeding, tending, lodgement, raiment, of the miserable beings who, crossing the Acre to buy a red herring or a bundle of firewood at the chandler's shop, have stopped to stare at the coachmakers' men dusting the grand carriages? Do you know anything of the ragged Gwillims and d'Hoziers who have commented upon the harlequinaded heraldry on your coach panels, who have glozed over the griffins and winged birds, the bends and lozenges, the crests and mottoes, which they could not have read had they been even in English instead of dog-latin—all with the same dull, stony, helplessly envious glare as that which they bestow upon the penn'orths of pudding they have no pence to buy, in the shop opposite? Do you know what sort of humanity it is that paces the Acre after nightfall, up and down in the rain, up and down in bedraggled shawls, long after the great iron shutters of the repositories have been put up? Take physis, Pomp, in Long Acre. Look at the fever palanquin turning round the corner; consider the children coming out of the pawnbrokers', and the women going into the gin-shops; glance up the infamous courts; lean against the posts, make one of the hungry band before the pudding shop; ponder well upon your carriage-wheels, and remember when they roll swiftly, almost noiselessly, down the Acre towards Belgravia, how much of the mud beneath them is human.

Let me glance at a few more of the living curiosities of London. There is the bare-footed man with the enormous red beard, ragged in his person, spasmodic in his demeanour, who is supposed to have a mission, who is reported to be one hundred and ten years of age, and who, I was once told, on very excellent authority, was a bill-discounter of the sharpest order. There is the gentleman in seedy, but continually changing costumes, who seems to me to be Proteus and Briareus combined; for he is always appearing in different shapes and different phases of manipulative labour in different parts of the metropolis—now selling sealing-wax, now pens, now vermin-annihilators, now removing the grease stains from the cuffs and collars of little boys' jackets, but always haranguing his audiences in a loud, confident, alcoholically-sonorous voice; from time to time propounding riddles and conundrums, such as, If the devil were to lose his tail, where would he go to get a new one? Answer: To the gin-shop, because there they re-tail the worst of spirits. Or (this was during the corn-law unpopularity of Sir Robert Peel), Why is Sir Robert Peel like a counterfeit shilling? Answer: Because he's a bad Bob! These

riddles are poor and bald, but the inflections and deflections of the Protean man's voice during their delivery are humorous. He has a ready wit, too, has my Protean friend; he is as ready at repartee as at legerdemain, and has as many quick rejoinders and retorts, more or less courteous, as he has avocations. He is a difficult man to tackle. I once heard him shut-up (to continue the indulgence of another curiosity of London, slang) a friend of mine who had trod the Thespian waggon, shod now with the cothurnus, now with the sock, now with the buskin; who, in other words, had once been a country actor. My friend, witnessing his performance, essayed to "chaff" him.

"You needn't laugh," said Proteus, "I was one of you once."

My friend blushed deeper than red-ochre; he remembered what he had himself done in the low-comedy and general-utility lines; and sneaked down Carlisle Street, Soho (at the corner of which the performance was taking place), in a humiliated manner.

There are many men about London—natives of a metropolitan province I mean to describe some day, Lower Bohemia—whom I will not recognise as curiosities because they are either quacks or mendicants. Such are the fellows who sell herbs and nostrums and medicated ginger cakes about the streets; such are the knavish vendors of sealed packets and straws, of brass medals of the devil flying away with the King of Hanover, as sovereigns for a wager; such even the professors of outdoor chromo-lithography,—the artists who draw tinted portraits, and mackerel, and broken plates, and flourishing specimens of caligraphy on the pavement. I used formerly to entertain some respect and sympathy for these latter industrials; but I found out early one morning, while watching a professor commencing art for the day, just outside the Surrey toll-gate, of Waterloo Bridge, that he made use of a series of stencilled patterns for his outlines; knew nothing whatsoever of design; and only possessed, in tinting and finishing, a paltry degree of mechanical ingenuity, which might have been far better employed in some honest trade. Avaunt ye quacks! in whatsoever guise ye may be found.

Eccentricity, however, though combined with a slight dash of Lower Bohemianism, may charitably be ranked among things curious. The gentleman known to the initiated as Porky Clark, was a curiosity. The man in rags and a cocked hat, who to this day is to be found on Epsom Downs at race meetings, who tells you that he is a Master of Arts, quotes scraps of Homer and Virgil, and prefaces and terminates every quotation by this talismanic exclamation:—"Another bottle of sherry—plop!"—is a curiosity. Curiosities, too, are most of the professors of hard-lines: the man who, with marvellous quickness and accuracy, cuts out the black profiles; the man who, with a piece of chalk

on a public-house floor, will delineate in very tolerable heraldry, the coat-of-arms and motto of any noble family you like to name; the thin, haggard, moustached, restless-eyed man who sells the tasty little roulette-boxes, and who looks as if he had lost some thousands at that enticing game himself; and specially that leather-lunged Lablache of the streets in the guise of a sweet-stuff seller, whose deep bass solo

My bra-a-ndy bawls!

My bra-a-ndy bawls!

My slap up, slap up brandy bawls!

yet rings in my ears. These individuals I consider curiosities, and respectfully recommend them to the notice of the compiler of the *Curiosities of London* against the publication of his tenth edition.

I am sorry that I have not the advantage of a thick octavo volume, as a museum for my curiosities. A poor little essayist, I am limited to columns. I can offer no mighty sirloin to my readers, but must be content with a modest cut off the joint. Yet, to employ the homely language of the proprietor of the ham-and-beef warehouse opposite, I am privileged to "cut and come again," and when other curious things and people occur to me, I shall not fail to trespass on your patience once more.

UNDER THE SEA.

THE town in which I am now living is much changed from that it was some sixty years since. My great aunt and her chambermaid were almost the sole inhabitants of a district that now numbers forty thousand souls. It was at the very window at which I write this, she sat (I have her letter by me), and wrote these words to her sister, dwelling inland—a shepherdess, with a satin gown without a waist, according to this picture over the mantelpiece: "The day is calm and pleasant, and the great vessel in the offing betwixt us and the fair island sways not a handbreadth, nor can flutter a single pennant." Then, in quite another trembling hand, and yet the same, is added: "When I had written that sentence, Dorothy, I looked again, southwards, and the sea was as still as before, and the fair island sparkled in the sun; but betwixt us and it I saw no trace of the great three-decker. I thought my brain was wrong, and rang the bell for Agnes; but when she too could see nothing of the ship, a horrid fear took hold of me. Moreover, from the seaport, a mile away, there came a solemn murmur, and a fleet of fishing-boats put off—too late, too late, I fear—from every creek and cove, so that we knew the glorious vessel was gone down, with all her company. I hear near a thousand men were aboard of her; but at present we know nothing certain."

Even to this day this thing is interesting to us; and furniture enough to stock a hundred

warehouses, not to mention snuff-boxes, cases, candlesticks and knife-handles by the sands, have been made out of the timbers of the sunken ship. Accounts of the dreadful accident, describing how she canted over one side, bound in boards taken from the vessel, are raffled for at all our watering-places. The very walking-stick I use was rescued from her hulk, beneath the sea,—or, at least, it has a brazen biography upon it that amounts to so much. If a quarter of these things were genuine, there can be little left of her. Ships were anchored over her for years, diving apparatus; and fathoms deep, miles away from shore, the divers plied their trade. It is with some of these we have to do.

The Seven Cricketers, over against the house, was kept, until a few years back, by an old diver. I often used to wonder, when I was a boy, how he managed to accustom himself to that airy situation and skittle-ground after his restricted sphere of action in his great bell and helmet, under the midst of the sea. Thomas Headfurst was very communicative to me in these days indeed, and I was very grateful to him; he could sit in his red-curtained back parlor for hours together, under a fusillade of tobacco-smoke, to hear him tell of the wonders of the deep; and he never balked me in that respect. His family, he told me, had been divers for centuries, long before sailing had interfered with that profession—the poor

Ceylon Diver held his breath,

And went all naked to the hungry shark;

when stark, nude athletes, with spears dipped in oil, to hold more air than they could carry, staid their five and ten minutes in the caves of the sea; when Sicilian Neptunes, surnamed the Fish, and webbed in hands and feet like a duck, plunged fathoms deep after a single oyster, a terribly exhausting process before even the smallest of tasks should have been completed,—who went down for pearls and coral, however, alao, and lost his life in Charybdis by a cup too many, having already obtained one gold one from the whirlpool, and dipping for another, please the king of the Two Sicilies. Once Mr. Headfurst's ancestors, it may be, was that party described by a savant of five hundred, "who descended into the sea in a large tin kettle, with a burning light in it, and rose up without being wet," a feat seemingly as adventurous as that of the wise men of Gotham in their bowl. Who knows but that Thomas's great-great-grandfather (even grandmother) may have dipped, in (or her) time for the wrecks of the *Arcturion* in "a square box bound with iron, furnished with windows, and having a stool in it," that is the description of a gigantic strong box given us, by which two hundred thousand pounds worth of property was fished up

the Duke of Albemarle, the son of Monk who had drawn prizes from vexed waters before him. Nay, whether our hero's family-tree had been bearing this submarine fruit so very long or not, it is certain his father followed the trade before him; and off the Irish coast, near Cork, his brother is or was a most distinguished diver. Whenever there was an adventure to be described a little too strong for even my infant faith, the narration was made oblique, and became a family incident instead of a personal reminiscence, as:

"It was in the year fourteen, or, it may be, fifteen, when the *Diomede* went down, off Deal, and the gov'nor and a chum of his, named Bluffy, was appointed to be under the sea; for we be captains, like, and masters and all, when a ship once goes to the bottom, and wears, by consequence, a very singular uniform. Now, there was no better water-workmen in the Channel than them two; and they would have been employed still more constantly, and been yet better to do in the world, but for being so precious fond of their game of cribbage. All day long, in some little parlour like this present, they'd be knobbing, and heeling, and going, so that they was seldom ready when they was wanted, and went by the name of the Fifteen Two. However, the *Diomede* had bars of gold in her, and it was of the utmost consequence to work at her as hard and fast as might be. So Bluffy and the gov'nor was hauled out of their snug parlour to the minute, never mind where the game was, and out they was rowed to the lugger moored above the wreck, and down they was lowered in the bell. On one of those mornings, especially, they had a great mind to throw up their commissions, and go on pegging away all their lifetimes; but they thought better of it, and went aboard. Now, they was accustomed to be below a good long time, only this day they stayed a precious deal longer, and the crew above began to be alarmed, and to think there was something wrong with the air-tube. Howsomever, as no signal had been given to draw up, they sent down a third man in a helmet, to see what had become of 'em, and a precious sight he sees: Bluffy and the gov'nor in their diving-dresses, sitting in the bell like a couple of magnified tadpoles, and cutting, and showing, and cribbing, with the cards and the board between them, just as though they were in the inn parlour, except that now and then they was nearly being suffocated, having forgotten to turn the air-cock. So the end of it was, Fifteen Two was never allowed to go down in the bell together no more."

"Dear me!" said I, "Mr. Headfurst, that seems a very extraordinary story."

"Extraordinary, I believe you," said he, "but nothing like a fight I had once with a 'lectrical eel, in fifty fathom of water, west-by-south of St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall. It was one of my earliest jobs, and I wasn't thoroughly used to the work at that time; and I hadn't

a mate, either, to go down with me. It's a frightening thing that sinking sinking out of sight of everything, a'most, without knowing where you're going to, nor what you may find when you get there. This time the bell missed the wreck I was arter, entirely (which, as it happen'd, however, was a very fortunate circumstance), and I was lowered down to the very bottom. Half way down, Master James, what should come into the machine but an enormous 'lectrical eel. He came in, young master, and he stopped in; and the higher the water rose in the bell, the nigher I got to the 'lectrical eel. I pulled my precious legs up on the seat, I promise you, and sat tailor fashion all the rest of the way; but when we touched ground at last, I wasn't above an inch or two off the beast,—boxed up under the ocean, within a couple of inches of being shocked to death. Well, as I said, I was new to the work, and having banged at him with a pickaxe till I was tired, and he slipped away from me just like oil, I thought it would be an easier thing to suffocate him than me; so I didn't turn no air on for ever so long, and found myself getting black in the face, while the animal was swimming and gliding like a gentleman in easy circumstances enjoying the spectacle, and every now and then a-splashing with his tail for moderate applause. So I gave up that dodge just in time, and resumed my pick. The more I picked, however, the less he chose, which was an unappreciated joke I made to myself during those trying events themselves, and I was obliged to try summut else. I laid bare the floor of the bell (which we can do within an inch or so), got him into shallow water, and very soon finished him off. The skin is in the big chest, in my bed-room, and measures a hundred and twenty feet from tip to tip. I regret to say that the key is lost, or I should have great pleasure in showing it to you."

Once upon a time I persuaded Mr. Headfurst to let me accompany him on one of his submarine visits to the great three-decker which I first spoke of as sunken opposite. I was in a flutter of fright and joy such as youths who have only been down in the bell at the Polytechnic can form no idea of. I had the perfectest confidence in the machine, and, above all, in my friend Thomas, but still I was in a greater state of "blue funk" than most boys of fifteen have ever any reason to be. The bell could hold but two, so I took the place of the other diver—though, of course, without a helmet—opposite Thomas. I had become quite accustomed by this time to his hideous apparel above-board and on land, but as we sank lower and lower, and the light grew dimmer and dimmer, that terrible shako of his, and his pipes, and his paraphernalia grew frightfully unnatural to my perturbed vision, and I thought whether he might not be Davy Jones himself, and the bell his "locker." Now and then some

strange and dreadful fish glided in upon us, but one glimpse of Thomas drove him out in an instant, and I didn't wonder. Nevertheless, it was far worse when I was left in the machine alone—with the fullest instruction, of course, as to air tubes, but also in the deadliest terror of forgetting them—while my friend (the only friend I had in all the sea) went about his business over the wreck—a very wondrous experience that, and not easily forgotten. Many reflections of an original character ought to have occurred to me, without doubt, which I should have now described, but, as I said before, I was far too frightened to think of anything except air-tubes and getting up again. After the longest half-hour anybody ever passed in their lives, my merman reappeared. He had fixed his hooks and eyes round a great brass carronade, and was extremely buoyant in consequence.

"But," said he, when we were in his snug parlour again that evening, and he had been congratulating me on my prowess; "but, Master James, you must come down with a helmet some day, and then you will see wonders."

"Thank you, Thomas," said I, "all the same, but enough is as good as a feast; I have had my duck, and enjoyed it, nor do I want another. I should like, however, to hear of anything interesting you may have met with under those circumstances."

"Well," said he, and he turned his quid in his mouth, and brought his right eye to bear steadfastly upon me, as was his wont during compilation; "I will tell you of an occurrence that happened to my brother within the last few years; he has become an altered man since, I assure you, and generally takes a religious work down in the bell with him."

"There was a friend of his, mate to a West Indiaman that was outward bound in a few days from Cork, and Bill, my brother, and he had had a difference; what the quarrel began about I don't rightly know, but the mate abused Bill's profession, and called him an amphibious lubber, or something like that, and Bill abused the mate and wished him under the sea, with never an air-tube; and the ship sailed without making it up. My brother was very sorry when it was too late—for amphibious lubbers has their feelings like other folks—and greatly shook when news was brought, next morning, that the vessel had gone down not three miles from shore, with every soul on board. Just at starting, as it might be—with all her passengers so full of hope, agoing to join their friends again—she struck upon a rock off Early Point, and settled down, as it was supposed, about midnight in a few minutes. There was a good cargo of spice, and Bill was, of course, sent for immediate; there was but few bodies floated to shore, and, knowing he would see some terrible sights, he was not over-pleased at the job; but until they could get more divers there was no choice, so down he goes

to the vessel, and finds her fallen betwixt two reefs of rock, bolt upright, with masts standing and sails set, just as she sank down. She looked, he said, for all the world like any ship upon the surface, except that there was a hole broken in her side, where she had struck; her boats were slung all uninjured, coils of rope were lying on the main-deck, the hatches were open and the door above the chief cabin stairs; the swift fishes darted in and out of it, and crabs were going about their work all round when my brother descended. There were six or seven men in the cabin, gentlemen's passengers, and a card or two that floated about showed they had been playing when the vessel struck; some of them were standing upright, just as they started from their seats when they felt the shock, and had a dreadful look, with pale, parted lips, though a cry of agony had just escaped them; a young man and a girl—so like brother and sister—were embracing for the last time; the heaving of the vessel scarce felt at such depth, swayed all the figures to and fro—without a touch of alarm and instinct with all but life, was that of a company. The captain, in his cabin, had his last sleep quite placidly. The sailors, for the most part, were drowned within their hammocks, only those whose duty required that their being on deck were washed up and driven ashore. The darkness had been so deep as to render the best look-futile, the strongest swimming of no avail. All things were sad enough, and Bill's manner as they were, were shaken sadly, considering about that living charnel-house attired so unnaturally, seeking for God in the very heart of ocean, it was terrible enough, yet, Master James, though you look shocked, it was his honest business so to do, and a far less hateful way of getting on in the world than is practised in high places daily; still, when he had found what he wanted and, laden with as many bags as he could carry, was returning to the main by another way, it seemed to him the job he had been ever set to do—and, looking at the foot of the companion-ladder, he remembered the man he knew so well, and parted with wrath so lately, with one hand on the rock as if in the act of flight. The look upon the drowned man's face seemed to reproach him for his latest wish, so that he dared not turn him aside and pass by, but turned back and went upon deck by the road he came. Ever after that dreadful sight could be seen, Bill be brought to venture down into the sunken West Indiaman."

"Dear me, Mr. Headfurst," I said, "I have heard so frightful a tale in all my life."

"Nor I neither, Master James, but true enough, and so my brother will tell if you ask him. I don't happen, just at present, to remember his address, but he dives a deal still, off the east coast of Ireland."

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A DEAR CUP OF COFFEE.

Most of our readers must have read the story of a noble army, sent out to wrestle with Russia, which had a pleasant variety of work to do. Sometimes it had to fight all day, and to dig in the trenches all night; and at other times it had to labour in the trenches all day, and to fight the Russians all night. But even this became monotonous at last. Change of work is as good as play; so some kind friends hit upon a happy mode of furnishing our soldiers with a little amusement. They sent out to them a sufficient supply of raw coffee to roast and grind. The smell of roasting coffee is known to be an exhilarating fumigator, and the operation of turning the handle of a coffee-mill is notoriously a first-rate calisthenic exercise. How often is benevolence misapprehended! The ungrateful military, instead of thankfully accepting the sportive recreation thus provided, threw their nice raw coffee away, strewing it over the ground in front of their tents, as if it had been so much horse-beans or pebbles; they went on sulkily with their fighting and working; and showed their temper by going without coffee, rather than enter into the intentions manifested by their thoughtful well-wishers, the commissariat. The commissariat had good reason to complain of the insult implied by so marked a slight; but I have not yet heard of any steps being seriously taken to punish the offending parties. However, I have another true tale about coffee to tell, which may perhaps afford a useful hint, should our authorities hereafter be troubled with similar annoyances on the part of a thankless soldiery.

In a pleasant, well-known watering-place in France, the handsomest archway in one of its handsomest streets, serves as the entrance to the magazines of one of the wealthiest negotiants, whom I respect too highly to designate otherwise than as Monsieur Le Vendeur, or Mister The-Seller, because the French verb "*vendre*" fully implies every shade of meaning conveyed by our own "*to sell*." How many thousand francs a day are M. Levendeur's business returns, I cannot precisely say, though I saw his books produced and unsealed in open court. Of course, Monsieur L. does not reside in the building approached by the

aforesaid archway; he has a handsome villa outside the town, at the foot of the hill which slopes down to the river. Well—one day, some two months since, when this honourable merchant of Venice, like the nursery king, was sitting in his counting-house, counting out his money, and while the queen, madame, mademoiselle, or whatever she may be, was in her chamber in the suburban villa eating bread and honey, pop came—not a black bird, but a couple of blue and yellow men, with cocked hats on their heads and swords by their sides,—individuals whom the gods call gendarmes, but whom the vulgar style red herrings,—and snapped off not merely M. L.'s nose, but his whole body corporate, through the instrumentality of a piece of paper drawn up by the minister of war, and bearing the Imperial signature, which ordered the immediate arrest of the eminent commercial speculator. In short, he was walked off, handcuffed, to prison. After a few weeks sojourn therein, he was transferred to another prison, to the city where the assizes are held, there to be dealt with according to law. The worst of it was, that poor Monsieur was not alone in his unmerited troubles. A valued acquaintance—how dear, how valued, it is impossible to say exactly, because the amount of the figure did not appear, though it must have been considerable,—but a highly estimated friend, one Monsieur Rougepain, a near relative of the English family of Nibbleloafs, an *officier comptable* or accountable officer, whose duty was to receive and take care of everything belonging to the army (the provisions especially), was also carried off and clapped into prison; not into the same prison, where Pylades might soothe the sorrows of Orestes, but into quite a different prison, with a neat little chamber all to himself.

A little bird (though with rather long legs, a hawk's bill, and jet-black moustaches) having whispered in my ear that on a certain Thursday the Levendeur-Rougepain affair would come on and off, at the Cour des Assizes of St. Eloi, I determined to fly thither, on wings of steam. At nine in the morning, one of the twelve jurés took me under his wing, and also my bird (who talked so well that he was afterwards called upon to

speak in public), marched with us through the streets of St. Eloi, led us into the court of the Palais de Justice, left my biped to shift for himself, but put me into a seat where I could both see and hear well; and then disappeared into his own proper Salle de Délibération, or deliberating room.

As a French court of justice differs materially from an English one, while the official personages are putting on their robes, I will describe that at St. Eloi—which, generalised, will give an idea of the rest. Outside, the building is plain Ionic; inside, Roman Doric, as far as bastard and unpretending architecture can be specified. The aspect of the room is something composite between a theatre, a concert-room, and a catholic church. Where the altar would be, are the seats of the president, with those of the judges on either side. Behind the president, by way of altar-piece, hangs a large picture of the Saviour on the cross, apparently intended to look the witnesses full in the face at the moment when they come forward to be sworn. Further to the president's right, is the seat and writing-table of the greffier, secretary, or clerk of the court; further to his left are the same articles of furniture belonging to the procureur-imperial, the nearest English for which official is, attorney-general. All these may be considered as placed within the sacred precincts and as appertaining to the altar itself. Dismiss now the idea of a church, and think of a stage; or combine the two by imagining the scene to be an ecclesiastical interior looking towards the altar. The wings on the imperial procureur's side are entirely occupied by the jury, in two rows, half-a-dozen in each, one above the other, with schoolboys' writing-desks before them, furnished with pens, ink, and paper. The procureur may thus easily play the part of a pedagogue; he can keep an eye upon their motions, frown them into good behaviour—give them a scolding, which he often does—and even administer a severe beating, not to them—that would not do—but to his own manly breast, the balustrade before him, the piles of documents on his table, or the crown of his own black gold-laced bonnet. On the opposite side are, at the back, the bench of the accused, entered by a mysterious door from the interior of the building. At the end of that sad seat, nearest the audience, is a chair for the brigadier of gendarmes, who sits to watch his subordinates and the supposed criminals under their charge. In front of the bench of the accused is the bar, seats, and desks for the avoués and avocats, the attorneys and counsel, concerned in the case on either side, both for defence and prosecution; but not, as with us, affording room for all the members of the bar belonging to the circuit. Where the foot-lights would be is a step or two separating the stage from the audience part of the house. On the stage itself, one of the

most conspicuous objects is an isolated arm chair, raised on two or three steps like a throne, and in the very centre, in about the spot which a prima donna chooses to warble the grand bravura of the evening. This chair is the witness-chair. But though Amias, Norma, Rosina, and the rest of them, invariably turn their faces to the pit—notwithstanding that their singing is supposed to be addressed to a chorus of peasants, a Roman legion, or a party of Spanish nobles—the witness-chair turns its back on the public to the great advantage of the parties most concerned, the accused, the advocates, the jury, and the president, and to the equal disadvantage of the respectable mob who come into court simply for amusement, not to mention the difficulty occasioned to reporters who have to listen close to catch the flood of syllables that sometimes gush forth from the lips of Gallic volubility. The orchestra is a row of pew-like seats, with stuffed cushions to receive witnesses who have been examined, unemployed advocates, and such like. What would be the pit boxes is an open passage leading to the witnesses' waiting-room, which takes the place of a refreshment-saloon or cloak-room. The orchestra stalls, gained by a door inscribed "Entrée privée," are open to any well-dressed, well-behaved persons. The pit, to which you are admitted by the "Entrée publique" (literally, a parterre, or on the ground), has no seats, like Shakespeare's Globe Theatre and the existing one at Rouen, where the "groundlings" had and have to stand during the performance. This compartment is the usual resort of men in blouses, mechanics, and common soldiers. Here let me mention a bit of etiquette. During the trial, the president called out to some soldiers there to take off their caps, which they instantly obeyed; only those on duty, he said, had the right to keep them on. These sentinels, acting as door-keepers, are characteristic of the military spirit of the nation; while the rest of the costumes tell at a glance that we have crossed to the south side of the Channel. Our own pacific blue-bottle policemen, are replaced by severe, respectable, military gendarmes, in cocked hats, light-blue trousers, and yellow bands across their breasts. There are huissiers flitting to and fro—a superior sort of sheriff's-officers—officials casting important glances over the tops of their white cravats, otherwise clad throughout in black, with short stuff cloaks, like the cut-down gowns of fast collegians, or the mantles of noble seducers in melodramas. There are the avocats on either side, with their long, crimped, cravat-bands, high-crowned black caps, and full-sleeved gowns; the procureur-imperial, with a sky-blue silk sash beneath his robe; the black-robed judges, with high silver-faced caps, which they scrupulously keep on, to show their dignity; and between them the president, in open scarlet robe, leaving fully

visible, on the left-hand button-hole of his coat, the cross of the Legion of Honour, pendant from its crimson attachment. He also keeps on his gold-laced cap.

First enter by the mysterious door the two accused, as closely attended as if they were mice, to be tried by a cats' court-martial. Levendeur, tall and elegant in manner, is thinner than when at liberty; you guess him to be supported by a secret presentiment that the worst will not come to the worst, after all. Rougepain has an idea that the worst will really happen to him; that he shall have five, ten, or twenty years of forced labour, dragging, perhaps, a cannon-ball after him, in a convict's coat. His face is swollen and red with weeping; he weeps still; he has evidently wept all night; not a wink of sleep has healed those wretched eyelids. He wears no gaudy uniform now; he and his companion in disgrace, are clad in suits of funeral black. He is in retreat; he is no longer in employment as officier comptable. Some one has said, "Make me an example of these two men; my brave army shall not be poisoned, that furnishers may make a dishonest sou. The life of one private is of more importance to Europe than the pleasures, the villas, and the mistresses and the debts, of a hundred negotiants and accountable officers. Things may have been mismanaged in Algeria; Rougepain, perhaps, has taken lessons there. Algerian medical officers, with appointments of only two thousand francs a-year, could do no more than keep soul and body together, although leading a quiet bachelor life; while comptable officers drank champagne, ate truffles, kept their carriages and something else. It shall not be so in France."

It seems curious to an Englishman that many facts should be perfectly well known in France, which are never mentioned, nor even hinted at in the newspapers. All this passed about, in whispers, which people felt as unmistakeably as they feel the summer breeze that dances far and wide over the face of the land. Then there were counter-whispers, from the friends of the parties implicated. "Ah! this is something new. We have always had our way with the provisions, more or less, though other descriptions of army materials have been difficult or impossible to tamper with. He wants to curry favour with the army; he is hunting after popularity; he would like to show England how just and energetic he is. He is going to sacrifice poor Levendeur and Rougepain, who have done no worse than others have done before them, on the altar raised to the idol of Gallia Protectrix. Dear departed Louis Philippe would never have dreamed of such unheard-of harshness. And the matter, it seems, is to be prosecuted, although Levendeur has offered the minister of war a hundred thousand francs of damages, to settle the business amicably!" And then, again, there were rejoinder whis-

pers from people—not a few—who have brothers, cousins, sons, and grandsons, at the mercy of such worthies as Levendeur and Rougepain. "He is right to insist that tricking traders shall be punished. Suppose that he is endeavouring to ingratiate himself with the army, what of that? The army has done its duty to himself and to France; one good turn deserves another; *un plaisir en vaut un autre*. Why should my brother and my child be dosed with detestable drinks, while Levendeur and Rougepain daily enjoy their wine and coffee unadulterated? He is right. I wish they may both of them be condemned. We don't like fortunes made so fast; and besides, the douaniers and the commissary of police have hinted some anecdotes which do not entirely belong to ancient history."

So the whispers buzzed about; sometimes they were shot from eye to eye, without distinct or audible utterance by the lips,—when a side-door in the altar opened; a loud voice announced "La Cour;" everybody, the audience included, rose, and remained standing till the president had taken his seat, and the actual business of the day began. The jury, who had entered previously, rose, answered to their names one by one, raised their right hands as an oath to do their duty, and re-seated themselves. The accused also rose, answered to their name, employment, and dwelling, and resumed their places on the penitential bench. The greffier read a long act of accusation, to the effect that provision belonging to The State had been misapplied, and that the parties indicted were accomplices in the crime. Through another mouthpiece, The State also put in a claim that whatever might be the result of the criminal trial, it should have the benefit of a civil action against the same offenders, for damaged interests.

Then came the shameful exposure that Levendeur, the merchant, was possessed of a stock of coffee which his customers sent back as fast as he sent it out. Some said it was abominable, others detestable, others had at first suspected it derived its flavour and smell from polluted water, and had given it a second trial with the result that it proved undrinkable. In short, Levendeur was proved to be possessed of a large amount of poison that nobody would swallow. At the same time it was made manifest that Rougepain, the officer, who kept the key of the soldier's cupboard, had, in his stock in camp, an abundant supply of excellent coffee, but that it suddenly changed its character, becoming the very identical sample of filth that Levendeur's clients had disdainfully rejected. How the pantomime trick was performed was sworn to by porters who helped to transfer the good camp coffee, not to Levendeur—oh, dear, no! that was too bad—but to an accommodating widow lady at Dunkerque, who gave Levendeur credit in her books for upwards of six thousand francs, for

she could not say what, nor to be paid how or when; but who looked and spoke as if she would have given six times six thousand francs to be six leagues away, or to make the witness-chair sink gently with her weight six feet beneath the stage, into the cave below. "Take off your glove, madam," said the president, as she advanced, half-fainting, to give evidence. "Lift your hand higher, madam;" when, ordered to tell the truth, she replied, "I swear." "Speak louder, madam; I cannot hear you;" when her voice failed, and her memory also. It is a sad thing to see a woman self-accused as the tool of an artful man in a shabby affair. Porters and carters also deposed to the transfer of certain bags of coffee from Levendeur's warehouse to Rougepain's camp-store. It was droll that the bags should be laid in the carts with their names and numbers downwards; droll, too, that the hour selected for delivery should be the soldiers' breakfast time, when the men were all absent from the manutention; not droll that, at the second delivery, the porters should prefer to arrive at that hour, to escape being insulted by the military.

Those of our readers who feel surprised that so much fuss should be made about coffee, should remember that coffee is, to Frenchmen in general, what tea and gin are to the London charwoman, what his bottle of port is to the English squire, what his drop of whisky is to the Irishman or Scotchman, what his porter is to the bricklayer's hodman. We never drink healths in tea; the French often pledge each other in a cup of coffee, of course with the gloria of brandy in it. If you wanted your harvest-men to get in your corn in good condition, and not be nice about working over-hours, would you mix nauseous substances with their harvest-ale? And if you were placed at the head of the French empire, requiring your troops to fight a good campaign, would you allow Levendeurs and Rougepains to compel them to wash down their rations with detestable or odious coffee?

The procureur-imperial seemed to be of opinion that you would not think of doing any such thing, nor advise its being done; for he first called on the military sub-intendant, in his embroidered uniform and parti-coloured sash, to take his seat on the evidential throne, and explain to the jury what were the duties of officers comptables in general;—whether amongst them be included the pouring out of nauseous coffee from polluted biggins, even to oblige a friend by a disinterested exchange, through the agency of obliging widows at Dunkerque, or elsewhere. The military sub-intendant seemed to be labouring under the prejudice that, considering the moral responsibility of officers comptables, the fidelity expected from them, the honourable position they hold, the handsome pay they receive, and the circumstance that all losses fall

—not on themselves, but on the government—they are bound to ascertain that every article received for military use is good, and that none but good articles are distributed to the men. Certainly, that they have no right to exchange good for bad.

"And then," insisted the procureur, in the most malignant hard-mouthed way, "if that coffee had been sent to the Crimea, what would have been the consequence?" He could not get that idea out of his head, but enlarged upon it repeatedly. It showed that, however learned in the law, the procureur was ignorant of contemporary history, which proves that there is something in the Crimean air that enables an army to go without—not coffee merely, but many other things. "What would have been the disastrous result," he vehemently inquired, "if those two accused persons—traitors to the state—traitors to the soldier!"—pointing to them with a vibrating forefinger, looking at them as if they had been a couple of toads, and speaking in a tone of scorn which ought only to be used towards the vilest of the vile,— "what would have been the unhappy result, if the execrable coffee substituted by the two accused for the good coffee of the State, had gone to the army before Sebastopol?" Rougepain covered his face with his handkerchief, and wept away even more profusely than before; Levendeur looked down at the floor, and could not look up again for some little time.

There were plenty of witnesses; they had answered to their names from various parts of the court before the trial began; and were then shut up in their place of retirement, till they were produced—one by one—by the huissiers, as wanted. Many of them came to speak to Levendeur's "commercial morality;" and as each witness makes his statement, without being led on by questions from counsel, as with us, some of them indulged in pretty long discussions in a conversational tone and manner, and gave biographical memoirs, that would make a nice little pamphlet each. No doubt, a certain personage may be painted blacker than he is; but, "See how he dresses him up!" was the remark made by my little bird, when a witness took a moment's breath in the midst of an eulogistic flourish. The president heard all with great patience, kindly refreshing the memory of those who had not their depositions well by heart. Then came the struggle of the advocates, of whom I will only say that whatever fees they got were richly earned by the exercise of their most sweet voices.

As national peculiarities, there may be signalled the reception of hearsay evidence; the reading of written testimonials, even from deceased persons, in favour of the accused Rougepain; the droll attitudes, such as stooping to the ground; the hand-clappings, violent gestures and tones of voice; the trembling

of the forefinger raised over the head; the almost abusive language and ironical laugh; the direct appeals, apostrophes, too, oratorical questionings and pulling to pieces of the accused, by the avocats; one avocat addressing the other personally and pointedly, mimicking his manner and answering his supposed objections in a completely changed tone of voice—ventriloquist-like; their indiscreet suppositions—as we should consider them—by an injudicious use of the argumentum ad absurdum, because many things are absurd, and yet are true; and, in short, real acting,—fit for the stage, rather than what we call eloquence. A foreigner can be no judge of good or bad taste in conventional matters, and is incompetent to pronounce how far such means are likely to produce the effect intended.

The president summed up shortly; the jury retired to their room; the president and judges to theirs. The accused were taken out of court. After a short interval a little bell announced that the jury had made up their mind. They re-entered. Another bell announced the return of the court. The jury gave their verdict in the absence of the accused. The president, after consultation with the judges, sent for them, and informed them that the verdict was negative—in other words—that they were acquitted. Levendeur expressed his joy by slapping his thigh; Rougepain ceased from blubbering and wiped his moustachios clean and dry. For the first time during the day, they permitted signs of mutual recognition to escape them. But, interposed the president, Levendeur will pay a fine of so many thousand francs damages to the State, as he has already offered, besides the expenses; otherwise, he will be caught by the body.

Friend Levendeur, it is a costly cup of coffee that they make you swallow! The president, judges, and other officials left the court; the procureur-imperial giving the acquitted just such a look as the renowned terrier, Billy, darts at a rat that he has not been allowed to worry to his mind. The friends of the white-washed, crowded up to the bar, and showered upon them various forms and degrees of congratulation, from kisses on both cheeks to a shake of the hand and a not too cordial bow.

"You were not long about it," I said to my sworn friend (the juryman) at supper; "and I expected the result would have been different."

"Yes;" he said, "we were unanimous. It was impossible we could condemn. There was no evidence of any pecuniary consideration whatever, having passed between Levendeur and Rougepain; besides, one must have a little pity on human weakness. It was a *tripotage commercial*, that's all. They have had six weeks in prison, and an excellent lesson has been given. Rougepain will, perhaps, remain in retreat: perhaps will be re-

moved to another military division. If Levendeur plays tricks with coffee again, he will not get off so easily."

THE SCHOOL OF THE FAIRIES.

For the first time, thanks to Mr. Planché, we, children of every growth in this country, have the fairy tales of the Countess D'Ancis (whom we are now ordered to call D'Aulnoy) set fairly before us. Mr. Planché has treated them with all due reverence, translated them with strict fidelity, illustrated with notes their allusions to the persons and habits of the time when they were written, and issued them adorned with pretty pictures, in a cheap volume that will enable any one to read up, thoroughly and easily, this section of fairy lore.

And fairy lore is not lore only in a playful sense. An ample knowledge of it implies education of a great deal more than the fancy. The fields on which ogres, fairies, genii, giants, and enchanters are at home, are to be looked back upon by nobody as "fields beloved in vain, where once his careless childhood strayed, a stranger yet to pain." They are not beloved in vain; and if grave parents or grave pundits, who instruct the young, would take half as much pains upon their cultivation as they spend on backboards, drill lessons, delectuses and Lindley Murrays, they would be beloved assuredly to all the best of purposes.

For, there is in all literature nothing that can be produced which shall represent the essential spirit of a man or of a people so completely as a legend or a fairy tale. The wild freaks of fancy reveal more of the real inner life of man than the well-trimmed ideas of the judicious thinker. The inventor is completely off his guard when he has set his fancy loose, to play among impossibilities; but while he sports with the affairs of life by twisting them into odd forms, gives unrestrained license to his ingenuity, for the invention of any conceivable picture of what seems to him most beautiful and desirable, or the reverse; his unstudied dealing with ideal things shows all that is most unalterable and essential in his own mind, or the minds of those whom his inventions are designed to please. Everybody knows that fairy tales and other compositions of that kind represent the spirit of the age and nation out of which they spring; there are few who trouble themselves to consider seriously why, or to how great a degree that is the case, or to reflect upon the use that might be made of this fact in the education of a child.

The fancy of a child is—for the first six or seven years at least, of childhood—by a great deal the broadest channel through which knowledge and wisdom can be poured into the mind. The flower comes before the fruit, in man as in the tree; and in each case the

duced out of the reading of her stories alone, however much they may help, taken with others, to produce them. Madame d'Aulnoy foliokked with much liveliness and grace within a very narrow circle. Let the child, familiar not with that alone, find liveliness and grace in other circles, and in energy and massive strength. With the whole playground of fancy open to him, let him exercise all faculties, and so acquire perfect agility of mind.

There are certain qualities common to all fairy tales—by which term we would be supposed to express all short, brisk narratives, of an extremely fanciful description—some respects in which the teachings of them all concur. They all, for example, nearly or quite without exception, suggest thoughts of familiarity and kindness towards animals. Of course, it is difficult for any person gifted with a prompt and active fancy to be cruel. They are the dull of wit who can inflict torture or see torture inflicted without wincing at their own conception of the suffering a helpless creature feels. The spirit of kindness, therefore, animates all fairy lore, and must, as well as the activity of thought attached to it, become communicated in some measure to the faithful student.

It is curious, too, to observe how completely the traces of their Oriental origin is to be seen underlying national peculiarity in almost all tales of enchantment. From one of the oldest civilisations in the world, and from the remotest times, from the early mythology of India, the attendants which adorned the court of the god Indra as with flowers, found their way in a new form to Persia. The Persian dees and peris date almost from the time of Zoroaster, and perhaps the wife of Artaxerxes, in Greek *Parisatis*, was in Persian, *Pari-zadeh*, *Peri-born*. The Persian story-tellers found their way to the hearts of the Arabians, and by the crusaders the magic lore of the Mussulmen was brought to the west, especially to England and to France. One idea of the origin of the word fairy, is that it is derived from the Persian *peri*, and that our fairyland is thus nothing else but the charmed country of Ginnistan seen from a western border.

Be that as it may, eastern ideas of magnificence accepted and amplified by the delight which the old knights of the middle ages took in pomps and shows, fairly belong to the genius of most fairy tales. It does not appear in the tales of Ireland, and in some others, for reasons which we need not stop to specify. It does appear in the tales of the Countess D'Aulnoy, and that in a grotesque form which is very charming. She belonged to a court that had abundant relish for external glitter; though, when she wrote, Louis the Fourteenth was following the footsteps of Madame Maintenon to heaven, princes of the blood were being educated by Bossuet and

Fenelon, and furnished by the prudish and the wise with special editions of the classics, and small libraries of learned and moral works. Harmless amusement was sought for the young, and found also by the old, in little stories. Following, but in no case we think sharing the lead of Perrault, the author of *Cinderella*, several ladies of the court, among whom the most justly popular was the Countess D'Aulnoy, produced tales of which not a few will go down from one generation of children to another, until childhood shall be no more. This lady died a century and a half ago, at the age of fifty-six. She wrote several books, but nothing of hers has lived except the fairy tales; not even one of the novels in which these tales were embedded when they first appeared.

One of the main charms of them, apart from higher qualities already named, is the completeness with which the writer shakes off all common regard for possibilities, and gives up her entire mind without reserve to the extravagance of fairyland. If a very little dwarf appears, he probably comes mounted on an elephant. If a lady weeps, her eyes are like two fountains playing in the sun, or there is a brook upon the floor created by her tears. When King Charmant was entrapped by the fairy *Soussio*, and the hideous *Truitonne*, and the two ladies hoped to talk him into marrying the fright, "twenty days," we are told, "and twenty nights passed without their ceasing to talk; without eating, sleeping, or sitting down." As you would commend a novelist for never swerving from the possible, so you commend and love a teller of fairy tales who never swerves from the impossible. Let the real world be mixed up with the unreal and a discord is produced, comparisons are bred, and readers are flattered with the notion that they have a right to cry, "How so?" at what is told them. There is no, how so? in fairy history; it is all so, and so because it is so. When King Charmant's friend the enchanter set out to look for him, he went a little more than eight times round the world upon his search. When *Leander*, the invisible prince, or prince sprite, was attacked by the followers of *Faribon*, he made nothing of killing every man, though he had scarcely recovered his wind after a combat with a furious lion, which, of course, was "of an enormous size." When the same prince committed ravages among the apricots and cherries (all fruits are ripe at all seasons, of course), in the queen's parterre, his was a remarkably bold act; they were fruits that "it was death to touch." It is a genuine fact, too, as relating to this prince, that he "had always nice"—no, we misquote that—"the nicest sweetmeats in the world in his pocket," and even a more genuine fact is narrated of another person in the story, who being teased by excess of his wife's affection, "went off one fine morning

had on a white dress, trimmed with fine lace, neater than any shepherdess had ever been seen in. Her waist was encircled by a band of little roses and jasmine; her hair was adorned with flowers; and she had "a gilt and painted crook." As for Sans-pair, "he was himself attired in a dress of rose-coloured taffety, covered with English point, and carried a crook adorned with ribands; and a small basket; and thus equipped, no Celadon in the world had dared to appear before him."

The degree of tolerance for ugliness shown by the countess is very well displayed in the case of Princess Laidronette, who was, like Trognon, good but ugly; and "having arrived at twelve years of age, went and threw herself at the feet of the king and queen, and implored them to permit her to go and shut herself up in the Lonely Castle, that she might afflict them no longer with the contemplation of her ugliness. As, notwithstanding her hideous appearance, they could not help being fond of her, it was not without some pain they consented." But they did consent. Here, then, we have fixed points, from which, in all her flights, the woman's mind of the Countess d'Aulnoy could not swerve. Love of dress, jewellery, pretty faces, princes and princesses, the fancy shepherds and shepherdesses, with other fashions of the court of the great king, abided by her. Her range of invention, too, was limited. Her fairies are all very much alike; the majority of her princes and princesses are shut up in towers; and so forth. Within her range, nevertheless, and according to her manner, the use made by her of her material was perfect. The White Cat, the Fair with Golden Hair, and half-a-dozen more of her tales, are immortal. But, we would have the works of the countess gathered, as they have been by Mr. Planché, the best friend—next to her friends the children—that she has in our own day; we would have them, as we said at starting, set in their places among others, read in their turn with the legends gathered by the brothers Grimm, with choice tales from Musæus, and such more spiritual freaks of fancy as the fairy tales of Tieck and Goethe furnish; with the wild stories of Hoffman; of course, with our own Red Riding Hood, and others of its class; with the Irish fairy legends; the story of King Arthur and his Round Table; with the Seven Champions of Christendom, and all the legends of the days of chivalry;—farther back still, with all the good fables ever written, up to Æsop, and up farther, to Pilpay; with the Arabian Nights; Greek and Roman legends; with choice gold of the fancy coined of old in Persia, China, Hindostan. The ways through which a happy child to guide, "in this delightful land of Faery,"

Are so exceeding spacious and wide,
And sprinkled with such sweet variety,

that we desire to claim for children right of way through all of them, with privilege to pick the flowers on all sides.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM SPIRITS.

SHUT your eyes and open your mouth, teachable public, for the instruction hereby to be given you. Facts are to be set before you which you may hardly be disposed to accept, unless you qualify for the receipt of them by having the eyes of a mole and the swallow of a hippopotamus. The Rappers, who adopt in America the name of Spiritualists, profess to number now nearly two millions of believers, fed upon humbug by no less than twenty thousand mediums and twelve or fifteen periodicals. Two numbers of a new Rappers' newspaper, published at Boston on the fourteenth and twenty-first of April last, are now before us, and if anybody wishes to be edified let him give ear.

The paper is denominated the New England Spiritualist, and the first thing we read in it—a discourse at the Melodeon through the Reverend Miss Emma Jay, by some one of the saints in heaven—has a touch of the Yankee spirit in it. "Is there not," he through her says, "also the same voice teaching you to regard the interests of your brother man? And though, in a worldly point of view, you cannot be expected to love your neighbour as yourself—that is, in the sense of seeking first the interests of your neighbour pecuniarily, rather than your own—yet, so far as spiritual gifts are concerned, of that which has been dispensed to you, you should be willing to impart to others."

And how do we have the obedient Yankee taking care of number one pecuniarily, while imparting spiritual gifts? See advertisements, see leading articles, see paragraphs, see the whole Spiritualist newspaper.

TEST MEDIUM.

GEORGE A. REDMAN has rooms at No. 45 Carver Street, where he will receive company from 9 to 12 A.M., 2 to 5, and from 7 to 9, P.M. daily, Sundays excepted. Manifestations are made by rapping, tipping, and writing. Private circles, one dollar each person. Public circles (evening only) fifty cents.

Another gentleman is ready to clear away any little difficulties between man and wife, by producing what is called among the Rappers conjugal adaptations; and those surely are things worth any money to the henpecked and the crestfallen. The next advertiser is a clever man who has an article for sale which is, indeed, the whole art of drawing and painting—taught in one lesson. Then a quack of the established sort advertises, Purifying Syrup, Nerve-Soothing Elixir, and Healing Ointment, which have such virtues as only Doctor Dulcamara knows how to recapitulate, with the additional recommendation that they are prepared from Spirit directions

her lecture, says the correspondent, after a beautiful and eloquent prayer, Miss Jay sang (still in a state of trance?). Her voice was wonderfully clear and sweet. She confined herself to no words nor tune, but sang in a sort of inspiration, ranging from an alto tone as high as B flat. Of course this brought down thunders of applause, by which the lady tastefully attired in the black silk skirt could be awakened from her trance in time to make her obeisance to the public.

Will our readers bear with us a little longer. We are ourselves beginning to grow tired of this humiliating nonsense, and must forbear from telling the whole story, the doings of Natty Putnam, whose true name was Young, and who was indeed the youngest of physicians, having been only five days old when he died. But he would now be, if he had not died, thirty-five or forty years of age. It is his pleasure to present himself as an infant in size, though he gives evidence of having an old head on his young shoulders. This young doctor prescribed some medicines to Mrs. Sisson for a person unknown to her, and by a series of miracles, the person for whom they were meant was discovered; Mrs. S. being led by the spirit to ring his bell five minutes before the dinner-hour and enter, medicine in hand, to dine with him. The affair, which is very complicated, must have cost the spirits an infinity of trouble, and, after all, the recipient of the celestial dose cannot say that he is much the better for it. He only states (we use his own italics) that the effects of the remedies *have not been bad*; for I and my wife are both in better health than when we began to take them; the case, however, is described much less for the purpose of showing the value of the medicines than for furnishing evidence of the fact that there was an invisible physician.

Then, again, there are more than three columns occupied by the experience of Doctor Phelps, in whose bedroom a sheet was spread out upon the floor, the washstand laid upon its back upon the sheet, a candlestick set upon the stand, the wash-bowl placed upon one side, and the pitcher upon the other. A nightgown and chemise were found, one in the bowl, the other in the pitcher. We suspect that must have been done by the spirit of some officer lately belonging to the gallant Forty-fifth, or lodged in Canterbury barracks. Pitchers of water were poured by the same spirit into the doctor's bed. His windows were broken. His umbrella, standing at the end of the hall, leaped without visible assistance, a distance of at least twenty-five feet; a book leapt from his shelf into the middle of the room, and at the breakfast table, on one occasion, a remarkably large raw potatoe fell directly by the side of Doctor P.'s plate. The doctor thereupon, being a scientific man, took up the potatoe and let it fall from different heights, in order to determine how far it must have fallen to have

made the concussion that it did; and it was adjudged by all that the distance could not have been more than twelve or fifteen inches. So it must have dropped from just under the doctor's nose.

We have not patience to write more of this foolery, with which we are told that in America two millions of mouths are gaping to be fed. Even as nonsense, it is scarcely to be heard patiently by any man—except a rogue who has the dullest glimmering of reason in his brains. We shall cite only one thing more. In his first leading article in each of the two papers before us, the editor of the New England Spiritualist endeavours to account for the extreme stupidity and pro-siness of the spirits of great wits, philosophers, and poets, to show how it is that Shakespeare, seen through a rapping medium, is the same dull dog as the medium himself. He explains this by telling us that lofty ideas and refined conceptions cannot be apprehended by infantile and undeveloped minds. Can you, he asks, pour the magnificent tones of a cathedral organ through a simple fife? For Sir Francis Bacon to exhibit himself now, equal to what he was in the body (to say nothing at all of what he may now be in the spirit) would require a medium of physical and mental endowments equal to those which Bacon then possessed—and such are very rare. Mediums with the wit of a Bacon in them certainly are rare; and if we must have a medium who is a Bacon of our own times to speak for the Bacon of our forefathers, and a new Shakespeare to speak for the old one, surely we think it can need no ghost at all to tell them what they ought to say.

A VISION OF HOURS.

WHEN the bright stars came out last night,
And the dew lay on the flowers,
I had a vision of delight—
A dream of by-gone hours.

Those hours that came and fled so fast
Of pleasure or of pain,
As phantoms rose from out the past
Before my eyes again.

With beating heart did I behold
A train of joyous hours,
Lit with the radiant light of old,
And, smiling, crown'd with flowers.

And some were hours of childish sorrow,
A mimicry of pain,
That through their tears look'd for a morrow
They knew must smile again.

Those hours of hope that long'd for life,
And wish'd their part begun,
And e'er the summons to the strife,
Dream'd that the field was won.

I knew the echo of their voice,
The starry crowns they wore;
The vision made my soul rejoice
With the old thrill of yore.

I knew the perfume of their flowers,
The glorious shining rays
Around these happy smiling hours
Were lit in by-gone days.

O stay, I cried—bright visions, stay,
And leave me not forlorn!
But, smiling still, they pass'd away,
Like shadows of the morn.

One spirit still remain'd, and cried,
"Thy soul shall ne'er forget!"
He standeth ever by my side—
The phantom called Regret!

But still the spirits rose, and there
Were weary hours of pain,
And anxious hours of fear and care
Bound by an iron chain.

Dim shadows came of lonely hours,
That shunn'd the light of day,
And in the opening smile of flowers
Saw only quick decay.

Calm hours that sought the starry skies
For heavenly lore were there;
With folded hands and earnest eyes,
I knew the hours of prayer.

Stern hours that darken'd the sun's light,
Heralds of coming woes,
With trailing wings, before my sight
From the dim past arose.

As each dark vision pass'd and spoke
I pray'd it to depart:
At each some buried sorrow woke
And stir'd within my heart.

Until these hours of pain and care
Lifted their tearful eyes,
Spread their dark pinions in the air
And pass'd into the skies.

CATS AND DOGS.

WITH deep shame and humiliation I confess that I am not great in argument—oral argument, at least. I have strong lungs, sufficient impudence, a tolerable memory, a temper that does not boil under an extraordinary degree of provocation, and I have seen some things and read some books. Yet I am continually being worsted in argument. There must be something wrong with my major or my minor; there must be a screw loose in my postulates. Perhaps my manner of argument is aggressive, and my language abusive, for nine out of ten arguments in which I engage myself always end in violent personal altercation. One of the subjects of dispute I remember—one on the defensibility of paradoxes in literature, and one in which I really believe that I was shining considerably—was suddenly cut short by my adversary seizing and throwing at my head, from the other end of the room, a pewter pot, holding one pint, imperial measure. The missile fortunately struck me transversely—had it hit me point blank I should

never have held any more arguments on this earth. I escaped with a tremendous bruise; but though I collared my assailant and threatened to give him in charge to the police, and though I was confident that I was right about the paradoxes, the whole company seemed evidently to think that he had the best of the argument, and that he had proved more with his pewter pot than I with my periods.

Pattlepot, the professor of modern languages in the university of Bincumbancum, treated me very ill in argument. I maintained that Elagabalus was a dissolute tyrant, and proved it as I thought, by argument and illustration. What did Pattlepot do but threaten, if I called Elagabalus a tyrant again, to kick me down stairs! And he is over six feet in height, and as strong as Milo!

The mortifications and humiliations I have sustained in argument are innumerable, and almost incredible. Lyman H. Waterclame, supercargo of the United States ship, Wolfert Webber, whom I met at a hotel in Hull, told me quietly that if I were to repeat any fine morning, at Saratoga springs, what I had said to him concerning the execution of Major André, I should very soon have a bowie-knife in me. Professor Bopp of Schinkenhausen was very rude to me. He was a man of very strong and somewhat free opinions was Professor Bopp, and was especially famous among his North German colleagues for having, in a quarto treatise, finished up the moon—that is, confused and put to rout the last remnant of believers in that luminary. I had a letter of introduction to Bopp from Buldeschrag, the good-natured bookseller of Todgraben. I was told that I must expect to find the professor somewhat brusque and blunt in argument, but that he was strictly just, and unflinchingly logical. I went to Bopp, and found him in a little room on the fourth story of a house. There were some books in the room—not many; a seraphine; several beer-mugs; some bones, possibly antediluvian, but apparently of beef, and of a recent date; a tremendous smell of onions, and a no less tremendous smell of tobacco smoke. I found Bopp to be indeed all that he had been described—exceedingly brusque and blunt. He was that day occupied in finishing up,—not the moon, but his dinner. He did not ask me to have any; he did not ask me to sit down; but he began immediately to question me about the manners, customs, and social state of England.

"You have no four-story houses in your country;" he asked me, "none so high, eh?"

"Pardon me," I replied, "we build them in some cases to a greater height. We have large warehouses six and even seven stories high."

He looked at me steadily, shut up his book (he had been reading all through the con-

versation) with a bang, spat, and finished me up as he might have finished the moon.

"You Lie!" said Professor Bopp.

How could I continue the argument under these distressing circumstances? The lie was not given to me offensively, but merely in the guise of a syllogism, which the professor was prepared to defend and prove; and surely a man who could finish up the moon must have been strong enough in argument to convict me of falsehood. So I merely sighed, withdrew from the professional presence, and left Schinkenhausen that very night, more convinced than ever that argument was not my forte.

One more anecdote and we shall go to the dogs—to the cats and dogs, I mean. What anecdote shall it be?—that of the strong young man in Westmoreland with whom I had an argument about Napoleon Bonaparte, and really did defeat and rout, but who, as usual, finished me up, by saying, "Thee mayst know a deal about Boneypartey, but I'll jump thee for two pund!" No; that anecdote does not bear on cats and dogs: we must try another. I was arguing with a gentleman from Scotland. I had studied the subject of our argument deeply, and for a long time, and really fancied that I was making some impression upon my opponent. The gentleman from Scotland heard me very patiently out, and when I had come, as I thought, to a triumphant peroration, he said, quietly:

"Sir, ye are jest the maist ignorant pairson I ever met, but ye have some pairception of what ye are talking about."

Now this is exactly my case with reference to cats and dogs. Of them, as cats or as dogs, I am as superlatively ignorant as the Scotch gentleman found me in argument. I declare, upon my honour, that I don't know how many teeth a dog has, or why there should be electricity in a cat's back. I have heard that a cat has nine lives; but I am distressingly ignorant of the average duration of those lives. I have heard of Buffon, Cuvier, and the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park; but I know little about Natural History—not so much even as poor Goldsmith, who, though engaged to write an Animal Creation for the booksellers, was so ignorant of the conformation and habits of animals, that every friend who called upon him was laid under contribution to describe some member of the brute creation; and the walls of the Doctor's study were scrawled over with charcoal memoranda about lions and tigers, otters and jackals, guinea-pigs, and hippopotami.

Yet, still keeping my Scotch friend in mind, though a most ignorant person, I think that I have some perception of the subject I am writing about—cats and dogs. I don't know anything about them, but I feel a good deal about them. I have studied cats and dogs as I study most things—in a rambling, discursive, and to say the truth, somewhat vagabond fashion—by neglecting those parts of the sub-

ject ordinarily adopted by sensible, studious men, and addicting myself instead to the consideration of those parts which they generally neglect. I have taken cats and dogs as characters, not as mammalia: I have looked at them,—not with reference to the number of teeth in their head or the electricity in their backs—but in their social, picturesque, quaint, eccentric character. I wish to treat of cats and dogs, not in a zoological light—not in a mutton-pie light, but simply as characters, for characteristic they decidedly are, and in a very eminent degree.

I have less to say about cats than about dogs. The former have less character than the latter; besides, I do not like them so well as dogs. There is to me something inexpressibly sly, slowly cruel, patiently treacherous, in a cat. The stealthy walk, the velvet paw with the sharp fangs beneath, the low hypocritical purr, the sudden noiseless leaps on to high places,—the blinking eye, the shadowy, slow-moving gestures—ugh! I know cats that give me the horrors.

Cats, generally speaking, are proud in their disposition, refusing to associate with strangers, repudiating familiarity, daintily turning up their noses at cats'-meat, bones, and the like, that dogs would be glad to get; there is a chilling haughtiness about them, even to persons they have known for years, exceedingly repulsive and disgusting. You may play with them, you may fondle them, you may stroke their backs and scratch their heads, and call them "poor pussey!" but beware! Sometimes they will arch their backs, and purr, and seemingly respond with gratitude to your caresses; but at other times a hair stroked the wrong way, a particularly tender part of the skull inadvertently touched while scratching, and all the soft complaisance, purring, back-arching of Puss vanishes. She becomes a fury, a fiend. Prompt as the stiletto of an Italian brigand to quit its sheath, so prompt are her steel-like claws to quit their velvet sheathing,—or, to use another, and perhaps apter simile, as prompt as that hideous instrument of torture, the cupping-machine of the surgeon-dentist is to quit its tortoiseshell case, and drive into your flesh its bristling hedge of bayonet-like lancets. The kitten is innocent and sportive, you will say, and will play with a slipper, a ball of cotton, a glove, quite in an arcadian and unsophisticated manner. True, but young tiger-cubs are playful, young leopards are playful. You may see them in their cage at the Zoological Gardens, gambolling, romping, playfully sprawling on their backs on the floor, with their feet turned upwards, wide apart, as that famous, never-to-be-surpassed leopard does, which is tearing the vine-leaves in Sir Peter Paul Rubens's picture of Peace and War. Yet, for all the playfulness of the tiger and leopard cubs, do you think when they

have attained the full glory of tiger or leopard-hood, they will roar one whit less fiercely than their papas or mammas; that they would, had they their liberty, be at all backward in the sudden spring, the howling, roaring, rending, crouching, crunching, tearing, rending, of some unhappy because too corpulent buffalo, some indiscreet antelope, some luckless negro, or some benighted officer of Bengal Infantry? Or, cooped up as they are in a den of the Zoological Gardens even, do you think, for all their playful gambols when the keeper makes his rounds at dinner-time, they will refrain from the shin-bone of beef—nay from devouring it with glaring eyes, and low, menacing howls? Don't think it. Don't think either, that if the keeper, entering the den, were to be suddenly seized with a fainting fit, or vertigo, or an aneurism, or were to lose his footing, and fall down on the flooring of the cage, that the leopard and tiger-cubs would refrain from falling on him and tearing his flesh, and crunching his bones. So it is with the kitten. It is pretty to see the little thing lapping its milk, gambolling round its mother, playing with the ball of worsted, the slipper, or the glove, with now and then a gesture of apparently real affection towards its parent; or of a weak mew, more of annoyance than pain, as it knocks itself up against the leg of a table, or gets its little feet entangled with an odd skein of cotton. But, this little innocent, sportive, playful kitten, this interesting orphan and sole survivor of a numerous family of brothers and sisters who have all perished in that grave of Grimalkin's household, a water-butt, will, within a very few weeks, play with as much delight—nay more—with something very different from a ball of cotton, a skein of silk, a glove, or a slipper. The plaything will be a wretched, timorous, half-frightened-to-death, half-lacerated-to-death mouse. Hither and thither will the playful cat toss it; now high, now low, now to the right, now to the left, now on one side, now on the other, now deluding it with fallacious hopes of escape,—allowing it to run to an exactly sufficient distance to be recaptured, re-played with, and re-tortured. This is sportiveness, this is playfulness, this is what the kitten does with the ball of cotton, and will do with the mouse.

No! I cannot abide cats. Pet cats, wild cats, tom cats, gib cats, Persian cats, Angola cats, tortoiseshell cats, tabby cats, black cats, Manx cats, brindled cats, mewing once, twice, or thrice, as the case may be,—none of these cats delight me. They are associated in my mind with none but disagreeable objects and remembrances: now old maids, witchcraft, dreadful sabbaths with old women flying up the chimney upon broomsticks to drink hell broth with the evil one, charms, incantations, sorceries, sucking children's breaths, stopping out late on the tiles, catterwauling and mowling in the night season, prowling about

the streets at unseasonable hours, and variety of other things too numerous and unpleasant to mention.

Don't tell me about the dogs of Stamboul—those mangy, ill-favoured, ferocious creatures are simply nuisances of the most abominable description, and have no claim to be considered curiosities. The dogs of Paris are alike; they all belong to somebody; they are mean-spirited mediocre animals, submitting to be shaved and curled, to be led about in strings and chains, to be governed by whips, and to wear some wretched muzz apparatus, more humiliating than the case forks—sometimes like a strawberry-pot, sometimes like a coal-scoop of wire. The French dogs are cowed by the tyrannical surveillance of the police; by the harsh threats promulgated against them by authorities in placards on the walls during the hot weather. Poisoned boulets, arsenicated sausages are placed at the corners of the streets to tempt them to eat and they dare not bark without offending against some of the provisions of the penal code. Their spirit is broken. I wonder what government in France, which is so fond of stamping everything, from a passport to a tailor's puff, does not take it into its head to stamp the dogs. The "Timbre Impôt" would complete their degradation.

But, the dogs of London: they are dogs they roam where they will; they laugh at the scorn the feeble enactments relative to muzzling that do still occasionally, during dog days, come out from municipal and parochial authorities. They cry, with an iron yelp, "first catch your dog!" Every dog in London has a character. There are rich dogs and poor dogs, good dogs, bad dogs, merry dogs and sad dogs; dogs that have lost their heads as Alcibiades' dog did his; dogs that are and dogs that fight, and dogs that dance for a livelihood. There are theatrical dogs (I had one myself once), and pious dogs: there are dogs essentially aristocratic in habit and demeanour, and (I was going to say) thought and there are dogs whom a century of testing, example, high feeding, and aristocratic associations would not render anything but low-life dogs. There are parvenu dogs who have originally been curs, and have afterwards, by accident or favouritism, been elevated into the position of pets, but who maintain traces of their currish origin—of dog days when they slept in a dust-heap, or promenade in a gutter, and fought with a tinker's terrier for the stump of a cabbage stalk. There are dogs for day and dogs for night, dogs for business and dogs for pleasure, industrious dogs and lazy dogs.

The latter class, I am afraid far outnumber the industrious section of the dog community. Few things, I think, can equal the luxurious, contented, apathetically enjoying, grossly sensual manner in which a dog abandons himself to idleness and repose. I don't mean

needful rest, for then he coils himself up, and goes to sleep serenely. He has dreams, and gives short barks in his sleep as though he were dreaming of thieves, or strange dogs, or disputed bones. But, to see a dog when he is determined to be lazy, stretch himself out at full length, with his head thrown back and his tail quiescent, now on his side, now on his back, with his heels upwards—this is indeed a sight good for sore-eyes. The enjoyment is so intense, so unalloyed by any after thought or pre-occupation, so perfect and so complete. The ears are thrown lightly off his head. His eyes are not quite closed—he is too lazy to do that; but he keeps them as it were ajar, in a lazy, winking, blinking manner, as if to intimate that he is not tired—that he does not want to go to sleep—that he merely wishes to enjoy his dolce far niente like a gentleman, and that should anything turn up in the way of a rat-hunt, a marrow-bone, a lady, or a fight, he will be found wide awake and ready for action. There is a smile on his doggyish mouth that could scarcely be surpassed in contented benignity by the smile of a child in its sleep—save, perhaps, by that of a young sucking-pig, ready for roasting in a dairyman's shop-window. The mouth looks as though it never could bark—far less bite—least of all attack the calves of unoffending people passing by, and kill a given number of rats in a given number of minutes.

Next to the lazy dog I will take as a character the comic dog. As a rule, the comic dog is a brown dog. I have known shaggy white dogs with a sense of the humorous, and I have heard of sundry black dogs who could make a joke or two. I was even once honored with the acquaintance of a jocular bulldog; but these are only, believe me, exceptions to the rule, and you will find the great majority of comic dogs to be brown. The comic dog is moreover very nearly always an exceedingly ugly dog. He is not a very intellectual dog. He cannot do tricks on the cards, walk up a ladder, jump through a hoop, pretend to walk lame, go through the manual exercise, halt at the word of command, or go to market for sausages, beefsteaks, or French rolls with halfpence in his basket. He is not a quarrelsome dog, a vicious dog, and I am afraid, on the other hand, he cannot lay any very great claim to generosity or fidelity. He is simply an irresistibly comic dog—so comic that one wag of his preposterous tail, one cock of his bizarre head, one twinkle of his grotesque eyes, one wrinkle of his egregious mouth, one wriggle of his eccentric body, is sufficient to send you into a prolonged and hearty roar of laughter. You can't help it: you must laugh at the comic dog. Moreover, he never descends to low comedy; to unmeaning tricks of buffoonery and tomboyism. He disdains to run round and round after his tail, to stand on his hind legs, and then tumble backward, to pretend to catch flies, to bark at himself in a glass, or

to worry the cat. He is more of a humorist than a joker. He is more of a comedian than a farce actor. Yet he can be grave occasionally; though in his very gravity there is sometimes humour so broad, so shining, so incomprehensibly ludicrous, that you must either laugh or burst.

The melancholy—or as I had perhaps better call him—the sad dog, is ordinarily black. He is generally, too, a mongrel. The fact of his obscure birth and ignoble blood seems to haunt him and sit heavy upon him. He had a master once, but he was unkind to him, or ran away from him, or died, so that he is ownerless now. He has a fragile tenure of ownership in a few establishments, mostly those of small tradesmen, and tries to persuade himself that these are his masters; but the effort is not successful. He would fain belong to some one, but nobody will have anything to do with him. He cares for a great many people, but nobody cares for him.

These circumstances have embittered the life of the sad dog. He mopes. He is miserable. He becomes thin. He is frequently kicked, and dares not resent the injury. His sides become attenuated, and his ribs show through his lissome skin. He tries to establish himself somewhere, to get somebody to own him. He hides under counters in shops, under dressers in kitchens, in remote areas and backyards. He follows gentlemen home to their houses at night; but nobody will have anything to do with him. His reception is always the same—the one irrevocable boot. At last he subsides into an empty potatoe-basket in Covent Garden Market, or the lee-side of a tarpaulin, and there he lies quietly, and mopes: uncomplainingly, unresistibly, without friends, without food, till he dies, and has his lying-in-state in the gutter, and his cenotaph in the dustcart. Have you never known men and women who have been meek and mild, uncomplaining and unresisting, who have had neither food nor friends, and who have gone and laid down in a corner somewhere, and died? Shame on me! some of you will cry, that I should compare a Christian to a dog. Alas! not a day will pass but we can descry human qualities in the brute, and brute qualities in the human being; and, alas, again, how often we find a balance of love, fidelity, truth, generosity, on the side of the brute!

BACK AT TRINITY.

I AM the rector of a little parish in the wilds of Cumberland, and have been so this ten years; my parishioners live upon hill-sides, and in secluded vallies, over a space of many score square miles; but their number is not over fifty souls: I have also just fifty pounds a year for curing them. When I say that my churchwarden and myself—the best informed men in the parish, and the fountain-

head of information to the dalesmen—have differed within the last fortnight about the capacity of ministers, and the management of the war, it may be concluded that Wasteland folk are somewhat behind public opinion. Were I met, as I go about my duties, over the hills, with my dog and my long crook, I might well be taken for a literal shepherd of my flock. It was not always thus with me. There is an old three-cornered cap, the wonder of the ancient dame who “does” for me, which, broken and battered as it is, looks disdainfully at its neighbour of black straw that now forms my pastoral covering. Amidst the simple clothing in my old oak wardrobe, there hangs, tattered and torn enough, a long blue Trinity gown; and among the homely crockery of my cupboard, there shines resplendent, with the college arms on one side, and a glass at the bottom, a “pewter” that was the reward of victory upon the silver Cam.

I had failed to get my fellowship, and spent most of my little capital in dear—too dear—old Cambridge, but the memory of my college days seemed worth it all. When my daily work was over, and my evening pipe was lit, I loved to recline in the chimney-corner of my sitting room, and recall the ancient days; and the scenes of that happy time, though they grew dimmer and dimmer with every backward glance, shone not less glorious through the haze. I had always a vague longing to revisit the fading halls and “les-sening towers” once more, and, this last May, having received an invitation, hospitable and kind as only a college friend’s can be, it fairly overset all considerations of economy, and down to Trinity, like an escaped bird I flew; that being a poetical expression for the state of my feelings, rather than the speed of my journey, for Wasteland is over forty miles from the railway station, across the mountain by-roads, and I accomplished them in a gig like Doctor Syntax’s.

I came through London, and so by the Eastern Counties’ line, and as we drew near the low flat country with “the Brobignags”—I used to think so high before I came to Cumberland—I thought I recognised the roads and walks about, and coupled each with some remembrance of old. There was the windmill whereat Jones’ skewbald shied and threw him; and there were the post and rails over which Brown, in scarlet, thought to have escaped from the sporting proctor; and there the broad bright stream where we three ducked the gamekeeper. I would rather it had been the coaching days again, to have lingered a little longer on our way, to have driven the four grays into Trumpington, and to have sat beside Jack Hall. Jack had the road between the two universities, and used to be a noted character; he artfully contrived to sympathise now with one, and now with the other, as his box companion happened to be Cantab or Oxonian, but I remember one mistake of his. Robinson of Trinity had been

staying up at Christchurch, and was to Jack to be of that college; after some conversation, tending still more to strengthen that impression, Jack observed:—“W I dinna’ how it is, but I can allus tell fford from a Cambridge gent. The H gent says, ‘Hall’ when he speaks to you do, sir, and asks me to take a wine here (as it may be), and another and ‘your health Hall,’ says he, and w gets off, says he, ‘here’s half-a-crown (at least), for you.’ But your Cam chap says, ‘Jack, my boy, a pot o’ beer ‘I look towards you,’ and gives me a be shilling to end with.” When Robinson fore, got down at Trinity, he said w phasis, “Jack, my boy, here’s a shill you—I’m a Cambridge man.” Poor dead now, and we came through the t an omnibus; through the town that is all rebuilt, and by way of Pembroke, C and Cat’s Hall, past the long screen of College, through which the organ peal close by the stately Senate House wh heart beat high and hopefully for day where at last it sank to zero; when the list came out, and wrangler after w was called forth, and I, the last, was cal the Golden Spoon!

Show me thine ancient front, old Cal pray, for brick thou art behind, but months piled, and hide thy next door n bour’s fresh red face; the street is new I dare say improved, but I would r have the tumbling shops and all their nodding overhead. Thank Heaven, grand old gate is where it was, and the martin builds in Harry’s crown, and makes entry hazardous; the porter looks same, but not so, I; he does not know from a chorister, or credulous father bring up a son to first matriculation—for the prize and all the rest—or haply from dun importunate, passing his days with the “sported” oaks; “in the middle the fountain,” shaking coolness through court, and the pigeons tamely trot up level shaven lawns, and from the clock turret peals forth the passing hour the male and female voice” as was was be of old; up the stone steps past the ries and the great dark swinging doors, into Neville’s Court, unchanged and fair, echoing cloisters upon either side, and th its open gates the pleasant stream— here is a new wonder; groups of men strangely like the friends of mine own d scarce can think them quite unknown to with the same bright hopeful faces and same light grace of limb—with photogra apparatus and the favouring sun lighting other’s features: thus may these past galleries be formed of all whom it may p them to keep fresh in memory; ah n

* The outer door of University rooms, when the sported) stands for a sort of material “not at all comers.

would before death and distant climes had taken them I had made me such a book in my blithe college days! This man, my cheery host, seems stouter, older, and, by my life! not quite untinged with gray, but still the same frank smile, warm grip, and the good heart within all sound and young! A man who never misused his time here; a Fellow of his Colleges, M.A., Lecturer, Don; with vasty rooms, oak-paneled, hung with pictures, stored with books, a palace of a place; my name, alas is not upon the board—my poverty, indeed, not will, prevented it, and so beneath his wing I dine at the "high table" with the reverend deans, and hobnob with professors. The grand old hall is filled from end to end with sounds of feasting; the undergraduates have not learnt to carve, but hack and hew as in the olden time; the B.A.s criticise their food and frown as usual on their caterer; and in the oaken gallery stare the dames, or young or old, in wonder at the scene, while through the painted panes the Mayday sun chequers with rainbow hues the pictures old and dim. In Combination Room, where once I sat at *viva voce*, wretched, ignorant, the wine goes round, and wit, and pleasant talk, and everywhere beams kindness and a friend; a saint's day this, so from the upper rows in chapel where the magnates sit, I see the white-robed youths come breathless in, the whispered talk of some behind their books, with one eye watchful lest the outraged dean swoop from his eyrie on their dove-like forms, and

Hear once more in college fanes
One storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music rolling shake
The prophets blazon'd on the panes.

Next night is a race night on the Cam, and hurrying to the barge which every evening toils down the narrow stream, I stand amidst the crowd about her bows, and mark the crews as they pass. No eight-oars are there, elsewhere, such as these; their stroke together, and the bending backs together, as they run before the wind; and he with the tiller ropes, who also bends, albeit standing on the frailest plank, overbalanced by an ounce on either side; the thin keel cleaves the stream as an arrow-head cleaves the "viewless air," and the music dies away from their oars, in distance lost at half a score of strokes, which presently some rival boat takes up, and so the linked sweetness is drawn out through all the voyage. We leap upon the bank, and join the walkers to the starting-point. Thence at the third gunfire the racers spring—two dozen at full speed. Then twice four hundred feet tumultuously start upon the path; and "Now you're gaining!" or "Well pulled—well pulled!" is shouted like one voice. Ah, Trinity, First Trinity, it is vain. The long keen prow o'erlaps you even now. See, your victor sets up his conquering flag, nor wastes his strength, but leisurely draws on,

or hugs the river bank on rested oars, and marks the panting rivals racing by—a long, long line, with gaps made here and there, where other conquerors and conquered strove—of flashing oars and foam and coloured caps, and forms half-naked striving for their lives; while on the waters floats triumphal music, and falls and rises the increasing cheer. So eve by eve alternate through the May, the measured pulse of racing oars beats on beside the willows, and the great throng returns on barge or horseback, or winds home on foot along the meadows.

Every day some joyous plan awaited me. I breakfasted with jovial undergraduates, on dishes with strange names and stranger tastes, and drank the cup of Cossas like a boy. I heard old talk of men as bats and oars—a clever bat, a first-rate oar, they said; of Smith's (young Smith's, of Corpus) last good thing; of Unionic speakers eloquent; the red-hot Chartist speaker Robinson (as in my time were Smiths and Robinsons); of Lord Claude Lollypops who heard the deans; of Admirable Crichtons, great at beer, greater at classics; new modes of cutting chapels were discussed, excuses new, as, "Trying on my boot on the wrong foot, dear Mr. Dean, I could not get it off, and so was late for service;" and for the next day, "Tightness of left boot still, Mr. Dean, continues," with quite a racy smack about them yet, though ancient as the everlasting hills.

Adown the Backs, the stream behind the town, where half the College gardens bloom on either side and half the lawns slope down, we floated dreamily:

One friend pulled stroke, another bow,
And I, I steered them anyhow.

We played on many a hidden college plot, fast barred from me in undergraduate days, at grand old games—at quoits and Bacon's game of bowls, turned Heaven knows how many centuries ago, with half the bias dropped out and the numbers dim with cobwebs and time. The long loud laugh I learnt in Westmoreland rang out and echoed round the monkish walls most strangely. It seems to me, your fellows sooner age in mouldy cloisters than we dwellers on the windy hills do. And yet they are a glorious set. Their dinners every day are like a king's; but when they have their audit!—ah me! here in this unfruitful valley, as I eat my mutton and my oatmeal cake alone, I think upon those audits with a sigh.

Fish, flesh, fowl, fruit—in shoals, herds, flocks, and gardens-full; wine, of what dim vice-chancellorship in blythe King Harry's time I know not; and (as my northern fancy ill-concealed) far better than all wine, old audit ale. The dinner prefaced and concluded by a grace, read by two scholars in dramatic parts in the best Latin; the tankards and the salt-cellars of gold presented by the foundress. There she stands,

albeit she looks white and stern enough, and, as it is said, repented of her love to this good college, and left her wealth to others ere she died. "I look towards you, madam, Your health!" Indeed, the master's self did put his lips to a huge golden goblet full of port, and the rest all rose up after him with solemn bow, one after one, three standing at a time, and drank her memory: "In piam memoriam fundatricis." Well for me I had not first to quote the Latin, or surely I had mauled the long penultimate! So, after that the rosewater and graces, and then in Milton's garden we wandered, and kept his mulberry free enough from blight, I warrant it, with good tobacco smoke.

Thus my last day at Alma Mater. Mayhap, I shall not see her any more: but while old friends find harbour in my heart, and recollections of blythe days are dear, to her in piam memoriam will I drink, and towards her will I look with loving eyes.

RICE.

THOSE who have only seen rice as exposed for sale in grocers' windows, or who have tasted it in no other shape than as puddings, may with truth be said to know nothing of it as an article of food. In this country, indeed, little is understood of the important part this grain performs in employing and feeding a large portion of the human family. Cultivated in all four quarters of the globe, but chiefly in America and Asia, it is no exaggeration to say that it forms the food of three-fourths of the human race: in other words, of between six and seven hundred millions of the population of the world.

It is not merely that the densely-packed inhabitants of China, Siam, British India, and the Eastern islands, employ this grain in lieu of wheat. It stands them in place of all the varied food of European countries: of bread, vegetables, flesh, and fowl. The rice-dealer is at once their baker, greengrocer, butcher, and poulterer. It is impossible to enter the most remote village in the East without seeing piles of rice stored in half-open granaries, or heaped up for sale in bazaars in such boundless profusion as to bewilder a traveller from the west, who is apt to wonder what will become of it all. Three-fourths of the warehouses in town and country the traveller may depend on being rice stores: three-fourths of the lumbering native craft that steal along the coast, and quite that proportion of the lazy bullock-carts that are to be met with toiling over Indian roads, are certain to be laden with rice.

Of rapid growth, and easily adapting itself to many varieties of soils, irrespective of culture, rice appears to be the most suitable for the countries in which it is found. The abundant rains which periodically fall within and about the tropics, are precisely what is needed by this semi-aquatic plant. Sometimes, how-

ever, the rainy season ceases before it or fails altogether: in which case the will assuredly perish, should there be no means of procuring a supply from elsewhere by aqueducts and dams, or bunds, as they are termed. The construction of works of irrigation has, from the earliest periods occupied the attention of Indian monarchs, who made no efforts to keep their subjects well supplied with water. It long formed a reproach to the British government of India, that while the Hindoo and Mahometan rulers of Hindostan had been alike mindful to specify a portion of the taxes on works of this kind, they allowed the bunds and canals to fall into neglect and ruin.

The want of those means of irrigation has often been fatally felt in some districts of India. A sudden and severe drought destroyed the growing crops; and when, unfortunately the case in some parts, there are no roads by which to convey grain to more fortunate districts, the consequences are frightful. In this way we read that in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three, thousands of persons perished in the month of September, in Lucknow: at Kanpore two hundred died of want: in Guntoor, two hundred and fifty thousand human beings, seventy-four thousand bullocks, a hundred and sixty thousand cows, and an immense number of sheep and goats, died of starvation; fifty thousand people perished from the cause in Marwa; and in the north-west provinces half a million of lives are supposed to have been lost. During that year a million and a half of human beings are believed to have perished from want of food.

In some parts of India the monsoons fall heavily for a short period, and slightly at other times, yielding a greater supply than is needed in the first instance and too little afterwards. To meet this irregularity, and store up the too copious supplies of the early monsoon, bunds were built in valleys to form artificial lakes, often of great extent, whence the adjacent country was irrigated by means of water-courses carried frequently for many miles along the flanks of mountains, across gorges and valleys through the most difficult country; contrivances, which would have sorely puzzled the best European engineers to have accomplished without a great and ruinous outlay.

We have been long accustomed to regard the magnificent ruins yet remaining in the prostrate land of the mighty Pharaohs, as feelings of mingled awe and admiration looking upon them as the crumbling trophies of a bygone reign of architectural and engineering greatness. Further eastward, still in the rising of the sun, there are, however, ruins quite as vast; monumental vestiges of former greatness fully as astounding. The remains of ancient works of irrigation on the island of Ceylon alone, are sufficient to show into the shade the boasted labours of the

Egyptian kings, to dwarf to the flimsiest insignificance the proudest engineering works of the present rulers of India.

Situated amidst the wildest solitudes, or in the depths of unhealthy jungle districts, these ruins have remained almost unknown to Europeans. Surrounded by stagnant swamps or dense forests and jungle, where once were fertile plains or luxurious valleys, rich with waving rice-fields, that in those remote ages fed a vast population, those ruined bunds are now the resort of wild elephants, buffaloes, and innumerable water-fowl. Here and there a cluster of miserable huts, termed out of mere courtesy a village, may be seen vegetating in the less overgrown corners of this great jungle-water plain, like islands in some oriental Dead Sea, but how they came there, or what their inmates do is not easily defined.

Of the extent of these tanks some idea may be formed from the fact of there being at the present day not fewer than fifteen villages within the dried up bed of one of them. The dilapidated wall of this great artificial lake is fifteen miles in length, extending as it did at one time completely across the lower end of a spacious valley. Built up of huge blocks of stone strongly fixed with cement work, and covered with turf, it formed a solid barrier of one hundred feet in width at the base, shelving off to forty feet wide at the top. The magnitude of these works bear ample testimony not only to the ability of the former craftsmen of this island, but to the extent of the then population; and the resources and public spirit of the Cinghalese monarchs, who could successfully undertake works of such magnitude and utility. In the early period of the Christian era, when Britain was in a semi-barbarous state, when her nobles dwelt in rude edifices but little removed from huts, and when her navigators had not learnt to tempt the perils of an over-sea commerce, Ceylon, then known as "the utmost Indian isle, Taprobane," possessed cities of vast extent—as large as the present London—and housed her monarchs and priests in edifices that would astonish the architects of our modern Babylon, that would leave our proudest palaces far behind, that would need a Milton to describe and a Martia to delineate. She was also a liberal exporter of rice to distant countries. In the present day, with but a fourth of her former population, Ceylon is compelled to purchase grain from Indian producers in consequence of the decay of her works of irrigation.

It must not be supposed by European readers, that rice, in the larger acceptation of the word, is represented by "the finest Carolina," or even "the best London Cleaned Patna." There is no more affinity between those white artificial cereals, and the "real, original" staple food of India and the East, than is to be found between a sponge-cake and a loaf of genuine farm-house

bread. The truth is, people in this part of the world, have no conception of what good rice is like. If they had, there would not be such a lively demand for the produce of the Southern American States. But such is prejudice, that if a merchant were to introduce into any port of Great Britain, or Ireland, a cargo of the real staple food of orientals, he would not find a purchaser for it, so inferior is it in appearance, in its colour, shape, and texture, to the better-known and tempting looking grain of South Carolina.

Perhaps, no greater fallacy exists, than the common belief in the poverty of the nutritive qualities of rice. That may hold good in regard to the rice consumed in this country, but certainly not, if applied to the common rice of many parts of the East. A hard-working Indian labourer would not make a meal on our "Finest Carolina," if he could get it as a present: he would know that he could not do half-a-day's work on it, even though he swallowed a full Indian allowance, and that is saying a good deal: an Englishman in the West, can have no conception of the prodigious quantities of rice a working-man in the eastern tropics will dispose of at one sitting. A London alderman might well envy him his feeding capacity.

Perhaps, it may be thought, that there is no such thing as a hard day's work in India; and that, therefore, there can be no good grounds for vouching for the nutritive properties of the grain of those countries. If so, it makes another of the rather long list of popular modern fallacies. I have seen as hard work, real bone and muscle work, done by citizens of the United Kingdom in the East, as was ever achieved in the cold West, and all upon rice and curry—not curry and rice—in which the rice has formed the real meal, and the curry has merely helped to give it a relish, as a sort of substantial Kitchen's Zest, or Harvey's Sauce. I have seen, likewise, Moormen, Malabars, and others of the Indian labouring classes perform a day's work that would terrify a London porter, or coal-whipper; or a country navy, or ploughman; and under the direct rays of a sun, that has made a wooden platform too hot to stand on, in thin shoes, without literally dancing with pain, as I have done many a day, within six degrees of the line.

It would be a matter of no little difficulty, and, perhaps, of doubtful interest, to tell how many varieties exist of the rice family, in eastern lands, from the whitest, most delicately-formed table-rice of Bengal, to the bold, red, solid grain of the Madras coast, and the sickly-looking, transparent, good-for-nothing-but-starch rice of Arracan. Making a rough guess at their number, there cannot be less than two hundred varieties. These may be thrown into two great, widely-different classes, viz., field rice and hill rice: the distinctive features of which are, that the former is grown in cultivated fields by the

aid of water, the latter on dry hill slopes, without irrigation. The one yields a rich, nutritious grain, in great abundance, the other, a thin, and husky rice, fit only for the food of cattle, or the very poorest class of natives. With this last-mentioned description of grain, there is scarcely any attempt at cultivation, in a European sense of the word, nor is there any feature about it, worthy of notice; so that the reader will readily excuse me for passing to the more interesting subject of the ordinary field rice of the East.

A corn field in the ear, a hop plantation in bud, a cherry orchard in full blossom, a bean field in flower, are lovely sights to look upon; yet, I have beheld one more beautiful. A rice field half grown in age, but fully developed in the rich velvet beauty of its tropic green, bending to the passing sea-breeze, amidst a cooling bath of limpid water, with topes of cocoa-palms clustering about its banks, and here and there groves of the yellow bamboo sweeping its bosom with their feathery leaves; above, flights of gaily plumaged paroquets, or gentle-voiced doves, skimming in placid happiness across the deeply rich azure of the tropical sky, is a scene worth all the toils and privations of an eastern voyage to gaze upon.

A more unpromising or uninviting prospect can scarcely be imagined than the same fields when being prepared for the grain, at the usual sowing time, just as the first rains of the changing monsoon begin to fall. Saturated with water, the soil wears all the attributes of slushiness. Far as the eye can reach along the ample valley lays one dull, unbroken vista of rice-land, ankle-deep in rich alluvial mud. No cheerful hedgerows; nothing by which, at a distance, one can distinguish one field from another. Here and there a long, irregular earth-mound, crowned with rambling stones, marks the boundary-line of Abrew Hickrema Apochamey, and divides his humble forty ammomuns of rice-land from the princely domains of Adrian Hejeyrasingha Senerataue Modliar.

Heavy showers have fallen; the fat, thirsty soil has drunk deep of the welcome downpourings from above, and thus, whilst it is in rich unctuous humour, the serving-men of the humble Apochamey, and the lordly Modliar, ply it liberally with potations of the buffalo-plough. It is quite as well that the stranger traveller is informed of the nature of the operation which is going on before his perplexed eyes, otherwise he would be sorely puzzled to know what it all meant: why the pair of sleepy-looking buffaloes were so patiently wading, up to their portly stomachs, in regular straight walks, through the sea of slushy quagmire, and why the persevering native followed them so closely, holding a crooked piece of stick in his hand, and urging them, occasionally, with a few oriental benedictions. On drawing near to the muddy, nude agriculturist, you perceive that the

buffaloes are tied, with slight pieces of to the further end of a long, rambling, looking slip of wood, which they are drawn deliberately through the slimy ground, inches below the surface, and at the end of which appears to be tied likewise an apathetic Indian ploughman.

It needs all the faith one can command to believe that this actually constitutes ploughing operation of eastern count. You have no doubt about the man, nor buffaloes; it is the plough that is so intensely questionable. It bears no likeness to any kind of implement—agricultural, manufacturing, or scientific—in any part of the world. Still, there is a faint, glimmering, Indian impression that you have somewhere seen something of the sort, or that you have dreamed of something like it. A soft light bursts upon you, and you recognize the thing,—the entire scene—man, buffaloes, and sticky plough. You have seen it represented in plates of Belzoni's discoveries in Egypt, and in Layard's remains of Nineveh. There they all are—as veritable, formal and as strange—as were the Egyptian and Ninevite agriculturists, I'm afraid, how many centuries ago. It was precisely the same set of cattle, man, and plough, that sowed the corn that Joseph's brethren drew down from the land of Canaan for, when he heard there was corn in Egypt. It was such culture as this, thousands of years ago, that raised the ears of corn that were found entombed in the mummy's hand, by Pettigrew, some few years ago.

There is nothing peculiar in the Chinese mode of sowing their grain, further than that like other orientals, they blend a certain portion of superstition and religious observance with every operation of their primitive agriculture. The village priest must be consulted as to the lucky day for scattering seed; and an offering at the shrine of Buddha is necessary to secure the protection of the Indian godship; in addition to which, are bouquets of wild flowers, and the tender twigs of the cocoa palm are fastened on stakes at each corner of the newly-sown field, in order to scare away any evil spirits that might otherwise take it into their mischievous heads to blight the seed.

In an incredibly short space of time, the rice-blades, of a lovely pale green, may be seen peeping above the slushy soil, and, a few more days, the tiny shoots will be an inch high. Then they are treated to a warm bath, from the nearest tank, bund, or river, as the case may be, the supply of water being necessary to cover the field as high as the tops of the growing corn being brought up by means of water-courses, or mud-and-water aqueducts. In the hilly country of the interior, as before stated, these water-courses, even as now existing, and of a comparatively humble description, are marvellously managed. For many miles the

gurgling stream flows on through the wildest parts of the country; and the traveller on his horse may ride a good day's journey without reaching the end and destination of one of those simple but most useful aqueducts.

In hilly country the field paddy is often grown on steep ground cut into narrow terraces, which rise prettily above each other, often to a considerable height. In such situations the plough, small and light though it be, cannot be used, and the loosening and turning up of the ground has to be performed by hand-labour. Weeding, by women and children, takes place whilst the rice plants are but a few inches in height; after which the growth and maturity of the corn becomes very rapid.

The period which elapses between the sowing and the harvesting varies according to the particular kind of rice that may be under cultivation. From three to five months is the usual time; and, in this way, two harvests are secured during each year in favourable situations, though in much of the poor light soil of the sea-board not more than one crop can be taken, and then only after manuring, or the ground must lie fallow for an entire year. I have known many fine fields, in elevated positions, where the supply of water was abundant, yield two full crops every year in succession without the aid of manure, and this they had continued to do since the earliest recollection of that universal patriarch, the oldest inhabitant.

The harvest-home of Indian farmers is, as with us, an important operation, though carried on in a widely different manner. Here, again, a lucky day must be found; and, when obtained, the prior cuttings of the ripe field are carefully set aside for an offering of thankfulness to Buddha. There is not any attempt at stacking up the corn in the straw: it is removed to the threshing-floor as fast as cut—the said threshing-floor being neither more nor less than a very dry, smooth, and hard corner of the nearest meadow. There the operation of threshing goes on in precisely the same ancient fashion as the ploughing. The cattle that, treading out, unmuzzled, the corn of the Cinghalese cultivation, in the reign of Queen Victoria, are employed precisely in the same manner as the cattle were during the sway of King Cheops of the Nile; and, for aught we know, may be lineal descendants of the same cattle. It is quite certain that the agricultural societies eastward of the Pyramids have accomplished very little in the improvement of farming implements and processes during the last few thousand years.

When trodden out by the hoofs of cattle, the grain is winnowed from the chaff by simply letting it fall from a light shallow basket raised to some height from the ground. The wind blows the chaff away whilst the corn falls in a heap below. It is then stored

in dry rooms, or buried in pits below the ground, under cover, till required. In that state it is called "paddy," having a rough husk, which must be removed before it becomes rice, and is fit for cooking. This removal is accomplished by simply pounding the grain in a large wooden mortar, after which it is again winnowed and transformed into edible rice.

It was during one of my long rides through an exclusive rice producing district of the interior of Ceylon that I encountered a most unexpected and remarkable object—a white coolie. I was walking my horse towards the nearest halting-place through a beautifully wooded valley intersected with running streams, rice-grounds, and bamboo topes, when, at some distance below me, I perceived, staggering along under a load of ripe plantains, swung in the ordinary native manner by means of a "pingo," or yoke across the shoulders, a white man dressed in the common garb of the country, and in every way resembling a native, save in the colour of his skin. He was soon lost in the distance, and I rode on pondering over the strange sight. Half-an-hour took me to a little plateau at the extremity of one of the many gorges in that wild country, in the midst of which was one of the prettiest little cottages and gardens it would be possible to see in any country. Half hidden amidst waving, green clusters of plantains and pomegranates, the little white cottage might have belonged to some Cinghalese Paul and Virginia, some oriental Savoyards, so sweetly picturesque was it, amidst that savage but fertile country.

I made my way to it; and, pulling up at the little verandah in front for a cup of water, was startled at being addressed by a young English woman clad in the loose, flowing robe of the Kandyan females. There were one or two dusky-white, sunburnt little children gambolling about under some shady bread-fruit trees in the rear of the house, playing with a motley assemblage of young pigs, kids, dogs, and no end of long-legged, tail-less fowls. My new acquaintance was very reserved, and apologised for the absence of her husband, who, she said, had gone to the next bazaar for supplies. A good draught of milk satisfied my thirst; and, flinging a handful of small coin amongst the children and farmyard inhabitants, I bade the mother good morning, and rode on my way pondering how it could be that these fellow countrymen were thus singularly placed amongst the Cinghalese peasantry of the land.

I learnt from the keeper of the nearest rest-house for travellers, the little history of this couple; and, touching as it was, I felt glad that I had not put any questions on the subject to the young woman at the cottage—the real heroine of the brief story. She had been engaged to her present husband for some years before he came out to Ceylon as a coffee planter. He was

prosperous, and wrote home for her to join him, which she did; but, to her sorrow, found that he had given way to the bane of the East—drink. Her love for him, however, underwent no change: strongly reliant on her persuasive and guiding influence over him, she became his wife in the full hope of saving him from degradation and early death. The sacrifice was made in vain. His career was soon run: from one situation to another he passed, down and down, still lower, though many would have helped and saved him for his wife's sake and his children's. At length there was no refuge for them but to try and cultivate a plot of ground, and rear food for themselves. A friendly chief gave them a field for rice, a garden, and a cottage, and the wife still clinging to her old fond faith of saving him from evil, followed him to the jungle, and with her own hands tended his wants. My informant told me that the "white master" had left off drinking arrack, and was, in fact, a sober, hard-working man, but so beaten down, so cowed, and hopeless of his future, that he cared for nothing beyond his present life. They grew all they needed, and, from time to time, he carried a load of fruit to the nearest bazaar to barter it for salt, or a piece of cotton cloth. And so they lived in the midst of their gardens and their rice-fields.

TWO NEPHEWS.

At the parlour window of a pretty villa, near Walton-on-Thames, sat, one evening at dusk, an old man and a young woman. The age of the man might be some seventy; whilst his companion had certainly not reached nineteen. Her beautiful, blooming face, and active, light, and upright figure, were in strong contrast with the worn countenance and bent frame of the old man; but in his eye, and in the corners of his mouth, were indications of a gay self-confidence, which age and suffering had damped, but not extinguished.

"No use looking any more, Mary," said he; "neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very hard that, when a sick uncle asks his two nephews to come and see him, they can't come at once. The duty is simple in the extreme,—only to help me to die, and take what I choose to leave them in my will! Pooh! when I was a young man, I'd have done it for *my* uncle with the utmost celerity. But the world's getting quite heartless!"

"Oh, sir!" said Mary.

"And what does 'Oh, sir!' mean?" said he. "D'ye think I sha'n't die? I know better. A little more, and there'll be an end of old Billy Collett. He'll have left this dirty world for a cleaner—to the great sorrow (and advantage) of his affectionate relatives! Ugh! Give me a glass of the doctor's-stuff."

The girl poured some medicine into a glass,

and Collett, after having contemplated it a moment with infinite disgust, managed to get it down.

"I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," he, "I don't by any means approve of 'Oh, sir!' and 'Dear sir,' and the rest, when I've told you how I hate to be called 'sir' at all. Why you couldn't be respectful if you were a charity-girl and beadle in a gold-laced hat! None of nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've been your lawful guardian now for six months, and you ought to know my likings and likings."

"My poor father often told me how he disliked ceremony," said Mary.

"Your poor father told you quite right," said Mr. Collett. "Fred Sutton was a fellow of talent—a capital fellow! His only fault was a natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Poor Fred! he loved measure he did. He bequeathed me his child—and it isn't every friend worth that!"

"A kind and generous protector you have been!"

"Well, I don't know; I've tried to be a brute, but I dare say I have failed. Don't I speak roughly to you sometimes? Hav'n't I given you good, prudent, sensible advice about John Meade, and made myself quite disagreeable, and like a tyrant? Come, confess you love this poor nephew of mine."

"Penniless indeed!" said Mary.

"Ah, there it is!" said Mr. Collett. "What business has a poor devil of an artist to fall in love with my ward? And what business has my ward to fall in love with a poor devil of an artist? But that's Sutton's daughter all over! Hav'n't I two nephews? Why couldn't you fall in love with the discreet one—the thriving one? I'm Peter Finch—considering he's an attorney—a worthy young man. He is industrious, and extreme, and attends to other people's business, only when he's paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks to the bottom of a chance. But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil canvas for ever, and not grow old. He's all for art, and truth, and social reform, and spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will ride in his carriage, and splash poor John Meade as he trots on foot!"

The harangue was here interrupted by a ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter Finch was announced. He had scarcely taken his hat when another pull at the bell was heard, and Mr. John Meade was announced.

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with a queer sort of smile, whilst they made speeches expressive of sorrow at the end of their visit. At last, stopping them,

"Enough, boys, enough!" said he. "Let us find some better subject to discuss than the state of an old man's health. I was

know a little more about you both. I hav'n't seen much of you up to the present time, and, for anything I know, you may be rogues or fools."

John Meade seemed rather to wince under this address; but Peter Finch sat calm and confident.

"To put a case now," said Mr. Collett: "this morning a poor wretch of a gardener came begging here. He could get no work, it seems, and said he was starving. Well, I knew something about the fellow, and I believe he only told the truth; so I gave him a shilling, to get rid of him. Now, I'm afraid I did wrong. What reason had I for giving him a shilling? What claim had he on me? What claim has he on anybody? The value of his labour in the market is all that a working man has a right to; and when his labour is of no value, why, then he must go to the Devil, or wherever else he can. Eh, Peter? That's my philosophy—what do you think?"

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Mr. Finch; "perfectly agree with you. The value of their labour in the market is all that labourers can pretend to—all that they should have. Nothing acts more perniciously than the absurd extraneous support called charity."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Collett. "You're a clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear boy, go on!"

"What results from charitable aid?" continued Peter. "The value of labour is kept at an unnatural level. State charity is state robbery: private charity is public wrong."

"That's it, Peter!" said Mr. Collett. "What do you think of our philosophy, John?"

"I don't like it! I don't believe it!" said John. "You were quite right to give the man a shilling: I'd have given him a shilling myself."

"Oh, you would—would you?" said Mr. Collett. "You're very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the face of all orthodox political economy, you Vandal?"

"Yes," said John: "as the Vandals flew in the face of Rome, and destroyed what had become a falsehood and a nuisance."

"Poor John!" said Mr. Collett. "We shall never make anything of him, Peter. Really, we'd better talk of something else. John, tell us all about the last new novel."

They conversed on various topics, until the arrival of the invalid's early bed-time parted uncle and nephews for the night.

Mary Sutton seized an opportunity, the next morning, after breakfast, to speak with John Meade alone.

"John," said she, "do think more of your own interest—of our interest. What occasion for you to be so violent, last night, and contradict Mr. Collett so shockingly? I saw Peter Finch laughing to himself. John, you must be more careful, or we shall never be married."

"Well, Mary dear, I'll do my best," said

John. "It was that confounded Peter, with his chain of iron maxims, that made me fly out. I'm not an iceberg, Mary."

"Thank heaven, you're not!" said Mary; "but an iceberg floats—think of that, John. Remember—every time you offend Mr. Collett, you please Mr. Finch."

"So I do!" said John. "Yes; I'll remember that."

"If you would only try to be a little mean and hard-hearted," said Mary; "just a little, to begin with. You would only stoop to conquer, John,—and you deserve to conquer."

"May I gain my deserts, then!" said John. "Are you not to be my loving wife, Mary? And are you not to sit at needle-work in my studio, whilst I paint my great historical picture? How can this come to pass if Mr. Collett will do nothing for us?"

"Ah, how indeed!" said Mary. "But here's our friend, Peter Finch, coming through the gate from his walk. I leave you together." And, so saying, she withdrew.

"What, Meade!" said Peter Finch, as he entered. "Skulking in-doors on a fine morning like this! I've been all through the village. Not an ugly place—but wants looking after sadly. Roads shamefully muddy! Pigs allowed to walk on the foot-path!"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed John.

"I say—you came out pretty strong last night," said Peter. "Quite defied the old man! But I like your spirit."

"I have no doubt you do," thought John.

"Oh, when I was a youth, I was a little that way myself," said Peter. "But the world—the world, my dear sir—soon cures us of all romantic notions. I regret, of course, to see poor people miserable; but what's the use of regretting? It's no part of the business of the superior classes to interfere with the laws of supply and demand; poor people must be miserable. What can't be cured must be endured."

"That is to say," returned John, "what we can't cure, they must endure?"

"Exactly so," said Peter.

Mr. Collett this day was too ill to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see his nephews in his bedroom. They found him propped up by pillows, looking very weak, but in good spirits, as usual.

"Well, boys," said he, "here I am, you see: brought to an anchor at last! The doctor will be here soon, I suppose, to shake his head and write recipes. Humbug, my boys! Patients can do as much for themselves, I believe, as doctors can do for them: they're all in the dark together—the only difference is that the patients grope in English, and the doctors grope in Latin!"

"You are too sceptical, sir," said John Meade.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us change the subject. I want your advice, Peter and John, on a matter that concerns your interests. I'm going to make my will

to-day—and I don't know how to act about your cousin, Emma Briggs. Emma disgraced us by marrying an oilman."

"An oilman!" exclaimed John.

"A vulgar, shocking oilman!" said Mr. Collett, "a wretch who not only sold oil, but soap, candles, turpentine, black-lead, and birch-brooms. It was a dreadful blow to the family. Her poor grandmother never got over it, and a maiden aunt turned methodist in despair. Well! Briggs the oilman died last week, it seems; and his widow has written to me, asking for assistance. Now, I have thought of leaving her a hundred a-year in my will. What do you think of it? I'm afraid she don't deserve it. What right had she to marry against the advice of her friends? What have I to do with her misfortunes?"

"My mind is quite made up," said Peter Finch, "no notice ought to be taken of her. She made an obstinate and unworthy match—and let her abide the consequences!"

"Now for your opinion, John," said Mr. Collett.

"Upon my word I think I must say the same," said John Meade, bracing himself up boldly for the part of the worldly man. "What right had she to marry—as you observed with great justice, sir. Let her abide the consequences—as you very properly remarked, Finch. Can't she carry on the oilman's business? I dare say it will support her very well."

"Why, no," said Mr. Collett; "Briggs died a bankrupt, and his widow and children are destitute."

"That does not alter the question," said Peter Finch. "Let Briggs's family do something for her."

"To be sure!" said Mr. Collett. "Briggs's family are the people to do something for her. She mustn't expect anything from us—must she, John?"

"Destitute, is she?" said John. "With children, too! Why this is another case, sir. You surely ought to notice her—to assist her. Confound it, I'm for letting her have the hundred a-year."

"Oh, John, John! What a break-down!" said Mr. Collett. "So you were trying to follow Peter Finch through Stony Arabia, and turned back at the second step! Here's a brave traveller for you, Peter! John, John, keep to your Arabia Felix, and leave sterner ways to very different men. Good bye, both of you. I've no voice to talk any more. I'll think over all you have said."

He pressed their hands, and they left the room. The old man was too weak to speak next day, and, in three days after that, he calmly breathed his last.

As soon as the funeral was over, the will was read by the confidential man of business, who had always attended to Mr. Collett's affairs. The group that sat around him preserved a decorous appearance of disin-

terestedness; and, the usual preamble will having been listened to with less attention, the man of business read following in a clear voice:

"I bequeath to my niece, Emma Briggs, notwithstanding that she shocked her father by marrying an oilman, the sum of ten thousand pounds; being fully persuaded her lost dignity, if she could even find again, would do nothing to provide her food, or clothing, or shelter."

John Meade smiled, and Peter Finch ground his teeth—but in a quiet, respectful manner.

The man of business went on with reading.

"Having always held the opinion a woman should be rendered a rational independent being,—and having duly considered the fact that society practically denies her the right of earning her own living hereby bequeath to Mary Sutton, the child of my old friend, Frederick Sutton, the sum of ten thousand pounds, which enable her to marry, or to remain single as she may prefer."

John Meade gave a prodigious start, hearing this, and Peter Finch ground his teeth again—but in a manner hardly remarkable. Both, however, by a violent effort, silent.

The man of business went on with reading.

"I have paid some attention to the character of my nephew, John Meade, and have grieved to find him much possessed with a feeling of philanthropy, and with a general preference for whatever is noble and over whatever is base and false. As tendencies are by no means such as to advance him in the world, I bequeath the sum of ten thousand pounds—hoping he will thus be kept out of the world and be enabled to paint his great historical picture—which, as yet, he has only thought about."

"As for my other nephew, Peter Finn, views all things in so sagacious and witty way, and is so certain to get on in life, I should only insult him by offering him what he does not require; yet, from affectionate uncle, and entirely as a testimony of admiration for his mental acuteness, I ture to hope that he will accept a bequest of five hundred pounds towards the completion of his extensive library of law-books."

How Peter Finch stormed, and what names—how John Meade broke into a paroxysm of joy—how Mary Sutton cried first then laughed, and then cried and laughed together; all these matters I shall not attempt to describe. Mary Sutton is now Mrs. Meade; and her husband has actually bought the great historical picture. Peter Finch taken to discounting bills, and bringing actions on them; and drives about in a brougham already.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE YELLOW MASK.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

ABOUT a century ago, there lived in the ancient city of Pisa a famous Italian milliner, who, by way of vindicating to all customers her familiarity with Paris fashions, adopted a French title, and called herself the Demoiselle Grifoni. She was a wizen little woman, with a mischievous face, a quick tongue, a nimble foot, a talent for business, and an uncertain disposition. Rumour hinted that she was immensely rich; and scandal suggested that she would do anything for money.

The one undeniable good quality which raised Demoiselle Grifoni above all her rivals in the trade was her inexhaustible fortitude. She was never known to yield an inch under any pressure of adverse circumstances. Thus the memorable occasion of her life on which she was threatened with ruin was also the occasion on which she most triumphantly asserted the energy and decision of her character. At the height of the demoiselle's prosperity, her skilled forewoman and cutter-out basely married and started in business as a rival. Such a calamity as this would have ruined an ordinary milliner; but the invincible Grifoni rose superior to it almost without an effort, and proved incontestably that it was impossible for hostile Fortune to catch her at the end of her resources. While the minor milliners were prophesying that she would shut up shop, she was quietly carrying on a private correspondence with an agent in Paris. Nobody knew what these letters were about until a few weeks had elapsed, and then circulars were received by all the ladies in Pisa, announcing that the best French forewoman who could be got for money was engaged to superintend the great Grifoni establishment. This master-stroke decided the victory. All the demoiselle's customers declined giving orders elsewhere until the forewoman from Paris had exhibited to the natives of Pisa the latest fashions from the metropolis of the world of dress.

The Frenchwoman arrived punctual to the appointed day,—glib and curt, smiling and flippant, tight of face and supple of figure. Her name was Mademoiselle Virginie, and her family had inhumanly deserted her. She was set to work the moment she was inside

the doors of the Grifoni establishment. A room was devoted to her own private use; magnificent materials in velvet, silk, and satin, with due accompaniment of muslins, laces, and ribbons, were placed at her disposal; she was told to spare no expense, and to produce, in the shortest possible time, the finest and newest specimen-dresses for exhibition in the show-room. Mademoiselle Virginie undertook to do everything required of her, produced her portfolios of patterns and her book of coloured designs, and asked for one assistant who could speak French enough to interpret her orders to the Italian girls in the work-room.

"I have the very person you want," cried Demoiselle Grifoni. "A workwoman we call Brigida here—the idlest slut in Pisa, but as sharp as a needle—has been in France, and speaks the language like a native. I'll send her to you directly."

Mademoiselle Virginie was not left long alone with her patterns and silks. A tall woman, with bold black eyes, a reckless manner, and a step as firm as a man's, stalked into the room with the gait of a tragedy-queen crossing the stage. The instant her eyes fell on the French forewoman, she stopped, threw up her hands in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Finette!"

"Teresa!" cried the Frenchwoman, casting her scissors on the table, and advancing a few steps.

"Hush! call me Brigida."

"Hush! call me Virginie."

These two exclamations were uttered at the same moment, and then the two women scrutinised each other in silence. The swarthy cheeks of the Italian turned to a dull yellow, and the voice of the Frenchwoman trembled a little when she spoke again.

"How, in the name of Heaven, have you dropped down in the world as low as this?" she asked. "I thought you were provided for when——"

"Silence!" interrupted Brigida. "You see I was not provided for. I have had my misfortunes; and you are the last woman alive who ought to refer to them."

"Do you think I have not had my misfortunes, too, since we met?" (Brigida's face brightened maliciously at those words.) "You have had your revenge," continued

Mademoiselle Virginie coldly, turning away to the table and taking up the scissors again.

Brigida followed her, threw one arm roughly round her neck, and kissed her on the cheek. "Let us be friends again," she said. The Frenchwoman laughed. "Tell me how I have had my revenge," pursued the other, tightening her grasp. Mademoiselle Virginie signed to Brigida to stoop, and whispered rapidly in her ear. The Italian listened eagerly, with fierce suspicious eyes fixed on the door. When the whispering ceased, she loosened her hold; and, with a sigh of relief, pushed back her heavy black hair from her temples. "Now we are friends," she said, and sat down indolently in a chair placed by the work-table.

"Friends," repeated Mademoiselle Virginie, with another laugh. "And now for business," she continued, getting a row of pins ready for use by putting them between her teeth. "I am here, I believe, for the purpose of ruining the late forewoman, who has set up in opposition to us? Good! I will ruin her. Spread out the yellow brocade silk, my dear, and pin that pattern on at your end, while I pin at mine. And what are your plans, Brigida? (Mind you don't forget that Finette is dead, and that Virginie has risen from her ashes.) You can't possibly intend to stop here all your life? (Leave an inch outside the paper, all round.) You must have projects? What are they?"

"Look at my figure," said Brigida, placing herself in an attitude in the middle of the room.

"Ah!" rejoined the other, "it's not what it was. There's too much of it. You want diet, walking, and a French staymaker," muttered Mademoiselle Virginie through her *chevaux-de-frise* of pins.

"Did the goddess Minerva walk, and employ a French staymaker? I thought she rode upon clouds, and lived at a period before waists were invented."

"What do you mean?"

"This—that my present project is to try if I can't make my fortune by sitting as a model for Minerva in the studio of the best sculptor in Pisa."

"And who is he? (Unwind me a yard or two of that black lace.)"

"The master sculptor, Luca Lomi,—an old family, once noble, but down in the world now. The master is obliged to make statues to get a living for his daughter and himself."

"More of the lace—double it over the bosom of the dress. And how is sitting to this needy sculptor to make your fortune?"

"Wait a minute. There are other sculptors besides him in the studio. There is, first, his brother, the priest—Father Rocco, who passes all his spare time with the master. He is a good sculptor in his way—has cast statues and made a font for his church—a holy man, who devotes all his work in the studio to the cause of piety."

"Ah, bah! we should think him a droll priest in France. (More pins.) You don't expect *him* to put money in your pocket surely?"

"Wait, I say again. There is a third sculptor in the studio—actually a nobleman! His name is Fabio d'Ascoli. He is rich, young, handsome, an only child, and little better than a fool. Fancy his working at sculpture, as if he had his bread to get by it—and thinking that an amusement! Imagine a man belonging to one of the best families in Pisa mad enough to want to make a reputation as an artist!—Wait! wait! the best is to come. His father and mother are dead—he has no near relations in the world to exercise authority over him—he is a bachelor, and his fortune is all at his own disposal; going a-begging, my friend; absolutely going a-begging for want of a clever woman to hold out her hand and take it from him."

"Yes, yes—now I understand. The goddess Minerva is a clever woman, and she will hold out her hand and take his fortune from him with the utmost docility."

"The first thing is to get him to offer it. I must tell you that I am not going to sit to him, but to his master, Luca Lomi, who is doing the statue of Minerva. The face is modelled from his daughter; and now he wants somebody to sit for the bust and arms. Maddalena Lomi and I are as nearly as possible the same height, I hear,—the difference between us being that I have a good figure and she has a bad one. I have offered to sit, through a friend who is employed in the studio. If the master accepts, I am sure of an introduction to our rich young gentleman; and then leave it to my good looks, my various accomplishments, and my ready tongue, to do the rest."

"Stop! I won't have the lace doubled, on second thoughts. I'll have it single, and running all round the dress in curves—so. Well, and who is this friend of yours employed in the studio? A fourth sculptor?"

"No! no! the strangest, simplest little creature——"

Just then a faint tap was audible at the door of the room.

Brigida laid her finger on her lips, and called impatiently to the person outside to come in.

The door opened gently, and a young girl, poorly but very neatly dressed, entered the room. She was rather thin, and under the average height; but her head and figure were in perfect proportion. Her hair was of that gorgeous auburn colour, her eyes of that deep violet blue, which the portraits of Giorgione and Titian have made famous as the type of Venetian beauty. Her features possessed the definiteness and regularity, the "good modelling" (to use an artist's term), which is the rarest of all womanly charms, in Italy as elsewhere. The one serious defect of her face was its paleness. Her cheeks, wanting

nothing in form, wanted everything in colour. That look of health, which is the essential crowning-point of beauty, was the one attraction which her face did not possess.

She came into the room with a sad and weary expression in her eyes, which changed, however, the moment she observed the magnificently-dressed French forewoman, into a look of astonishment, and almost of awe. Her manner became shy and embarrassed; and after an instant of hesitation, she turned back silently to the door.

"Stop, stop, Nanina," said Brigida, in Italian. "Don't be afraid of that lady. She is our new forewoman; and she has it in her power to do all sorts of kind things for you. Look up, and tell us what you want. You were sixteen last birth-day, Nanina, and you behave like a baby of two years old!"

"I only came to know if there was any work for me to-day," said the girl, in a very sweet voice, that trembled a little as she tried to face the fashionable French forewoman again.

"No work, child, that is easy enough for you to do," said Brigida. "Are you going to the studio to-day?"

Some of the colour that Nanina's cheeks wanted began to steal over them as she answered "Yes."

"Don't forget my message, darling. And if Master Luca Lomi asks where I live, answer that you are ready to deliver a letter to me; but that you are forbidden to enter into any particulars, at first, about who I am, or where I live."

"Why am I forbidden?" inquired Nanina, innocently.

"Don't ask questions, Baby! Do as you are told. Bring me back a nice note or message to-morrow from the studio, and I will intercede with this lady to get you some work. You are a foolish child to want it, when you might make more money, here and at Florence, by sitting to painters and sculptors; though what they can see to paint or model in you I never could understand."

"I like working at home, better than going abroad to sit," said Nanina, looking very much abashed as she faltered out the answer, and escaping from the room with a terrified farewell obeisance, which was an eccentric compound of a start, a bow, and a curtsey.

"That awkward child would be pretty," said Mademoiselle Virginie, making rapid progress with the cutting out of her dress, "if she knew how to give herself a complexion, and had a presentable gown on her back. Who is she?"

"The friend who is to get me into Master Luca Lomi's studio," replied Brigida, laughing. "Rather a curious ally for me to take up with, isn't she?"

"Where did you meet with her?"

"Here, to be sure. She hangs about this place for any plain work she can get to do; and takes it home to the oddest little room in

a street near the Campo Santo. I had the curiosity to follow her one day, and knocked at her door soon after she had gone in, as if I was a visitor. She answered my knock in a great flurry and fright, as you may imagine. I made myself agreeable, affected immense interest in her affairs, and so got into her room. Such a place! A mere corner of it curtained off to make a bedroom. One chair, one stool, one saucepan on the fire. Before the hearth, the most grotesquely-bideous, unshaven poodle-dog you ever saw; and on the stool a fair little girl plaiting dinner-mats. Such was the household—furniture and all included. 'Where is your father?' I asked. '—He ran away and left us, years ago,' answers my awkward little friend who has just left the room, speaking in that simple way of hers, with all the composure in the world. 'And your mother?' '—Dead.'—She went up to the little mat-plaiting girl, as she gave that answer, and began playing with her long flaxen hair. 'Your sister, I suppose,' said I. 'What is her name?' '—They call me La Biondella,' says the child, looking up from her mat (La Biondella, Virginie, means The Fair).—'And why do you let that great, shaggy, ill-looking brute lie before your fireplace?' I asked. '—O!' cried the little mat-plaiter, 'that is our dear old dog, Scaramuccia. He takes care of the house when Nanina is not at home. He dances on his hind legs, and jumps through a hoop, and tumbles down dead when I cry Bang! Scaramuccia followed us home one night, years ago, and he has lived with us ever since. He goes out every day by himself, we can't tell where, and generally returns licking his chops, which makes us afraid that he is a thief; but nobody finds him out, because he is the cleverest dog that ever lived!'—The child ran on in this way about the great beast by the fireplace, till I was obliged to stop her; while that simpleton Nanina stood by, laughing and encouraging her. I asked them a few more questions, which produced some strange answers. They did not seem to know of any relations of theirs in the world. The neighbours in the house had helped them, after their father ran away, until they were old enough to help themselves; and they did not seem to think there was anything in the least wretched or pitiable in their way of living. The last thing I heard when I left them that day, was La Biondella crying 'Bang!' then a bark, a thump on the floor, and a scream of laughter. If it was not for their dog I should go and see them oftener. But the ill-conditioned beast has taken a dislike to me, and growls and shows his teeth whenever I come near him."

"The girl looked sickly when she came in here. Is she always like that?"

"No. She has altered within the last month. I suspect our interesting young nobleman has produced an impression. The oftener the girl has sat to him lately, the

paler and the more out of spirits she has become."

"O! she has sat to him, has she?"

"She is sitting to him now. He is doing a bust of some Pagan nymph or other; and he prevailed on Nanina to let him copy from her head and face. According to her own account the little fool was frightened at first, and gave him all the trouble in the world before she would consent."

"And now she has consented, don't you think it likely she may turn out rather a dangerous rival? Men are such fools, and take such fancies into their heads——"

"Ridiculous! A thread-paper of a girl like that, who has no manner, no talk, no intelligence; who has nothing to recommend her but an awkward babyish prettiness!—Dangerous to me? No! no! If there is danger at all, I have to dread it from the sculptor's daughter. I don't mind confessing that I am anxious to see Maddalena Lomi. But as for Nanina, she will simply be of use to me. All I know already about the studio and the artists in it, I know through her. She will deliver my message, and procure me my introduction; and when we have got so far, I shall give her an old gown and a shake of the hand; and then, good-bye to our little Innocent!"

"Well, well, for your sake I hope you are the wiser of the two in this matter. For my part, I always distrust innocence. Wait one moment and I shall have the body and sleeves of this dress ready for the needlewomen. There, ring the bell, and order them up; for I have directions to give, and you must interpret for me."

While Brigida went to the bell the energetic Frenchwoman began planning out the skirt of the new dress. She laughed as she measured off yard after yard of the silk.

"What are you laughing about?" asked Brigida, opening the door and ringing a hand-bell in the passage.

"I can't help fancying, dear, in spite of her innocent face and her artless ways, that your young friend is a hypocrite."

"And I am quite certain, love, that she is only a simpleton."

CHAPTER II.

THE studio of the Master-Sculptor, Luca Lomi, was composed of two large rooms, unequally divided by a wooden partition, with an arched doorway cut in the middle of it.

While the milliners of the Grifoni establishment were industriously shaping dresses, the sculptors in Luca Lomi's workshop were, in their way, quite as hard at work shaping marble and clay. In the smaller of the two rooms the young nobleman (only addressed in the studio by his Christian name of Fabio) was busily engaged on his bust, with Nanina sitting before him as a model. His was not one of those traditional Italian faces from

which subtlety and suspicion are always supposed to look out darkly on the world at large. Both countenance and expression proclaimed his character frankly and freely to all who saw him. Quick intelligence looked brightly from his eyes; and easy good-humour laughed out pleasantly in the rather quaint curve of his lips. For the rest, his face expressed the defects as well as the merits of his character, showing that he wanted resolution and perseverance just as plainly as it showed also that he possessed amiability and intelligence.

At the end of the large room, nearest to the street-door, Luca Lomi was standing by his life-size statue of Minerva, and was issuing directions, from time to time, to some of his workmen who were roughly chiselling the drapery of another figure. At the opposite side of the room, nearest to the partition, his brother, Father Rocco, was taking a cast from a statuette of the Madonna; while Maddalena Lomi, the sculptor's daughter, released from sitting for Minerva's face, walked about the two rooms and watched the work that was going on in them. There was a strong family likeness of a certain kind between father, brother, and daughter. All three were tall, handsome, dark-haired, and dark-eyed; nevertheless, they differed, in expression, strikingly as they resembled one another in feature. Maddalena Lomi's face betrayed strong passions, but not an ungenerous nature. Her father, with the same indications of a violent temper, had some sinister lines about his mouth and forehead which suggested anything rather than an open disposition. Father Rocco's countenance, on the other hand, looked like the personification of absolute calmness and invincible moderation; and his manner, which, in a very firm way, was singularly quiet and deliberate, assisted in carrying out the impression produced by his face. The daughter seemed as if she could fly into a passion at a moment's notice, and forgive also at a moment's notice. The father, appearing to be just as irritable, had something in his face which said, as plainly as if in words, "Anger me, and I never pardon." The priest looked as if he need never be called on either to ask forgiveness or to grant it, for the double reason that he could irritate nobody else, and that nobody else could irritate him.

"Rocco," said Luca, looking at the face of his Minerva, which was now finished; "this statue of mine will make a sensation."

"I am glad to hear it," rejoined the priest drily.

"It is a new thing in art," continued Luca enthusiastically. "Other sculptors, with a classical subject like mine, limit themselves to the ideal classical face, and never think of aiming at individual character. Now I do precisely the reverse of that. I get my handsome daughter, Maddalena, to sit for Minerva, and I make an exact likeness of her. I may

lose in ideal beauty, but I gain in individual character. People may accuse me of disregarding established rules—but my answer is, that I make my own rules. My daughter looks like a Minerva, and there she is exactly as she looks."

"It is certainly a wonderful likeness," said Father Rocco, approaching the statue.

"It is the girl herself," cried the other. "Exactly her expression, and exactly her features. Measure Maddalena, and measure Minerva, and, from forehead to chin, you won't find a hair's breadth of difference between them."

"But how about the bust and arms of the figure, now the face is done?" asked the priest, returning, as he spoke, to his own work.

"I may have the very model I want for them to-morrow. Little Nanina has just given me the strangest message. What do you think of a mysterious lady-admirer who offers to sit for the bust and arms of my Minerva?"

"Are you going to accept the offer?" inquired the priest.

"I am going to receive her to-morrow; and if I really find that she is the same height as Maddalena, and has a bust and arms worth modelling, of course I shall accept her offer; for she will be the very sitter I have been looking after for weeks past. Who can she be? That's the mystery I want to find out. Which do you say, Rocco—an enthusiast, or an adventurer?"

"I do not presume to say, for I have no means of knowing."

"Ah! there you are, with your moderation again. Now, I do presume to assert, that she must be either one or the other—or she would not have forbidden Nanina to say anything about her, in answer to all my first natural inquiries. Where is Maddalena? I thought she was here a minute ago."

"She is in Fabio's room," answered Father Rocco, softly. "Shall I call her?"

"No, no!" returned Luca. He stopped, looked round at the workmen, who were chipping away mechanically at their bit of drapery; then advanced close to the priest, with a cunning smile, and continued in a whisper: "If Maddalena can only get from Fabio's room here to Fabio's palace over the way, on the Arno—come, come, Rocco! don't shake your head. If I brought her up to your church-door, one of these days, as Fabio d'Ascoli's betrothed, you would be glad enough to take the rest of the business off my hands, and make her Fabio d'Ascoli's wife. You are a very holy man, Rocco, but you know the difference between the clink of the money-bag and the clink of the chisel, for all that!"

"I am sorry to find, Luca," returned the priest coldly, "that you allow yourself to talk of the most delicate subjects in the coarsest way. This is one of the minor sins

of the tongue which is growing on you. When we are alone in the studio I will endeavour to lead you into speaking of the young man in the next room and of your daughter in terms more becoming to you, to me, and to them. Until that time, allow me to go on with my work."

Luca shrugged his shoulders and went back to his statue. Father Rocco, who had been engaged during the last ten minutes in mixing wet plaster to the right consistency for taking a cast, suspended his occupation, and, crossing the room to a corner next the partition, removed from it a cheval-glass which stood there. He lifted it away gently, while his brother's back was turned, carried it close to the table at which he had been at work, and then resumed his employment of mixing the plaster. Having at last prepared the composition for use, he laid it over the exposed half of the statuette with a neatness and dexterity which showed him to be a practised hand at cast-taking. Just as he had covered the necessary extent of surface, Luca turned round from his statue.

"How are you getting on with the cast?" he asked. "Do you want any help?"

"None, brother, I thank you," answered the priest. "Pray do not disturb either yourself or your workmen on my account."

Luca turned again to the statue; and, at the same moment, Father Rocco softly moved the cheval-glass towards the open doorway between the two rooms, placing it at such an angle as to make it reflect the figures of the persons in the smaller studio. He did this with significant quickness and precision. It was evidently not the first time he had used the glass for purposes of secret observation.

Mechanically stirring the wet plaster round and round for the second casting, the priest looked into the glass, and saw, as in a picture, all that was going forward in the inner room. Maddalena Lomi was standing behind the young nobleman, watching the progress he made with his bust. Occasionally she took the modelling-tool out of his hand, and showed him, with her sweetest smile, that she, too, as a sculptor's daughter, understood something of the sculptor's art; and, now and then, in the pauses of the conversation, when her interest was especially intense in Fabio's work, she suffered her hand to drop absently on his shoulder, or stooped forward so close to him that her hair mingled for a moment with his. Moving the glass an inch or two so as to bring Nanina well under his eye, Father Rocco found that he could trace each repetition of these little acts of familiarity by the immediate effect which they produced on the girl's face and manner. Whenever Maddalena so much as touched the young nobleman—no matter whether she did so by premeditation, or really by accident—Nanina's features contracted, her pale cheeks grew paler, she fidgeted on

her chair, and her fingers nervously twisted and untwisted the loose ends of the ribbon fastened round her waist.

"Jealous," thought Father Rocco; "I suspected it weeks ago."

He turned away, and gave his whole attention, for a few minutes, to the mixing of the plaster. When he looked back again at the glass, he was just in time to witness a little accident which suddenly changed the relative positions of the three persons in the inner room.

He saw Maddalena take up a modelling-tool which lay on a table near her, and begin to help Fabio in altering the arrangement of the hair in his bust. The young man watched what she was doing earnestly enough for a few moments; then his attention wandered away to Nanina. She looked at him reproachfully, and he answered by a sign which brought a smile to her face directly. Maddalena surprised her at the instant of the change; and, following the direction of her eyes, easily discovered at whom the smile was directed. She darted a glance of contempt at Nanina, threw down the modelling-tool, and turned indignantly to the young sculptor, who was affecting to be hard at work again.

"Signor Fabio," she said, "the next time you forget what is due to your rank and yourself, warn me of it, if you please, beforehand, and I will take care to leave the room." While speaking the last words she passed through the doorway. Father Rocco, bending abstractedly over his plaster mixture, heard her continue to herself in a whisper, as she went by him: "If I have any influence at all with my father, that impudent beggar-girl shall be forbidden the studio!"

"Jealousy on the other side," thought the priest. "Something must be done at once, or this will end badly."

He looked again at the glass, and saw Fabio, after an instant of hesitation, beckon to Nanina to approach him. She left her seat, advanced half-way to him, then stopped. He stepped forward to meet her, and, taking her by the hand, whispered earnestly in her ear. When he had done, before dropping her hand, he touched her cheek with his lips, and then helped her on with the little white mantilla which covered her head and shoulders out of doors. The girl trembled violently, and drew the linen close to her face as he walked into the larger studio, and, addressing Father Rocco, said:

"I am afraid I am more idle, or more stupid, than ever to-day. I can't get on with the bust at all to my satisfaction, so I have cut short the sitting, and given Nanina a half holiday."

At the first sound of his voice, Maddalena, who was speaking to her father, stopped; and, with another look of scorn at Nanina, standing trembling in the doorway, left the room. Luca Lomi called Fabio to him as she went away, and Father Rocco, turning to the

statuette, looked to see how the plaster was hardening on it. Seeing them thus engaged, Nanina attempted to escape from the studio without being noticed; but the priest stopped her just as she was hurrying by him.

"My child," said he, in his gentle, quiet way, "are you going home?"

Nanina's heart beat too fast for her to reply in words—she could only answer by bowing her head.

"Take this for your little sister," pursued Father Rocco, putting a few silver coins in her hand; "I have got some customers for those mats she plaits so nicely. You need not bring them to my rooms—I will come and see you this evening, when I am going my rounds among my parishioners, and will take the mats away with me. You are a good girl, Nanina—you have always been a good girl—and as long as I am alive, my child, you shall never want a friend and an adviser."

Nanina's eyes filled with tears. She drew the mantilla closer than ever round her face as she tried to thank the priest. Father Rocco nodded to her kindly, and laid his hand lightly on her head for a moment, then turned round again to his cast.

"Don't forget my message to the lady who is to sit to me to-morrow," said Luca to Nanina, as she passed him on her way out of the studio.

After she had gone, Fabio returned to the priest, who was still busy over his cast.

"I hope you will get on better with the bust to-morrow," said Father Rocco, politely; "I am sure you cannot complain of your model."

"Complain of her!" cried the young man, warmly; "she has the most beautiful head I ever saw. If I were twenty times the sculptor that I am, I should despair of being able to do her justice."

He walked into the inner room to look at his bust again—lingered before it for a little while—and then turned to retrace his steps to the larger studio. Between him and the doorway stood three chairs. As he went by them, he absently touched the backs of the first two, and passed the third; but just as he was entering the larger room, stopped, as if struck by a sudden recollection, returned hastily, and touched the third chair. Raising his eyes, as he approached the large studio again after doing this, he met the eyes of the priest fixed on him in unconcealed astonishment.

"Signor Fabio!" exclaimed Father Rocco, with a sarcastic smile; "who would ever have imagined that you were superstitious?"

"My nurse was," returned the young man, reddening, and laughing rather uneasily. "She taught me some bad habits that I have not got over yet." With those words he nodded, and hastily went out.

"Superstitious!" said Father Rocco softly to himself. He smiled again, reflected for a moment, and then, going to the window,

looked into the street. The way to the left led to Fabio's palace, and the way to the right to the Campo Santo, in the neighbourhood of which Nanina lived. The priest was just in time to see the young sculptor take the way to the right.

After another half-hour had elapsed the two workmen quitted the studio to go to dinner, and Luca and his brother were left alone.

"We may return now," said Father Rocco, "to that conversation which was suspended between us earlier in the day."

"I have nothing more to say," rejoined Luca, sulkily.

"Then you can listen to me, brother, with the greater attention," pursued the priest. "I objected to the coarseness of your tone in talking of our young pupil and your daughter—I object still more strongly to your insinuation that my desire to see them married (provided always that they are sincerely attached to each other) springs from a mercenary motive."

"You are trying to snare me, Rocco, in a mesh of fine phrases; but I am not to be caught. I know what my own motive is for hoping that Maddalena may get an offer of marriage from this wealthy young gentleman—she will have his money, and we shall all profit by it. That is coarse and mercenary, if you please; but it is the true reason why I want to see Maddalena married to Fabio. You want to see it, too—and for what reason, I should like to know, if not for mine?"

"Of what use would wealthy relations be to me? What are people with money—what is money itself—to a man who follows my calling?"

"Money is something to everybody."

"Is it? When have you found that I have taken any account of it? Give me money enough to buy my daily bread and to pay for my lodging and my coarse cassock—and though I may want much for the poor, for myself I want no more. When have you found me mercenary? Do I not help you in this studio for love of you and of the art without exacting so much as journeyman's wages? Have I ever asked you for more than a few crowns to give away on feast-days among my parishioners? Money! money for a man who may be summoned to Rome to-morrow, who may be told to go at half an hour's notice on a foreign mission that may take him to the ends of the earth, and who would be ready to go the moment when he was called on! Money to a man who has no wife, no children, no interests outside the sacred circle of the church! Brother! do you see the dust and dirt and shapeless marble-chips lying around your statue there? Cover that floor instead with gold—and, though the litter may have changed in colour and form, in my eyes it would be litter still."

"A very noble sentiment, I dare say, Rocco, but I can't echo it. Granting that

you care nothing for money, will you explain to me why you are so anxious that Maddalena should marry Fabio? She has had offers from poorer men—you knew of them—but you have never taken the least interest in her accepting or rejecting a proposal before."

"I hinted the reason to you, months ago, when Fabio first entered the studio."

"It was rather a vague hint, brother—can't you be plainer to-day?"

"I think I can. In the first place, let me begin by assuring you, that I have no objection to the young man himself. He may be a little capricious and undecided, but he has no incorrigible faults that I have discovered."

"That is rather a cool way of praising him, Rocco."

"I should speak of him warmly enough if he were not the representative of an intolerable corruption and a monstrous wrong. Whenever I think of him I think of an injury which his present existence perpetuates, and if I do speak of him coldly it is only for that reason."

Luca looked away quickly from his brother, and began kicking absently at the marble chips which were scattered over the floor around him.

"I now remember," he said, "what that hint of yours pointed at. I know what you mean."

"Then you know," answered the priest, "that while part of the wealth which Fabio d'Ascoli possesses is honestly and incontestably his own; part, also, has been inherited by him from the spoilers and robbers of the church—"

"Blame his ancestors for that; don't blame him."

"I blame him as long as the spoil is not restored."

"How do you know that it was spoil, after all?"

"I have examined more carefully than most men the records of the Civil Wars in Italy; and I know that the ancestors of Fabio d'Ascoli wrung from the church, in her hour of weakness, property which they dared to claim as their right. I know of titles to lands signed away, in those stormy times, under the influence of fear, or through false representations of which the law takes no account; I call the money thus obtained, spoil—and I say that it ought to be restored, and shall be restored to the church from which it was taken."

"And what does Fabio answer to that, brother?"

"I have not spoken to him on the subject."

"Why not?"

"Because, I have, as yet, no influence over him. When he is married, his wife will have influence over him; and she shall speak."

"Maddalena, I suppose? How do you know that she will speak?"

"Have I not educated her? Does she not understand what her duties are towards

the church, in whose bosom she has been reared?"

Luca hesitated uneasily, and walked away a step or two before he spoke again.

"Does this spoil, as you call it, amount to a large sum of money?" he asked in an anxious whisper.

"I may answer that question, Luca, at some future time," said the priest. "For the present, let it be enough that you are acquainted with all I undertook to inform you of when we began our conversation. You now know that if I am anxious for this marriage to take place, it is from motives entirely unconnected with self-interest. If all the property which Fabio's ancestors wrongfully obtained from the church, were restored to the church to-morrow, not one paulo of it would go into my pocket. I am a poor priest now, and to the end of my days shall remain so. You soldiers of the world, brother, fight for your pay—I am a soldier of the church, and I fight for my cause."

Saying these words, he returned abruptly to the statuette; and refused to speak, or leave his employment again, until he had taken the mould off, and had carefully put away the various fragments of which it consisted. This done, he drew a writing-desk from the drawer of his working-table, and taking out a slip of paper, wrote these lines:

"Come down to the studio to-morrow. Fabio will be with us, but Nanina will return no more."

Without signing what he had written, he sealed it up, and directed it to—"Donna Maddalena." Then took his hat, and handed the note to his brother.

"Oblige me by giving that to my niece," he said.

"Tell me, Rocco," said Luca, turning the note round and round perplexedly between his finger and thumb. "Do you think Maddalena will be lucky enough to get married to Fabio?"

"Still coarse in your expressions, brother!"

"Never mind my expressions. Is it likely?"

"Yes, Luca, I think it is likely."

With these words he waved his hand pleasantly to his brother, and went out.

CHAPTER III.

FROM the studio, Father Rocco went straight to his own rooms, hard by the church to which he was attached. Opening a cabinet in his study, he took from one of its drawers a handful of small silver money—consulted for a minute or so a slate on which several names and addresses were written—provided himself with a portable inkhorn and some strips of paper, and again went out.

He directed his steps to the poorest part of the neighbourhood; and entering some very wretched houses, was greeted by the inhabitants with great respect and affection. The women, especially, kissed

his hands with more reverence than they would have shown to the highest crowned head in Europe. In return, he talked to them as easily and unconstrainedly as if they were his equals; sat down cheerfully on the bed-sides and rickety benches; and distributed his little gifts of money with the air of a man who was paying debts rather than bestowing charity. Where he encountered cases of illness, he pulled out his inkhorn, a slip of paper, and wrote simple prescriptions to be made up from the medicine-chests of neighbouring convent, which served the same merciful purpose then that is answered by dispensaries in our days. When he had exhausted his money and had got through his visits, he was escorted out of the poor quarter by a perfect train of enthusiastic followers. The women kissed his hand again, and the men uncovered as he turned, and, with a friendly sign, bade them all farewell.

As soon as he was alone again, he walked towards the Campo Santo; and passing the house in which Nanina lived, sauntered down the street thoughtfully, for some minutes: when he at length ascended the staircase that led to the room occupied by the sisters, he found the door ajar. Pushing it open gently, he saw La Biondella, sitting with her pretty fair profile turned towards him, eating her evening meal of bread and grapes. At the opposite end of the room Scaramuccia was perched up on his little quarters in a corner, with his mouth wide open to catch the morsel of bread which he evidently expected the child to throw to him. What the elder sister was doing the priest had not time to see; for the dog barked at the moment he presented himself; and Nanina hastened to the door to ascertain who the intruder might be. All that he could observe was that she was too confused, on catching sight of him, to be able to utter a word. La Biondella was the first to speak.

"Thank you, Father Rocco," said the child, jumping up, with her bread in one hand and her grapes in the other: "Thank you for giving me so much money for my dinner-mat. There they are tied up together in one little parcel, in the corner. Nanina said she was ashamed to think of your carrying them; and I said I knew where you lived, and I should like to ask you to let me take them home."

"Do you think you can carry them all the way, my dear?" asked the priest.

"Look, Father Rocco, see if I can't carry them!" cried La Biondella, cramming her bread into one of the pockets of her little apron, holding her bunch of grapes by the stalk in her mouth, and hoisting the pack of dinner-mats on her head in a moment.

"See, I am strong enough to carry double!" said the child, looking up proudly into the priest's face.

"Can you trust her to take them home for me?" asked Father Rocco, turning to Nanina.

"I want to speak to you alone; and he

absence will give me the opportunity. Can you trust her out by herself?"

"Yes, Father Rocco, she often goes out alone." Nanina gave this answer in low, trembling tones, and looked down confusedly on the ground.

"Go then, my dear," said Father Rocco, patting the child on the shoulder. "And come back here to your sister, as soon as you have left the mats."

La Biondella went out directly in great triumph, with Scaramuccia walking by her side, and keeping his muzzle suspiciously close to the pocket in which she had put her bread. Father Rocco closed the door after them; and then, taking the one chair which the room possessed, motioned to Nanina to sit by him on the stool.

"Do you believe that I am your friend, my child; and that I have always meant well towards you?" he began.

"The best and kindest of friends," answered Nanina.

"Then you will hear what I have to say patiently; and you will believe that I am speaking for your good, even if my words should distress you?" (Nanina turned away her head.) "Now, tell me; should I be wrong, to begin with, if I said that my brother's pupil, the young nobleman whom we call 'Signor Fabio,' had been here to see you to-day?" (Nanina started up affrightedly from the stool.) "Sit down again, my child; I am not going to blame you. I am only going to tell you what you must do for the future."

He took her hand; it was cold, and it trembled violently in his.

"I will not ask what he has been saying to you," continued the priest; "for it might distress you to answer; and I have, moreover, had means of knowing that your youth and beauty have made a strong impression on him. I will pass over, then, all reference to the words he may have been speaking to you; and I will come at once to what I have now to say, in my turn. Nanina, my child, arm yourself with all your courage, and promise me, before we part to-night, that you will see Signor Fabio no more."

Nanina turned round suddenly, and fixed her eyes on him, with an expression of terrified incredulity. "No more?"

"You are very young and very innocent," said Father Rocco; "but surely you must have thought, before now, of the difference between Signor Fabio and you. Surely you must have often remembered that you are low down among the ranks of the poor, and that he is high up among the rich and the nobly-born?"

Nanina's hands dropped on the priest's knees. She bent her head down on them, and began to weep bitterly.

"Surely you must have thought of that?" reiterated Father Rocco.

"O, I have often, often thought of that!"

murmured the girl. "I have mourned over it, and cried about it in secret for many nights past. He said, 'I looked pale, and ill, and out of spirits to-day; and I told him it was with thinking of that!'"

"And what did he say in return?"

There was no answer. Father Rocco looked down. Nanina raised her head directly from his knees, and tried to turn it away again. He took her hand, and stopped her.

"Come!" he said; "speak frankly to me. Say what you ought to say to your father and your friend. What was his answer, my child, when you reminded him of the difference between you?"

"He said I was born to be a lady," faltered the girl, still struggling to turn her face away, "and that I might make myself one if I would learn and be patient. He said that if he had all the noble ladies in Pisa to choose from on one side, and only little Nanina on the other, he would hold out his hand to me, and tell them, 'This shall be my wife.' He said Love knew no difference of rank; and that if he was a nobleman and rich, it was all the more reason why he should please himself. He was so kind, that I thought my heart would burst while he was speaking; and my little sister liked him so, that she got upon his knee and kissed him. Even our dog, who growls at other strangers, stole to his side and licked his hand. O, Father Rocco! Father Rocco!" The tears burst out afresh, and the lovely head dropped once more, wearily, on the priest's knee.

Father Rocco smiled to himself, and waited to speak again till she was calmer.

"Supposing," he resumed, after some minutes of silence, "supposing Signor Fabio really meant all he said to you——"

Nanina started up, and confronted the priest boldly for the first time since he had entered the room.

"Supposing!" she exclaimed, her cheeks beginning to redden, and her dark-blue eyes flashing suddenly through her tears. "Supposing! Father Rocco, Fabio would never deceive me. I would die here at your feet, rather than doubt the least word he said to me!"

The priest took her by the hand, and drew her back to the stool. "I never suspected the child had so much spirit in her," he thought to himself.

"I would die," repeated Nanina, in a voice that began to falter now. "I would die, rather than doubt him."

"I will not ask you to doubt him," said Father Rocco, gently; "and I will believe in him myself as firmly as you do. Let us suppose, my child, that you have learnt patiently all the many things of which you are now ignorant, and which it is necessary for a lady to know. Let us suppose that Signor Fabio has really violated all the laws that govern people in his high station, and has taken you to him publicly as his wife. You would be happy, then, Nanina; but would he? He

has no father or mother to control him, it is true; but he has friends—many friends and intimates in his own rank—proud, heartless people, who know nothing of your worth and goodness; who, hearing of your low birth, would look on you, and on your husband too, my child, with contempt. He has not your patience and fortitude. Think how bitter it would be for him to bear that contempt—to see you shunned by proud women, and carelessly patted or patronised by insolent men. Yet all this, and more, he would have to endure, or else to quit the world he has lived in from his boyhood—the world he was born to live in. You love him, I know—”

Nanina's tears burst out afresh. “O, how dearly!—how dearly!” she murmured.

“Yes, you love him dearly,” continued the priest; “but would all your love compensate him for everything else that he must lose? It might, at first; but there would come a time when the world would assert its influence over him again; when he would feel a want which you could not supply—a weariness which you could not solace. Think of his life, then, and of yours. Think of the first day when the first secret doubt whether he had done rightly in marrying you would steal into his mind. We are not masters of all our impulses. The lightest spirits have their moments of irresistible depression; the bravest hearts are not always superior to doubt. My child, my child, the world is strong, the pride of rank is rooted deep, and the human will is frail at best! Be warned! For your own sake and for Fabio's, be warned in time.”

Nanina stretched out her hands towards the priest, in despair.

“O, Father Rocco! Father Rocco!” she cried, “why did you not tell me this before?”

“Because, my child, I only knew of the necessity for telling you, to-day. But it is not too late, it is never too late, to do a good action. You love Fabio, Nanina? Will you prove that love by making a great sacrifice for his good?”

“I would die for his good!”

“Will you nobly cure him of a passion which will be his ruin, if not yours, by leaving Pisa to-morrow?”

“Leave Pisa!” exclaimed Nanina. Her face grew deadly pale: she rose and moved back a step or two from the priest.

“Listen to me,” pursued Father Rocco. “I have heard you complain that you could not get regular employment at needlework. You shall have that employment, if you will go with me—you and your little sister too, of course—to Florence to-morrow.”

“I promised Fabio to go to the studio,” began Nanina, affrightedly. “I promised to go at ten o'clock. How can I—”

She stopped suddenly, as if her breath were failing her.

“I myself will take you and your sister to

Florence,” said Father Rocco, without noticing the interruption. “I will place you under the care of a lady who will be as kind as a mother to you both. I will answer for your getting such work to do as will enable you to keep yourself honestly and independently; and I will undertake, if you do not like your life at Florence, to bring you back to Pisa after a lapse of three months only. Three months, Nanina. It is not a long exile.”

“Fabio! Fabio!” cried the girl, sinking again on the seat, and hiding her face.

“It is for his good,” said Father Rocco calmly; “for Fabio's good, remember.”

“What would he think of me if I went away? O, if I had but learnt to write. If I could only write Fabio a letter!”

“Am I not to be depended on to explain to him all that he ought to know?”

“How can I go away from him? O, Father Rocco, how can you ask me to go away from him?”

“I will ask you to do nothing hastily. I will leave you till to-morrow morning to decide. At nine o'clock I shall be in the street; and I will not even so much as enter this house, unless I know beforehand that you have resolved to follow my advice. Give me a sign from your window. If I see you wave your white mantilla out of it, I shall know that you have taken the noble resolution to save Fabio and to save yourself. I will say no more, my child; for, unless I am grievously mistaken in you, I have already said enough.”

He went out, leaving her still weeping bitterly. Not far from the house, he met La Biondella and the dog on their way back. The little girl stopped to report to him the safe delivery of her dinner-mats; but he passed on quickly with a nod and a smile. His interview with Nanina had left some influence behind it which unfitted him just then for the occupation of talking to a child.

Nearly half-an-hour before nine o'clock on the following morning, Father Rocco set forth for the street in which Nanina lived. On his way thither he overtook a dog walking lazily a few paces a-head in the road-way; and saw, at the same time, an elegantly-dressed lady advancing towards him. The dog stopped suspiciously as she approached, and growled and showed his teeth when she passed him. The lady, on her side, uttered an exclamation of disgust; but did not seem to be either astonished or frightened by the animal's threatening attitude. Father Rocco looked after her with some curiosity, as she walked by him. She was a handsome woman, and he admired her courage. “I know that growling brute well enough,” he said to himself, “but who can the lady be?”

The dog was Scaramuccia, returning from one of his marauding expeditions. The lady was Brigida, on her way to Luca Lomi's studio.

Some minutes before nine o'clock, the priest took his post in the street, opposite Nanina's window. It was open; but neither she nor her little sister appeared at it. He looked up anxiously as the church-clocks struck the hour; but there was no sign for a minute or so after they were all silent. "Is she hesitating still?" said Father Rocco to himself.

Just as the words passed his lips, the white mantilla was waved out of the window.

WHITTINGTON IN SERVIA.

THE fact that the Londoners have no right to monopolise Richard Whittington was proved long ago by Grimm's Popular Stories, where we find the happy owner of the cat flourishing in Germany, as the third of three lucky brothers, and making his fortune by precisely the same means as those that brought wealth and civic honour to him who discovered prophetic meaning in the sound of Bow bells.

It certainly gives symmetry to the legend of Whittington to make him the youngest of three brothers. A German proverb declares that "all good things are three," and throughout the whole course of Teutonic legends we find that three adventurers are usually necessary to carry out any great purpose; and that those are usually achieved by a third son, who has previously been an object of contempt to his stronger seniors. Even the English Whittington is connected with the mystical number. Not only was he thrice Lord Mayor of London, but—what is not generally known—he was thrice buried. "This Richard Whittington," says an old history of the city, "was three times buried; first, by his executors, under a fine monument; then, in the reign of Edward VI., the parson of the Church (St. Michael, Paternoster) thinking some great riches to be buried with him, caused his monument to be broken, his body to be spoiled of his leaden sheet, and again the second time to be buried; and in the reign of Queen Mary, the parishioners were forced to take him up to lap him in lead as before, to bury him a third time, and to place his monument, or the like, over him again; which remained, and so he rested, till the great fire of London violated his resting-place again."

Whittington is not only to be found in Germany, but in Servia—a land of wild legends—and there, though, as with us, he is a brotherless individual, his moral aspect is completely changed. With us the lesson taught by the triple mayoralty is that of hopefulness under misfortune. Whittington holds a lowly position in the social scale, and is ill-used by the tyrannical cook; but, the prophecy of Bow-bells, which he heard while he rested on his walk from London, calling to him to turn again, still rings in his ears, and cheers him through his troubles. There is, of course, a sort of fatality in the

tale, but it is not of a sort that makes a person sit with his hands before him and do nothing. On the contrary, it brings with it that presentiment of success which is the stimulus to exertion, and the tone of the story is such as to justify it for the popular myths of an energetic and ambitious people like the citizens of London.

The Servian Whittington has nothing German or English in his nature, and it is singular to observe how a story nearly the same as that of the Lord Mayor of London can be told with so complete a variation of moral purpose. The Servian Whittington bears the strongest marks of an Eastern origin. An utter prostration before the Supreme Will, as the fountain of all justice, and a thorough conviction of his own unworthiness, are his characteristics. He is described as a poor man, who has hired himself out as a labourer to a rich man, but makes no compact as to wages. Here, already, we find an indication of that same feeling which makes the Turk look upon insurance against fire as an act of impiety, proving a want of trust in the discriminating justice of Providence. The poor man makes no compact, firmly believing that a higher power will measure his reward by his deserts. At the end of a year he goes to his master, and requests him to pay what is due, without naming an amount. The churlish employer gives the poor fellow a penny, but so sensitive are the feelings of gratitude in the latter, that he will not venture to enjoy his miserable reward, until Heaven proves by a miracle that he has deserved it. He takes the coin with him to the margin of a brook, and then, after expressing his wonder that the labour of a year has rendered him possessor of so great a treasure as a penny, prays to Heaven to allow the coin to float on the surface of the brook if he be worthy to retain it. When his prayer is finished, he flings his penny into the brook, and—naturally enough—it sinks at once to the bottom. He, accordingly dives after it, fetches it up, returns it to his master with an avowal of his own unworthiness, and goes to work for another year on precisely the same principle as before. At the end of the second year he receives the same reward, and makes the same experiment with the same result. Indeed, it may be remarked that, through the whole course of legendary lore, a second trial is of no service, save as a stepping-stone to a third. However, the end of another year brings with it a change of fortune. The coin which he now receives, floats on the surface of the brook; therefore Heaven has plainly declared that a penny has been rightfully earned by the labour of three years.

After a while, the master sets out, like Lord Bateman, to see some foreign country, and the labourer gives him the hard-earned penny, that he may lay it out to good advantage in parts beyond seas. The master

promises to execute faithfully the important trust, but in his way to the ship meets a number of children on the sea-shore who are ill-using a cat. He rescues the unfortunate animal with the labourer's penny, and takes it on board. The value of the cat is soon manifested, exactly as in the London tale. A land is reached, where rats and mice are the plague of the population, and where cats are unknown. The traveller produces his feline treasure, the vermin are destroyed, and a ship-load of gold and silver purchases the destroyer.

The London hero has simply to put the proceeds of his investment into his strong box, and become a great man at once; but they manage things otherwise in Servia. The Servian Whittington is not a mere instance of that eminently prosaic form of destiny, which goes by the name of luck. His piety and rectitude having been firmly established by his extreme conscientiousness in earning the penny, the tale would show that so indubitably righteous an acquisition could not under any circumstances be encroached upon by any human power. The feudal lord is less honest than the London merchant; and when he comes home he keeps the history of the cat to himself, and gives the labourer a piece of polished marble as the value of his penny. The poor fellow is delighted with his bargain; and certainly, when we find that it is large enough to serve him for a table, we must admit that he has no reason to be dissatisfied. On the following day, however, he finds his table turned into a mass of pure gold, so that it illumines his whole hut. True to his old character, he rushes to his master, describes the metamorphosis, and declares that he can have no right to such a treasure. However, the master sees in the miracle an unmistakable sign of Heaven's will. Confessing his own transgression, he gives to his honest labourer the ship-load of precious metal which he had received as the price of the cat.

We would not lose our relish for our old stories; but we think few of our readers will deny that the honest Servian peasant is a grander figure, and more effectually carries out a moral purpose, than the lucky Lord Mayor of London.

THE ANGEL.

Why should'st thou fear the beautiful angel, Death,
Who waits thee at the portals of the skies,
Ready to kiss away thy struggling breath:
Ready with gentle hand to close thine eyes.

How many a tranquil soul has pass'd away,
Fled gladly from fierce pain and pleasures dim,
To the eternal splendour of the day,
And many a troubled heart still calls for him.

Spirits too tender for the battle here
Have turn'd from life, its hopes, its fears, its charms,
And children, shuddering at a world so dear,
Have smiling pass'd away into his arms.

He whom thou fearest will, to ease its pain,
Lay his cold hand upon thy aching heart:
Will soothe the terrors of thy troubled brain,
And bid the shadow of earth's grief depart.

He will give back what neither time, nor night,
Nor passionate prayer, nor longing hope restore,
(Dear as to long blind eyes recover'd sight)
He will give back those who are gone before.

O, what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou would'st see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee.

MORE ALCHEMY.

It cannot, of course, be expected that in the course of a short article, we should be able to give our readers any deep insight into the writings of the alchemists—they were the life-long studies of men who gave themselves a living sacrifice to their art; each had to discover for himself his own knowledge,—for the writings left by the most revered adepts were all skilfully designed to conceal their secret. The books of Rhasis, by their subtle, perplexing, and intentionally misleading directions, nearly broke the heart of Bernard of Treviso, and of many another beside him. To compel the real intention of the writings of the alchemists was scarcely less difficult than the great work itself; and the fabled process of compelling Proteus to utter his oracles, was simple in comparison to getting at the meaning hidden in the dark sayings of the masters of "holy alchemy," as it was called. If our readers find our extracts sometimes hard to be understood, they may have the comfort of assuring themselves that they find them—what they were originally intended to be! Elias Ashmole published in sixteen hundred and fifty-two a book which he called "Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum," containing the metrical works of the English philosophers who have written concerning Hermetic mysteries. The book is somewhat rare, and we wish we could transfer some of the wonderful woodcuts with which it is adorned to our pages. In the preface, speaking of himself, Ashmole says,—I must profess I know enough to hold my tongue, but not enough to speak,—and the no less Real than Miraculous Fruits I have found in my diligent inquiry into this arcana, lead me on to such degrees of admiration they command silence, and force me to lose my tongue. Howbeit there are few stocks that are fitted to inoculate the grafts of science upon; they are mysteries uncommunicable to all but adepts, and those that have been devoted from their cradle to serve and wait at this altar—and they, perhaps, were with St. Paul caught up into Paradise, and as he heard unspeakable words—so they wrought impossible works, such as it is not lawful to utter.

The first whose work he reprints is Thomas

Norton, of Bristol; a man of high repute; whose family lived in great esteem under Henry the Eighth. He died in fifteen hundred and sixty-two, at the age of one hundred and thirteen. There were nine brothers named Norton, who lived much respected; one of them, Sir Sampson Norton, lies buried in Fulham Church; his tomb is adorned with Hermetic paintings. He was master of the horse to Henry the Eighth. "The Ordinal," Thomas Norton's chief work, which was written in fourteen hundred and seventy-seven, opens thus:

Maistryful, marvelous, and Archimaistry
Is the tincture of holy alkimy.
A wonderful science, secrete philosophie,
A singular gift and grace of the Almighty,
Which never was found by the labour of mann;
But by teaching or revelation becomm.
It was never for money sold nor bought,
By any man which for it hath sought,
But given to an able man by grace,
Wrought with great cost, by long loisir and space.
It helpeth a man when he hath neede;
It voideth vain-glory, hope, and also drede;
It voideth ambitiousness, extortion and excesse;
It fenceth adversity that shée doe not oppresse.

This science was never taught to man,
But he were proved perfectly with space
Whether he were able to receive this grace,
For his trowth, vertue, and for his stable witt,
Which if he fault he shall never have it,—
Also no man could yet this science reach
But if God send a master him to teach;
For it is so wonderful, and so seelouth,
That it must needs be taught from mouth to mouth.
Also he must (be he never so loath)
Receive it with a most secrete dreadfull oath,
That as we refuse great dignities and fame,
So we must needs refuse the same.
Also that he shall not be so wilde
To teach this secret to his owne childe,
For nighness of blood, nor consanguinity
May not accepted be to this dignity.

So that noe man may leave this arte behind,
But he an able and approved man can finde
When age shall grieve him to ride or goe,
One, he may teach, but then never no moe.
For this science must ever secrete be,
The cause whereof is this, as ye may see:
All Christian pease he might hastily spill,
And with his pride he might pull downe
Rightful kings and princes of renowne.
Wherefore the sentence of perill and jeopardy
Upon the teacher resteth dreadfully.

The following lines are curious. What mines of treasure there would be in old marine store shops if Raymond Lully had only left his secret, if he had a secret, plainly written:

— In a city of Catilony
William Raymond Lully, knight, men suppose,
Made in seven images the trowth to disclose;
Three were good silver, in shape like ladies bright,
Everie each of four were gold, and like a knight,
In borders of their clothing letters did appear,
Signifying in sentences as it sheweth here:

1. Of old hobnails (said one) I was yre,
Now I am good silver as good as ye desire.
2. I was (said another) iron, set from the mine,
But now I am gold, pure, perfect, and fine.
3. Whilome was I copper, of an old red pann,
Now am I good silver, said the third woman.
4. The fourth said, I was copper grown in the filthy
place,
Now am I perfect, God made by God's grace.
5. The fifth said, I was silver, perfect thro' fine,
Now am I perfect gold, excellent, better than the
prime.
6. I was a pipe of lead nigh two hundred year,
And now, to all men, good silver I appeare.
7. The seventh said, I leade, am gould made for the
maistrie,

But trowly my fellows are nearer thereto than I.
Covetize and cunning, have discorde by kinde,
Who lucre coveteth, this science shall not find.

Norton is eloquent about the piety, prudence, and temperance a man must possess to study the science with any probability of success—which may perhaps account for the fact that

Amongst millions millions of mankind,
Scarcely seven men may this science find.

The seven planets (all that were known in those days) had each an especial influence over the corresponding seven metals. Whether any of the more recently-discovered planets have accepted the character of presiding spirits to the newly-discovered metals, we do not know. The stone passed through many phases during the progress of the great work—the adepts are eloquent in their description of the "great pleasure and delight" it was to watch the "admirable works of Nature within the vessels." We are sorry that we cannot tell the reader what the matter, or substance was, upon which the masters set to work, at once so difficult and so indispensable; but the truth is, that this First Principle was the citadel of the great secret of nature,—the resting point upon which the lever might be fixed, which would be able to move the whole natural world. This secret each master religiously guarded; they all speak of it under different names—almost innumerable—as, The Green Lion, Litharge, Heavy Water, Dry Water, Burning Water, The Son blessed of the Fire, The Brother of the Serpent, The Egg, Mizadir, The Tears of the Eagle, Mumbucumia, Xit, Zaaf, Life, Mercury, and so forth. The masters speak freely of the subsequent processes to which this matter was subjected, but upon the method of securing this secret of secrets they maintained a silence like death. In a treatise that bears the candid title of *Secrets Revealed*, the encouraging sentence is found at the end:—"Having prepared our secret in the furnace, we shut them in our vessels and proceed with our fire, and within they are done shalt see, &c." The same is true of the rant both of our secret and our process, and meddle not in the matter.

will be thy lot, and no gain nor profit." This is literally the first sentence; we fold our hands humbly, and follow the advice contained therein. Having thus cunningly locked up the secret, the master has no further scruple about becoming communicative—but always in emblematic language, and at great, indeed almost interminable length. We fear the reader would not derive any other profit than the trial of his patience, which, however, was the cardinal virtue called forth in alchemy. The Substance passed through various colours on its progress towards perfection; and these colours were the indications whether the workers were in the right track, and also whether the fires and furnaces were of the proper temperature. The first process was called *Putrefaction*—"the engendering of the crow,"—and the matter became "black, blacker than black itself." Sometimes it appeared dry, but at the end of forty days it boiled like melted pitch; but it was essential to keep the vessel tightly closed. After this, for the space of three weeks there appeared all the colours that can possibly be imagined in the world; these at last gave place, and a whiteness showed itself at the sides of the vessel, most beautiful to behold—"like unto rays or hairs;" this was the second stage of the work. At the end of the fourth month the matter again assumed many beautiful colours, but momentary, and soon vanishing, and more akin to white than black. This stage of the process endured for about three weeks, during which, the matter began to change into many forms; it melted and grew hard again many times a day; "sometimes," says one of the masters, "it will appear like to the eyes of a fish,—sometimes like a pure silver tree, shining with branches and leaves; in a word, about this season the hourly marvels shall overwhelm the sight, and at the last thou shalt have most pure and sparkling grains, like unto atoms of the sun, more glorious than which human eyes never saw." This, however, was not the end. The congealed mass—the *White Stone*, as it was called—was then taken out of the vessel, and put into a fresh one, an operation very difficult, and "only to be done by the will of God;" the least error would spoil the whole work, and to regulate the fire at this critical period required something like inspiration. This critical period—the progress from the *White Stone* to the *Red*—endured forty days, during every instant of which the philosopher was liable to see all his work spoiled. The white gradually assumed many transitory colours—green, at first, which was looked on as the sign of the animation and germinating virtue of the substance; purple, yellow, brown, successively followed; at length it assumed "the colours of the rainbow and the peacock's tail, which show most gloriously." At this period, the substance assumed many *strange shapes*. At the end of thirty days a

citrine or golden colour began to tinge the mass within the vessel. The work was now near the close. "Now," says the master, "to God, the giver of all good, you must render immortal thanks, who hath brought on this work so far, and beg earnestly of him that thy counsel may be so governed that thou mayest not endeavour to hasten thy work so as to lose all." After about fourteen days' further expectation, the golden colour was tinged with violet, and the substance, after taking various forms, and being congealed and liquefied again many times a day for the space of another month—the end came—within the space of three days the matter became converted into fine grains, "as fine as the atoms of the sun," and the colour the highest *red* imaginable, like the soundest blood when it is congealed." This was the crown of the work—the "king that had triumphed over the horrors of the tomb." There still remained some further manipulation before projection, or the act of transmutation could be accomplished, but having attained thus far, the remainder was comparatively easy, and we conclude this portion of our chapter with the counsel of one of the masters: "Whosoever enjoyeth this talent, let him be sure to employ it for the glory of God, and the good of his neighbours, lest he be found ungrateful to God his creditor, who has blest him with so great a talent, and so be in the last day found guilty of misproving of it, and so condemned."

Amongst the hieroglyphics with which Nicholas Flamel adorned the fourth arch of the Cemetery of the Holy Innocents in Paris, and which, as he declared, indicated both the truths of religion and the secrets of alchemy, there was the figure of a black man kneeling with a scroll coming from his mouth, upon which was written, "Take away my blackness." The true philosophers were recognised by the matter which they employed for the work of the magistracy. They spoke of their matter as "one, although it was found everywhere and in every thing, and it could only be drawn thence by its own virtue." It was the quintessence which contained the principle out of which all things are made. A modern German physiologist has declared that if we could understand the process of Nutrition, we should have seized upon the secret of Life. The alchemists worked in this idea. The aim they professed was to discover the seed or germinating principle of metals, and to discover the conditions under which this seed grew in the bowels of the earth, and became lead, silver, gold, &c.—and the different influences by which one metal became more precious and perfect than another, weary work they had with their melting, and distillations, and coagulations, and fixations, and evaporations, and precipitations. It is quite in vain for any one to hope by following the directions left in the writings

of the great masters, to perfect the lower metals into the higher ones. They who possessed the secret—kept it! All that modern chemistry can say, is, that metals do certainly grow in the earth; but under what laws and conditions originated, is not known. As regards gems, which was also an object of alchemical research, modern science has recognised that it is absolutely practicable to make gems by art, although hitherto the result has not been perfect.

We are not writing a treatise upon alchemy; all we purpose to ourselves is to give the point of view from which the great old masters of the art contemplated it. To speak of alchemy flippantly and compendiously as a delusion, or an imposture,—and to speak of the adepts themselves only as either dupes or impostors, is to show a very small and narrow spirit, a spirit in which no sort of wisdom can take root and grow. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit," says King Solomon, "there is more hope of a fool than of him." Basil Valentine's instructions to those about to address themselves to the Great Work show that alchemists were at least in earnest. "First, therefore, the name of God ought to be called on religiously with a pure heart and sound conscience, without ambition, hypocrisy, and other abuses, such as are pride, arrogance, disdain, worldly boasting, and oppression of our neighbours, and other tyrannies and enormities of that kind, all which are to be totally eradicated out of the heart. . . . For, seeing that man hath nothing but what his most bounteous Creator bestows upon him . . . it is most just that his first Father (who hath created the heaven and the earth, things visible and invisible) be with most inward humble prayers, sought to for the obtaining of them . . . Whosoever, therefore, hath resolved within himself to seek the top of terrestrials, that is, the knowledge of the good lodging in every creature lying dormant, or covered in stones, herbs, roots, seeds, living creatures, plants, minerals, metals, and the like; let him cast behind him all worldly cares and other appurtenances, and expect release with his whole heart by humble prayer, and his hope shall not fail." Men who began and pursued their life-long toil in this spirit, are not to be spoken of without great respect.

The mixture in the works of the alchemists of religious analogies and fanciful allusions, with philosophical facts, would provoke a smile, so we will not go into their speculations upon the New Jerusalem as described in the Apocalypse. With its twelve gates of precious stones—its streets of gold, with the Tree of Life growing in the midst, "the leaves of which were for the healing of the nations,"—the "sea of glass mingled with fire;" and the Fountain of the Water of Life, at which whosoever is athirst may hope to drink. We will conclude our specimens and extracts from the alchemists,

by the following scrap from Sir George Ripley, who wrote the *Twelve Gates of Alchemy*, in fourteen hundred and seventy-one, which he dedicated to King Edward the Fourth. He was Canon of Bridlington, in Yorkshire, and exempted from the rules of his cloister in order that he might travel in search of knowledge. He was dignified by the Pope, and enjoyed a great reputation; he died in fourteen hundred and ninety.

The Bird of Hermes * is my name,
Eating my wings to make me tame,
In the sea withouten lesse
Standeth the Bird is Hermes—
Eating his wings variable,
And thereby maketh himself more stable.
When all his feathers be agone
He standeth still there as a stone;
Here is now both white and red,
And also the stone to quicken the dead;
All and some, withouten fable,
Both hard, and nesh, and malleable.
Understand now well aright,
And thanke God of this Light.

The following, which is signed W. D. D. REDMAN and is called an Enigma Philosophicum, is not one whit more easy to be understood than the clear and candid explanations; and with this we take leave of our readers.

ENIGMA PHILOSOPHICUM.

There is no light but what lives in the sun;
There is no sun but which is twice begott.
Nature and Arte the Parents; first begonne
By Nature 'twas, but Nature perfects not;
Arte, then, what Nature left, in hand doth take,
And out of one, a twofold work dothe make.
A twofold worke, but such a worke
As doth admit division none at all,
(See here wherein the secret most doth lurk),
Unless it be a mathematical.
It must be two, yet make it one and one,
And you do take the way to make it none.

THE AUDIT BOARD.

THE Board of Audit has a history which—thanks to an official document—it will not cost us much trouble to tell.

Before the reign of Queen Elizabeth the accounts of the crown were examined by auditors specially constituted for the purpose, or by the auditors of the land revenue; or at times, as in the case of sheriffs, collectors of revenue, the customs, the mint, and the keeper of the wardrobe, by the auditors of the exchequer. Certain accounts, however, were examined in the office of the lord high treasurer, as some few accounts are to this day examined there.

In the second year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, two auditors of the imprests (an imprest is an advance of public money) were appointed, and these offices continued in existence till the year one thousand seven

* The "Bird of Hermes" was one of the names by which the masters spoke of their matter or substance.

hundred and eighty-five. The auditors were paid by fees on the accounts they examined. The fees were at established rates, but were sometimes increased by the lord high treasurer on a memorial from the auditors that the accounts were more voluminous than they had formerly been, or by a voluntary grant from the lord high treasurer for the pains which the auditors had been at in making up particular accounts. The accounts of the treasurer of the navy appear to have occasioned the first memorial from the auditors for an increased allowance. This was upwards of two hundred years ago.

The two auditors of the imprests, as originally appointed, had no power to call upon parties to render account, but were dependent on the treasury for getting them. This state of dependence on the treasury continued during the struggle with Charles the First; but, in the year sixteen hundred and forty-nine the auditors were empowered by the committee of public revenue, sitting at Westminster, to call before them all such persons as had received any moneys upon imprests or otherwise, to pass their accounts according to the usual course of the exchequer. Fees were abolished by the same committee, and the two auditors were allowed a fixed salary of five hundred a-year each for themselves, as it was stated; and their clerks, including all charges for house-rent, pens, ink, paper, and parchment, and all other incidental expenses.

With the restoration of Charles the Second, the two auditors returned to the former system of payment by fees, and dependence on the treasury—a practice which remained in force until the abolition of their duties sixty years since. The accounts had by that time increased so much, however, both in number and bulk, that each of the auditors was receiving not less, but even more than sixteen thousand a-year, and retired when the office was abolished upon an annuity of more than half that sum. Each auditor had his deputy and staff of six or seven clerks; and, as an example of the scale of remuneration to the auditors of the imprests, the account of the chief cashier of the Bank of England may be quoted; for the audit of which there was allowed a hundred pounds for every million of capital stock managed by that company. The fees paid for auditing the bank account for the year seventeen hundred and eighty-four exceeded twenty thousand pounds.

The first attempt by the House of Commons to establish a control over the grants of parliament, and to check the appropriation of supplies was made in sixteen hundred and sixty-seven; when it was determined by the house, that the money voted for the Dutch war should be applied only to the purposes of the war. Commissioners for this purpose were appointed by an act for taking the accounts; and, by these commissioners the strictest scrutiny was made, as is observed by

Pepys, who was minutely examined before them on the expenditure of the navy. "That supplies granted by parliament are only to be expended for particular objects specified by itself, became," says Mr. Hallam, "from this time an undisputed principle recognised by frequent and, at length, constant practice." This may be considered the first establishment of a parliamentary audit; or, in other words, of an audit to a certain extent independent of the government. The commissioners specially appointed in subsequent reigns under various acts, to take and state the public accounts of the kingdom, were independent of the treasury, and generally consisted of persons who were not members of parliament. The functions of these commissioners interfered in no way with the duties of the auditors of the imprests.

As yet, except by these temporary commissions, there was no general scheme of control or superintendence over the whole of the public accounts; and the system of allowing the office which regulated and controlled the issue of public money the power of separately auditing the expenditure, remained in force. Money was issued by the treasury, without account, apart from the control of parliament. By degrees, however, fresh attempts were made to obtain comprehensive audit of all public accounts. With this object the office of the commissioners for auditing the public accounts was created at the suggestion of Pitt after the American war, on the abolition of the two auditors of the imprests, sixty years ago. The board consisted then of five commissioners (two of them being comptrollers of army accounts,) paid at fixed salaries; fees for auditing accounts having been abolished by the same act which appointed them.

But even by these improvements no uniform plan of audit was obtained; for there still existed other offices independent of one another, and responsible to the treasury. They were the following:—auditor of the exchequer; auditor of the land revenues; auditor of excise; comptrollers of army accounts, and commissioners for the accounts of Ireland. Other offices subsequently arose out of the exigencies of war and other circumstances; namely, those of the commissioners for West India accounts, in eighteen hundred and six; and of the commissioners for colonial accounts, eight years later. The accounts of the subordinate officers of the army, navy, and ordnance were examined by the respective departments, to whom alone those officers were responsible, but no general account was made up for audit until twenty-two years ago in the case of the navy, and nine years ago in the case of the army and ordnance. Since that time an audited account of the appropriation of the votes of parliament for each service, and also for the commissariat service, has been laid before the House of Commons by the commissioners of audit.

under the act nine and ten Victoria, chapter ninety-two.

The disadvantage and expense attendant on a subdivided form of audit managed in so many unconnected offices—the want, in fact, of compact organisation, which is still felt more or less in all departments of the government—led from time to time to fresh consolidations. In the year eighteen hundred and thirteen one of the commissioners for auditing the public accounts was appointed auditor-general of accounts in the Peninsula. He returned from Lisbon six years afterwards, and his establishment was then reduced. The extraordinary expenditure arising out of the famine in Ireland, in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, rendered it necessary for the commissioners of audit to send two officers to Dublin, to examine the accounts of the relief commissioners during the progress of the expenditure. It was also at about the same time considered necessary by the government to appoint a special commission to sit in Dublin, to examine the accounts of the expenditure for the labouring poor in Ireland.

Various duties have from time to time been assigned to the commissioners for auditing the public accounts by the Lords of the Treasury, thereby making them general advisers of the government in matters of account, in addition to their duties as auditors. The duty of making up and preparing an annual account of the transactions of the commissariat chest has also been assigned to the commissioners of audit, by treasury minute dating nine or ten years back. The Lords of the Treasury have expressed an opinion, that all accounts of the expenditure of public money should be audited by the commissioners for auditing the public accounts, and there are now not many exceptions to that rule.

The board of audit now consists of five commissioners; there were once nine. The chairman has a salary of fifteen hundred a-year; the four others, twelve hundred a-year each. They are appointed by the crown; but, with a view to secure their independence, the appointment is a patent one, and, having once been made, can only be revoked on an address from both Houses of Parliament to the Crown. The salaries of these national auditors are, for the same reason, settled as fixed charges upon the consolidated fund. Before entering on his duties, each commissioner swears that he will faithfully perform them; and he is, in his turn, authorised to administer to all subordinates oaths in assurance of their true and faithful demeanour in all things relating to the performance of the trust reposed in them. No audit commissioner can sit in parliament. Down to the year last expired, the cost of the whole establishment was charged on the consolidated fund. But, with a view to the annual revision of the main expenses of the department

by the House of Commons, it has now to be provided for by annual estimate and vote of that assembly. The estimate voted last year was nearly fifty thousand pounds. The cost of the department, including the salaries of the commissioners, being about fifty-four thousand a-year.

The board, attended by its secretary, meet at least three times a week for the transaction of the higher kind of business. But, in addition to board meetings, the commissioners divide themselves into committees of two, for the despatch of details not requiring general consideration. Each of these committees takes under its more immediate control one or two of the interior departments into which the work is distributed, and the heads of those departments attend, to bring before the committees to which they are subject, all questions of doubt and difficulty.

The establishment consists of a secretary with eight hundred a-year rising to a thousand; an inspector of naval and military accounts with six hundred a-year, rising to eight; ten inspectors with five hundred a-year rising to six hundred and fifty; fifteen first-class senior examiners with four hundred a-year rising to five; one book-keeper, with four hundred a-year rising to five hundred and fifty; one supernumerary first-class senior examiner with four hundred a-year rising to five hundred; twenty second-class senior examiners, and two supernumeraries, all with salaries of three hundred rising to three hundred and fifty pounds; moreover thirty junior examiners and two supernumeraries whose salaries amount from a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty pounds; finally, thirty assistant examiners and one supernumerary, whose salaries rise from ninety pounds a-year to one hundred and forty.

The patronage of these officers is with the treasury; but, with two exceptions, all enter in the lowest rank, as assistant examiners, and rise according to a rule laid down by the commissioners. The exceptions are the secretary and the inspectors in charge of naval and military accounts. These two officers receive a direct appointment from the treasury, and do not rise by gradations through the lower ranks. The whole establishment is divided into twelve branches or departments:—

1. The secretary's department. This conducts the general business of the board, such as the preparation of minutes, reports, correspondence, and is the department through which all the business transacted by the other departments may be said to be filtered in its passage to the Board. The appropriation audit of the commissariat chest account, for presentation to parliament, is compiled under the secretary's superintendence. This leading branch consists of the secretary, the book-keeper, the chief clerk, three senior second-class, and six assistant examiners.

2. Naval and military accounts.

3. Revenue accounts branch; for auditing the customs, post-office, inland revenue, and sheriffs' accounts.

4. The public debt and pay-office accounts branch. This takes cognisance of the accounts of the Bank of England, of the national debt, of the paymaster-general, the paymaster of the civil service in Ireland, and the queen and lord treasurer's remembrancer in Scotland.

5. The woods and works account branch.

6. The first section of the commissariat branch. This attends to commercial affairs at and beyond the Cape of Good Hope, namely, at the Cape and at Ceylon, Hong Kong, the Mauritius, New South Wales, New Zealand, South Australia, Western Australia, and Van Diemen's Land.

7. The second section of the commissariat branch. This deals with the business of the commissariat on this side of the Cape.

8 and 9. Are formed by a like division into two sections of the colonial account branch.

10. The police and prisons branch. Attends to the accounts of the London and Dublin police, the Irish constabulary, county-courts, the convict service, and all prisons.

11 and 12. Are the first and second section of the miscellaneous account branch. The business of the first includes the accounts of all poor-law commissions, of Irish lunatic asylums, hospitals and infirmaries, of the board of trade, the diplomatic and the secret service. The other section of this branch takes cognisance of all other small accounts of the public service, some thirty or forty in number, and is manned with one inspector, one senior first-class, two senior second-class, three junior and two assistant examiners, and one temporary clerk.

The number of persons in the establishment averages one hundred and fifty persons. The temporary clerks receive according to their standing, from five to eleven shillings a-day. The retiring allowances are the same as in other departments of the civil service.

Against every one who receives public money a charge of the amount imprested to him is entered on the books of the audit board, and the board then calls on the receiver to discharge himself of the sum—first, by showing proper vouchers for the money he has spent, and then by proof that he was duly authorised to spend it.

When the examination of an account is completed at the audit office, the commissioners make what is called a "state of the account," which briefly includes the charge and discharge. This they transmit to the treasury, which, if satisfied therewith, grants a warrant to prepare it for declaration. The state of the account so warranted is then made into a declared account, declared by the commissioners of audit, and signed by the chancellor of the exchequer. A record of it is entered at the treasury; but it is in the audit office

that the document is finally deposited. The fact is then notified to the accountant. If there is no balance in his hands, the account is pronounced even and quit. If there be a balance, it is notified that the charge against the accountant is so much and the discharge so much, and the accountant is declared to be indebted to the amount of whatever the balance may be. This is the accountant's formal acquittance to the extent stated. On the other side, for balances improperly detained in the accountant's hands the board of audit has power to charge him interest; and both it and the treasury have large and prompt remedies at law against all debtors to the crown.

The duties and powers of the audit office are partially enacted by various statutes, and partly the result of treasury orders. In those of its duties for which authority is derived by statute the audit board acts independently of the treasury, and will not admit of its interference; but in all other respects the audit board is subject to the treasury as its superior power. At present, the laws under which the board acts are confused and dispersed; but it is intended shortly to consolidate and bring them all into one general statute. It is probable that these changes will tend to render the audit board more independent of the treasury than it now is.

THE OLD BOAR'S HEAD.

IN no history of London that has ever been written, from the remote time of the old author, Fitz-Stephen, up to that of our present Peter Cunningham, has the gradual downfall of any ancient house been so minutely described as that of the Old Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, by Shakspeare. GOLDSMITH and WASHINGTON IRVING have, each in his own delightful way, treated of the Old Boar's Head. Let me follow its decline and fall, through Shakspeare.

It was, and for years had been, a respectable and well-to-do house at the time Prince Hal and his boon companions frequented it; for the host, Quickly, was a thorough man of business, and had everybody's good word, even that of his wife; but after his death there was a great change for the worse, and, in the end, utter ruin. Falstaff and his followers got into the widow's debt. He borrowed money of her, and even got her to sell her goods and chattels; introduced such characters as Doll Tearsheet into the house, promised to marry her, then went off into the country to beat about for recruits, and when he returned found her in prison. The character of the old tavern sank lower and lower; a man was killed during a brawl in the house; Widow Quickly took in common lodgers; married that bounding, cowardly, "swaggering rascal," Pistol. Then Falstaff died in it. Her new husband left her and went to the wars; and finally she died in the hospital.

It stood in a commanding situation—the high road from the Tower to Westminster. All the royal processions—and there were a many in its palmy days—passed the door of the Old Boar's Head, before turning into Grass-church Street, and on to the Conduit and Standard on Cornhill. Behind it and near at hand was the river, old London Bridge, Billingsgate, with its fishermen and watermen, who had only to step a few yards up the gradual ascent, and in at the back door of the tavern to obtain whatever they pleased to call for, from those obliging drawers, Tom, Dick, and Francis; and from the latter they were sure to obtain a civil "Anon, anon, sirs," however busy he might be. Nor was it any great distance from Leadenhall Market, where the artificers worked who prepared the pageants; and these, we may be sure, often dropped in to pick up what news they could from the followers of the Prince, and to ascertain when they were likely to have a job to repaint the Nine Worthies, silver the angels, and gild the dragons, which had been but little used during the reign of Richard the Second, who passed the old tavern when he was led a prisoner to the Tower by Hal's father, the ambitious Bolingbroke. Host Quickly was a man of business, and would never lose an opportunity of contributing to these pageants, and of showing his loyalty—whoever might be king—by throwing over the balustrades of his gallery the tapestry that decorated his dining chambers, which would hang down as low as the "red-lattice," where Bardolph often stood to cool his nose, which was of the same colour as the painted easement. He would not even allow his business to be interrupted by so coveted a customer as Prince Hal; for when he and Poins were both calling the drawer at the same time, and simple sugar-stick-loving Francis stood amazed, not knowing which way to go, Host Quickly stepped up with a brief sharp "What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within." Then as if he had not seen their mad pranks with the drawer, he politely acquainted the Prince that Falstaff and some half-dozen more are at the door, and asked if it was his pleasure that they should be let in. Such a man was sure to get on, and deserved the encouragement he received; for, the Prince when speaking of him to Dame Quickly, said, "I love him well; he is an honest man." And when Falstaff complained of having had his pocket picked in the tavern, he indignantly said, "the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before." He allowed no Doll Tear-sheets, or swaggering Pistols, or butchers' wives to come in and "borrow vinegar," hang about the tavern, or be familiar with his wife, while he was alive; but made the Old Boar's Head one of the most respectable houses in the City of London, while his wife was known far and wide as "a most sweet trench," and was compared, by Hal himself,

no mean authority, to the "honey of Hybla." His Pomegranate-room was always kept a rich warm orange colour, where, by the winter fire, such guests as Smooth the silkman loved to congregate; while the Half-moon-parlour had a cool look in the hottest day of summer, with its silver white walls; and in the Dolphin-chamber you might sit for the long hour together, and admire the tapestry, on which Arion sat on the sea-green monster's back, while the waves looked almost as natural as those which were ever rolling about the confined arches of old London Bridge. No marvel that such a man had parcel-gilt cups, plate of every description, rooms hung with arras, and "noblemen of the court at the door." He lived in days when the City was the West-end, and the neighbourhood of the Tower was covered with the mansions of the nobility; and many of those, no doubt, like Prince Hal, "loved him well," and knew him to be an "honest man," though he did occasionally, like the hosts of the present day, adulterate his liquors, and put "lime in his sack." He died before Prince Hal ascended the throne, and, though the heir-apparent still used the house occasionally, the Old Boar's Head was never again what it had been during the lifetime of Mine Host Quickly.

After his death there was a great change in the Old Boar's Head. Falstaff, who seldom let slip the opportunity of ingratiating himself in the good graces of Dame Quickly, even in her husband's lifetime, called her his "tristful queen," when enacting the part of the king before Prince Hal, and otherways complimented her on many similar occasions; and now he not only lived at "rack and manger" himself, but quartered his lawless followers on the too-easy widow. After his exploits at Shrewsbury, about which he used to tell as many untruths as he formerly had told of the men in buckram at Gadshill, he sat where he liked, and not only called for what he pleased without paying for it, but getting the fond foolish woman into the Dolphin-chamber, he would, while sitting at the round table, at a sea-coal fire, borrow her money, and talk about marrying her, then spend it before her face on such disreputable characters as Doll Tear-sheet. Then she became irritable, maudlin, and fond to foolishness; at one hour abusing him, the next suing him for what he owed her, and almost in the same breath offering to pawn her very gown to support him in his extravagance; though at the same time, as she said, "he was eating her out of house and home." Worse than all, she sat down and drank with the disreputable company Falstaff brought to the tavern, talked sad nonsense over her cups about what Master Tisick the deputy and Master Dumb the minister said of her honesty and respectability; and this to the very persons who made her house infamous. As for Falstaff, instead of pitying and protecting

her, he added insult to injury; spoke of her before the chief justice as having become distraught, said that she had been in "good case" once, but that poverty had distracted her; and then before that dignitary's face took the poor fond weak-minded creature aside, and persuaded her to pawn her plate and arras, which he told her was only "bed-hangings and flea-bitten tapestry," and that any "slight drollery" in water-works was worth a thousand of these ancient heirlooms; while glass was better than those parcel-gilt cups, which had so long been the pride of the Old Boar's Head. The master's eye was no longer there to overlook; the master-mind that reduced all to order was gone. Smooth the silkman would fight shy of the house, for the rumoured change would soon reach Lombard Street. Tisick the deputy would shun it. Dumb the minister, after a few sharp remonstrances, in which Falstaff would laugh him to scorn, would cross over the way whenever he went past; and even Keech the butcher's wife would steal in at the back door, for but few of the female neighbours would care to claim acquaintanceship with a woman who drank canary with Mistress Tear-sheet; and was continually having the city-watch at her door to quell some brawl. Francis the drawer had, no doubt, long before things came to this pass, taken Prince Hal's advice, shown his indentures a fair pair of heels, and left some other to cry "Anon, anon, sir," through the deafening clinking of pewter. The plate was melted, the tapestry pawned; the Pomegranate-room was the colour of a November fog, the Half-moon parlour a dead dirty white. Arion and his dolphin had gone—having been carried off and sold. The green ceiling, which gave such a cool sea-like look to the apartment, was peeling off; the quaintly-carved mantel-piece clogged with dust; and instead of that look of cleanliness which gave such a charm to the Old Boar's Head, nothing would be seen but neglect, decay, and dirt. Falstaff, as he told Shallow, still saw old Jane Nightwork; she was then very old, and it could only have been as charwoman at the tavern in East-cheap where he met her; for, the Windmill in St. George's Fields went to the dogs after old John Nightwork died. And now old Jane went out to clean, ate broken victuals in the scullery, and ran errands, perhaps for Doll Tear-sheet, hunting up Sneak the street musician when he was wanted, or running for Fang to arrest some customer who kicked up a disturbance, and refused to pay his reckoning. "Oh, what a falling off was there!"

The large chair in which Falstaff sat to enact the part of king, when he drank a cup of sack to make his eyes look red, before rebuking Prince Hal, was by this time either broken up or sold. The cushion which he placed on his head for a crown, had long lain under one of the benches; and many a cur had coiled itself up, and slept on it for hours

together unheeded. Bardolph's nose stood boldly out in its fiery crimson from weather-stained and unpainted lattice as for Nell, as Mistress Quickly was familiarly called, she would sit neglecting business, sipping with Doll Tear-sheet, saying her "that she had known Falstaff twenty-nine years come peascod-time; and the honestest or truer-hearted man never in Jack meantime, with Nym and Pistol, having the run of the house, while that lamous boy was ever plaguing Bardolph with his nose; and the poor old man, the friend Falstaff had, and who had served faithfully "forty years," would sit apart, sigh over the good old times which had parted never to return again: sometimes saying to his master, "you cannot live by though such kindly warnings were uttered by the gormandising knight: while as Nell Quickly she sat with closed eyes, went drifting headlong to ruin.

Lower and lower fell the character of Old Boar's Head; almost every hour of day and night would the maudlin widow hope of quelling the riot, brawling, drunkenness, "forswear keeping house, rather than be in those tiritris and frights." Fal and Bardolph were "on his Majesty's service in the country, making all the money they could for themselves, out of the Mouldy Bullcalfs, they were enlisting, and living the fat of the land, in Gloucestershire, Justice Shallow: while at home those rough-paced rascals, Pistol and Nym, were quarrelling for the hand of Dame Quickly like wreckers over a salvage. The old tavern had now become a common lodging-house: "there had been a man or two killed in it," it had become dangerous to go into there. A watch was set about the dark spots and alleys which lay around the spot, especially such as led to the foot of the stairs, for there were suspicious whisperings, dark hints of foul play, and dead bodies had been thrown into the river, to show the bridge, and be drawn by the boiling deep down, never more to arise under the sound of Doom. The gallery from the parlour, quickly used to hang out his tapestry on days, was now broken and dangerous, looked as if it would, at any hour, fall down upon the heads of the passengers; the round table which stood on it, and which formerly been the ornament of the dining-chamber, was covered with dust and marks of muddy ale, while one broken stool was spliced with unsightly rope, the work of some waterman. Low fellows, employed at the wharves and river, porters, costagers, and fishmongers, and such as were in the streets, now occupied it, playing at grots, drinking, and quarrelling all day long, and insulting every passenger in the street. The doors were hanging half-off the hinges, the balustrades were broken, windows were broken, and stopped up with paper and rags,

which sat women—even a grade lower than Doll Tear-sheet, who had run her race, and was then in the hospital. It was a bad house, shunned by every one who respected himself, and only frequented by those who had no character to lose. Nym and Pistol, when not quarrelling were gambling, then disputing about their bettings; and, though both arrant cowards, threatening to “scour their rapiers” on each other, then compounding in money and drink; and patching up a hollow peace, while Dame Quickly was ever threatening to shut up the house. Even she had been dragged off to prison to account for the death of some customer, and what little she possessed had gone to obtain her liberty. After this, she fell so low, that she married Pistol: a fellow whom Doll had many a time called “cut-purse cheat, and juggler.” And, now, she could no longer lift up her head, and say with pride, as when Quickly was alive, “I am an honest man’s wife;” for, a greater cur, and a more thorough-grained rogue than Pistol, had never set foot on the causeway of Eastcheap.

Last scene of all—amid all this vice, wretchedness, poverty, and misery—poor, broken-hearted Falstaff, was one day brought in from the Fleet prison, by Bardolph, to die. Prince Hal was now king, and had not only shaken off all his old companions, but had threatened them with punishment, if they came a-near him. Poor Jack was lying upstairs in a dilapidated chamber, on a bed, the hangings of which, had long before been sold by Nell, to supply him with money. On that April day, when his old boon companion rode by on his way from the Tower, to be crowned king at Westminster, Bardolph, his nose paler than in former days, stood on the broken balcony, and sighed as the procession passed, while he thought of his kind old master, dying neglected within. Even the young king, after raising his eyes for a moment to glance at the house where he had held so many of his mad merry-makings, seemed saddened when he beheld its altered condition; nor did he raise his head again, until his attention was roused by the surrounding nobles, to the gaudy pageant which stretched across Grass-church Street.

There was a smell of May in the “simple market of Bucklersbury,” and whenever Falstaff sat amid the buzzing of flies in his stifling chamber, “babbling of green fields,” thither faithful Bardolph would go, if he could either beg, or borrow, a groat, and purchase flowers to deck and sweeten his apartment; for, they set the poor invalid talking of the summer-arbour in which he had eaten last year’s pippins with Shallow, and of the pleasant head-lands that were then waving with red wheat. And now his clothes were a world too wide for him; he could have buckled that villainous boy within his belt, who had no pity for him, but when he complained of feeling cold, would with

a grin, bid Bardolph “put his nose between the sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan.” The low lodgers were ever running in and out, slamming the doors all day long. Pistol was constantly quarrelling with Nym, and his own wife, and begrudging every little kindness she showed to Falstaff; and she, in her half-crazed way, muddled with drink, and ill-clad, would, every now and then, come hurrying in, with her hair hanging about her face; fond, foolish, and maudlin; telling him how she should never be happy any more, since she couldn’t have him; and he, feeling that he had brought her to that state, would sit and wish that he had his life to live over again, while he vowed within himself, if such a thing could be, how differently he would act. Sometimes Sneak, the street musician, would half madden him, by the horrible noise he made, while playing to the drunken guests in the broken balcony: and old Jane Nightwork, would be constantly moving about him in her dirt and ugliness. Sometimes he would repeat to himself the words Prince Hal uttered, when he thought he was dead, while lying beside Percy on the battle-field of Shrewsbury, and say with a sigh, “I could have better spared a better man.” Then Nell would bid him be of good cheer, and as he “fumbled with the sheets, and played with the flowers,” would, poor simple soul, try to amuse him, by telling him of the mad pranks he and Hal played in her younger days, unconscious that the awakening of such recollections pierced him like the wound of a dagger. All those hollow friends, who had buzzed about him like summer flies in the sunshine of his prosperity, had now forsaken him, leaving only Nell and Bardolph behind, while the nose of the latter paled and grew sharper, through weary vigils, and affectionate offices, smoothing his pillow, straightening his white hair, and holding the sack-cup to his lips. When he expired, true-hearted Bardolph, with the tears in his eyes, exclaimed—“Would, I were with him, wheresome’er he is, either in heaven or in hell.” A godless prayer, which the accusing angel would see recorded with a sigh, for there must have been something loveable about poor Jack, to have awakened such a wish.

They would bury him in the old City churchyard, at the foot of the bridge, for he would be too heavy a corpse to carry far. Bardolph and Nell would be chief mourners at the funeral, though Nym and Pistol would make some pretended show of grief. Even by the grave-side, that evil boy would keep on jesting about Bardolph’s nose; and the good-natured fellow, who had served Falstaff faithfully for near forty years, would answer, that “the fuel was gone that maintained that fire,” for his drink “was all the riches he got in his service.” Keech the butcher’s wife, and Smooth the silkman, would, in remembrance of the many merry

dinners he and the deceased had enjoyed at the Lubber's-head in Lombard Street, follow; and Dumbleton, who would not—with Bardolph for security—trust him satin enough to make a cloak, would be a looker-on. Dumb, the minister, would read the solemn burial service, and between the pauses would be heard the roaring of the river, as it rushed through the narrow arches of old London Bridge. Old Jane Nightwork, in her shabby attire, would mingle with the assembled crowd. Then the funeral procession would return, and that would be the last time a respectable company assembled in the Old Boar's Head.

On an after day, Henry the Fifth would ride by, with the plaudits of assembled thousands ringing in his ears, after the great victory he had won at Agincourt. Perhaps he would look at the old house, as he passed, then shut up, and in ruins, and would think of his old hostess, who had died in the hospital—of Falstaff, who slept his long sleep in the green churchyard by the river-side—of the happy days, when he played the part of drawer, within those decaying walls—and sigh for the sound sleep he enjoyed there, before he found his kingly crown a

Polished perturbation, golden care,
That kept the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night,

and bringing troubles he never dreamed of while he was called "a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy," by every drawer in the Old Boar's Head.

ROUTINE.

WHAT is this ROUTINE, of which we hear so many loud complaints? It is merely a fixed order of managing the details of any business, and is not only harmless, but useful in its proper subordinate place. Then what do we mean by stupid, mischievous, fatal Routine. The greatest disorder carried on under an appearance of order; the culture of forms with a neglect of realities; the employment of means without a reference to the end; the part setting up itself as independent of the whole to which it belongs; the automaton imitating the work of the living, thinking man; these are so many contributions to a full definition of bad routine. It is the work of grave fools employed

"In dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

He was an old routinier who locked the stable-door, after the horse had been stolen. Another of the same family started a slow-coach to compete with the rail. Routine, when he wears the black gown, goes on mumbling to Thirteenthly, while the congregation snores. In other characters, he plays the organ while nobody blows the bellows;

marches up the hill in order to march down again; fixes pumps where there is no water, sinks shafts where there is no coal; sends out rations of beef to vegetarians; and always a good supply of heavy clothing and Whitney blankets ready for hot weather.

The ancestry of Routine is respectable, and may generally be traced to some relationship with reality. As an example—said that among the Mongol Tartars, prayers are offered to Buddha by means of wheels placed across streams, and turned by the water. So many turns; so many prayers! The devout routinier sets his wheel in motion, then smokes his pipe, goes to sleep, and wakes with a consciousness of having prayed so long. Most probably in earlier times, the water-wheel served as a rosary, or as an accompaniment to some act of piety. The reality was forgotten; the form, or routine, remained. Would the routinier understand how the kernel may perish within the shell is carefully hoarded; how the informing spirit may depart, and leave good preservation all the red tape, parchment, and other integuments of the business, let him read our simple parable of the Water Carriers.

THE WATER CARRIERS.

In the land of Routine—a rather extensive region—the people had long suffered from scarcity of pure water, and it was well-known that diseases and deaths were caused by drinking from polluted streams. To remove the evil, a few benevolent and laborious explorers devoted themselves to the work, bringing down pure water from a neighbouring hilly country. The results of their enterprise were hailed with the greatest delight and men, women, and children, who were dying of thirst, revived when they caught a glimpse of the sparkling fluid. The original water-carriers were decked with badges and honoured as saviours of the people; while the yokes and buckets used in the journey to the springs were preserved as national trophies.

Thus the original Guild of Water Carriers was founded. It became numerous and powerful, and, in the course of time, made great improvements in its resources. Instead of the simple means first used, pipes and cisterns were laid down, to conduct water from the hills into the dwelling of every man in the land, and reasonable rates for the use of these advantages were cheerfully paid by the people. The water company was, indeed, the chief organ of life, industry, and progress all over the country.

But when public spirit had declined and indolence had followed success, the members of the guild began to regard their own welfare as something separate from that of the people. They preserved their badges, made a parade of the original buckets, and asserted their own exclusive

right of supplying water throughout the land of Routine. Meanwhile, they allowed their works to fall into a ruinous condition. Fountains were choked, pipes burst, and cisterns became leaky; but the old rates for expenses of buckets, badges, and other insignia of the guild were still levied; and, indeed, increased in amount, proportionately as the supply of water diminished. The so-called watermen, extended their organisation, and appointed each other as chief overseers, surveyors of cisterns, inspectors of pipes, and other officials, too numerous to be mentioned. They met together, dined, made speeches on the fine qualities of their water, and defined the proper shapes and sizes of buckets. As they enjoyed wealth and leisure, they became scientific and metaphysical; they analysed water, discussed the conditions of its purity, and found that the most essential was, that it should be supplied by the men who wore the badges. They instituted a course of lectures on buckets, held discussions on the modes of wearing the badge; and, at last, carried their refinements so far as to assert, that the people wanted, not more water, but a grand, original, decorated water-company. So, in talk, at least, there was a plentiful supply of the fluid. It was—

"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink!"

But, while the guild was flourishing, the people were again suffering from thirst, and drinking from muddy streams. Several adventurers went out to find the pure fountains in the hilly country. They were simple, practical men, rather rudely dressed, without badges; and, having no permission to use the original buckets, they carried the precious fluid in all kinds of vessels—rude crockery, tins, pans—anything that would hold water. These irregularities offended the brethren of the guild, who commenced actions of trespass against the adventurers, criticised the new buckets, laughed at the inelegant shapes of the crockery, and cited several cases of extremely old people, who had died some few years after drinking the heterodox water.

It would be unfair to represent that the old routiniers had been altogether idle and indifferent during the time of general distress from drought. It is true, they did not mend their pipes and cisterns; but they found employment of another kind. Beside their common quarrel with the Irregular Watermen, they had among themselves a family-feud between the two parties of Blue and Yellow, so named from the colours of their respective empty buckets; and it unfortunately happened that, just in the time of the great drought, this quarrel had become curiously complicated and highly interesting. On the outside of the Guild Hall, nothing could be heard but loud complaints of the want of water, and the ruinous condition of the aqueducts: while, in the chamber, the blue and yellow controversy seemed interminable. In

the street it was common to see some irregular watermen, stopping a routinier to inquire if anything had been done for the works, and the latter would reply by giving the latest news of a sub-division among the yellows. By some chance, an irregular man gained admission to the hall, and asked the president to fix a time when the state of the public waterworks would be considered. The president—a jocular old gentleman—replied, that that question must be postponed sine die, or until the "yellow buckets shall have ended their dispute;" and he added, with a smile, "Though now in good health and spirits, I can hardly hope to survive that day." The complaints of the people at last compelled the guild to go through the form of a discussion on the state of the waterworks; but it was so managed as to lead to nothing more than the old question of blue and yellow. The dwellers in the Land of Routine rose in the morning, after the grand debate, and eagerly perused their papers, hoping to find some plan for mending pipes and cisterns; but they found nothing better than a blue speech of five columns—all about yellow buckets!

Here ends our parable; for it describes the present state of the water-question in the Land of Routine. If any reader doubts it, let him visit the country (it is not far off), and there, in the time of sultry weather, he will see the broken pipes and leaking cisterns; while, among these ruins, he will observe how numerous are "the true original" (but very dry) watermen, who wear badges, carry empty buckets, and go about declaiming against all irregular proceedings.

THE TERRACES.

In a certain colony, the land was arranged in terraces, or as steps, one rising a few feet above another. The base was a level, having a subsoil of clay, which received the drainage from the terraces, and was, consequently, very unwholesome. The safety of the whole colony depended on the firmness of the dikes or embankments, which held back an immense body of water, and in old times had been so well constructed that it was supposed they would last for ever.

Each terrace was occupied by a certain class of settlers: the people on the Clay Level lived in mean cottages; above them, the settlers on the first platform, styled Comfort Terrace, inhabited rather small but convenient houses, and were mostly employed in trade. On the higher ground, Golden Terrace had its mansions, gardens, carriage-roads, and other signs of opulence. Above, Rank Terrace was, in reality, not better than the golden platform; but its occupiers were allowed to wear certain badges, greatly coveted by the Goldeners. On the highest platform, Government Terrace, by its august symbols of power and dignity, cast a shade over all inferior grandeur.

It was the main feature of society throughout the colony, that, on every terrace, the residents visited among themselves, refused to associate with the lower orders, and industriously strove to find certain zigzag paths up to the next higher platform. Upward—ever upward! This was the constant movement of the terrace-people—from Comfort to Gold, from Gold to Rank, and from this (by a very easy flight of stairs) to Government Terrace. Everywhere, it was a point of etiquette to avoid allusions to the Clay Level—excepting some special occasions, when it was recognised as an inevitable nuisance. But, in almost every country, we find some remarkable anomaly in the customs of society. In the terrace-colony there was a strange ceremony, now and then performed by the higher classes, when they descended from their terraces, entered the cottages of the dwellers on Clay Level, shook hands with the lower orders, fondled their dirty children, and distributed sums of money. It was a farce, acted in commemoration of certain institutions otherwise forgotten.

In ordinary times the terrace-people were all so busy in climbing, or finding out the zigzag paths leading upward, that they almost forgot the fact that, in former ages, the dikes had been sometimes broken down by inundations, and had required for their repair the labour of every man in the colony. Once, there had been a spade in every house; but on the terraces the rude implement had been exchanged for a tiny toy-spade, made of gold or silver, and tied as a badge to a button-hole.

Meanwhile, the higher people boasted of the glorious constitution of the dikes which were leaking at their foundations. The water, flowing through subterraneous channels, found its way down to the Clay Level, and made that district very unwholesome. For a time, this served only as a stimulant to the climbing process. Every one endeavoured to go upward, as far as possible, from the malaria of the swampy land. But the water rose, higher, and still higher, until the people of Comfort Terrace began to complain of their damp houses. Up from Clay Level to Golden Terrace rose the stream of stagnant pools, and even Rank complained of an oppressive quality of the air. Then came plans of reform; but the little silver spades could do nothing. Many theories were propounded. Waterproof floors were laid down for the comfort of the higher classes, "But," said one, "it is not the rising of the water that hurts us; it is the bad evaporation from the Clay Level."—"We must pump back the water into the Level," said another. A coal-merchant recommended large fires; a practical man, who hated all new and comprehensive measures, advocated mops! "Let it come, and mop it up as it comes!" said this genius. Another man, of a merry disposition, declared that the evil was partly

imaginary. A melancholy man asserted it was, like many other grievances, inevitable. Many, however, traced it to their causes, and complained that dikes had been neglected; but the plaintiffs had formerly voted in favour of the scheme of setting aside the real spades, and giving the work of the dikes into the hands of the Rank Terrace, who wore silver-spades in their button-holes. The question of the dike-system could hardly be mooted, recalling unpleasant recollections: ample; that A. B. and C., on Comfort Terrace, had voted for the infant son of D. E. F. on Terrace, when he was appointed a Dike Conservator and High Guardian of the Silver Spade. All the terraces had objected in enacting a law, that none of the Clay Level, however well they might be equipped with real spades, should meddle with the work of the dikes.

In the neighbourhood of the colony lived an eccentric, old hermit—a student of geology—who loved to pore over the surfaces of things. From time to time, he sent warnings to the dwellers on the terraces, telling them that the embankments were in an unsound condition; but his theories had been commonly rejected as too wide and impracticable. In the present emergency, he repeated his admonitions: "Your people have separate interests on your several terraces," said he, "is very pretty, and the silver-spades are neat decorations; but—the dikes are leaking! Their repair requires the efforts of the whole colony. Forget Clay Level, Golden Terrace, and Rank Terrace. Ask not on what platform a man may stand, but demand, as the great qualification of every public officer, that he shall handle a real spade. Throw away the silver-spades with the ribbons and other trappings, and march away—shoulder to shoulder, broad-cloth and fustian, to the repair of the dikes; or, as surely as water rises to the level, you will be all drowned!"—"I am a revolutionist!" said the men of Rank Terrace; and the old man's counsel was rejected.

So the leak continued, growing wider, from day to day, and sapping the foundations of the dike. There it stood, undermined, wearing away, trembling with pulsation of the great mass of water above it; at last, it fell, and down came the flood, covering the Clay Level and the lower terraces. Now, from Comfort, Gold, and Rank Terraces the people ran to the old hermit, begging for advice. But his calm advice was changed to bitter mockery. "What can I do for you?" said he, "it is too late for philosophy. Words can do nothing now. Despair! Pull your pretty little silver-spades from your button-holes, and stop the leak!"

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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MR. PHILIP STUBBES.

The new palace at Westminster is a very magnificent building, in (I am quite willing to believe Sir Charles Barry), the purest style of Gothic architecture; and the large, not to say extravagant, sums of money which have been, and will be for the next half-century or so, expended in its erection, speak highly for the wealth and resources of this favoured empire. The Horse Guards Blue, also, are a splendid body of men. I scarcely know what to admire most in their equipment: their black horses with the long tails, their bright helmets—likewise with long tails—their jack-boots, or their manly moustachios. Among the officers of this superb corps are to be found, I have been told, some of the brightest ornaments of our juvenile aristocracy. But, admiring them, I cannot quite withhold my mode of admiration for the Queen's beefeaters—for the Royal coachman, the Royal footmen, the Royal outriders, and the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. In all these noble and expensively-dressed institutions, I am proud to recognise signs of the grandeur and prosperity of my country. Likewise in the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, the Lord Mayor's barge and the Lord Mayor's court; the loving cup, the Old Bailey black cap, the Surrey Sessions, St. George's Hall at Liverpool, the Manchester Athenæum, the Scott Monument at Edinburgh, special juries, the Board of Health, and the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. What a pity it is that, in the face of all these grand and flourishing establishments, there should be an inevitable necessity for the existence of Model Prisons, Reformatories, Ragged Schools, Magdalen Hospitals, and Administrative Reform Associations! What a pity it is that, with our fleets and armies that cost so many millions of money, and look—and are—so brave and serviceable, there should be incompetent commanders, ignorant administrators, and imbecile subordinates!

How many other pities need to be recounted to show that we are in a bad way? Need we turn to the collective wisdom assembly, the house of Parler and Mentir, with its feeble jokes, logic-chopping, straw-splitting, tape-tying, tape-untying to tie again; double-shuffling, word-eating, quipping-quirking, and

wanton-wileing? Need we notice the recurrence of that, to me, fiendishly-insolent word "laughter," that speckles parliamentary debates like a murrain? Are we not in a bad way while we have Chancery suits sixty years old, and admirals and generals on active service, eighty? Are we not in a bad way when working people live in styes like hogs, and, with little to eat themselves, have always a knife and fork laid (by the chief butler, Neglect) for the guest who may be expected to dine with them from day to day—the cholera? Is it not to be in a bad way to be at war, to pay double income tax, to be afflicted with a spotted fever in the shape of gambling that produces a delirium—sending divines from their pulpits to stockjobbing, and turning English merchants and bankers, whose integrity was once proverbial, into cheats and swindlers? Surely, too, it must be a bad way to be in, to see religion painted upon banners, and temperance carted about like a wild-beast show, and debauchery in high places; to have to give courts and church, arts and schools, laws and learning, youth and age, the lie; and as the old balladist sings in the "Soul's Errand,"

"If still they should reply,
Then give them still the lie."

But bad as is the state of things now-a-days, it was an hundred times worse, I opine, in the days of the six acts, the fourpenny stamp, the resurrection men, the laws that were made for every degree, and so hanged people for almost every degree of crime. It was worse when there were penal enactments against Catholics, and arrests by mesne process. It was worse before steam, before vaccination, before the Habeas Corpus, before the Reformation; it was certainly an incomparably more shocking state of things in the days of Mr. Philip Stubbess.

And who was Mr. Philip Stubbess? Dames and gentles, he flourished circa Anno Domini fifteen eighty-five, in what have been hitherto, but most erroneously, imagined to be the palmy days, of Queen Elizabeth. Lamentable delusion! There never could, according to Mr. Stubbess, have existed a more shocking state of things than in the assumed halcyon age of Good Queen Bess. For what, save a

profound conviction of the wickedness and immorality of the age, could have moved our author to write and publish, in the year eighty-five, that famous little twelvemo volume called—*The Anatomie of Abuses*: being a Discourse or Brief Summarie of such Notable Vices and Corruptions as now raigne in many Christian Countreys in the Worlde: but (especially) in the Countrey of Ailgna: Together with most Fearful Examples of God's Judgements, executed upon the Wicked for the same, as well in Ailgna of late as in other Places elsewhere. Very Godlye: To be read of all True Christians everywhere, but most chiefly to be regarded in England. Made Dialoguewise. By Philip Stubbes.

Ailgna, it need scarcely be said, is England, and the abuses, vices, and corruptions anatomized and denounced are all English. Mr. Stubbes must have been a man of some courage, both moral and physical, for he has not hesitated to attack, not only the vices and follies of the day, but also some very ticklish matters of religion and government. That he did so with impunity is to be presumed as we hear nothing of the *Anatomie of Abuses* having been made a Star Chamber matter, or that Mr. Stubbes ever suffered in his own anatomy by stripes or imprisonment, the "little ease," the scavenger's daughter, the pillory, the loss of ears, or the loss of money by fine.

I must state frankly, that I have not been wholly disinterested in adverting to Mr. Stubbes in this place. Something like envy, something resembling democratic indignation, prompted me to make the old Elizabethan worthy a household word; for, Stubbes is very scarce. He has never, to my knowledge, been reprinted, and none but the rich can possess an original copy of the *Anatomie of Abuses*. He sells—musty little twelvemo as he is—for very nearly his weight in gold; and it was the fact of a single Stubbes having fetched, a month since, at the sale of the Bakerian collection of rare books and autographs, no less a sum than nine pounds ten shillings sterling, that induced me to hie instantler to the reading-room of the British Museum; to search the catalogue anxiously; to find Stubbes triumphantly; to anatomise his *Anatomie* gaily, and with a will. May the shadow of the British Museum library never be less! I don't care for the defective catalogue; I can suffer the attacks of the Museum flea; I have Stubbes; and Lord Viscount Dives can't have any more of him, save the power of tearing him up to light his pipe with. I don't envy Dives. My library is as good as his, with all its Turkey carpets, patent reading-desks, busts, and red morocco trimmings to the shelves.

The interlocutors or speakers in the *Anatomie of Abuses* in Ailgna are Philoponus and Spudeus. Spudeus, Philoponus, and Stubbes to boot, being long since gone the way of all twelvemo writers, I need not

trouble my readers with what they severally said. A summary of the substance of their discourse will be sufficient. I may premise, however, that Spudeus opens the dialogue by wishing Philoponus good morrow: adding to his salutation the pithy, though scarcely appropriate, apophthegm that "flying fame is oft enaliar." To which answers Philoponus, that he wishes Spudeus good morrow, too, with all his heart. The interchange of civilities being over, Philoponus informs his friend that he has been lately travelling in a certain island, once named Ainabla, after Ainath, but now presently called Ailgna, and forthwith launches out into a tremendous diatribe on the abuses of that powerful but abandoned country.

Ailgna, says Stubbes, through his eidolon Philoponus, is a famous and pleasant land, immured about by the sea, as it were with a wall; the air is temperate, the ground fertile, the earth abounding with all things for man and beast. The inhabitants are a strong kind of people, audacious, bold, puissant, and heroical: of great magnanimity, valiancy, and prowess, of an incomparable feature, an excellent complexion, and in all humanity inferior to none under the sun. But there is a reverse to this flattering picture. It grieveth Stubbes to remember their licences, to make mention of their wicked ways; yet, unaccustomed as he is to public abuse, he must say that there is not a people more corrupt, lying, wicked, and perverse, living on the face of the earth.

The number of abuses in Ailgna is infinite, but the chief one is pride. The Ailgnan pride is tripartite: pride of the heart, pride of the mouth, and pride of apparel; and the last, according to our anatomiser, is the deadliest, for it is opposite to the eye, and visible to the sight, and enticeth others to sin.

Stubbes says little about pride of the heart, which he defines as a rebellious elation, or lifting oneself up on high. The worthy old reformer, probably remembered, and in good time, that pride of heart was an abuse, slightly prevalent among the princes and great ones of the earth: among brothers of the sun and moon, and most Christian kings, and defenders of faiths they had trampled on, and sovereigns by the grace of the God they had denied. The good man held his tongue, and saved his ears. But, on pride of the mouth—in less refined Ailgnan, bragging—he is very severe. Such pride, he says, is the saying or crying aperto ore, with open mouth, "I am a gentleman, I am worshipful, I am honourable. I am noble, and I cannot tell what. My father did this. My grandfather did that. I am sprung of this stock, and I am sprung of that; whereas Dame Nature, Philoponus Stubbes wisely remarks, bringeth us all into the world after one sort, and receiveth us all again into the womb of our mother—the bowels of the earth—all in one and the same manner, without any

difference or diversity at all." It is somewhat strange that with these healthy notions of equality, and contempt of mere rank, Philoponus should condescend to dedicate his book to "the Right Honourable, and his very singular good Lord, Philip, Earl of Arundel," and that he should conclude his dedication in this fashion. "Thus, I cease to molest your sacred ears any more with my rude speeches, beseeching your good Lordship, not only to admit this, my book, into your honour's patronage and protection, but also to persist, the first defender thereof, against the swinish crew of railing Zoilus and flouting Momus, with their complies of bragging Thrasoes, and barking Phormions, to whom it is easier to deprave all things than to amend themselves." Oh! loaves and fishes! Oh! mighty power of a Lord's name! Sacred ears! Oh! vanity of heart, and mouth, and dress, and Stubbes, and all things human!

Circe's cups and Medea's pots, Mr. Stubbes pertinently, but severely remarks, have made England drunken with pride of apparel. Not the Athenians, the Spaniards, the Hungarians (known, as they are, according to Mr. Ingoldsby, as the proud Hungarians), the Caldeans, the Helvetians, the Zuitzers, the Moscovians, the Cantabrigians, the Africans, or the Ethiopians—(Mercy on us! what a salad of nations!)—no people, in short, under the zodiac of heaven have half as much pride in exquisite bravery of apparel, as the inhabitants of Ailgna. No people is so curious in new fangles, wearing, merely because it is new, apparel most unhandsome, brutish, and monstrous. Other countries esteem not so much of silks, velvets, taffeties, or grograms, but are contented with carzies, frizes, and rugges. Nobles, Philoponus Stubbes maintains, may wear gorgeous attire, and he gives the why; magistrates may wear sumptuous dresses, and he gives the wherefore; but he complains bitterly that it is now hard to know who is noble, who is worshipful, who is a gentleman; for those that are neither of the nobility, gentry, or yeomanry, no, nor yet any magistrate or officer of the commonwealth (not even a beadle, I suppose), go daily in silks, satins, damasks, and taffeties, notwithstanding that they be both base by birth, mean by estate, and servile by calling. And this, Mr. Stubbes counts a great confusion in a Christian commonwealth.

Of a different opinion to Philip Philoponus Stubbes regarding exquisite bravery of apparel, was Michel Equihem, Seigneur of Montaigne, who, at about the same time that Stubbes was fulminating his anathemas against pride of dress in England, was writing his immortal essays in his quiet home in France. Montaigne deprecates sumptuary laws in general; but he would seek to discourage luxury, by advising kings and princes to adopt simplicity. "As long," he says, "as it is possible only for kings to eat turbot, and for kings' sons to wear

cloth of gold, turbot and cloth of gold will be in credit, and objects of envy and ambition. Let kings abandon these signs of grandeur. They have surely enough without them. Or if sumptuary laws be needed, let them remember how Zelencus purified the corrupted manners of the Locrians. These were his ordinances: That no lady of condition should have her train held up, or be accompanied by more than one page or chambermaid, unless she happened to be drunk; that no lady should wear brocades, velvet, or pearls, unless she happened to be disreputable; and that no man should wear gold rings on his fingers or a velvet doublet on his back, unless he could prove himself to be a cheat and cut-throat. It is astonishing how plain the Locrians dressed after these edicts.

After descanting awhile upon Adam and Eve, their mean attire—Diogenes, his austerity—and a certain Grecian who, coming to court in his philosopher's weed (query, a German meerschaum), was repulsed therefrom, Mr. Stubbes favours us with an excellent apophthegm, concerning another philosopher who was invited to a king's banquet, and wishing for a spittoon, and seeing no place of expectoration (for every place was hanged with cloth of gold, cloth of silver tinsel, arase, tapestry, and the like), coolly expectorated in the king's face, saying: "It is meet, O king, that I spit in the plainest place!" After this, Mr. Stubbes, taking the apparel of Ailgna in degrees, discharges the vials of his wrath upon the "diverser kinds of hats."

Sometimes, he says, they use them sharp on the crown, peaking up like the shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowns of their heads—some more, some less, as pleases the phantasy of their inconstant minds: others be flat and broad, like the battlements of a house. These hats have bands—now black, now white, now russet, now red, now green, now yellow, now this, now that—never content with one colour or fashion, two days to an end. "And thus," says Philip, "they spend the Lord, his treasure—their golden years and silver days in wickedness and sin,"—and hats. Some hats are made of silk, some of velvet, taffety, sarsenet, wool, or a certain kind of fine hair fetched from beyond seas, whence many other kind of vanities do come besides. These they call beuer (beaver) hats, of many shillings price. And no man, adds Philip, with melancholy indignation, is thought of any account, unless he has a beuer or taffety hat, pinched and cunningly carved of the best fashion. Wore Philip Philoponus Stubbes such a tile, I wonder—beuer or taffety—when he went to pay his respects to the sacred ears of his singular good lord, the Earl of Arundel?

Feathers in hats are sternly denounced, as sterns of pride and ensigns of vanity—as fluttering sails and feathered flags of defiance.

to virtue. And there are some rogues (sarcastic Philip!) that make a living by dyeing and selling these cockscombs, and many more fools that wear them.

As to ruffs, Philip Philoponus roundly asserts that they are an invention of the Devil in the fulness of his malice. For in Ailgna, look you, they have great monstrous ruffs of cambric, lawn, holland or fine cloth—some a quarter of a yard deep—standing forth from their necks, and hanging over their shoulder points like a veil. But if Æolus, with his blasts (malicious Stubbes!)—or Neptune, with his storms, chance to hit upon the crazy bark of their bruised ruffa, then they go flip-flap in the wind, like rags that go abroad; or hang upon their shoulders like the dishelout of a slut (ungallant Philip!). This is a shocking state of things enough, but this is not all. The arch enemy of mankind, not content with his victory over the children of pride in the invention of ruffs, has malignantly devised two arches or pillars to underprop the kingdom of great ruffs withal—videlicet, supportasses and starch. Now, supportasses are a certain device made of wires crested, whipped over with gold, silver thread, or silk, to be applied round the neck under the ruff, upon the outside of the band, to bear up the whole frame and body of the ruff from hanging and falling down. As for starch, it is a certain liquid matter wherein the Devil hath willed the people of Ailgna to wash and dip their ruffs well, which being dry, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their necks. In another portion of the Anatomie, Stubbes calls starch the Devil's liquor.

This persistent denunciation of the harmless gluten of wheat flour, on the part of this quaint old enthusiast, is very curious to consider. How an educated Englishman—a scholar, too, as Stubbes undoubtedly was—could, in the Augustan age of Queen Elizabeth—in the very days when Shakspeare was writing his plays and Bacon his essays—gravely sit down and affirm that the Devil had turned clearstarcher, and lured souls to perdition through the medium of the wash-tub, passes my comprehension. I should be inclined to set Philip down at once as a crazy fanatic, did I not remember with shame, that in this present year of the nineteenth century there are educated Christian mistresses in our present Ailgna who look upon ringlets and cap-ribbons in their female servants as little less than inventions of the Evil One; that there are yet schoolmasters who sternly forbid the use of steel pens to their pupils as dangerous and revolutionary implements; that there are yet believers in witchcraft; and customers to fortune-tellers, and takers of Professor Methusaleh's pills. I dare say Stubbes and his vagaries were laughed at as they deserved to be by the sensible men of Queen Elizabeth's time; but that, on the mass of the people, his fierce earnest invectives against the fopperies

of dress made a deep and lasting impression. This book-baby twelvemonth of Philip Philoponus is but a babe in swaddling-clothes now, but he will be sent anon to the school of stern ascetic puritanism, and Mr. Pryme's Unloveliness of Lovelocks will be his bonny book. Growing adolescent and advanced in his humanities, his soul will yearn for strong meats, and the solemn league and covenant will be put into his hand. He will read the Bible, and graduate a Roundhead, and fight Naseby, and sit down before Basing House, and shout at Westminster, and clap his hands at Whitehall. So, Philip Stubbes' denunciations will be felt in their remotest consequences, and starch will stiffen round the neck till it cuts off King Charles the First's head.

Our reformer's condemnation of starch, clenched by a very horrible story—so fearful some that I scarcely have courage to transcribe it; yet remembering how many young men of the present day are giving themselves up blindly to starch as applied to all-round collars, and wishing to bring them to a sense of their miserable condition, and a knowledge of what they may reasonably expect if they persist in their present pernicious course of life and linen, I will make bold to tell the great starch catastrophe.

The fearful judgment showed upon a gentlewoman of Eprautna (?) (in the margin Antwerp) of late, even the twenty-second of May, fifteen hundred and eighty-two. The gentlewoman, being a very rich merchant man's daughter, upon a time was invited to a wedding which was solemnised in that town against which day she made great preparation for the "pluming of herself in gorgeous array" (this reads like Villikins and his Dinah), that, as her body was most beautifully fair, and proper, so that her attire, in every respect might be correspondent to the same. For the accomplishment of which she curled her hair, she dyed her locks, and laid them out after the best manner. Also she coloured her face with waters and ointments. But no case could she get any (so curious as dainty was she) that would starch and set her ruffs and neckerchief to her mind; wherefore she sent for a couple of laundresses, who did their best to please her humours, but in any case they could not. Then fell she to swear and tear (oh! shocking state of things in Antwerp, when gentlewomen toiled and swore!), and curse and ban, casting her ruffs under feet, and wishing that the devil might take her when she wore any of the ruffs again. In the meantime, the devil, transforming himself into a young man, brave and proper as she in every point of outward appearance, came in, feigning himself to be a lover or suitor unto her. After seeing her thus agonised, and in such a "passing chafe," he demanded of her the cause thereof. Who straightway told him that women can conceal nothing that lieth up

their stomachs) how she was abused in the setting of her ruffs, which hearing, he promised to please her mind, and thereto took in hand the setting of her ruffs, which he formed to her great contentation and liking, inasmuch as she, looking at herself in the glass (as the devil bade her), became greatly enamoured of him. This done, the young man kissed her, and in doing whereof, he "writhe her neck in sonder;" so she died miserably, her body being metamorphosed into blue and black colours, (this black and blue metamorphosis has a suspiciously walking-stick appearance, and in these days would have simply rendered the young man amenable to six months' hard labour under the aggravated assaults act.) The gentlewoman's face, too, became "ogglesome to behold." This being known, preparations were made for her burial; a rich coffin was prepared, and her fearful body laid therein, covered up very sumptuously. Four strong men immediately essayed to lift up the corpse, but could not move it. Then five attempted the like, but could not once stir it from the place where it stood. Whereat, the standers-by marvelling, caused the coffin to be opened, to see the cause thereof. "Where they found the body to be taken away, and a black cat, very lean and deformed, sitting in the coffin, a-setting of great ruffs, and frizzling of hair to the great fear and wonder of all the beholders." An ogglesome and fearful sight!

The next article of apparel to which Mr. Stubbes takes exception is the doublet. Oh! he cries; the monstrous doublets in Ailgna! It appears that it is the fashion to have them hang down to the middle of the thighs, and so hard-quilled, stuffed, bombasted, and sewed, that the wearers can neither work nor play in them. Likewise are there "big-bellied doublets," which betoken "gormandice, gluttony, riot, and excess." And he has heard of one gallant who had his doublet stuffed with four, five, or six pounds of Bombast. That kind of stuffing has not quite gone out among our gallants yet. He says nothing of what their doublets may be made,—velvet, satin, gold, silver, chamlet, or what not, but he lifts up his voice plaintively against the pinking, slashing, carving, jagging, cutting, and snipping of these garments. We almost fancy that we are listening to Petruchio rating the tailor in the Taming of the Shrew.

There is a "great excess in hosen," Stubbes is sorry to remark in Ailgna. Some are called French hosen, some Venetian, and some Gally hosen. They are paned, cut, and draped out with costly ornaments, with canions annexed, reaching down below the knees. And they cost enormous sums; Oh, shameless Ailgna! "In times past," says Mr. Stubbes, rising almost to sublimity in his indignation; "Kings (as old historiographers in their books yet extant do record) would not disdain to wear a pair of hosen of

a noble, ten shillings or a mark-piece; but now it is a small matter to bestow twenty nobles, ten pounds, twenty, forty, fifty, nay a hundred pounds on one pair of breeches (Lord be merciful to us!) and yet this is thought no abuse neither." Add to these costly hosen the diversity of netherstocks in Ailgna; "corked shoes, pantoffles, and pinsnets;" the variety of vain cloaks, and jerkins; the "Turkish Impietie of costly clokes;" bugled cloaks, ruffling swords, and daggers, gilt and damasked, and you will have some idea of the shocking state of things in Ailgna in the year fifteen hundred and eighty-five, or, as Philip pathetically expressed it, the "miserie of these daies."

Presently comes this sumptuary censor to a particular description of woman's apparel in Ailgna. I have not space to follow him step by step through the labyrinthine region of female costume, and, indeed, he is often so very particular that it would often be as inconvenient as difficult to follow him. Cursorily I may remark, that Philip is dreadfully severe upon the colouring of ladies' faces with oils, unguents, liquors, and waters; that he quotes St. Cyprian against face-painting; and Hieronymus, Chrysostom, Calvin, and Peter Martyr, against musks, civets, scents, and such-like "slibbersauces." Trimmings of ladies' heads are the devil's nets. Nought but perdition can come to a people who make holes in their ears to hang rings and wells by, and who cut their skins to set precious stones in themselves. And is it not a glaring shame that some women in Ailgna wear doublets and jerkins, as men have, buttoned up the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulders, as man's apparel is. Do you remember the ladies' paretots, the ladies' waistcoats of two years since? How little times do alter, to be sure! As for costly gowns, impudent rich petticoats and kirtles; stockings of silk, Tearnsey, Crewell, and fine cloth, curiously indented at every point with quirks, clockees, and open seams, cawked shoes, slippers powdered with gold, devil's spectacles in the shape of looking-glasses; sweeted gloves; nosegays and posies; curious smells, that annubilate the spirits, and darken the senses; masks and visors to ride abroad in; fans, which are the devil's bellows, and similar enormities of female attire,—the number of them is infinite, and their abomination utter.

I need scarcely say that the apparel of the people of Ailgna forms but one section of the abuses anatomised by old Stubbes. If my reader should have any curiosity to know aught concerning the vices and corruptions of hand-baskets, gardens, and covetousness; how meats bring destruction; the discommodities of drunkenness; what makes things dear; the manner of church ales; the tyranny of usurers; how a man ought to swear; the condemnation of stage plays; the observance of the sabbath, and the keeping

of wakes in Ailgna—all as conducive to a shocking state of things—he may draw upon me at sight, and I will honour the draft.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

FROM GIURGEVO TO BUCHAREST.

My chief object in writing these papers is to furnish such useful information as I am able, to those who may be disposed to return to England from the Crimea by way of Varna and the Principalities. I have no more ambitious design in the present instance, and I venture to hope that the facts and incidents to which I may endeavour to call observation will not seem obtrusive or superfluous; because they will refer to a part of Europe comparatively little known, and record events such as are likely to happen to any traveller who may decide on making the same journey. If I shall sometimes set down trivial or unimportant matter, let me plead in extenuation that in such cases (and perhaps in such cases only) it is better to say too much than too little. A traveller is not always the best judge as to what may most interest his readers, or which part of his experiences may be of the most value to those who are to tread the same ground after him. Men travel with objects varying widely, and some little event which was deemed scarcely worthy of notice by one, may perhaps form the strongest link in a chain of argument by which another shall be able to prove some great and valuable fact. Most important discoveries and sound conclusions have, indeed, been based on a multitude of petty facts, most of them, taken separately, insignificant enough. Before, therefore, we condemn minute details as trifling, let us remember that perhaps every one taken in conjunction with others of a similar nature may hereafter serve to establish some new truth, and ultimately make mankind either wiser or happier.

To go on with my journey, let me say that the passport affair was settled at last; not easily, however, for the official charged with that department was enjoying a siesta after the custom of the country, and a good deal of angry shouting and blustering was necessary to persuade him to give it up and attend to his duty. I really do believe that persons in the public service are very much the same all over the world; they seem licensed to be lazy, and paid to be indifferent.

Our hotel bill was moderate; and it is but fair to say, the principal hotel at Giurgevo is a very good one. It is kept by an Italian of robust and promising appearance. His wife is a fresh, brisk, good-natured German body, such as one may meet with often enough in the pleasant road-side inns of Bavaria and Saxony. He has also a mother-in-law, a lady with whom I enjoyed much

improving discourse. She told me, however, that though Wallachia was a good count enough, she dared say, and the Wallachians were as canny folk as elsewhere, yet she could never get altogether reconciled to, and she longed after the fatherland with feeling very much resembling home-sickness. It was not easy to realise the idea that a worthy old lady was a political refugee. What she could have done to incur such long vengeance of the Austrian government must be surely a mystery, only to be read Austrian policemen; but I was given to understand, that both she and her whole family had been supposed, at some former period, to entertain treasonable designs, and had fled from the homeland to escape a dungeon, or a shameful death. Heaven forbid that I should say anything against the Austrians. I have passed some of the happiest years of my life among them. There are many gentlemen of that nation to whom I feel the profoundest respect and the most affectionate esteem. I look on the political conduct of Austria merely as a mournful mistake. It seems to me that her rulers have been stricken of late years with a horrid unhealthy panic. They are acting under the influence of a sickly dream, or strange delusion; and that they start at shadows, and wage a seemingly war with singers, actors, books, and feeble women! Mercy on us, are we not worthy foes of the Royal and Imperial House of Hapsburg Lorraine! It sickens one to see their plumed pride; to hear the clashing cymbals, and their warrior's man and then reflect on the Italian book a poor old woman, who are not beneath the enmity even here.

Now, the mode of travelling through Turkey is on horseback; but, the moment you pass the Danube, you have at once the option of carriages. To be sure they are carriages of rather a strange and unusual description at Giurgevo; and those which were brought to convey us to Bucharest presented an appearance anything but inviting. There were three of them: one for my companion, one for myself, and one for the luggage. They were scarcely larger than wheelbarrows. They were insufferably dirty, dangerous and uncomfortable. It required considerable experience to sit in them at all. They had neither springs nor seats, nor anything to take hold of; while to each, four very vicious-looking ponies were attached, quite equal to ten miles an hour, and something more. Indeed, the Wallachian post is perhaps at this time the most expeditious mode of travelling (with horses) known in the world. It is not, however, agreeable, and the brief respite which I had of it was more than sufficient to prevent my ever again undergoing voluntarily the same pains and perils. Innocent as supposing that to travel in a post-cart might, after all, be a less arduous undertaking than

it seemed, I rashly entered mine, and having firmly wedged myself in among the loose sticks and boards of which it was composed, I courageously gave the word to start, and prepared to suffer patiently, trusting in Providence for the rest.

We went off at a furious gallop over ruts, stones, holes in the earth, anything that came in our way. I was bumped about like a tennis-ball in the hands of a juggler. When I literally dared not hold out any longer I shouted to the post-boy to stop. Unaccustomed to such a command at the beginning of a journey, he misinterpreted it into an angry order to go on, and plied his whip with such vigour and good will, that we flew over the uneven ground faster than ever, and my shouts were drowned in wind and rain, with the clatter of hoofs, and the whirr of wheels. At last, however, when a little patch of mud deeper than the rest compelled a momentary halt, I made one more desperate effort to make myself heard, and succeeded. I really felt as if rescued from serious and certain danger when I got out of that rattling, chattering, abominable little cart. I do not even now believe that I could possibly have reached Bucharest alive in it. My companion, however (some fifteen years younger than I am), was of a different opinion, and leaving me to find my way back to Giurgevo, and look for a better carriage, he determined to go on in the post-cart. So, we parted, and I returned: making rather a sorry figure as I plodded on through mud and rain cloaked and great-coated to the chin.

And now I found the benefit of having formed so agreeable an acquaintance with mine host's mother-in-law. That excellent old lady received me with every demonstration of satisfaction at my return. She dried my clothes and consoled with me on my bumping: the more readily that it gave her an opportunity of contemptuously contrasting the mad little Wallachian post-carts, with the dark, snug, slow, drowsy diligences of her own country. She invited me into the kitchen to enjoy a glass of kirsch wasser, and discuss these subjects more at large. I found it a perfect rendezvous for the gossips of the town. I had quite an invigorating talk with them, and soon learned all the scandal and private histories of the neighbourhood.

It appeared to me that the Wallachians considered scandalous gossip the great business of life. I never heard so much good-humoured laughing abuse of absent people. They used the strongest and bitterest language in the vocabulary, yet there was no spite in it. They would call a man a scoundrel in such a gay, pleasant, debonnaire way, that if he were present even he could hardly feel offended at it. Perhaps the worst part of all this was, that no person's acts or words ever seemed, among them, to be fair evidence of his real intentions. Their quick penetrating minds, and lively imagina-

tions were always straining to discover some hidden motive very far beyond the comprehension of ordinary people. Here, and here only, they resembled the Greeks. In fact, the Wallachians writhed so long under the disastrous rule of those amazing rogues the Greek Phanariote princes, that one can scarcely wonder they should have doubted the sincerity and honesty of all mankind ever since. Doubt, indeed, has become the natural habit of their minds; they doubt of everything merely because they really cannot help it.

Growing tired of my company at last, I set about hiring a more convenient carriage. There was no difficulty in this; a covered leather conveyance, without springs, such as is used by the more substantial and well-to-do Wallachians, was soon obtained; but it was by no means an easy affair to get horses. The constant movement of troops in these countries has literally used up all the horses. Unhappily, the same wretched system of giving government orders for horses, and compelling the poor peasantry to furnish them at a price altogether beneath their fair value, exists here, as that which is called "vorspann" in Hungary. Every person of the smallest importance is furnished with one of these infamous orders for horses whenever he pleases to travel. The peasantry dare not disobey them, and so their horses are dragged from ploughing the land or carting home the harvest, to be harnessed to a traveller's carriage at an hour's notice, and are made to gallop over a rough country at such a pace, that they are often useless for days afterwards, while the remuneration fixed by law is shamefully inadequate. I mention this, because I trust that any of our countrymen who may obtain government orders for horses, will always consider it absolutely their duty to pay at least double the price required of them. After spending the remainder of the afternoon, therefore, in a vain search for horses, a tradesman was at length induced to lend us his, on the distinct understanding that they should be fed and rested half-way. They were a sorry pair, all skin and bone and crookedness. It may be as well to mention that the Wallachian horses are smaller than those common in Turkey; and although they possess much endurance, and can live on the hardest and scantiest fare, have neither fire nor vigour. And, indeed, it is very notable that there is a general weakness and want of courage observable among all the animals of the Principalities. Even the Wallachian wolf, the wild boar, and the bear, are not the savage and ferocious animals which are found under corresponding names in other countries. Perhaps the damp climate, and the exhalations from the endless marshes, may have an enervating effect on them; at least, this is the cause to which Mr Consul Wilkinson, I perceive, has traced this remarkable peculiarity.

unpleasantly, when you are listened to as an oracle, be the listeners who they may; and the dawn broke in upon us quite unexpectedly. My journey has little else worth recording. We drove for some six hours through a trackless waste of bogs and water; I expected every moment that the horses would come to a dead halt, but they held on, and at about three o'clock in the afternoon we approached Bucharest. The capital of Wallachia covers a very large extent of ground, and the entrance to it on this side is pretty and even imposing to the traveller who is accustomed to the wretched appearance of the Turkish cities beyond the Danube. There is an air of wealth, comfort, and cleanliness about the European-looking white houses with their verandas, balconies, and conservatories, which is very pleasant. Carriages and servants in gay liveries, too, flaunting about the streets, with crowds of glittering uniforms, told me plainly enough that I had passed back into the world of civilisation again.

I had an opportunity, now, of contrasting the advantages of travelling in Wallachia, by post-cart, with the plan I adopted. The result was certainly unfavourable to the post-cart. My companion had also been delayed on the road by a general breakdown. He arrived in Bucharest only one hour before me, and he was subsequently confined to his bed for two months by a severe illness brought on by the fatigue and exposure of the journey.

A DIP IN THE BRINE.

LET no one be charged with levity until he has had a dip in the brine. It is then that his levity is indeed apparent. He flounders about, and tries to sink, but cannot; his gravity is too little, his levity too much; the brine buoys him up, with or without his own consent,—and float he must.

But where and what is this brine? Even at Droitwich, and perhaps elsewhere. Brine, however, is not intended mainly to float upon, but mainly to prepare salt from; and therefore its bathing qualities must be regarded in a secondary sense. Droitwich is one of the spots enriched with our invaluable stores of salt. Worcestershire is far inferior to Cheshire as a salt-producing country; still is the supply in and around the districts of Droitwich and Bromsgrove very important. If Worcester town has a fashionable neighbour on the one side, Malvern, it has a sober industrious neighbour on the other, Droitwich. The one spends money, the other makes money; Worcester acts as a metropolis for both.

All the world knows what table salt is; but some portions of the world do not know that much of this salt is procured from liquid transparent brine, pumped up from the bowels of the earth. Droitwich makes its

salt in this way; while Cheshire both pumps up the brine, and digs up the rock-salt. In Cheshire there are two beds of salt underlying the river Weaver and tributaries; the lowermost being the richer of the two, is the one most worked, at a depth of, perhaps, three hundred feet. Miners dig down to the salt, as they would to coal or iron; they use the pick and the shovel, the blast and the forge, just as other miners do. The material which they dig up, rock-salt, is a very hard, dirty whitish substance, requiring great force to separate it from the parent bed, and brought up to the surface in lumps of various size and shape. Almost the whole of this rock-salt is exported to foreign countries, where it is applied to various uses. If a subterranean stream flow over any part of the bed of salt, the water becomes saturated with salt, and converted into brine. It is from such brine that by far the largest quantity of English salt is obtained; for, it is cheaper to pump up the liquid than to dig up the solid.

A picture of an old town placed in juxtaposition to a picture of a new town,—or rather two pictures of the same town in different periods of its career—will tell us many things which pictorial people do not think about. Are there tall chimneys in the newer picture, and none in the old? Then is there some manufacturing process carried on, which has had its birth since the sketching of the earlier picture. A safe conclusion, certainly, in many respects, but as certainly unsafe in respect to Droitwich. In Nash's Worcestershire, the first edition of which appeared about seventy years ago, Droitwich is honoured with a copper-plate engraving, in which there are two tranquil churches, four tranquil sheep, many stiff, tranquil trees, and a few quaint tranquil houses; but of tall chimneys we can see none. There are, it is true, a few slender bits rising from certain lowish roofs to a height a little above the ordinary houses; but, if these be chimneys, they are humble indeed to the pretentious brick stalks now visible in that town. And yet Droitwich was busily making salt in those days as in the present. Changes of process have much to do with these changes of chimney.

Nash was terribly puzzled to determine the meaning of Droitwich. The town was first named Wic or Wich. Then some say that wic is derived from the Roman vicus, a street or village; and others say that it comes from the Saxon wic, a station or mansion; while others will have it that wic is a transformation of wi, or wye, a sanctuary or holy spot, and that all salt-springs were in early times held almost sacred; but, that wic, or wich signifies a salt-spring in its primitive sense, was more than Nash could take upon himself to determine. Then what is Droit, and why was Droit married to Wick? After roaming among Druids and Romans, Saxons and Danes, our antiquary settles

the shareholders would form a snug little body among themselves. In the time of Charles the Second there were about four hundred and eighty phats, held by about a hundred and fifty shareholders. These holders claimed, not only the brine in the three existing pits, but also the right to prevent any one else from sinking any other pit, even on his own freehold ground. But, one stout Mr. Stegnor, stout in heart and in pocket, defied all the corporate shareholders and all their phats; he dug for brine on his own ground, he found it, he defended his right in all sorts of law courts and equity courts, and finally conquered; whereupon the phatsmen lost their monopoly, and salt fell gradually from two shillings to fourpence per bushel.

But, the strangest stage in the history of the Droitwich Works occurred during the time of George the First. The mayor of the town, hearing that the brine-pits of Cheshire were very much deeper than those at Droitwich, bethought him that it might be well to have the corporate pits bored or dug deeper; it was done; when up rushed such a flood of brine that two of the well-sinkers were drowned before they could get out of the way; and the supply became henceforward so abundant that there was no occasion to limit the phats to a definite quantity, or to limit the working to half-yearly spells. In fact, what with the lawyers on the one side, and the well-diggers on the other, the phatsmen completely lost their monopoly; and many annuities, many widows' jointures, many funds for schools and hospitals and almshouses, many pensions, many charities, were interfered with, causing a good deal of distress in the town, until matters had righted themselves.

During the same century many additional pits were sunk. Generally they went through forty or fifty feet of marl, then a hundred or more of gypsum, and then was found a subterranean river of brine, about two feet in depth, flowing over a bed of rock-salt of unknown thickness; when the boring penetrated quite through the stratum of gypsum, then did the brine burst upward with great force to the surface. Time was, when men dipped up the brine with hand-worked buckets; then they used horse-wheels; and now they use steam-engines. Time was, when the neighbouring forests were stripped of their trees to supply fuel for the salt-pans; but canals and railways now bring a plentiful supply of good coal, and Drayton's wood-nymph need not be further dishevelled.

In one of the earliest volumes of the Philosophical Transactions, not much less than two centuries back, when the Royal Society was just beginning to feel its way, the salt-springs of Cheshire and Worcestershire came in for a reasonable share of very reasonable speculation. Some searcher for knowledge propounded a long string of queries:—What is

the depth of the salt-springs? What kind of country 'tis thereabout? What plants grow near them? Whether there be any hot springs near the salt ones? Whether the water of the salt-springs be hotter or cooler than other spring water? Whether they find any shells about those springs; and what kind of earth it is? How strong the water is of salt? What is the manner of their working? Whether the salt made of these springs be more or less apt to dissolve in the air than other salt? Whether it be as good to powder beef or other flesh with, as French salt? Whether those salt-springs do yield less water, and more of the salt, in great droughts than in wet seasons? How long before the spring, or in the spring it may be, before the fountains break out into their fullest sources? How much water the springs yield daily? At what distance are the springs from the sea? How near the foot of any hill is to those springs, and what height the next hill is of? To all, or nearly all of these queries very sensible answers were given by one "learned and observing William Jackson, Doctor of Physick." It is easy to see that the querist had the salt salt seas in his mind tracing his questions: and many others would naturally associate, in some indefinite way, the salt of the brine with the salt of the ocean. But, Doctor Jackson only knew about Cheshire salt, and—like a good philosopher—limited his replies to that which was within his own knowledge. A Droitwich authority, Doctor Thomas Rastell, afterwards took up the matter, and gave a similar string of replies to the queries, in relation to the brine-springs of Worcestershire. One of his answers gives as clear a notion of the saline strength of the brine as anything we can imagine. He says, that at the Upwich pit, there were three sorts of brine, which were drawn from three different depths, and were called by the workpeople First-man, Middle-man, and Last-man. A measure that, when filled with distilled water, would weigh twenty-four ounces, was filled with First-man, and then weighed thirty-one ounces; it was filled with Second-man, and then weighed thirty ounces; it was filled with Last-man, and then weighed twenty-nine ounces. So that the average of the brine was one-fourth heavier than distilled water; and as this weightiness was produced wholly by the salt, it followed that four tons of brine would yield one ton of salt.

Brine-boiling and salt-making, is hot steaming work. Go into any one of the works, and you will see men naked to the waist, employed in an atmosphere only just bearable by strangers. You see that the brine is pumped up from the pits into reservoirs; you see ranges of large shallow quadrangular iron pans, placed over fiercely heated furnaces: you see the brine flow into the pans, and in due time bubble and boil and evaporate with great rapidity: you see that the salt evidently separates by degrees from the water,

and granulates at the bottom of the pan : you see men lade up this granulated salt with flattish shovels, and transfer it to draining vessels : and you see it finally put into oblong boxes, whence it is carried to the stove-room to be dried. Observing a little more closely, you see that a nicety of manipulation leads to a nice classification of salt. If the brine be rapidly and violently boiled, one kind of salt is produced,—the finest and best ; of slower boiling, a moderately good kind of salt comes ; of still slower, a strong but coarse kind, used in salting herrings and other fish. The coarsest salt is often the strongest ; and thus all demands for quality are easily met. The blocks of salt we see in the London shops, are taken from wooden moulds, containing about thirty pounds each. It is in these moulds that the salt consolidates ; and then the white oblong quadrangular masses are removed from the moulds, and taken into the stove-house to dry.

A Battle of the Brine was fought at Droitwich about four years ago, and a very singular battle it was, in respect both to its cause and its tactics. One of the salt-works had been carried on by a company, which company fell into difficulties, and the operations were suspended for a considerable time. During this period, other persons sank new pits and established new works. On the renewal of the company's operations, there were, of course, more salt-makers than before. They competed with one another, and prices fell below the remunerating point. The makers met, and talked, and wrangled ; but effected nothing in a peace-making direction. Then the company declared war. The company had their brine-pits at their works ; but all, or nearly all, the other manufacturers derived their brine from pits at a greater or lesser distance from their works ; and it seems to have been a custom in the district to assume that the salt-makers might carry their brine-pipes through any estate, provided they did not interfere with the surface. Now, it happened that the company possessed the ground through which some of these brine-pipes ran ; and hence the plan of campaign. On a selected occasion—perhaps on a dark night, for this reads better—a body of men belonging to the company cut off the pipes of one unfortunate salt-maker, stopped his brine, and thereby stopped his trade. After a time, he plucked up spirit and showed fight. He procured men from the little salt-works to come and help him re-lay his pipes in the night ; while other men from the big salt-works came to prevent them. Constables came and looked on, ready to interfere if matters became serious. After a struggle, the little party drove off the big party, and succeeded in re-laying the pipes. A few days afterwards, at midnight, the company's men again went and cut off the pipes. In another direction, by an extraordinary stroke of genius, the company managed to cut off a

brine-pipe by running a kind of tunnel at gallery from a cellar belonging to a tenant of theirs, and so intersecting the pipe underneath the turnpike-road—for this particular brine-pipe did not run through any ground belonging to the company. At it they went, Russians and Turks, big salters and little salters, until matters began to look serious. It was fancied that each party would injure the other, and that the trade of the town would suffer. At length peace was proclaimed, on what terms we do not exactly know ; but peace was proclaimed,—and may it flourish ! For it is a very peculiar and critical system this, the obtaining of brine in such a way ; it requires that all should work in harmony.

There is a knotty problem in the Post-office Directory of Worcestershire. A certain inhabitant of Droitwich, whom we may perhaps designate John Salt, is set down as "salt-pan maker and New Rising Sun." It might at first be supposed that John Salt is the Coming Man who is so much talked of, about to rise and bless the world ; but a humbler theory is, that he keeps the New Rising Sun hostelry, or perhaps that his better-half keeps it, while he busies himself in making salt-pans. The neighbouring county of Stafford is abundantly rich in similar examples, principally among the lock-makers of Wolverhampton and Willehall.

At Droitwich alone, as many as sixty thousand tons of salt are made annually ; but this is a trifle compared to the Cheshire make. Taking the two counties, with a sprinkling in a few other counties, it is supposed that there are about a hundred salt-works in England,—producing about eight hundred thousand tons of salt per annum,—giving an average produce of about eight thousand tons from each work. The price varies from about five shillings per ton for the commonest kind in times of competition, to about twenty shillings per ton for the finest kind in times of mutually-arranged tariffs. Twelve to fifteen shillings per ton is about a medium price for fair average table-salt, sold at the works. It is a great blessing to the country that good salt can thus be obtained at twelve to sixteen pounds for a penny. Merchants' profits, shopkeepers' profits, and the charges for ship and canal and railway conveyance, raise the price to the level with which we are familiar. After supplying all our home wants, we have something like half a million of tons to spare annually for other countries.

The Royal Hotel at Droitwich has a series of baths connected with it. The cisterns of these baths are connected by pipes with the brine-pits of a neighbouring salt-work ; and pumps are set to work to supply the baths. As the brine would very nearly excoriate an unlucky bather if used in its first rude strength, it is mollified and rendered gentle. Hot clear water is mingled with cold clear brine. The specific gravity is great, and the

bather floats about with strange liveliness, enjoying the mimic sea-bath. Stories are told concerning gouty old gentlemen and rheumatic old ladies who have derived wonderful benefit herefrom ; but of this we know nothing.

TIME'S CURE.

Mourn, O rejoicing heart !
The hours are flying,
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
And leaves it dying ;
The chill dark night draws near,
Thy sun will soon depart,
And leave thee sighing ;
Then mourn, rejoicing heart,
The hours are flying !

Rejoice, O grieving heart,
The hours fly fast,
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past.
Rejoice, then, grieving heart,
The hours fly fast !

THE YELLOW MASK.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IV.

EVEN the master-stroke of replacing the treacherous Italian forewoman by a French dressmaker, engaged direct from Paris, did not at first avail to elevate the great Grifoni establishment above the reach of minor calamities. Mademoiselle Virginie had not occupied her new situation at Pisa quite a week, before she fell ill. All sorts of reports were circulated as to the cause of this illness ; and the Demoiselle Grifoni even went so far as to suggest that the health of the new forewoman had fallen a sacrifice to some nefarious practices of the chemical sort, on the part of her rival in the trade. But, however the misfortune had been produced, it was a fact that Mademoiselle Virginie was certainly very ill, and another fact, that the doctor insisted on her being sent to the Baths of Lucca as soon as she could be moved from her bed.

Fortunately for the Demoiselle Grifoni, the Frenchwoman had succeeded in producing three specimens of her art before her health broke down. They comprised the evening dress of yellow brocaded silk, to which she had devoted herself on the morning when she first assumed her duties at Pisa ; a black cloak and hood of an entirely new shape ; and an irresistibly-fascinating dressing-gown, said to have been first brought into fashion by the princesses of the blood-royal of France. These articles of costume, on being exhibited in the show-room, electrified the ladies of Pisa ; and orders from all sides flowed in immediately on the Grifoni establishment. They were, of

course, easily executed by the inferior work-women, from the specimen-designs of the French dressmaker. So that the illness of Mademoiselle Virginie, though it might cause her mistress some temporary inconvenience, was, after all, productive of no absolute loss.

Two months at the Baths of Lucca restored the new forewoman to health. She returned to Pisa, and resumed her place in the private work-room. Once re-established there, she discovered that an important change had taken place during her absence. Her friend and assistant, Brigida, had resigned her situation. All inquiries made of the Demoiselle Grifoni only elicited one answer : the missing workwoman had abruptly left her place at five minutes' warning, and had departed without confiding to anyone what she thought of doing, or whither she intended to turn her steps.

Months elapsed. The new year came ; but no explanatory letter arrived from Brigida. The spring season passed off, with all its accompaniments of dress-making and dress-buying ; but still there was no news of her. The first anniversary of Mademoiselle Virginie's engagement with the Demoiselle Grifoni came round ; and then, at last, a note arrived, stating that Brigida had returned to Pisa, and that, if the French forewoman would send an answer, mentioning where her private lodgings were, she would visit her old friend that evening, after business-hours. The information was gladly enough given ; and, punctually to the appointed time, Brigida arrived in Mademoiselle Virginie's little sitting-room.

Advancing with her usual indolent stateliness of gait, the Italian asked after her friend's health as coolly, and sat down in the nearest chair as carelessly, as if they had not been separated for more than a few days. Mademoiselle Virginie laughed in her liveliest manner, and raised her mobile French eyebrows in sprightly astonishment.

"Well, Brigida !" she exclaimed, "they certainly did you no injustice when they nicknamed you 'Care-For-Nothing,' in old Grifoni's work-room. Where have you been ? Why have you never written to me ?"

"I had nothing particular to write about ; and besides, I always intended to come back to Pisa and see you," answered Brigida, leaning back luxuriously in her chair.

"But where have you been, for nearly a whole year past ? In Italy ?"

"No ; at Paris. You know I can sing ?—not very well ; but I have a voice, and most Frenchwomen (excuse the impertinence) have none. I met with a friend, and got introduced to a manager ; and I have been singing at the theatre—not the great parts, only the second. Your amiable countrywomen could not screech me down on the stage, but they intrigued against me successfully behind the scenes. In short, I quarrelled with our

principal lady, quarrelled with the manager, quarrelled with my friend; and here I am back at Pisa, with a little money saved, in my pocket, and no great notion what I am to do next."

"Back at Pisa! Why did you leave it?"

Brigida's eyes began to lose their indolent expression. She sat up suddenly in her chair, and set one of her hands heavily on a little table by her side.

"Why?" she repeated, "Because when I find the game going against me, I prefer giving it up at once to waiting to be beaten."

"Ah! you refer to that last year's project of yours for making your fortune among the sculptors. I should like to hear how it was you failed with the wealthy young amateur. Remember that I fell ill before you had any news to give me. Your absence when I returned from Lucca, and, almost immediately afterwards, the marriage of your intended conquest to the sculptor's daughter, proved to me, of course, that you must have failed. But I never heard how. I know nothing at this moment but the bare fact that Maddalena Lomi won the prize."

"Tell me, first, do she and her husband live together happily?"

"There are no stories of their disagreeing. She has dresses, horses, carriages, a negro page, the smallest lap-dog in Italy—in short, all the luxuries that a woman can want; and a child, by-the-by, into the bargain."

"A child!"

"Yes; a child, born little more than a week ago."

"Not a boy, I hope?"

"No; a girl."

"I am glad of that. Those rich people always want the first-born to be an heir. They will both be disappointed. I am glad of that!"

"Mercy on us, Brigida, how fierce! you look!"

"Do I? It's likely enough. I hate Fabio d'Ascoli and Maddalena Lomi—singly as man and woman, doubly as man and wife. Stop! I'll tell you what you want to know directly. Only answer me another question or two first. Have you heard anything about her health?"

"How should I hear? Dress-makers can't inquire at the doors of the nobility."

"True. Now, one last question: That little simpleton, Nanina?"

"I have never seen or heard anything of her. She can't be at Pisa, or she would have called at our place for work."

"Ah! I need not have asked about her if I had thought a moment beforehand. Father Rocco would be sure to keep her out of Fabio's sight for his niece's sake."

"What, he really loved that 'thread-paper of a girl,' as you called her?"

"Better than fifty such wives as he has got now! I was in the studio the morning he was told of her departure from Pisa,

A letter was privately given to him, to him that the girl had left the place out of feeling of honour, and had hidden her beyond the possibility of discovery to prevent him from compromising himself with his friends by marrying her. Naturally enough he would not believe that this was her doing; and, naturally enough, also, Father Rocco was sent for, and was not found, he suspected the priest of being at the bottom of the business. I never saw him in such a fury of despair and rage before. He swore that he would have all Italy searched for the girl, that he would be the death of the priest, and that he would never enter Luca Lomi's studio again——"

"And, as to this last particular, of course, being a man, he failed to keep his word!"

"Of course. At that first visit of mine to the studio I discovered two things. That as I have said, that Fabio was really in love with the girl—the second, that Maddalena Lomi was really in love with him. You suppose I looked at her attentively while that disturbance was going on, and while no notice was directed on me. All women, vain, I know, but vanity never blinds eyes. I saw directly that I had but a superiority over her—my figure. She was my height, but not well-made. She had, as dark and as glossy as mine; eyes bright and as black as mine; and the rest of her face better than mine. My nose is on my lips are too thick, and my upper lip hangs my under too far. She had none of those personal faults; and, as for capacity, she managed the young fool in his passion as well as I could have managed him in his place."

"How?"

"She stood silent, with downcast eyes, a distressed look all the time he was raving up and down the studio. She must have hated the girl, and been rejoiced at her disappearance; but she never showed it. 'You would be an awkward rival,' (I then said to myself) 'even to a handsomer woman than I am.' However, I determined not to desist too soon, and made up my mind to follow him just as if the accident of the girl's disappearance had never occurred. I sneaked down the master sculptor easily enough, flattered him about his reputation, assured him that the works of Luca Lomi had been the objects of my adoration since childhood, telling him that I had heard of his difficulties in finding a model to complete his *Mine* from, and offering myself (if he thought me worthy) for the honour—laying great stress on that word—for the honour of sitting him. I don't know whether he was altogether deceived by what I told him; but he was sharp enough to see that I really could be useful, and he accepted my offer with a profusion of compliments. We parted, having arranged that I was to give him a first sitting in a week's time."

"Why put it off so long?"

"To allow our young gentleman time to cool down and return to the studio, to be sure. What was the use of my being there while he was away?"

"Yes, yes—I forgot. And how long was it before he came back?"

"I had allowed him more time than enough. When I had given my first sitting, I saw him in the studio, and heard it was his second visit there since the day of the girl's disappearance. Those very violent men are always changeable and irresolute."

"Had he made no attempt, then, to discover Nanina?"

"Oh, yes! He had searched for her himself, and had set others searching for her, but to no purpose. Four days of perpetual disappointment had been enough to bring him to his senses. Luca Lomi had written him a peace-making letter, asking him what harm he or his daughter had done, even supposing Father Rocco was to blame. Maddalena Lomi had met him in the street, and had looked resignedly away from him, as if she expected him to pass her. In short, they had awakened his sense of justice and his good-nature (you see I can impartially give him his due); and they had got him back. He was silent and sentimental enough at first, and shockingly sulky and savage with the priest—"

"I wonder Father Rocco ventured within his reach."

"Father Rocco is not a man to be daunted or defeated by anybody, I can tell you. The same day on which Fabio came back to the studio, he returned to it. Beyond boldly declaring that he thought Nanina had done quite right, and had acted like a good and virtuous girl, he would say nothing about her or her disappearance. It was quite useless to ask him questions—he denied that any one had a right to put them. Threatening, entreating, flattering—all modes of appeal were thrown away on him. Ah, my dear! depend upon it, the cleverest and politest man in Pisa, the most dangerous to an enemy and the most delightful to a friend, is Father Rocco. The rest of them, when I began to play my cards a little too openly, behaved with brutal rudeness to me. Father Rocco from first to last treated me like a lady. Sincere or not, I don't care—he treated me like a lady when the others treated me like—"

"There! there! don't get hot about it now. Tell me, instead, how you made your first approaches to the young gentleman whom you talk of so contemptuously as Fabio."

"As it turned out, in the worst possible way. First, of course, I made sure of interesting him in me by telling him that I had known Nanina. So far, it was all well enough. My next object was to persuade him that she could never have gone away if she had truly loved him alone; and that he

must have had some fortunate rival in her own rank of life, to whom she had sacrificed him, after gratifying her vanity for a time by bringing a young nobleman to her feet. I had, as you will easily imagine, difficulty enough in making him take this view of Nanina's flight. His pride and his love for the girl were both concerned in refusing to admit the truth of my suggestion. At last I succeeded. I brought him to that state of ruffled vanity and fretful self-assertion in which it is easiest to work on a man's feelings,—in which a man's own wounded pride makes the best pitfall to catch him in. I brought him, I say, to that state, and then—she stepped in, and profited by what I had done. Is it wonderful now that I rejoice in her disappointments; that I should be glad to hear any ill thing of her that any one could tell me?"

"But how did she first get the advantage of you?"

"If I had found out, she would never have succeeded where I failed. All I know is that she had more opportunities of seeing him than I, and that she used them cunningly enough even to deceive me. While I thought I was gaining ground with Fabio, I was actually losing it. My first suspicions were excited by a change in Luca Lomi's conduct towards me. He grew cold, neglectful—at last absolutely rude. I was resolved not to see this; but accident soon obliged me to open my eyes. One morning I heard Fabio and Maddalena talking of me when they imagined that I had left the studio. I can't repeat their words, especially hers. The blood flies into my head, and the cold catches me at the heart, when I only think of them. It will be enough if I tell you that he laughed at me, and that she—"

"Hush! not so loud. There are other people lodging in the house. Never mind about telling me what you heard; it only irritates you to no purpose. I can guess that they had discovered—"

"Through her, remember—all through her!"

"Yes, yes, I understand. They had discovered a great deal more than you ever intended them to know, and all through her."

"But for the priest, Virginie, I should have been openly insulted and driven from their doors. He had insisted on their behaving with decent civility towards me. They said that he was afraid of me, and laughed at the notion of his trying to make them afraid too. That was the last thing I heard. The fury I was in, and the necessity of keeping it down, almost suffocated me. I turned round, to leave the place for ever, when who should I see, standing close behind me, but Father Rocco. He must have discovered in my face that I knew all; but he took no notice of it. He only asked, in his usual quiet, polite way, if I was looking for anything I had lost, and

if he could help me. I managed to thank him and to get to the door. He opened it for me respectfully, and bowed—he treated me like a lady to the last! It was evening when I left the studio in that way. The next morning I threw up my situation, and turned my back on Pisa. Now you know everything.”

“Did you hear of the marriage? or did you only assume, from what you knew, that it would take place?”

“I heard of it about six months ago. A man came to sing in the chorus at our theatre, who had been employed some time before at the grand concert given on the occasion of the marriage.—But let us drop the subject now. I am in a fever already with talking of it. You are in a bad situation here, my dear—I declare your room is almost stifling.”

“Shall I open the other window?”

“No: let us go out and get a breath of air by the river-side. Come! take your hood and fan—it is getting dark—nobody will see us, and we can come back here, if you like, in half an hour.”

Mademoiselle Virginie acceded to her friend's wish, rather reluctantly. They walked towards the river. The sun was down and the sudden night of Italy was gathering fast. Although Brigida did not say another word on the subject of Fabio or his wife, she led the way to the bank of the Arno, on which the young nobleman's palace stood.

Just as they got near the great door of entrance, a sedan-chair, approaching in the opposite direction, was set down before it; and a footman, after a moment's conference with a lady inside the chair, advanced to the porter's-lodge, in the court-yard. Leaving her friend to go on, Brigida slipped in after the servant by the open wicket, and concealed herself in the shadow cast by the great closed gates.

“The Marchesa Melani, to inquire how the Contessa d'Ascoli and the infant are, this evening,” said the footman.

“My mistress has not changed at all for the better, since the morning,” answered the porter. “The child is doing quite well.”

The footman went back to the sedan-chair; then returned to the porter's-lodge.

“The Marchesa desires me to ask if fresh medical advice has been sent for?” he said.

“Another doctor has arrived from Florence to-day,” replied the porter.

Mademoiselle Virginie, missing her friend suddenly, turned back towards the palace to look after her, and was rather surprised to see Brigida slip out of the wicket-gate. There were two oil-lamps burning on pillars outside the door-way, and their light glancing on the Italian's face, as she passed under them, showed that she was smiling.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE the Marchesa Melani was making inquiries at the gate of the palace, Fabio was sitting alone in the apartment which his wife usually occupied when she was in health. It was her favourite room, and had been prettily decorated, by her own desire, with hangings in yellow satin, and furniture of the same colour. Fabio was now waiting in it to hear the report of the doctors after their evening visit.

Although Maddalena Lomi had not been his first love, and although he had married her under circumstances which are generally and rightly considered to afford few chances of lasting happiness in wedded life, still they had lived together through the one year of their union, tranquilly, if not fondly. She had moulded herself wisely to his peculiar humours, had made the most of his easy disposition, and, when her quick temper had got the better of her, had seldom hesitated in the cooler moments to acknowledge that she had been wrong. She had been extravagant, it was true, and had irritated him by fits of unreasonable jealousy; but these were far from being thought of now. He could only remember that she was the mother of his child, and that she lay ill but two rooms away from him—dangerously ill, as the doctors had unwillingly confessed on that very day.

The darkness was closing in upon him, and he took up the hand-bell to ring for lights. When the servant entered, there was genuine sorrow in his face, genuine anxiety in his voice, as he inquired for news from the sick-room. The man only answered that his mistress was still asleep; and then withdrew, after first leaving a sealed letter on the table by his master's side. Fabio summoned him back into the room, and asked when the letter had arrived. He replied that it had been delivered at the palace two days' since, and that he had observed it lying unopened on a desk in his master's study.

Left alone again, Fabio remembered that the letter had arrived at a time when the first dangerous symptoms of his wife's illness had declared themselves, and that he had thrown it aside after observing the address to be in a handwriting unknown to him. In the present state of suspense, any occupation was better than sitting idle. So he took up the letter with a sigh, broke the seal, and turned inquiringly to the name signed at the end.

It was, “NANINA.”

He started and changed colour. “A letter from her!” he whispered to himself. “Why does it come at such a time as this?”

His face grew paler and the letter trembled in his fingers. Those superstitious influences which he had ascribed to the nursery during his childhood, when Father Lio had charged him with them in the studio, seemed to be overcoming him now. He hesitated

and listened anxiously in the direction of his wife's room, before reading the letter. Was its arrival ominous of good or evil! That was the thought in his heart, as he drew the lamp near to him and looked at the first lines.

"Am I wrong in writing to you?" (the letter began abruptly) "If I am, you have but to throw this little leaf of paper into the fire, and to think no more of it, after it is burnt up and gone. I can never reproach you for treating my letter in that way; for we are never likely to meet again.

"Why did I go away?—Only to save you from the consequences of marrying a poor girl who was not fit to become your wife. It almost broke my heart to leave you; for I had nothing to keep up my courage but the remembrance that I was going away for your sake. I had to think of that, morning and night—to think of it always, or I am afraid I should have faltered in my resolution, and have gone back to Pisa. I longed so much at first to see you once more—only to tell you that Nanina was not heartless and ungrateful, and that you might pity her and think kindly of her, though you might love her no longer.

"Only to tell you that! If I had been a lady I might have told it to you in a letter; but I had never learnt to write, and I could not prevail on myself to get others to take the pen for me. All I could do was to learn secretly how to write with my own hand. It was long, long work; but the uppermost thought in my heart was always the thought of justifying myself to you, and that made me patient and persevering. I learnt, at last, to write so as not to be ashamed of myself, or to make you ashamed of me. I began a letter—my first letter to you—but I heard of your marriage before it was done, and then I had to tear the paper up, and put the pen down again.

"I had no right to come between you and your wife even with so little a thing as a letter—I had no right to do anything but hope and pray for your happiness. Are you happy? I am sure you ought to be; for how can your wife help loving you?

"It is very hard for me to explain why I have ventured on writing now, and yet I can't think that I am doing wrong. I heard a few days ago (for I have a friend at Pisa who keeps me informed, by my own desire, of all the pleasant changes in your life)—I heard of your child being born; and I thought myself, after that, justified at last in writing to you. No letter from me, at such a time as this, can rob your child's mother of so much as a thought of yours that is due to her. Thus, at least, it seems to me. I wish so well to your child, that I cannot surely be doing wrong in writing these lines.

"I have said already what I wanted to say—what I have been longing to say for a whole year past. I have told you why I left Pisa;

and have perhaps persuaded you that I have gone through some suffering, and borne some heart-aches for your sake. Have I more to write? Only a word or two to tell you that I am earning my bread, as I always wished to earn it, quietly at home—at least, at what I must call home now. I am living with reputable people, and I want for nothing. La Biondella has grown very much, she would hardly be obliged to get on your knee to kiss you now; and she can plait her dinner-mats faster and more neatly than ever. Our old dog is with us, and has learnt two new tricks; but you can't be expected to remember him, although you were the only stranger I ever saw him take kindly to at first.

"It is time I finished. If you have read this letter through to the end, I am sure you will excuse me, if I have written it badly. There is no date to it, because I feel that it is safest and best for both of us, that you should know nothing of where I am living. I bless you and pray for you, and bid you affectionately farewell. If you can think of me as a sister, think of me sometimes still."

Fabio sighed bitterly while he read the letter. "Why," he whispered to himself, "why does it come at such a time as this, when I cannot, dare not think of her?" As he slowly folded the letter up, the tears came into his eyes, and he half raised the paper to his lips. At the same moment, some one knocked at the door of the room. He started, and felt himself changing colour guiltily, as one of his servants entered.

"My mistress is awake," the man said, with a very grave face, and a very constrained manner; "and the gentlemen in attendance desire me to say—"

He was interrupted, before he could give his message, by one of the medical men, who had followed him into the room.

"I wish I had better news to communicate," began the doctor gently.

"She is worse, then?" said Fabio, sinking back into the chair from which he had risen the moment before.

"She has awakened weaker instead of stronger after her sleep," returned the doctor, evasively. "I never like to give up all hope, till the very last, but—"

"It is cruel not to be candid with him," interposed another voice—the voice of the doctor from Florence, who had just entered the room. "Strengthen yourself to bear the worst," he continued, addressing himself to Fabio. "She is dying. Can you compose yourself enough to go to her bed-side!"

Pale and speechless, Fabio rose from his chair, and made a sign in the affirmative. He trembled so, that the doctor who had first spoken was obliged to lead him out of the room.

"Your mistress has some near relations in Pisa, has she not?" said the doctor from

Florence, appealing to the servant who waited near him.

"Her father, sir, Signor Luca Lomi; and her uncle, Father Rocco," answered the man. "They were here all through the day, until my mistress fell asleep."

"Do you know where to find them now?"

"Signor Luca told me he should be at his studio; and Father Rocco said, I might find him at his lodgings."

"Send for them both directly. Stay! who is your mistress's confessor? He ought to be summoned without loss of time."

"My mistress's confessor is Father Rocco, sir."

"Very well—send, or go yourself, at once. Even minutes may be of importance, now." Saying this, the doctor turned away, and sat down to wait for any last demands on his services, in the chair which Fabio had just left.

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE the servant could get to the priest's lodgings a visitor had applied there for admission, and had been immediately received by Father Rocco himself. This favoured guest was a little man, very sprucely and neatly dressed, and oppressively polite in his manner. He bowed when he first sat down, he bowed when he answered the usual inquiries about his health, and he bowed for the third time, when Father Rocco asked what had brought him from Florence.

"Rather an awkward business," replied the little man, recovering himself uneasily after his third bow. "The dress-maker, named Nanina, whom you placed under my wife's protection, about a year ago—"

"What of her?" inquired the priest, eagerly.

"I regret to say she has left us, with her child-sister, and their very disagreeable dog, that growls at everybody."

"When did they go?"

"Only yesterday. I came here at once to tell you, as you were so very particular in recommending us to take care of her. It is not our fault that she has gone. My wife was kindness itself to her, and I always treated her like a duchess. I bought dinner-mats of her sister; I even put up with the thieving and growling of the disagreeable dog—"

"Where have they gone to? Have you found out that?"

"I have found out, by application at the passport-office, that they have not left Florence—but what particular part of the city they have removed to, I have not yet had time to discover."

"And pray why did they leave you in the first place? Nanina is not a girl to do anything without a reason. She must have had some cause for going away. What was it?"

The little man hesitated, and made a fourth bow.

"You remember your private instructions

to my wife and myself, when you first lay Nanina to our house!" he said, looking rather uneasily while he spoke.

"Yes. You were to watch her, to take care that she did not suspect you was just possible, at that time, that she might try to get back to Pisa without my knowing it; and everything depended on her remaining at Florence. I think, now, that I did not distrust her; but it was of the last importance to provide against all possibilities, to abstain from putting too much faith in my own good opinion of the girl. For reasons, I certainly did instruct you to watch her privately. So far, you are quite right, and I have nothing to complain of. Go."

"You remember," resumed the little man, "that the first consequence of our following your instructions was a discovery (which I immediately communicated to you) that she was secretly learning to write?"

"Yes. And I also remember sending word, not to show that you knew what she was doing; but to wait and see if she used her knowledge of writing to account, took, or sent, any letters to the post."

"Informed me in your regular monthly report that she never did anything of the kind."

"Never, until three days ago. And she was traced from her room in my house to the post-office with a letter, which she drew into the box."

"And the address of which you discovered before she took it from your house?"

"Unfortunately I did not," answered the little man, reddening and looking askance at the priest, as if he expected to receive a severe reprimand.

But Father Rocco said nothing. He was thinking. Who could she have written to? If to Fabio, why should she have waited months and months, after she had learnt to use her pen, before sending him a letter? If not to Fabio, to what other person could she have written?

"I regret not discovering the address," said the priest, "I regret it most deeply," said the little man with a low bow of apology.

"It is too late for regret," said Father Rocco, coldly. "Tell me how she came to leave your house; I have not heard that before. Be as brief as you can. I expect to be at every moment to the bedside of a near and dear relation, who is suffering from illness. You shall have all my attention, but you must ask it for as short a time as possible."

"I will be briefness itself. In the first place, you must know that I have—or rather had—an idle, unscrupulous rascal of an apprentice in my business."

The priest pursed up his mouth, temptuously.

"In the second place, this same good-for-nothing fellow had the impertinence to fall in love with Nanina."

Father Rocco started, and listened eagerly.

"But I must do the girl the justice to say that she never gave him the slightest encouragement; and that, whenever he ventured to speak to her, she always quietly, but very decidedly repelled him."

"A good girl!" said Father Rocco. "I always said she was a good girl. It was a mistake on my part ever to have distrusted her."

"Among the other offences," continued the little man, "of which I now find my scoundrel of an apprentice to have been guilty, was the enormity of picking the lock of my desk, and prying into my private papers."

"You ought not to have had any. Private papers should always be burnt papers."

"They shall be for the future; I will take good care of that."

"Were any of my letters to you about Nanina among these private papers?"

"Unfortunately, there were. Pray, pray, excuse my want of caution this time. It shall never happen again."

"Go on. Such imprudence as yours can never be excused; it can only be provided against for the future. I suppose the apprentice showed my letters to the girl?"

"I infer as much; though why he should do so—"

"Simpleton! Did you not say that he was in love with her (as you term it), and that he got no encouragement?"

"Yes: I said that—and I know it to be true."

"Well! Was it not his interest, being unable to make any impression on the girl's fancy, to establish some claim to her gratitude; and try if he could not win her that way? By showing her my letters, he would make her indebted to him for knowing that she was watched in your house. But this is not the matter in question now. You say you infer that she had seen my letters. On what grounds?"

"On the strength of this bit of paper," answered the little man, ruefully producing a note from his pocket. "She must have had your letters shown to her soon after putting her own letter into the post. For, on the evening of the same day, when I went up into her room, I found that she and her sister and the disagreeable dog had all gone, and observed this note laid on the table."

Father Rocco took the note, and read these lines:—

"I have just discovered that I have been watched and suspected ever since my stay under your roof. It is impossible that I can remain another night in the house of a spy. I go with my sister. We owe you nothing, and we are free to live honestly where we please. If you see Father Rocco, tell him that I can forgive his distrust of me, but that I can never forget it. I, who had full faith in him, had a right to expect that he should have full faith in me. It was always an encouragement to me to think of him as a father and a friend. I have lost that encouragement for ever—and it was the last I had left to me!"

"NANINA."

The priest rose from his seat as he handed the note back, and the visitor immediately followed his example.

"We must remedy this misfortune as we best may," he said, with a sigh. "Are you ready to go back to Florence to-morrow?"

The little man bowed again.

"Find out where she is, and ascertain if she wants for anything, and if she is living in a safe place. Say nothing about me, and make no attempt to induce her to return to your house. Simply let me know what you discover. The poor child has a spirit that no ordinary people would suspect in her. She must be soothed and treated tenderly, and we shall manage her yet. No mistakes, mind, this time! Do just what I tell you, and do no more. Have you anything else to say to me?"

The little man shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"Good night, then," said the priest.

"Good night," said the little man, slipping through the door that was held open for him with the politest alacrity.

"This is vexatious," said Father Rocco, taking a turn or two in the study after his visitor had gone. "It was bad to have done the child an injustice—it is worse to have been found out. There is nothing for it now but to wait till I know where she is. I like her, and I like that note she left behind her. It is bravely, delicately, and honestly written—a good girl—a very good girl indeed!"

He walked to the window, breathed the fresh air for a few moments, and quietly dismissed the subject from his mind. When he returned to his table, he had no thoughts for any one but his sick niece.

"It seems strange," he said, "that I have had no message about her yet. Perhaps Luca has heard something? It may be well if I go to the studio at once to find out."

He took up his hat and went to the door. Just as he opened it, Fabio's servant confronted him on the threshold.

"I am sent to summon you to the palace," said the man. "The doctors have given up all hope."

Father Rocco turned deadly pale, and drew back a step. "Have you told my brother of this?" he asked.

"I was just on my way to the studio," answered the servant.

"I will go there instead of you, and break the bad news to him," said the priest.

They descended the stairs in silence. Just as they were about to separate at the street-door, Father Rocco stopped the servant.

"How is the child?" he asked, with such sudden eagerness and impatience that the man looked quite startled as he answered that the child was perfectly well.

"There is some consolation in that," said Father Rocco, walking away, and speaking partly to the servant, partly to himself. "My caution has misled me," he continued,

pausing thoughtfully when he was left alone in the roadway. "I should have risked using the mother's influence sooner to procure the righteous restitution. All hope of compassing it now rests on the life of the child. Infant as she is, her father's ill-gotten wealth may yet be gathered back to the church by her hands."

He proceeded rapidly on his way to the studio, until he reached the river-side and drew close to the bridge which it was necessary to cross in order to get to his brother's house. Here he stopped abruptly, as if struck by a sudden idea. The moon had just risen, and her light, streaming across the river, fell full upon his face as he stood by the parapet-wall that led up to the bridge. He was so lost in thought that he did not hear the conversation of two ladies who were advancing along the pathway close behind him. As they brushed by him, the taller of the two turned round and looked back at his face.

"Father Rocco!" exclaimed the lady, stopping.

"Donna Brigida!" cried the priest, looking surprised at first, but recovering himself directly, and bowing with his usual quiet politeness. "Pardon me if I thank you for honouring me by renewing our acquaintance, and then pass on to my brother's studio. A heavy affliction is likely to befall us, and I go to prepare him for it."

"You refer to the dangerous illness of your niece?" said Brigida. "I heard of it this evening. Let us hope that your fears are exaggerated, and that we may yet meet under less distressing circumstances. I have no present intention of leaving Pisa for some time, and I shall always be glad to thank Father Rocco for the politeness and consideration which he showed to me, under delicate circumstances, a year ago."

With these words she curtsied deferentially, and moved away to rejoin her friend. The priest observed that Mademoiselle Virginie lingered rather near, as if anxious to catch a few words of the conversation between Brigida and himself. Seeing this, he, in his turn, listened as the two women slowly walked away together, and heard the Italian say to her companion—

"Virginie, I will lay you the price of a new dress that Fabio d'Ascoli marries again."

Father Rocco started when she said those words as if he had trodden on fire.

"My thought!" he whispered nervously to himself. "My thought at the moment when she spoke to me! Marry again? Another wife, over whom I should have no influence! Other children, whose education would not be confided to me! What would become, then, of the restitution that I have hoped for, wrought for, prayed for?"

He stopped, and looked fixedly at the sky above him. The bridge was deserted. His black figure rose up erect, motionless,

and spectral, with the white still lighting solemnly all around it. Standing some minutes, his first movement was to drop his hand angrily on the parapet of the bridge. He then turned round slowly in the direction by which the two women walked away.

"Donna Brigida," he said, "I will lay the price of fifty new dresses that Fabio d'Ascoli never marries again!"

He set his face once more towards the studio, and walked on without stopping, he arrived at the master-sculptor's door.

"Marry again?" he thought to himself, he rang the bell: "Donna Brigida, was my first failure not enough for you? Am I going to try a second time?"

Luca Lomi himself opened the door, drew Father Rocco hurriedly into the studio, towards a single lamp burning on a table near the partition between the two rooms.

"Have you heard anything of our child?" he asked. "Tell me the truth, tell me the truth at once!"

"Hush! compose yourself. I have heard said Father Rocco, in low, mournful tones.

Luca tightened his hold on the priest's arm, and looked into his face with a speechless, speechless eagerness.

"Compose yourself," repeated Father Rocco. "Compose yourself to hear the worst. Poor Luca, the doctors have given up hope."

Luca dropped his brother's arm with a groan of despair. "Oh, Maddalena! my child—my only child!"

Reiterating these words again and again, he leaned his head against the partition, burst into tears. Sordid and coarse as his nature was, he really loved his daughter. All the heart he had was in his statue in her.

After the first burst of his grief exhausted, he was recalled to himself by a sensation as if some change had taken place in the lighting of the studio. He looked directly, and dimly discerned the priest standing far down at the end of the passage, nearest the door, with the lamp in his hand, eagerly looking at something.

"Rocco!" he exclaimed—"Rocco! have you taken the lamp away? What are you doing there?"

There was no movement and no answer. Luca advanced a step or two, and called again—"Rocco, what are you doing there?"

The priest heard this time, and came suddenly towards his brother with the lamp in his hand—so suddenly that Luca started.

"What is it?" he asked, in astonishment. "Gracious God! Rocco, how pale you are!"

Still the priest never said a word. He put the lamp down on the nearest table. Luca observed that his hand shook. He had never seen his brother violently agitated before. When Rocco had announced, a few minutes ago, that Maddalena's life

despaired of, it was in a voice which, though sorrowful, was perfectly calm. What was the meaning of this sudden panic—this strange, silent terror?

The priest observed that his brother was looking at him earnestly. "Come!" he said in a faint whisper—"come to her bedside; we have no time to lose. Get your hat, and leave it to me to put out the lamp."

He hurriedly extinguished the light while he spoke. They went down the studio side by side towards the door. The moonlight streamed through the window full on the place where the priest had been standing alone with the lamp in his hand. As they passed it, Luca felt his brother tremble, and saw him turn away his head.

Two hours later, Fabio d'Ascoli and his wife were separated in this world for ever; and the servants of the palace were anticipating in whispers the order of their mistress's funeral-procession to the burial-ground of the Campo Santo.

CHIP.

PENSIONERS.

THERE is no picture more successful in appealing to general sympathy than that of a disabled soldier or sailor. He presents, at once, ideas of dangers encountered, hardships endured, bravery, obedience, patriotism, and suffering. He has perhaps served abroad long enough to sever ties which, when he left home, connected him with it. Those relatives and friends who remain to him, he is too often obliged to address as a suppliant for help and compassion. His pension is too small for subsistence, and his health or his habits unfit him for many occupations which other men find no difficulty in obtaining.

A society is in course of formation for the Employment of Naval and Military Pensioners. It has received the approval and encouragement of many distinguished men who are well entitled to a hearing; among others, of Mr. GLEIG, the chaplain-general to the Forces, who is thoroughly acquainted with the English soldier in all his aspects. Its objects, as stated in a prospectus, are:

To call upon the Nobility, Gentry, Railway and other Companies, Bankers, Ship-owners, Merchants, Agriculturists, Manufacturers, and Employers generally, through the medium of Circulars and Advertisements, to intimate to the Officers of the Society when they have a vacancy in their relative establishments, with a description of the sort of person they wish to employ, whether as Grooms, Helpers, Gardeners, Porters, Messengers, Game-keepers, Watchmen, Door or Office-keepers, &c., &c., the duties of which conditions may be adequately performed by men who, though unfit for active Military or Naval Service, are perfectly, and, in certain cases, peculiarly qualified for many of the ordinary avocations of labour.

To keep on the books of the Association the names of the men discharged, with good characters from her Majesty's Service, specifying their condition as to wounds, &c., the kind of employment for which they may be considered physically capable, their age, their late position in the Army or Navy, and their occupation before entering her Majesty's Service, with a copy of Testimonials of conduct, sobriety, and general character whilst bearing arms.

On the receipt of intimations from Employers of any vacancy, the Society will search their Register and complete their inquiries, with a view of recommending such a man as they think in every way eligible to fill the situation in a satisfactory manner.

The Society will, in cases where they may deem it advisable, advance small sums of money to the men in order to enable them to reach places at a distance, or to meet any other urgent necessities.

It frequently happens that employers have far to seek for persons, of whom the requisite qualities of steadiness and honesty can be readily certified. In such cases the Society offers an immediate resource; and will therefore doubtless succeed in its object. It must not however be forgotten, that there is no line of life which does not cast, upon the benevolence or the poor-laws of this country, its disabled and unpensioned candidates for such situations as the Society seeks for its protégés. How far these will fall into competition and rivalry with them, cannot be easily determined.

ALEXANDER THE FIRST.

I HAVE recently met with a strictly Russian account of the death of the Emperor Alexander. It was written evidently by one of his attendants, and disseminated through Germany, for the purpose of contradicting the opinion then generally entertained that he had been poisoned. The German publication in which it occurs is very guarded in the expression of its sentiments on this still mysterious subject, and I think there are some circumstances, even in this quasi-official document, which are not quite clearly reconcilable with the theory it intends to support. The immediate interest of this question has now passed away, but the diary (which is the form this writing sometimes assumes) is so full of the names of places about which our curiosity is now daily excited; and the contrast between the past and present condition of the lands in which Alexander made his last expedition, and ended his days, is so strange; that I have thought a translation of the whole description of his journey and death would not be without its value at a time when our eyes are so anxiously turned to the Crimea and the Sea of Azoff.

EINIGES ÜBER DIE LETZTEN LEBENSTAGE DES KAISER'S ALEXANDER.

General Diebitsch has remarked, that when the emperor was leaving St. Petersburg, he looked at the quays, which he generally

admired so much, with a dark and sorrowful expression, and even turned away from them to look at the citadel; that he then sank deep in thought, and even when, at last, he broke the silence, made no observation on the magnificence of the view before him.

Some days before he commenced his journey to the Crimea the emperor was working in his cabinet, in the finest possible weather. Suddenly such a cloud enveloped the sun that he could not see to write. He rang for candles. Aricimoff entered and received the order; but, as the darkness suddenly cleared off, he came again, but without bringing the lights.

"You don't bring in the candles," said the emperor, giving way to some dark foreboding, to which he had been subject for some time. "Is it because people would say, if you burnt candles by daylight, that a corpse was in the room? I thought of this myself."

When the emperor came to Taganrog, on his return from the Crimea, where everything had given him satisfaction, he went to his room, and said to Aricimoff: "Do you remember your refusing to bring in the candles, and what I said on the occasion? Who knows, but very likely, the saying may come true?"

At dinner one day, at Bakshiserai, the emperor, who hated physic, and never spoke of it, especially at table, took it into his head to ask Wylie, his physician, if he had any strong antidote against fever.

"Yes, sire," said Wylie.

"Good; let it be brought in."

The medicine-chest was brought, and the emperor, who was in perfect health, took a pinch or two of the specific, though it had a strong, disagreeable smell.

Whenever he stopped at a town, it was his custom to go straight to the principal church to say his prayers. When the empress arrived at Taganrog, the emperor led her, as if under the impulse of a presentiment, into the Greek monastery instead of into the High Church. And this monastery is the same in which his body was laid in state, on the twenty-third of December. On his arrival he expressed his anxiety to visit the Crimea at once. This anxiety, however, seemed to decrease as the time of his departure drew near. The expedition, indeed, was nearly put off till the next spring; but Woronzoff's arrival altered this idea. Once he ordered Diebitsch to draw out a plan of the journey, and bring it to him. Diebitsch soon prepared one, as he was ordered, but the emperor said, "This is too long a route—make me a shorter one." Next day Diebitsch brought one which he thought would please.

"Twenty days!" said the emperor; "you have altered nothing—shorten it! shorten it!" And at last, with difficulty, he consented to a route reduced to little more than a fortnight.

All the time the emperor's illness lasted the dogs in Taganrog, as many people remarked, howled in a strange and frightful

manner. Some had established themselves under the windows of the imperial cabinet, and made more hideous noises than the rest. Prince Volkonsky told me he had had a hundred and fifty of them killed in three days.

[After these preparatory statements, which are all of very sinister augury, we get to the emperor's visit to the Crimea.]

On the first of November, eighteen hundred and twenty-five, the emperor began his journey, and was gay and talkative for the first few days.

He was evidently happy and contented with everything. On the sixth he left Simpheropol, on horseback, and rode five-and-thirty versts to Yousouff, on the south coast. The carriages were ordered to wait for him two days in Baidar. The *maitre d'hôtel* was sent off with the carriages, and this, in Dr. Wylie's opinion, was one of the chief causes of the emperor's illness, because, during his absence, the food was of an inferior quality, or, at least, ill-prepared. On his arrival at Yousouff, on the sixth, he dined late; on the following day, he went to Alupka, belonging to Prince Woronzoff; he visited the Garden of Nikita on his way, and walked a great deal; then he went to Orienda, which he had bought of Bezborodka; and, from that place, went alone to Princess Galitzin. Diebitsch has told me that the *Ohel colony* of the princess was, at that very time, afflicted with fever. He spent the night in a Tartar hut. He dined very late on his arrival at Alupka, and had eaten fruit on the journey. He rose early, and walked some time before leaving Alupka, and then rode at least forty versts. During this ride he was in bad humour, and very much discontented with his horse. It was necessary to mount a very steep hill to get to Marderhoff's estate in the interior, and without tasting food he came to Baidar. He was in a profuse perspiration and greatly tired; then, at last, he got into the carriage to go to Sebastopol. At the post-house, two versts from Balacava, he again got on horseback, and rode out with Diebitsch to review a Greek battalion, commanded by Ravallotti; with him he breakfasted, and ate a large quantity of rich fish. He resumed his carriage at the post-house, and at the last station rode alone to visit a Greek monastery dedicated to St. George, wearing neither great coat nor cloak, though the sun was set and there was a cold wind blowing. He stayed perhaps two hours in the monastery, and then rode back to the carriage, and reached Sebastopol between eight and nine o'clock. He betook himself immediately by torchlight to the church, and getting into the carriage, again drove to his quarters, near which he reviewed (also by torchlight) the marines. He ordered dinner on his arrival, but ate nothing. He then busied himself about the arrangements for the following day.

On that—namely the ninth—he saw a ship

launched, and then visited the Military Hospital, about three versts from the town. On his return he received the authorities till half-past two, and then walked down to the seaside. He embarked in a boat, and visited a line-of-battle ship, and then crossed the harbour to see the Marine Hospital. After this he inspected the barracks, which were exposed to a cold, damp wind, and then went, about four versts farther, to inspect the Alexander battery, where he ordered some practice with red-hot balls. At a late hour, the emperor dined with all his generals, and laboured longer than usual with Diebitsch.

On the tenth, he sent over his carriages to the other side, and himself crossing in a boat and inspecting the Constantine battery and the citadel, rejoined them where they had been ordered to wait.

In the citadel an officer, poorly clothed, and without his sword, threw himself at the emperor's feet, saying he was in arrest by sentence of a court-martial, and applied for pardon. The man's uninviting appearance and manner made a very unpleasant impression on the emperor, who was probably already seized with illness, and he got no sleep all night. Shortly after this incident, he got into an open carriage, and proceeded to Bakshiserai, with which he was not nearly so much pleased on this visit as he had been on the last. He did not show the same liveliness as he had done hitherto, but seemed thoughtful and depressed. He slept in the carriage, and ate by himself.

On the eleventh, he rode to Youfoul Kale (Sehefet Kale), a Jewish town, where he visited several synagogues; and before he reached Bakshiserai, he visited a Greek monastery.

As he ascended the steps, he felt himself so weak, that he was forced to rest, and then he returned to Youfoul Kale, where he took refreshments with some of the principal Mahomedans. In the evening, he visited several of the mosques, and attended a religious solemnity at the house of one of the inhabitants. In the same night he sent for Wylie, and consulted him about the health of the empress, regretting very much he had not been with her when she received news of the death of the King of Bavaria. On this occasion, also, he confessed he had for some time suffered from diarrhoea, and otherwise felt indisposed; but added, "In spite of it all, I don't want you or your medicines. I know how to cure myself." Wylie answered he was wrong to trust so much to tea and rum and water-gruel, for rhubarb was far better.

"Leave me alone," said the emperor; "I have told you often I will take none of your drugs." From that time till they arrived in Marienpol, Wylie, who daily inquired how the emperor was, received only the same reply: "I am quite well, don't talk to me of physic." From Bakshiserai, the emperor

went in his open carriage to Kozloff, and exposed himself to the frightful exhalations near that place. In Kozloff he visited the churches, the mosques, the synagogues, the barracks, and the quarantine establishments. He allowed the captain of a Turkish merchantman which had not performed quarantine to come on shore, and spoke with him for some time. He was even angry with Wylie, who remonstrated with him on his imprudence.

It was only on his arrival at Marienpol, on the sixteenth, that for the first time he called in his physician, and consulted him on the serious state of his health. Wylie found him in a state of strong fever, with blue nails; the cold affected him greatly. Some days afterwards the fever left him, but till his arrival in Taganrog he ate almost nothing, and felt constantly unwell.

On the seventeenth, the emperor reached Taganrog. Prince Volkousky asked him how he felt. "I've caught a fever," he said, "in the Crimea, in spite of its boasted climate. I am now more than ever persuaded that we were wise to fix on Taganrog as the residence of the empress." He added, that since he left Bakshiserai he had had a fever; he had asked there for something to drink, and Federoff had given him a cup of acid barberry syrup. "I drank it off," he said, "and immediately felt acute pains in my limbs. I became more feverish when I visited the hospital at Perekop."

Volkousky observed in reply, he did not take care enough of himself, and should not run the risks he did with impunity when he was twenty years younger.

He felt much worse on the following day, and was forced to desist from transacting business with Volkousky. At three o'clock he dined with the empress.

The chamberlain told the prince that the emperor perspired in an extraordinary manner; and Wylie being summoned, accompanied Volkousky into the room. They found him sitting on a sofa, with his feet covered with flannel, and very feverish. The physician induced him to take some pills, but afterwards it was with difficulty he could be dissuaded from renewing his labours. At seven in the evening he felt better, and thanked Wylie for his attentions. He then sent for the empress, who remained with him till ten o'clock. The emperor had a quiet night, and at seven in the morning took a mixture, which did him good. The night of the twentieth was restless; he had had an attack of the fever, and had been prevented from attending mass. The emperor seemed shocked at the number of papers placed before him; but Volkousky recommended him to attend first to the restoration of his health, before he busied himself with despatches. The empress was again sent for, and stayed with him till ten.

On the twenty-first he felt worse, and

allowed a report of his condition to be sent to the Empress-mother and the Grand Duke Constantine.

The night of the twenty-second was tolerably easy, but in the morning he felt very ill. At eleven he had an alarming fainting fit, and all day a burning skin, with strong perspiration in the evening. He never spoke unless when he wanted anything, and appeared almost always in a comatose state.

On the twenty-third he felt somewhat better, and the empress remained with him till dinner-time; but on standing up, he fainted again.

On the twenty-fourth he enjoyed some orange lemonade very much, and seemed considerably relieved.

On the twenty-fifth his skin was burning, and all day he did not speak a word. As the lemonade made him sick, they gave him cherry syrup.

On the twenty-sixth he was so much stronger, that he sat up and shaved himself; but at twelve had another access of fever. The physician recommended leeches, but he would not hear of them; and in case of irritating him by the attempt, they were not alluded to again. On the recurrence of a fainting fit, at eight o'clock, Wylie told Volkousky that his life was in great danger. The latter went at once to the empress, and told her no time was to be lost if she wished the emperor to perform his last Christian duties. The unhappy empress found herself strong enough to go without delay to the emperor, to speak to him on the subject.

"Am I indeed so ill?" he asked.

"My dearest friend," answered the empress, "you have refused every means suggested by the doctors; let us now make an experiment with this."

"With all my heart," said the emperor, and called in the physician.

"I am then so ill?" he said.

"Yes, sire," replied Wylie, with tears. "You would not follow my prescriptions, and now I must tell you—not as your physician, but as an honourable and Christian man—there is not a moment to lose."

The emperor pressed his hands, which he held a long time in his, and sank into deep thought. Wylie was now asked if the confession might be delayed till the morning, and to this he agreed. At eleven o'clock the emperor besought his wife to go and take some rest.

Between four and five of the morning of the twenty-seventh, the emperor was much worse, and the empress was summoned. The confessor came.

"I must now be left alone," said Alexander. And when he had finished his confession, the empress returned and joined in the communion. She then, throwing herself on her knees along with the confessor, besought him to let leeches be applied. He promised his consent, and turning to the

empress, said: "Never did I find myself more perfectly at peace, and for this I am eternally indebted to you." Thirty leeches were applied, but took more than two hours to bite, and drew little blood.

The night of the twenty-eighth was very restless, and the emperor greatly exhausted. He took a spoonful of lemonade, and in spite of all applications was ill the whole day. On the twenty-ninth a blister was applied to his back. At ten o'clock he came to himself again, spoke a little, and recognised everybody. He wished to drink, and said to Volkousky, "Edrean nisiro." On which the other replied, "Tino? Nonack-ambe." But Volkousky saw that he had no strength to take the gargle, and he was now in the greatest danger.

On the thirtieth he seemed tolerably strong, but the fever increased, and the danger grew more threatening all day. Every time he opened his eyes he looked to the empress, took her hands, kissed them, and pressed them to his heart. Volkousky approached to kiss his hand, but he did not seem pleased, as he never liked kissing of hands. He lost consciousness at twenty minutes to twelve and never recovered it.

On the first of December he breathed his last, at ten minutes to eleven in the morning. The empress closed his eyes.

The priest to whom he confessed is called Alexis, and is arch-priest of the high church at Taganrog. The Archbishop of Ecaterinoslaff read the prayers when the emperor was laid out. The corpse of the emperor lay nine days in his cabinet, while it was embalmed. During this time the empress resided in the town. The body was, however, not so well embalmed as could be wished. It was necessary to dip it constantly in ice, and to moisten the face with an acid by which his features became dark and unrecognisable. In the head some wrong-placed membranes were found, at the exact spot which he used to touch when he was in pain. The emperor had suffered greatly in his last moments: he breathed fast, and with difficulty. He died in his cabinet, on a divan. The persons in the next room heard his struggles. During his illness, he often lay in the little room at the front of his cabinet. A moment was seized, while the empress was out of the chamber, to administer the last sacrament.

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INFANT GARDENS.

SEVENTY or eighty years ago there was a son born to the Pastor Froebel, who exercised his calling in the village of Oberweissbach, in the principality of Schwartzburg-Rudolstadt. The son, who was called Frederick, proved to be a child of unusually quick sensibilities, keenly alive to all impressions, hurt by discords of all kinds; by quarrelling of men, women and children, by ill-assorted colours, inharmonious sounds. He was, to a morbid extent, capable of receiving delight from the beauties of nature, and, as a very little boy, would spend much of his time in studying and enjoying, for their own sake, the lines and angles in the gothic architecture of his father's church. Who does not know what must be the central point of all the happiness of such a child? The voice of its mother is the sweetest of sweet sounds, the face of its mother is the fairest of fair sights, the loving touch of her lip is the symbol to it of all pleasures of the sense and of the soul. Against the thousand shocks and terrors that are ready to afflict a child too exquisitely sensitive, the mother is the sole protectress, and her help is all-sufficient. Frederick Froebel lost his mother in the first years of his childhood, and his youth was tortured with incessant craving for a sympathy that was not to be found.

The Pastor Froebel was too busy to attend to all the little fancies of his son. It was his good practice to be the peaceful arbiter of the disputes occurring in the village, and, as he took his boy with him when he went out, he made the child familiar with all the quarrels of the parish. Thus were suggested, week after week, comparisons between the harmony of nature, and the spite and scandal current among men. A dreamy, fervent love of God, a fanciful boy's wish that he could make men quiet and affectionate, took strong possession of young Frederick, and grew with his advancing years. He studied a good deal. Following out his love of nature, he sought to become acquainted with the sciences by which her ways and aspects are explained: his contemplation of the architecture of the village church ripened into a thorough taste for mathematics, and he enjoyed agricultural life practically, as a worker on his father's land. At last he went to Pestalozzi's school in Switzerland.

Then followed troublous times, and patriotic war in Germany, where even poets fought against the enemy with lyre and sword. The quick instincts, and high, generous impulses of Frederick Froebel were engaged at once, and he went out to battle on behalf of Fatherland in the ranks of the boldest; for he was one of Lutzow's regiment—a troop of riders that earned by its daring an immortal name. Their fame has even penetrated to our English concert-rooms, where many a fair English maiden has been made familiar with the dare-devil patriots of which it was composed, by the refrain of the German song in honour of their prowess—*Das ist Lützow's fliegende, wilde Jagd*. Having performed his duty to his country in the ranks of its defenders, Froebel fell back upon his love of nature and his study of triangles, squares, and cubes. He had made interest that placed him in a position which, in many respects, curiously satisfied his tastes—that of Inspector to the Mineralogical Museum in Berlin. The post was lucrative, its duties were agreeable to him, but the object of his life's desire was yet to be attained.

For, the unsatisfied cravings of his childhood had borne fruit within him. He remembered the quick feelings and perceptions, the incessant nimbleness of mind proper to his first years, and how he had been hemmed in and cramped for want of right encouragement and sympathy. He remembered, too, the ill-conditioned people whose disputes had been made part of his experience, the dogged children, cruel fathers, sullen husbands, angry wives, quarrelsome neighbours; and surely he did not err when he connected the two memories together. How many men and women go about pale-skinned and weak of limb, because their physical health during infancy and childhood was not established by judicious management. It is just so, thought Froebel, with our minds. There would be fewer sullen, quarrelsome, dull-witted men or women, if there were fewer children starved or fed improperly in heart and brain. To improve society—to make men and women better—it is requisite to begin quite at the beginning, and to secure for them a wholesome education during infancy and childhood. Strongly possessed with this idea, and feeling that the usual methods of education, by

restraint and penalty, aim at the accomplishment of far too little, and by checking natural development even do positive mischief, Froebel determined upon the devotion of his entire energy, throughout his life, to a strong effort for the establishment of schools that should do justice and honour to the nature of a child. He resigned his appointment at Berlin, and threw himself with only the resources of a fixed will, a full mind, and a right purpose, on the chances of the future.

At Keilhau, a village of Thuringia, he took a peasant's cottage, in which he purposed to establish his first school: a village boys' school. It was necessary to enlarge the cottage; and, while that was being done, Froebel lived on potatoes, bread, and water. So scanty was his stock of capital on which his enterprise was started, that, in order honestly to pay his workmen, he was forced to carry his principle of self-denial to the utmost. He bought each week two large rye-loaves, and marked on them with chalk each day's allowance. Perhaps he is the only man in the world who ever, in so literal a way, chalked out for himself a scheme of diet.

After labouring for many years among the boys at Keilhau, Froebel—married to a wife who shared his zeal, and made it her labour to help to the utmost in carrying out the idea of her husband's life—felt that there was more to be accomplished. His boys came to him with many a twist in mind or temper, caught by wriggling up through the bewilderments of a neglected infancy. The first sproutings of the human mind need thoughtful culture; there is no period of life, indeed, in which culture is so essential. And yet, in nine out of ten cases, it is precisely while the little blades of thought and buds of love are frail and tender, that no heed is taken to maintain the soil about them wholesome, and the air about them free from blight. There must be INFANT GARDENS, Froebel said; and straightway formed his plans, and set to work for their accomplishment.

He had become familiar in cottages with the instincts of mothers, and the faculties with which young children are endowed by nature. He never lost his own childhood from memory, and being denied the blessing of an infant of his own, regarded all the little ones with equal love. The direction of his boys' school—now flourishing vigorously—he committed to the care of a relation, while he set out upon a tour through parts of Germany and Switzerland to lecture upon Infant training and to found Infant Gardens where he could. He founded them at Hamburg, Leipsic, Dresden, and elsewhere. While labouring in this way he was always exercising the same spirit of self-denial that had marked the outset of his educational career. Whatever he could earn was for the children, to promote their cause. He would

not spend upon himself the money that would help in the accomplishment of his desire, childhood should be made as happy as God his wisdom had designed it should be, that full play should be given to its endowments and powers. Many a night's lodging he sought while on his travels, in the open fields, with an umbrella for his bedroom and a knapsack for his pillow.

So beautiful a self-devotion to a noble cause won recognition. One of the friends of his old age was the Duchess of Weimar, sister to Queen Adelaide of England, and his death took place on the twenty-first of June, three years ago, at a country seat near the Duke of Meiningen. He died at the age of seventy, peaceably, upon a summer's day, delighting in the beautiful scenery that lay outside his window, and in the fresh air brought by friends to his bedside. No one he said, bore witness to the promises of his life. So Froebel passed away.

And Nature's pleasant robe of green,
Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
His monument and his memory.

Wise and good people have been endeavoring of late to obtain in this country a better knowledge for the views of this good teacher, and a better appreciation of his system. Only fourteen years have elapsed since the first Infant Garden was established, and already infant gardens have been introduced into most of the larger cities of Germany. Let us now welcome them to our hearts to England.

The whole principle of Froebel's teaching is based on a perfect love for children, a full and genial recognition of their natural determination that their hearts shall not be starved for want of sympathy, that since they are by infinite wisdom so created as to find happiness in the active exercise and development of all their faculties, we, who are their children round about us, shall no longer press their energies, tie up their bodies, close their mouths, and declare that they worry by the incessant putting of the questions which the Father of us all has placed in their mouths, so that the teachable one for ever cries to those who undertake to be its guide—"What shall I do?" To be ready at times with a wise answer to that question ought to be the ambition of every one to whom a child's nature depends for the means of healthy growth. The frolic of childhood is not pure exuberance and waste. "There is often a high meaning in childish play," said Froebel. Let us study it, and act upon its hints—or more than hints—that nature gives. They fall into a fatal error who suppose that a child does, as frivolous. Nothing trifling that forms part of a child's life.

That which the mother awakens and fosters,
When she joyously sings and plays;
That which her love so tenderly shelters,
Bears a blessing to future days.

We quote Froebel again, in these lines, and we quote others in which he bids us

— Break not suddenly the dream,
The blessed dream of infancy;
In which the soul unites with all
In earth, or heaven, or sea, or sky.

But enough has already been said to show what he would have done. How would he do it?

Of course it must be borne in mind, throughout the following sketch of Froebel's scheme of infant training, that certain qualities of mind are necessary to the teacher. Let nobody suppose that any scheme of education can attain its end, as a mere scheme, apart from the qualifications of those persons by whom it is to be carried out. Very young children can be trained successfully by no person who wants hearty liking for them, and who can take part only with a proud sense of restraint in their chatter and their play. It is in truth no condescension to become in spirit as a child with children, and nobody is fit to teach the young who holds a different opinion. Unvarying cheerfulness and kindness, the refinement that belongs naturally to a pure, well-constituted woman's mind are absolutely necessary to the management of one of Froebel's infant gardens.

Then, again, let it be understood that Froebel never wished his system of training to be converted into mere routine, to the exclusion of all that spontaneous action in which more than half of every child's education must consist. It was his purpose to show the direction in which it was most useful to proceed, how best to assist the growth of the mind by following the indications nature furnishes. Nothing was farther from his design, in doing that, than the imposition of a check on any wholesome energies. Blindman's buff, romps, puzzles, fairy tales, everything in fact that exercises soundly any set of the child's faculties, must be admitted as a part of Froebel's system. The cardinal point of his doctrine is,—take care that you do not exercise a part only, of the child's mind or body; but take thorough pains to see that you encourage the development of its whole nature. If pains—and great pains—be not taken to see that this is done, probably it is not done. The Infant Gardens are designed to help in doing it.

The mind of a young child must not be trained at the expense of its body. Every muscle ought, if possible, to be brought daily into action; and, in the case of a child suffered to obey the laws of nature by free tumbling and romping, that is done in the best manner possible. Every mother knows that by carrying an infant always on the same arm its growth is liable to be perverted. Every father knows the child's delight at being vigorously danced up and down, and much of this delight arises from the play then given to its muscles. As the child grows, the most

unaccustomed positions into which it can be safely twisted are those from which it will receive the greatest pleasure. That is because play is thus given to the muscles in a form they do not often get, and nature,—always watchful on the child's behalf—cries, We will have some more of that. It does us good. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind, and Froebel's scheme of infant education is, for both, a system of gymnastics.

He begins with the new-born infant and demands that, if possible, it shall not be taken from its mother. He sets his face strongly against the custom of committing the child during the tenderest and most impressive period of its whole life to the care and companionship of an ignorant nurse-maid, or of servants who have not the mother's instinct, or the knowledge that can tell them how to behave in its presence. Only the mother should, if possible, be the child's chief companion and teacher during at least the first three years of its life, and she should have thought it worth while to prepare herself for the right fulfilment of her duties. Instead of tambour work, or Arabic, or any other useless thing that may be taught at girls' schools, surely it would be a great blessing if young ladies were to spend some of their time in an infant garden, that might be attached to every academy. Let them all learn from Froebel what are the requirements of a child, and be prepared for the wise performance of what is after all to be the most momentous business of their lives.

The carrying out of this hint is indeed necessary to the complete and general adoption of the infant-garden system. Froebel desired his infants to be taught only by women, and required that they should be women as well educated and refined as possible; preferring amiable unmarried girls. Thus he would have our maidens spending some part of their time in playing with little ones, learning to understand them, teaching them to understand; our wives he would have busy at home, making good use of their experience, developing carefully and thoughtfully the minds of their children, sole teachers for the first three years of their life; afterwards, either helped by throwing them among other children in an infant garden for two or three hours every day, or, if there be at home no lack of little company, having infant gardens of their own.

Believing that it is natural to address infants in song, Froebel encouraged nursery songs, and added to their number. Those contributed by him to the common stock were of course contributed for the sake of some use that he had for each; in the same spirit—knowing play to be essential to a child—he invented games; and those added by him to the common stock are all meant to be used for direct teaching. It does not in the least follow, and it was not the case, that he would

have us make all nursery rhymes and garden sports abstrusely didactic. He meant no more than to put his own teaching into songs and games, to show clearly that whatever is necessary to be said or done to a young child, may be said or done merrily or playfully, and although he was essentially a schoolmaster, he had no faith in the terrors commonly associated with his calling.

Froebel's nursery songs are associated almost invariably with bodily activity on the part of the child. He is always, as soon as he becomes old enough, to do something while the song is going on, and the movements assigned to him are cunningly contrived so that not even a joint of a little finger shall be left unexercised. If he be none the better, he is none the worse for this. The child is indeed unlucky that depends only on care of this description for the full play of its body; but there are some children so unfortunate, and there are some parents who will be usefully reminded by those songs, of the necessity of procuring means for the free action of every joint and limb. What is done for the body is done, in the same spirit for the mind, and ideas are formed, not by song only. The beginning of a most ingenious course of mental training by a series of playthings is made almost from the very first.

A box containing six soft balls differing in colour, is given to the child. It is Froebel's "first gift." Long before it can speak the infant can hold one of these little balls in its fingers, become familiar with its spherical shape and its colour. It stands still, it springs, it rolls. As the child grows, he can roll it and run after it, watch it with sharp eyes, and compare the colour of one ball with the colour of another, prick up his ears at the songs connected with his various games with it, use it as a bond of playfellowship with other children, practice with it first efforts at self-denial, and so forth. One ball is suspended by a string, it jumps,—it rolls—here—there—over—up,—turns left—turns right—ding-dong—tip-tap—falls—spins; fifty ideas may be connected with it. The six balls, three of the primary colours, three of the secondary, may be built up in a pyramid; they may be set rolling, and used in combination in a great many ways giving sufficient exercise to the young wits that have all knowledge and experience before them.

Froebel's "second gift" is a small box containing a ball, cube and roller (the two last perforated), with a stick and string. With these forms of the cube, sphere, and cylinder, there is a great deal to be done, and learnt. They can be played with at first according to the child's own humour: will run, jump, represent carts or anything. The ancient Egyptians, in their young days as a nation, piled three cubes on one another and called them the three Graces. A child will, in the same way, see fishes in stones, and be content

to put a cylinder upon a cube, and say that is papa on horseback. Of this element of ready fancy in all childish sport, Froebel took full advantage. The ball, cube, and cylinder may be spun, swung, rolled, and balanced, in so many ways as to display practically all their properties. The cube, spun upon the stick piercing it through opposite edges, will look like a circle, and so forth. As the child grows older, each of the forms may be examined definitely, and he may learn from observation to describe it. The ball may be rolled down an inclined plane and the acceleration of its speed observed. Most of the elementary laws of mechanics may be made practically obvious to the child's understanding.

The "third gift" is the cube divided once in every direction. By the time a child gets this to play with, he is three years old: of age ripe for admission to an Infant Garden. The infant garden is intended for the help of children between three years old and seven. Instruction in it—always by means of play—is given for only two or three hours in the day; such instruction sets each child, if reasonably helped at home, in the right train of education for the remainder of its time.

An infant garden must be held in a large room abounding in clear space for child's play, and connected with a garden into which the children may adjourn whenever weather will permit. The garden is meant chiefly to assure, more perfectly, the association of wholesome bodily exercise with mental activity. If climate but permitted, Froebel would have all young children taught entirely in the pure, fresh air, while frolicking in sunshine among flowers. By his system he aimed at securing for them bodily as well as mental health, and he held it to be unnatural that they should be cooped up in close rooms, and glued to forms, when all their limbs twitch with desire for action, and there is a warm sunshine out of doors. The garden, too, should be their own; every child the master or mistress of a plot in it, sowing seeds and watching day by day the growth of plants, instructed playfully and simply in the meaning of what is observed. When weather forbids use of the garden, there is the great, airy room which should contain cupboards, with a place for every child's toys and implements; so that a habit of the strictest neatness may be properly maintained. Up to the age of seven there is to be no book work and no ink work; but only at school a free and brisk, but systematic strengthening of the body, of the senses, of the intellect, and of the affections, managed in such a way as to leave the child prompt for subsequent instruction, already comprehending the elements of a good deal of knowledge.

We must endeavour to show in part how that is done. The third gift—the cube divided once in every direction—enables the child to begin the work of construction in

accordance with its own ideas, and insensibly brings the ideas into the control of a sense of harmony and fitness. The cube divided into eight parts will manufacture many things; and, while the child is at work helped by quiet suggestion now and then, the teacher talks of what he is about, asks many questions, answers more, mixes up little songs and stories with the play. Pillars, ruined castles, triumphal arches, city gates, bridges, crosses, towers, all can be completed to the perfect satisfaction of a child, with the eight little cubes. They are all so many texts on which useful and pleasant talk can be established. Then they are capable also of harmonious arrangement into patterns, and this is a great pleasure to the child. He learns the charm of symmetry, exercises taste in the preference of this or that among the hundred combinations of which his eight cubes are susceptible.

Then follows the "fourth gift," a cube divided into eight planes cut lengthways. More things can be done with this than with the other. Without strain on the mind, in sheer play, mingled with songs, nothing is wanted but a liberal supply of little cubes, to make clear to the children the elements of arithmetic. The cubes are the things numbered. Addition is done with them; they are subtracted from each other; they are multiplied; they are divided. Besides these four elementary rules they cause children to be thoroughly at home in the principle of fractions, to multiply and divide fractions—as real things; all in good time, it will become easy enough to let written figures represent them—to go through the rule of three, square root, and cube root. As a child has instilled into him the principles of arithmetic, so he acquires insensibly the groundwork of geometry, the sister science.

Froebel's "fifth gift" is an extension of the third, a cube divided into twenty-seven equal cubes, and three of these further divided into halves, three into quarters. This brings with it the teaching of a great deal of geometry, much help to the lessons in number, magnificent accessions to the power of the little architect; who is provided, now, with pointed roofs and other glories, and the means of producing an almost infinite variety of symmetrical patterns, both more complex and more beautiful than heretofore.

The "sixth gift" is a cube so divided as to extend still farther the child's power of combining and discussing it. When its resources are exhausted and combined with those of the "seventh gift" (a box containing every form supplied in the preceding series), the little pupil—seven years old—has had his inventive and artistic powers exercised, and his mind stored with facts that have been absolutely comprehended. He has acquired also a sense of pleasure in the occupation of his mind.

But he has not been trained in this way only. We leave out of account the

bodily exercise connected with the entire round of occupation, and speak only of the mental discipline. There are some other "gifts" that are brought into service as the child becomes able to use them. One is a box containing pieces of wood, or pasteboard, cut into sundry forms. With these the letters of the alphabet can be constructed: and, after letters, words, in such a way as to create out of the game a series of pleasant spelling lessons. The letters are arranged upon a slate ruled into little squares, by which the eye is guided in preserving regularity. Then follows the gift of a bundle of small sticks, which represent so many straight lines; and, by laying them upon his slate, the child can make letters, patterns, pictures; drawing, in fact, with lines that have not to be made with pen or pencil, but are provided ready made and laid down with the fingers. This kind of Stick-work having been brought to perfection, there is a capital extension of the idea with what is called Pea-work. By the help of peas softened in water, sticks may be joined together, letters, skeletons of cubes, crosses, prisms may be built; houses, towers, churches may be constructed, having due breadth as well as length and height, strong enough to be carried about or kept as specimens of ingenuity. Then follows a gift of flat sticks, to be used in plaiting. After that, there is a world of ingenuity to be expended on the plaiting, folding, cutting, and pricking of plain or coloured paper. Children five years old, trained in the Infant Garden, will delight in plaiting slips of paper variously coloured into patterns of their own invention, and will work with a sense of symmetry so much refined by training as to produce patterns of exceeding beauty. By cutting paper, too, patterns are produced in the Infant Garden that would often, though the work of very little hands, be received in schools of design with acclamation. Then there are games by which the first truths of astronomy, and other laws of nature, are made as familiar as they are interesting. For our own parts, we have been perfectly amazed at the work we have seen done by children of six or seven—bright, merry creatures, who have all the spirit of their childhood active in them, repressed by no parent's selfish love of ease and silence—cowed by no dull-witted teacher of the A B C and the pot-hooks.

Froebel discourages the cramping of an infant's hand upon a pen, but his slate ruled into little squares, or paper prepared in the same way, is used by him for easy training in the elements of drawing. Modelling in wet clay is one of the most important occupations of the children who have reached about the sixth year, and is used as much as possible, not merely to encourage imitation, but to give some play to the creative power. Finally, there is the best possible use made of the paint-box, and children engaged upon the

colouring of pictures and the arrangement of nosegays, are further taught to enjoy, not merely what is bright, but also what is harmonious and beautiful.

We have not left ourselves as much space as is requisite to show how truly all such labour becomes play to the child. Fourteen years' evidence suffices for a demonstration of the admirable working of a system of this kind; but as we think there are some parents who may be willing to inquire a little further into the subject here commended earnestly to their attention, we will end by a citation of the source from which we have ourselves derived what information we possess.

At the educational exhibition in St. Martin's Hall last year, there was a large display of the material used and results produced in Infant Gardens, which attracted much attention. The Baroness von Marenholtz, enthusiastic in her advocacy of the childrens' cause, came then to England, and did very much to procure the establishment in this country of some experimental infant gardens. By her, several months ago—and at about the same time by M. and Madame Ronge who had already established the first English infant garden—our attention was invited to the subject. We were also made acquainted with M. Hoffman, one of Froebel's pupils, who explained the system theoretically at the Polytechnic Institution. When in this country, the Baroness von Marenholtz published a book called *Woman's Educational Mission*: being an explanation of Frederick Froebel's System of Infant Gardens. We have made use of the book in the preceding notice, but it appeared without the necessary illustrations, and is therefore a less perfect guide to the subject than a work published more recently by M. and Madame Ronge: *A Practical Guide to the English Kindergarten*. This last book we exhort everybody to consult who is desirous of a closer insight into Froebel's system than we have been able here to give. It not only explains what the system is; but, by help of an unstinted supply of little sketches, enables any one at once to study it at home and bring it into active operation. It suggests conversations, games; gives many of Froebel's songs, and even furnishes the music (which usually consists of popular tunes—Mary Blane, Rousseau's Dream, &c.) to which they may be sung. Furthermore, it is well to say that any one interested in this subject, whom time and space do not forbid, may see an Infant Garden in full work by calling on a Tuesday morning between the hours of ten and one on M. and Madame Ronge, at number thirty-two, Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square. That day these earliest and heartiest of our established infant gardeners have set apart, for the help of a good cause, to interruptions and investigations from the world without: trusting, of

course, we suppose, that no one will disturb them for the satisfaction of mere curiosity.

UNFORTUNATE JAMES DALEY.

THROUGH what inadvertent misapprehension relative to the laws of mine and the late unfortunate Mr. James Daley came to be exiled from his native country, Ireland, which he was so bright and conspicuous an ornament, I have had no means of ascertaining. That he was so exiled—that is to be transported beyond the seas, does not admit of a doubt, for I find him to have been a convict in the penal settlement of Botany Bay in or about the year seventeen hundred and eighty-eight.

Anno Domini seventeen hundred and eighty-eight was a real annus mirabilis. Many millions of persons were born and died in every month, week, day, hour, minute, and second of that year: the sun shone with great brilliancy over an immense space of territory; copious showers of rain fell from the heavens; and it is an indisputable record that at one period of the winter, snow covered a considerable portion of the earth's surface. In the year 'eighty-eight departed from Rome all that was mortal from that miserably mortal amalgam of the lees of wine, the bitter ashes of Deceit, Sea apples, the weeds and tares of unchecked passions, the withered flowers of hope, a youth, and honour, that was once Charles Edward Stuart, to the vast majority of his contemporaries the young pretender; but, some cherished medals, and on Canon's tombstone, and in some stout Scottish heart still Charles the Third, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland. This same 'eighty-eight, too, flourished, in New South Wales, the unfortunate James Daley.

The life and motives of Mr. Daley are enveloped in mystery which no person has yet thought it worth his while to subvert. Mr. Daley was transported, but for what crime even, does not, as I have premises to appear. Whether he was a defender, a thrasher, a whiteboy, a peep o' day boy, a member of any other occult society, an Irish Philadelphi; or whether with a total disdain of the factious acrimonies of politics he had, inverting Goldsmith's remark on Burke, given up for mankind what was meant for party, and so confined himself to larceny; whether he was a victim who expatriation is to be numbered among Ireland's wrongs, or a scoundrel of whom the country was well rid, must remain a doubtful subject to the everlasting if, the everlasting perhaps, and the everlasting why. Unless indeed, any body should take the trouble to hunt out the Irish sessions papers, or get returns (if any existed), for the year seventeen hundred and eighty-eight.

James Daley's misfortunes are over, as

the kangaroo hops over his grave; his name would never, probably, have found a place in print, even in the *Biographia Flagitiosa*, had I not the other day stumbled across a passage in an old book that led me to ask myself the question, whether he may not have been the FIRST DISCOVERER OF THE GOLD FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA! In page thirty-six of a quarto volume, published fifty-one years ago, entitled "An Account of the English Colony of New South Wales," by Lieutenant Colonel Collins, I find the following passage:—

"The settlement of Sydney Cove was for some time amused with the account of the existence and discovery of a gold mine; and the impostor had ingenuity enough to impose a fabricated tale on several of the people for truth. He pretended to have discovered it at some distance down the harbour; and offering to conduct an officer to the spot, a boat was provided; but immediately on landing, having previously prevailed upon the officer to send away the boat, to prevent his discovery being made public to more than one person, he made a pretence to leave him, and reaching the settlement some hours before the officer, reported that he had been sent up by him for a guard. The fellow knew too well the consequences that would follow on the officer's arrival, to wait for that, and therefore set off directly into the woods, but being brought back was punished for his imposition with fifty lashes. Still, however, persisting that he had discovered a metal, a specimen of which he produced, the governor ordered him to be taken again down the harbour, with directions to his adjutant to land the men on the place which he should point out, and keep him in sight; but on being assured by that officer, that if he had attempted to deceive him he would put him to death, the man confessed that his story of having found a gold mine was a falsehood which he had propagated in the hope of imposing upon the people belonging to the Fishbourn and Golden Grove Storeships, from which he expected to procure clothing and other articles in return for his promised gold dust; and that he had fabricated the specimens of the metal which he had exhibited, from a guinea and a brass buckle; the remains of which he then produced, and was rewarded for his ingenuity with a hundred lashes. Among the people of his own description there were many who believed, notwithstanding his confession and punishment, that he had actually made the discovery which he pretended, and that he was induced to say it was a fabrication merely to secure it to himself, to make use of it at a future opportunity: so easy is it to impose on the minds of the lower class of the people."

Easy it is, indeed, to impose on the minds of this same lower class: the imposition has been tried on the largest scale, and with the most enlivening success during a long series of

years; yet the judgment even of the superior orders is occasionally fallible, and the great ones of the earth sometimes make fools of themselves. Fifty-one years ago unfortunate James Daley was flogged, threatened with death, and sneered at by lieutenant-governors, judge-advocates, soldier-officers, overseers, and free settlers. Only a few convicts, miserable and despised as himself, believed in him and his gold mine: he got not his deserts, yet 'scaped he not the whipping; but in this day and hour how many of the superior classes will be bold enough to aver that the wretched, contaminated, brutalised, crime-stained, flagellated Irish convict may not have discovered gold—may have been within the arcana of Mammon—may have stood on the shores of that wonderful Pactolus to whose golden sands myriads of men and women are rushing now in frenzied concupiscence of wealth!

I am fond of believing strange things, and I therefore register my opinion that Daley did, if not actually discover gold, know of its existence somewhere in the vicinity of Sydney. I think the guinea and brass-buckle story was a blind; that the lower class of people were right in their estimation of their comrade's character; and that unfortunate James Daley, after his one imprudent avowal that he had a secret, determined to keep it thenceforward unrevealed, because he hated his masters in his heart, and loathed the idea of placing wealth at their command. The monkeys, they say, have the gift of speech, but will not use it lest man should set them to work; unfortunate James Daley, perhaps, kept mute for a parallel reason. "Here I am," he may have said, "lagged—a lifer. I have found gold. What good will it do me to tell the lieutenant-governor and the judge-advocate where to find it too? I shall get a ticket-of-leave, perhaps, and a few guineas; and I shall get drunk, and knife a man, and be lagged again, or scragged; while the lieutenant-governor goes home to be made a lord of, and the judge-advocate is thanked by the parliament-house." So, James Daley held his tongue, and was rewarded for his ingenuity with a hundred lashes.

His ultimate reward on earth, and one that fairly earns him the title of unfortunate, was yet to come. He is flogged at page thirty-six of the book I have quoted; at page forty-one he is hanged. In the case of the unfortunate Miss Bailey, the captain who behaved so ill to her was, I believe, an officer in the Marines. In the case of the unfortunate James Daley, the judge who sentenced him to death was also in the Marines—Lieutenant-Colonel Collins, judge-advocate of the colony. Bailey was throttled in her garters; Daley in an orthodox halter. Here is the entry of the discoverer's crowning reward:

"In December, James Daley, the convict, who, in August, pretended to have discovered an inexhaustible source of wealth, and who

had been observed from that time to neglect his labour, and to loiter about from hut to hut, while others were at work, was at last convicted of breaking into a house and plundering it, for which he suffered death. Before he was turned off, he confessed that he had committed several thefts, into which he had been induced by bad connections."

Here is an end of James Daley, his misfortunes, his discoveries, and his crimes. His secret, if he had any, died with him. It is doubtful whether he discovered gold or not. It is certain that he broke into a house, and that he was rewarded for his ingenuity by a hundred and fifty lashes and a gibbet. He was whipped like a dog, and hanged like a dog, according to law. The only question is, whether he deserves a niche in the temple of the martyrs of discovery by the side of Christopher Columbus, Salomon de Caslæ, and Galileo; or whether I myself ought to be put in the pillory (supposing such a machine to exist), for desecrating these respectable pages with the apotheosis of an unmitigated rascal. Perhaps, after all, it does not matter much whether the Australian gold-fields were in reality first discovered by James Daley. We as seldom see the right amount of praise given to the right man, as the right man in the right place. I dare say Cadmus didn't invent letters himself. I imagine that he bought the patent right for a few drachms from some poor wretch who lived in an attic and had no soles to his sandals. "That man is not the discoverer of any art," writes Sydney Smith, "who first says the thing; but he who says it so long, and so loud, and so clearly, that he compels mankind to hear him."

SARDINIAN FORESTS AND FISHERIES.

As the time for over-sea excursions approaches, it may be a charity to give a short account of an island that has hitherto almost escaped that British invasion which, corrupting the cookery of France, and raising the tolls of innkeepers, postboys, muleteers, donkey-boys, and camel-drivers, has extended from the Straits of Dover to the Pyramid of Cheops: from the snows of Lapland to the hot sands of Algeria: and spreads all over the world.

With so much of the kingdom of Sardinia as consists of what the islanders call *terra firma*, English travellers are tolerably familiar. But, the island which has given the best known European name to the territory which includes such famous cities as Turin and Genoa, has been ventured upon by few except antiquaries of the true Dryasdust order—careful, industrious, fearfully historical, and perfectly unreadable. A reputation for marsh fevers and absence of decent inns, and a more than ordinary richness in entomological specimens of the more disagreeable kind, have, we presume, protected Island

Sardinia from the barbarians who wear mackintosh and plaids, and walk like n dogs in the heat of the day.

And yet it is the largest island in the Mediterranean—as long as from London to Liverpool, and as broad as from London to Southampton; with mountains eight thousand feet high; torrents and waterfalls on proportionate scale, swarming with delicate trout; groves of orange and lemon trees full bearing; forests of oak and chestnut alive with great deer, wild sheep, and fine wild boar; a people as yet uncorrupted by alms or soap, hospitable and dirty, in costumes of picturesqueness and brilliancy which would make the fortune of a ball master. The men armed to the teeth, pertrating poems and murders (not of strangers on the slightest provocation. The women beautiful, fierce, faithful, and quite unspoiled by writing or reading. There are also antiquities; but, as no one knows what they mean, or by whom or for what purpose the rivals of the Round Towers were built, will say nothing about them: especially our present notions are rather vulgar, commercial, and sanitary, than romantic or antiquarian.

For the same reason we say nothing about the history of the island, or its line of sovereigns, but recommend it to melodrama writers as full of assassinations, abdications, love matches, monks, Jesuits, armour, plumes, and velvet jackets.

Government steamers run between Genoa and the two ports of Sardinia. In fine weather, whole fleets of the *nautilus*, a shoals of dolphin, sail and sport upon and the really blue Mediterranean: affording those who have previously only known the seas of Holyhead or of Folkestone, visible signs of the sunny south. Besides the ornamental denizens of the Sardinian shores there are also to be found, in season, shoals of tunny that we do not eat in England, except a few choice spirits, tempted to patronise Fortnum and Mason's pickled specimens. Brillat Savarin's celebrated story of the Abbé's Omelette au Thou; also sardines which we do eat in quantity, thanks to Robert Peel's tariff. Then there is abundance of the finest coral, in symbol of which the town of Cagliari has from time immemorial borne as its arms, a tower sprouting with a branch of coral. Also the Pinna Marina, a silk-producing bivalve of vast size, sometimes three feet in length; not bewrapped in silk like the China worm, but endowed with a sort of beard, or bunch of lines, which, having first allocated himself a rock by his hinge end, he throws off like a fly-fisher, until some small fish attracted by the floating brilliancy, approaches nibble, are caught in the gigantic trap of the open valves, and silently absorbed. But, in the retributory or reactionary law of nature the pinna himself at times falls to an enemy.

even more crafty and skilful than himself. The Polypus Octopodia (what a dreadful name!) may be seen in calm weather, by a curious observer, looking down a Sardinian rock into the clear waters, stealing along toward the open-mouthed pinna, until within a convenient distance, when he flings, with wonderful dexterity, a pebble he has carried in two of his claws into the shell of the hungry pinna. The pinna shuts or tries to shut his trap and crush the stone; in vain, he is wedged open, and the polypus devours him at leisure. The Sardes, in their turn, drag the pinna from rocks, cut off his beard, wash it, dry it, comb it out, get about three ounces of fine silk from a rough pound, and weave four ounces into a pair of gloves "of a beautiful yellow brown, like the burnished gold of certain beetles' backs." Such gloves in the country are worth nearly five shillings a pair.

The land, as far as nature goes, seems not less rich than the sea. It is grievous to hear of magnificent forests of oak, chestnut, ilex, and cork, cut down as recklessly as though they had been in English crown forests, and of a large percentage lost or destroyed for want of roads, and machinery. Beautiful corn is grown, although not nearly to the extent that would be possible if the country were opened, and cultivation encouraged by a rational system of commerce. A few years ago, finest wheat was to be had at thirty-two shillings a quarter, but there were then export duties, a barbarism that we once applied to Irish corn and cattle. The citizens of Bristol turned out the great Edmund Burke for supporting their repeal; so we may find excuses for the Piedmontese king. Fowls are fourpence each, and the best olive oil only three shillings and sixpence a gallon. With white bread, fowls, eggs, and oil to fry them in, no traveller can starve. Then, there are ten different kinds of wines, of wonderful flavour, and euphonious names. Malvaglia, like strong white hermitage, which, when old and very good, costs four shillings and sixpence a gallon. Torbato, like Manzanilla of Spain, at half that price. Giro, like the Tinto of Alicante; also Muscato and Monaco, of which the former is perfumed and delicate: the latter strong. Cannonau, sweet for the ladies; and excellent vino di paese at tenpence a gallon! We grieve to add that part of the stronger wines are exported to Genoa and France, to doctor the weaker kinds. The grapes of the province of Alghero make not only wine, but most delicious raisins, by a secret process. They are not sold, but sent as presents to select friends. Every year, the grape-ship, into which nothing but bushels upon bushels of raisins are admitted, sails to Cagliari, with thousands of baskets for friends.

After these carnal temptations, it is right to mention that the interior forest tracts—roads there are none—are frequented by a sort of Robin Hood outlaws, of various de-

grees of felony, who under the general title of Fuoriciti, are, if merely guilty of manslaughter, pitied and supported by the peasantry, and occasionally persecuted by the police.

Hospitality flourishes, as it does in all thinly peopled countries, where food is cheap and news is scarce. A traveller is introduced from village to village, sure of hearty welcome. The one serious drawback consists in the ceremony of eating. The polite thing is, to partake of every dish; and this, when there are eight or ten, except for an English alderman of experience, is rather difficult. Mr. Tynedale, to whom we are indebted for many of our plums, relates how, when weary, sleepy, and exhausted by tasting of ten dishes, his host exclaimed, "Well, as you have eaten nothing, you shall have something really nice." The door presently opened, and the servant entered with a whole roasted wild boar; and in spite of every effort, our traveller was obliged to dispose of a considerable slice before he was permitted to retire to bed and the nightmare.

For travelling in Sardinia there is an omnibus, running over the one road which traverses the island from end to end, from Cagliari to Port Torres; a most unenviable conveyance, if we are to believe the French gentlemen who, for photographic purposes, passed six uncomfortable weeks there. But then there are also to be had, capital little horses of Arab style, fiery, docile, sure-footed, and hardy. Surely he is unworthy to be a traveller in wild countries, who does not prefer a good horse to any omnibus, even though as luxurious as those of Manchester and Glasgow. Perhaps this race came with the Carthaginians. At any rate, Roman emperors had hunting studs in the island. The Sardes are famous horsemen, in that one respect unlike the highlanders. To sneer at a Sarde's horse is as dangerous as to praise his wife. Horses are so cheap that every peasant has one, which keeps itself, running loose in the woods and wild lands. The best are trained to amble with each pair of fore and hind feet following at the same time, thus producing a most easy smooth motion. An Italian writer declares that travelling on horseback in Sardinia is one of the most agreeable things in the world—"I prefer it to going in a boat with the wind astern." A few thus educated would be invaluable for stout ladies or aldermen requiring exercise. Mr. Tynedale paid ten shillings and sixpence a day for three horses and a man, who found the animals and fed them himself. One of these horses was to carry baggage.

Near the town of Sassari are to be found gardens rich in fruit, flowers and shrubs; in one, our traveller saw a myrtle tree, the stem of which, at some height from the ground, was fifty-six inches in circumference; the branches, extending twenty-six feet, rested on orange trees. The fruit trees were in full

bloom; almond, cherry, orange, and pomegranate, lighted up the dark foliage, over which the Roman pine and palm reigned majestically. One orange tree bore on an average four thousand five hundred fruit. By way of contrast to orange and tobacco plantations, further on in the interior, beyond the wretched village of Bolzi—through a desolate undrained country, abounding in cork, wild olive, and pear trees, the coarse grass brilliant with asphodel—the river Perfugas is reached; where trout, which may be seen in shoals in the summer, from three to four pounds weight each, are sold at Sempio for a halfpenny a pound.

If our traveller, after travelling and fishing, should desire the refreshment of a week at the Baths, he can be accommodated on easy terms. In a gorge of the river Coghinias, are mineral baths of considerable Sarde celebrity, and perhaps as simple and economical as any in Europe. The patient finds neither hotel nor bad-haus, nor kirsaal, but carries with him a fortnight's provisions and a hatchet, sets to work, and cuts down enough boughs to build him a hut; then, takes four horizontal poles, and having discovered with naked foot or hand, the lot of sand of the right heat, sticks the four poles in at the four corners, and fills up the sides with boughs to keep off the sun or the wind; then scratches up the sand into a sort of grave, long enough and broad enough to receive his body. The hollow is immediately filled with the warm mineral water, which flows constantly through, at an even temperature. As thus, in the primitive style of the Omoo and Typee Islanders of the Pacific, he luxuriates, he may see herds of swine, the tame and the wild together, refreshing themselves in the same manner; wallowing in the river, which is cold at top and boiling hot at bottom, and burying themselves in the sand.

A few years ago, before the Western prairies, California, Australia, New Zealand, not to speak of Egypt and Palestine, had become familiar to our sportsmen and travellers, this wild wood life would have been considered decidedly eccentric; but, in Sardinia, judging by the following description of a forest bivouac, luxury and savagery are deliciously combined. Our traveller laid in, three pounds of eels, at fourpence halfpenny; a whole lamb, one shilling and threepence halfpenny; half a wild boar (very small, we presume), two shillings; twelve eggs, at twopence; two quarts of wine, twopence halfpenny; a pound of cheese, twopence halfpenny—as a supply for the dinner and supper of himself, two servants, and an extra guide. On arriving at a suitable place for a mid-day halt, the horses were unsaddled and turned loose to graze; branches of arbutus, cistus, lavender, myrtle, and thyme were cut down for firewood, lighted, and reduced to a heap of live ashes; these being piled eighteen inches high and two feet square, a stone at

each corner supported four long arbutus stakes, on which the lamb and boar were spitted, and turned as occasion required: while in the traveller's small frying-pan, fish and omelette were artistically prepared. Ice-cold water was drawn from a stream flowing close by, from the snow-capped mountains above. Not unfrequently, excellent wild honey is to be found in the hollows of ancient trees, equal in taste and perfume to honey of Hybla and Hymettus. As bees abound and flourish, so does the bee-eater, the gorgeous bird described by Virgil, of green and azure plumage. These, honey-fed like their victims, are caught, roasted in vine leaves, and eaten with kale and toast, like woodcocks: rivalling in beauty and exceeding in flavour our painted pheasant.

The greatest curiosity in wild game is the muffer, with a head and horns like a sheep, and a body and coat like a deer about two feet eight inches high: running in flocks of from five or six to fifty, lively active, and timid. They are found on forest-covered hills, especially on Monte Argenta, and the mountain districts of Patada, Baduso, Teuladu, Iglesias, and Nurra. Their flesh has the taste of venison; their bleat a sound like that of the sheep; they are easily tamed, and playful and mischievous as pet goats. Another animal peculiar to this island is the boccamole: a honey-hunter kind of weasel: a beautiful, easily-tamed, and engaging little creature, free from any offensive smell, full of endearing tricks and gambols, so delicate in its eating that it will starve rather than touch impure food. Honey is its favourite dish, to obtain which it hunts out the wild nests, and nibbles through the cork hives of the peasants; thus sometimes starving out the bees.

Monstrous eagles abound, and carry off many a lamb and squeaking pig. The shepherds lay baits for them, and shoot them as they settle down to feed.

These are not the only temptations to the sportsman youth of zoological tastes, who form our most adventurous travellers. Near Cagliari, within twelve hours of African shores, are certain stagni—half lake, half marsh, where shelter, climate, and food, attract a wonderful number of water-fowl, both waders and swimmers—in winter, perhaps the greatest variety of northern and southern birds in the world. There, even in summer, are to be found wild swans and geese, herons of various kinds, sizes, and colours, black cormorants, and countless teal, widges, cootes, dabchicks, water ouzles. Strangest of all, the bird of our boyish dreams—the flamingo, with his crimson back, pale pink breast, and long legs—a sort of attenuated young lady in a rose-coloured ball-dress.

These majestic creatures arrive about the month of September, and remain until April. Their flocks are ranged like armies of from one to five thousand, in a broad

red wedge; with their wings waving as evenly as guardsmen march, they float away, a cloud of living fire. They were named flamingo from *flamma*. Not less interesting than their flight is to see from a distance thousands stalking gracefully along the shores of the stagni, like a fringe of crimson silk fanned by the evening breeze. They seldom breed in the stagni. They probably prefer Africa; but, occasionally a nest is found—a conical pile of weeds, shells, &c., raised about two feet and a half high; on which, having deposited their eggs, they sit astride, with their long legs hanging down, *à la fourchette*, as the French would say, and hatch. The Romans considered flamingoes' brains and tongues a delicacy. The modern Sardes seldom eat them, but make a musical pipe of the shank bone for their national instrument—a sort of abominable bagpipe.

At another point of the Sardinian coast, near Oristana, are lagunes, which afford very remarkable fishing, only second in importance to that of the tunny described in *Household Words*. These lagunes are about seven miles long, and four and a half wide, divided off by thick fences of reeds into three partitions, some of which are lifted up to admit the shoals of fish that come from the sea. On the occasion of a battue for the amusement of the viceroy, all the fences were closed up. Across the first and lowest division, a long net, drawn by a hundred men, preceded by a few yards an immense barge, which, gradually moving forward, drove all the fish to the next division, when the doors were closed; and so on, till arriving at the third, the slaying process commenced. Fifty men, nearly naked, each with a net bag round the waists, a bludgeon in the right hand, leaped into the water, and proceeded to seize and slay, until the mass had disappeared from the surface; and then they dived and struggled for more. Some active fish leaped into the boat; some, over the nets in the rear; some, falling plump in the fishers' faces, overturned them heavily. At length the wallets were full, and the mermen ceased for a short rest, then recommenced until the whole harvest was gleaned.

After the fishing came a breakfast of countless kinds of fish, dressed in various manners most delicious, but to be imagined rather than described. The viceroy declared that he should never forget a Cabras fish feast, and the traveller said the same. This Cabras fishery was rented at two thousand three hundred and four pounds a year, and was offered for sale at forty-two thousand two hundred and forty pounds. The value of each battue varies from two pounds to forty pounds sterling.

Sardinia is not less rich in flocks, and herds, and corn-fields, than in game, fish, and fruit. The ground has sometimes been manured with unsold cheese. The people are good people, of whom, with roads and

other means of communication and civilisation, combined with useful suitable education, much might be made. We may, perhaps, another time, say something of their manners, customs, habits, costumes, poems, legends, and laws. There are few countries in Europe that offer more promising results for commerce and agriculture, wisely encouraged, than the island of the Sardes. It might be well worth the attention of some of those who seek profits and adventures on the other side of the world. The Sardes can produce a mass of the forest and field produce we most require; and they are rather prejudiced in favour of Englishmen than disposed to object to their company.

THE YELLOW MASK.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT eight months after the Countess d'Ascoli had been laid in her grave in the Campo Santo, two reports were circulated through the gay world of Pisa, which excited curiosity and awakened expectation everywhere. The first report announced that a grand masked ball was to be given at the Melani Palace, to celebrate the day on which the heir of the house attained his majority. All the friends of the family were delighted at the prospect of this festival; for the old Marquis Melani had the reputation of being one of the most hospitable, and, at the same time, one of the most eccentric men in Pisa. Every one expected, therefore, that he would secure for the entertainment of his guests, if he really gave the ball, the most whimsical novelties in the way of masks, dances, and amusements generally, that had ever been seen.

The second report was, that the rich widower, Fabio d'Ascoli, was on the point of returning to Pisa, after having improved his health and spirits by travelling in foreign countries; and that he might be expected to appear again in society, for the first time since the death of his wife, at the masked ball which was to be given in the Melani Palace. This announcement excited special interest among the young ladies of Pisa. Fabio had only reached his thirtieth year; and it was universally agreed that his return to society in his native city could indicate nothing more certainly than his desire to find a second mother for his infant child. All the single ladies would now have been ready to bet, as confidently as Brigida had offered to bet eight months before, that Fabio d'Ascoli would marry again.

For once in a way, report turned out to be true, in both the cases just mentioned. Invitations were actually issued from the Melani Palace, and Fabio returned from abroad to his home on the Arno.

In settling all the arrangements connected with his masked ball, the Marquis Melani showed that he was determined not only to

deserve, but to increase, his reputation for oddity. He invented the most extravagant disguises, to be worn by some of his more intimate friends; he arranged grotesque dances, to be performed at stated periods of the evening by professional buffoons, hired from Florence. He composed a toy symphony, which included solos on every noisy plaything at that time manufactured for children's use. And, not content with thus avoiding the beaten track in preparing the entertainments at the ball, he determined also to show decided originality, even in selecting the attendants who were to wait on the company. Other people in his rank of life were accustomed to employ their own and hired footmen for this purpose; the marquis resolved that his attendants should be composed of young women only; that two of his rooms should be fitted up as Arcadian bowers; and that all the prettiest girls in Pisa should be placed in them to preside over the refreshments, dressed, in accordance with the mock-classical taste of the period, as shepherdesses of the time of Virgil.

The only defect of this brilliantly new idea was the difficulty of executing it. The marquis had expressly ordered that not fewer than thirty shepherdesses were to be engaged, fifteen for each bower. It would have been easy to find double this number in Pisa, if beauty had been the only quality required in the attendant damsels. But it was also absolutely necessary, for the security of the marquis's gold and silver plate, that the shepherdesses should possess, besides good looks, the very homely recommendation of a fair character. This last qualification proved, it is sad to say, to be the one small merit which the majority of the ladies willing to accept engagements at the palace, did not possess. Day after day passed on; and the marquis's steward only found more and more difficulty in obtaining the appointed number of trustworthy beauties. At last, his resources failed him altogether; and he appeared in his master's presence, about a week before the night of the ball, to make the humiliating acknowledgment, that he was entirely at his wits' end. The total number of fair shepherdesses with fair characters, whom he had been able to engage, amounted only to twenty-three.

"Nonsense!" cried the marquis, irritably, as soon as the steward had made his confession. "I told you to get thirty girls, and thirty I mean to have. What's the use of shaking your head, when all their dresses are ordered? Thirty tunics, thirty wreaths, thirty pairs of sandals and silk stockings, thirty crooks, you scoundrel—and you have the impudence to offer me only twenty-three hands to hold them. Not a word! I won't hear a word! Get me my thirty girls, or lose your place." The marquis roared out this last terrible sentence at the top of his voice, and pointed peremptorily to the door.

The steward knew his master too well to

remonstrate. He took his hat and cane, and went out. It was useless to look through the ranks of rejected volunteers again; there was not the slightest hope in that quarter. The only chance left was to call on all his friends in Pisa who had daughters out at service, and to try what he could accomplish, by bribery and persuasion, that way.

After a whole day occupied in solicitations, promises, and patient smoothing down of innumerable difficulties, the result of his efforts in the new direction, was an accession of six more shepherdesses. This brought him on bravely from twenty-three to twenty-nine, and left him, at last, with only one anxiety—where was he now to find shepherdess number thirty?

He mentally asked himself that important question, as he entered a shady by-street in the neighbourhood of the Campo Santo, on his way back to the Melani Palace. Sauntering slowly along in the middle of the road, and fanning himself with his handkerchief after the oppressive exertions of the day, he passed a young girl who was standing at the street-door of one of the houses, apparently waiting for somebody to join her before she entered the building.

"Body of Bacchus!" exclaimed the steward (using one of those old Pagan ejaculations which survive in Italy even to the present day). "There stands the prettiest girl I have seen yet. If she would only be shepherdess number thirty, I should go home to supper with my mind at ease. I'll ask her, at any rate. Nothing can be lost by asking, and everything may be gained. Stop, my dear," he continued, seeing the girl turn to go into the house, as he approached her. "Don't be afraid of me. I am steward to the Marquis Melani, and well known in Pisa as an eminently respectable man. I have something to say to you which may be greatly for your benefit. Don't look surprised; I am coming to the point at once. Do you want to earn a little money?—honestly, of course. You don't look as if you were very rich, child."

"I am very poor, and very much in want of some honest work to do," answered the girl, sadly.

"Then we shall suit each other to a nicety; for I have work of the pleasantest kind to give you, and plenty of money to pay for it. But before we say anything more about that, suppose you tell me first something about yourself—who you are, and so forth. You know who I am already."

"I am only a poor work-girl, and my name is Nanina. I have nothing more, sir, to say about myself than that."

"Do you belong to Pisa?"

"Yes, sir—at least, I did. But I have been away for some time. I was a year at Florence, employed in needlework."

"All by yourself?"

"No, sir, with my little sister. I was waiting for her when you came up."

"Have you never done anything else but needlework?—never been out at service?"

"Yes, sir. For the last eight months I have had a situation to wait on a lady at Florence, and my sister (who is turned eleven, sir, and can make herself very useful) was allowed to help in the nursery."

"How came you to leave this situation?"

"The lady and her family were going to Rome, sir. They would have taken me with them, but they could not take my sister. We are alone in the world, and we never have been parted from each other and never shall be—so I was obliged to leave the situation."

"And here you are back at Pisa—with nothing to do, I suppose?"

"Nothing yet, sir. We only came back yesterday."

"Only yesterday! You are a lucky girl, let me tell you, to have met with me. I suppose you have somebody in the town who can speak to your character?"

"The landlady of this house can, sir."

"And who is she, pray?"

"Marta Angrisani, sir."

"What! the well-known sick-nurse? You could not possibly have a better recommendation, child. I remember her being employed at the Melani Palace at the time of the marquis's last attack of gout; but I never knew that she kept a lodging-house."

"She and her daughter, sir, have owned this house longer than I can recollect. My sister and I have lived in it since I was quite a little child, and I had hoped we might be able to live here again. But the top room we used to have, is taken, and the room to let lower down is far more, I am afraid, than we can afford."

"How much is it?"

Nanina mentioned the weekly rent of the room in fear and trembling. The steward burst out laughing.

"Suppose I offered you money enough to be able to take that room for a whole year at once?" he said.

Nanina looked at him in speechless amazement.

"Suppose I offered you that?" continued the steward. "And suppose I only asked you in return to put on a fine dress and serve refreshments in a beautiful room to the company at the Marquis Melani's grand ball? What should you say to that?"

Nanina said nothing. She drew back a step or two, and looked more bewildered than before.

"You must have heard of the ball," said the steward pompously. "The poorest people in Pisa have heard of it. It is the talk of the whole city."

Still Nanina made no answer. To have replied truthfully, she must have confessed that "the talk of the whole city" had now no interest for her. The last news from Pisa that had appealed to her sympathies was the

news of the Countess d'Ascoli's death, and of Fabio's departure to travel in foreign countries. Since then, she had heard nothing more of him. She was as ignorant of his return to his native city as of all the reports connected with the marquis's ball. Something in her own heart—some feeling which she had neither the desire nor the capacity to analyse—had brought her back to Pisa and to the old home which now connected itself with her tenderest recollections. Believing that Fabio was still absent, she felt that no ill motive could now be attributed to her return; and she had not been able to resist the temptation of revisiting the scene that had been associated with the first great happiness as well as with the first great sorrow of her life. Among all the poor people of Pisa, she was perhaps the very last whose curiosity could be awakened, or whose attention could be attracted, by the rumour of gaieties at the Melani Palace.

But she could not confess all this; she could only listen with great humility and no small surprise, while the steward, in compassion for her ignorance, and with the hope of tempting her into accepting his offered engagement, described the arrangements of the approaching festival, and dwelt fondly on the magnificence of the Arcadian bowers, and the beauty of the shepherdesses' tunics. As soon as he had done, Nanina ventured on the confession that she should feel rather nervous in a grand dress that did not belong to her, and that she doubted very much her own capability of waiting properly on the great people at the ball. The steward, however, would hear of no objections, and called peremptorily for Marta Angrisani to make the necessary statement as to Nanina's character. While this formality was being complied with to the steward's perfect satisfaction, La Biondella came in, unaccompanied on this occasion by the usual companion of all her walks, the learned poodle, Scaramuccia.

"This is Nanina's sister, sir," said the good-natured sick-nurse, taking the first opportunity of introducing La Biondella to the great marquis's great man. "A very good, industrious little girl; and very clever at plaiting dinner-mats, in case his excellency should ever want any. What have you done with the dog, my dear?"

"I couldn't get him past the pork-butcher's three streets off," replied La Biondella. "He would sit down and look at the sausages. I am more than half afraid he means to steal some of them."

"A very pretty child," said the steward, patting La Biondella on the cheek. "We ought to have her at the ball. If his excellency should want a Cupid, or a youthful nymph, or anything small and light in that way, I shall come back and let you know. In the meantime, Nanina, consider yourself, Shepherdess number Thirty, and come to the housekeeper's room at the palace to try on

your dress to-morrow. Nonsense! don't talk to me about being afraid and awkward. All you're wanted to do is to look pretty; and your glass must have told you, you could do that long ago. Remember the rent of the room, my dear; and don't stand in your light and your sister's. Does the little girl like sweetmeats? Of course, she does! Well, I promise you a whole box of sugar-plums to take home for her, if you will come and wait at the ball."

"Oh, go to the ball, Nanina, go to the ball!" cried La Biondella, clapping her hands.

"Of course she will go to the ball," said the nurse. "She would be mad to throw away such an excellent chance."

Nanina looked perplexed. She hesitated a little, then drew Marta Angrisani away into a corner, and whispered this question to her:—

"Do you think there will be any priests at the palace where the marquis lives?"

"Heavens, child, what a thing to ask!" returned the nurse. "Priests at a masked ball! You might as well expect to find Turks performing high mass in the cathedral. But supposing you did meet with priests at the palace, what then?"

"Nothing," said Nanina, constrainedly. She turned pale, and walked away as she spoke. Her great dread in returning to Pisa, was the dread of meeting with Father Rocco again. She had never forgotten her first discovery at Florence, of his distrust of her. The bare thought of seeing him any more, after her faith in him had been shaken for ever, made her feel faint and sick at heart.

"To-morrow, in the house-keeper's room," said the steward, putting on his hat, "you will find your new dress all ready for you."

Nanina curtsied, and ventured on no more objections. The prospect of securing a home for a whole year to come, among people whom she knew, reconciled her—influenced as she was, also, by Marta Angrisani's advice, and by her sister's anxiety for the promised present—to brave the trial of appearing at the ball.

"What a comfort to have it all settled at last," said the steward, as soon as he was out again in the street. "We shall see what the marquis says, now. If he doesn't apologise for calling me a scoundrel the moment he sets eyes on Number Thirty, he is the most ungrateful nobleman that ever existed."

Arriving in front of the palace, the steward found workmen engaged in planning the external decorations and illuminations for the night of the ball. A little crowd had already assembled to see the ladders raised, and the scaffoldings put up. He observed among them, standing near the outskirts of the throng, a lady who attracted his attention (he was an ardent admirer of the fair sex), by the beauty and symmetry of her figure. While he lingered for a moment to look at her, a shaggy poodle dog (licking his

chops, as if he had just had something to eat), trotted by, stopped suddenly close to the lady, sniffed suspiciously for an instant, and then began to growl at her without the slightest apparent provocation. The steward advancing politely with his stick to drive the dog away, saw the lady start, and heard her exclaim to herself, amazedly:—

"You here, you beast! Can Nanina have come back to Pisa?"

This last exclamation gave the steward, as a gallant man, an excuse for speaking to the elegant stranger.

"Excuse me, madam," he said; "but I heard you mention the name of Nanina. May I ask whether you mean a pretty little work-girl, who lives near the Campo Santo?"

"The same," said the lady, looking very much surprised and interested immediately.

"It may be a gratification to you, madam, to know that she has just returned to Pisa," continued the steward politely; "and, moreover, that she is in a fair way to rise in the world. I have just engaged her to wait at the marquis's grand ball, and I need hardly say, under those circumstances, that if she plays her cards properly, her fortune is made."

The lady bowed, looked at her informant very intently and thoughtfully for a moment, then suddenly walked away without uttering a word.

"A curious woman," thought the steward, entering the palace. "I must ask Number Thirty about her to-morrow."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE death of Maddalena d'Ascoli produced a complete change in the lives of her father and her uncle. After the first shock of the bereavement was over, Luca Lomi had declared that it would be impossible for him to work in his studio again—for some time to come, at least—after the death of the beloved daughter, with whom every corner of it was now so sadly and closely associated. He accordingly accepted an engagement to assist in restoring several newly-discovered works of ancient sculpture at Naples; and set forth for that city, leaving the care of his work-rooms at Pisa entirely to his brother.

On the master-sculptor's departure, Father Rocco caused the statues and busts to be carefully enveloped in linen cloths, locked the studio doors, and, to the astonishment of all who knew of his former industry and dexterity as a sculptor, never approached the place again. His clerical duties he performed with the same assiduity as ever; but he went out less than had been his custom, hitherto, to the houses of his friends. His most regular visits were to the Ascoli Palace, to enquire at the porter's lodge after the health of Maddalena's child, who was always reported to be thriving admirably under the care of the best nurses that could be found in Pisa. As for any communications with his polite little friend from Florence, they had ceased months ago.

The information—speedily conveyed to him—that Nanina was in the service of one of the most respectable ladies in the city, seemed to relieve any anxieties which he might otherwise have felt on her account. He made no attempt to justify himself to her; and only required that his over-courteous little visitor of former days should let him know whenever the girl might happen to leave her new situation. The admirers of Father Rocco, seeing the alteration in his life, and the increased quietness of his manner, said, that as he was growing older he was getting more and more above the things of this world. His enemies (for even Father Rocco had them) did not scruple to assert that the change in him was decidedly for the worse, and that he belonged to the order of men who are most to be distrusted when they become most subdued. The priest himself paid no attention, either to his eulogists or his depreciators. Nothing disturbed the regularity and discipline of his daily habits; and vigilant Scandal, though it sought often to surprise him, sought always in vain.

Such was Father Rocco's life from the period of his niece's death to the period of Fabio's return to Pisa.

As a matter of course, the priest was one of the first to call at the palace and welcome the young nobleman back. What passed between them at this interview never was precisely known; but it was surmised readily enough that some misunderstanding had taken place, for Father Rocco did not repeat his visit. He made no complaints of Fabio, but simply stated that he had said something, intended for the young man's good, which had not been received in a right spirit; and that he thought it desirable to avoid the painful chance of any further collision by not presenting himself at the palace again for some little time. People were rather amazed at this; they would have been still more surprised if the subject of the masked ball had not just then occupied all their attention, and prevented their noticing it, by another strange event in connection with the priest. Father Rocco, some weeks after the cessation of his intercourse with Fabio, returned one morning to his old way of life as a sculptor, and opened the long-closed doors of his brother's studio.

Luca Lomi's former workmen, discovering this, applied to him immediately for employment; but were informed that their services would not be needed. Visitors called at the studio, but were always sent away again by the disappointing announcement that there was nothing new to show them. So the days passed on until Nanina left her situation and returned to Pisa. This circumstance was duly reported to Father Rocco by his correspondent at Florence; but, whether he was too much occupied among the statues, or whether it was one result of his cautious resolution never to expose himself unneces-

sarily to so much as the breath of detraction, he made no attempt to see Nanina, or even to justify himself towards her by writing her a letter. All his mornings continued to be spent alone in the studio, and all his afternoons to be occupied by his clerical duties, until the day before the masked ball at the Melani Palace. Early on that day, he covered over the statues, and locked the doors of the workrooms, once more; then returned to his own lodgings, and did not go out again. One or two of his friends who wanted to see him were informed that he was not well enough to be able to receive them. If they had penetrated into his little study, and had seen him, they would have been easily satisfied that this was no mere excuse. They would have noticed that his face was startlingly pale, and that the ordinary composure of his manner was singularly disturbed.

Towards evening this restlessness increased; and his old housekeeper, on pressing him to take some nourishment, was astonished to hear him answer her sharply and irritably for the first time since she had been in his service. A little later her surprise was increased by his sending her with a note to the Ascoli Palace, and by the quick return of an answer, brought ceremoniously by one of Fabio's servants. "It is long since he has had any communication with that quarter. Are they going to be friends again?" thought the housekeeper as she took the answer up stairs to her master.

"I feel better to-night," he said as he read it: "well enough indeed to venture out. If any one inquires for me tell them that I am gone to the Ascoli Palace." Saying this, he walked to the door—then returned, and trying the lock of his cabinet, satisfied himself that it was properly secured—then went out.

He found Fabio in one of the large drawing-rooms of the palace, walking irritably backwards and forwards, with several little notes crumpled together in his hands, and a plain black domino dress for the masquerade of the ensuing night spread out on one of the tables.

"I was just going to write to you," said the young man, abruptly, "when I received your letter. You offer me a renewal of our friendship, and I accept the offer. I have no doubt those references of yours, when we last met, to the subject of second marriages, were well meant, but they irritated me; and, speaking under that irritation, I said words that I had better not have spoken. If I pained you I am sorry for it. Wait! pardon me for one moment. I have not quite done yet. It seems that you are by no means the only person in Pisa to whom the question of my possibly marrying again appears to have presented itself. Ever since it was known that I intended to renew my intercourse with society, at the ball to-morrow night, I have been persecuted by anonymous letters—infamous letters, written from some motive

which it is impossible for me to understand. I want your advice on the best means of discovering the writers; and I have also a very important question to ask you. But read one of the letters first yourself: any one will do as a sample of the rest."

Fixing his eyes searchingly on the priest, he handed him one of the notes. Still a little paler than usual, Father Rocco sat down by the nearest lamp, and shading his eyes, read these lines:—

"Count Fabio:—It is the common talk of Pisa that you are likely, as a young man left with a motherless child, to marry again. Your having accepted an invitation to the Melani palace gives a colour of truth to this report. Widowers who are true to the departed, do not go among all the handsomest single women in a city, at a masked ball. Reconsider your determination, and remain at home. I know you, and I knew your wife, and I say to you solemnly, avoid temptation, for you must never marry again. Neglect my advice, and you will repent it to the end of your life. I have reasons for what I say—serious, fatal reasons, which I cannot divulge. If you would let your wife lie easy in her grave, if you would avoid a terrible warning, go not to the masked ball!"

"I ask you, and I ask any man, if that is not infamous?" exclaimed Fabio, passionately, as the priest handed him back the letter. "An attempt to work on my fears through the memory of my poor dead wife! An insolent assumption that I want to marry again, when I myself have not even so much as thought of the subject at all! What is the secret object of this letter, and of the rest here that resemble it! Whose interest is it to keep me away from the ball? What is the meaning of such a phrase as—'if you would let your wife lie easy in her grave'? Have you no advice to give me? No plan to propose for discovering the vile hand that traced these lines? Speak to me! Why, in Heaven's name, don't you speak?"

The priest leant his head on his hand, and, turning his face from the light as if it dazzled his eyes, replied in his lowest and quietest tones:

"I cannot speak till I have had time to think. The mystery of that letter is not to be solved in a moment. There are things in it that are enough to perplex and amaze any man?"

"What things?"

"It is impossible for me to go into details—at least, at the present moment."

"You speak with a strange air of secrecy. Have you nothing definite to say? No advice to give me?"

"I should advise you not to go to the ball."

"You would! Why?"

"If I gave you my reasons, I am afraid I should only be irritating you to no purpose."

"Father Rocco! Neither your words nor your manner satisfy me. You speak in riddles; and you sit there in the dark, with your face hidden from me——"

The priest instantly started up, and turned his face to the light.

"I recommend you to control your temper and to treat me with common courtesy," he said, in his quietest, firmest tones, looking at Fabio steadily while he spoke.

"We will not prolong this interview," said the young man, calming himself by an evident effort. "I have one question to ask you, and then no more to say."

The priest bowed his head, in token that he was ready to listen. He still stood up, calm, pale, and firm, in the full light of the lamp.

"It is just possible," continued Fabio, "that these letters may refer to some incantations words which my late wife might have spoken. I ask you, as her spiritual director, and as a near relation who enjoyed her confidence, if you ever heard her express a wish, in the event of my surviving her, that I should abstain from marrying again?"

"Did she never express such a wish to you?"

"Never. But why do you evade my question by asking me another?"

"It is impossible for me to reply to your question."

"For what reason?"

"Because it is impossible for me to give answers which must refer, whether they are affirmative or negative, to what I have heard in confession."

"We have spoken enough," said Fabio, turning angrily from the priest. "I expected you to help me in clearing up these mysteries, and you do your best to thicken them. What your motives are, what your conduct means, it is impossible for me to know; but I say to you, what I would say in far other terms, if they were here, to the villain who have written these letters—no menaces, no mysteries, no conspiracies, will prevent me from being at the ball to-morrow. I can listen to persuasion, but I scorn threats. There lies my dress for the masquerade; no power on earth shall prevent me from wearing it to-morrow night!" He pointed, as he spoke, to the black domino and half-mask lying on the table.

"No power on earth?" repeated Father Rocco, with a smile, and an emphasis on the last word. "Superstitious still, Count Fabio! Do you suspect the powers of the other world of interfering with mortals at masquerades?"

Fabio started, and, turning from the table, fixed his eyes intently on the priest's face.

"You suggested just now that we had better not prolong this interview," said Father Rocco, still smiling. "I think you were right: if we part at once, we may still part friends. You have had my advice and

to go to the ball, and you decline following it. I have nothing more to say. Good night!"

Before Fabio could utter the angry rejoinder that rose to his lips, the door of the room had opened and closed again, and the priest was gone.

CHAPTER IX.

THE next night, at the time of assembling specified in the invitations to the masked ball, Fabio was still lingering in his palace, and still allowing the black domino to lie untouched and unheeded on his dressing-table. This delay was not produced by any change in his resolution to go to the Melani Palace. His determination to be present at the ball remained unshaken; and yet, at the last moment, he lingered and lingered on, without knowing why. Some strange influence seemed to be keeping him within the walls of his lonely home. It was as if the great, empty, silent palace had almost recovered on that night the charm which it had lost when its mistress died.

He left his own apartment and went to the bedroom where his infant child lay asleep in her little crib. He sat watching her, and thinking quietly and tenderly of many past events in his life for a long time: then returned to his room. A sudden sense of loneliness came upon him after his visit to the child's bedside; but he did not attempt to raise his spirits, even then, by going to the ball. He descended instead to his study, lit his reading lamp, and then, opening a bureau, took from one of the drawers in it the letter which Nanina had written to him. This was not the first time that a sudden sense of his solitude had connected itself inexplicably with the remembrance of the work-girl's letter.

He read it through slowly, and when he had done, kept it open in his hand. "I have youth, titles, wealth," he thought to himself sadly; "everything that is envied and sought after in this world. And yet, if I try to think of any human being who really and truly loves me, I can remember but one—the poor, faithful girl who wrote these lines!"

Old recollections of the first day when he met with Nanina, of the first sitting she had given him in Luca Lomi's studio, of the first visit to the neat little room in the bye-street, began to rise more and more vividly in his mind. Entirely absorbed by them, he sat absently drawing with pen and ink, on some sheets of letter-paper lying under his hand, lines and circles, and fragments of decorations, and vague remembrances of old ideas for statues, until the sudden sinking of the flame of his lamp awoke his attention abruptly to present things. He looked at his watch. It was close on midnight.

This discovery at last roused him to the necessity of immediate departure. In a few minutes he had put on his domino and mask, and was on his way to the ball.

Before he reached the Melani Palace the first part of the entertainment had come to an end. The "Toy-Symphony" had been played, the grotesque dance performed, amid universal laughter; and now the guests were for the most part fortifying themselves in the Arcadian bowers for new dances, in which all persons present were expected to take part. The Marquis Melani had, with characteristic oddity, divided his two classical refreshment-rooms into what he termed the Light and Heavy Departments. Fruit, pastry, sweetmeats, salads, and harmless drinks were included under the first head, and all the stimulating liquors and solid eatables under the last. The thirty shepherdesses had been, according to the marquis's order, equally divided, at the outset of the evening, between the two rooms. But, as the company began to crowd more and more resolutely in the direction of the Heavy Department, ten of the shepherdesses attached to the Light Department were told off to assist in attending on the hungry and thirsty majority of guests who were not to be appeased by pastry and lemonade. Among the five girls who were left behind in the room for the light refreshments, was Nanina. The steward soon discovered that the novelty of her situation made her really nervous, and he wisely concluded that if he trusted her where the crowd was greatest and the noise loudest, she would not only be utterly useless, but also very much in the way of her more confident and experienced companions.

When Fabio arrived at the palace, the jovial uproar in the Heavy Department was at its height, and several gentlemen, fired by the classical costumes of the shepherdesses, were beginning to speak Latin to them with a thick utterance and a valorous contempt for all restrictions of gender, number, and case. As soon as he could escape from the congratulations on his return to his friends, which poured on him from all sides, Fabio withdrew to seek some quieter room. The heat, noise, and confusion, had so bewildered him, after the tranquil life he had been leading for many months past, that it was quite a relief to stroll through the half-deserted dancing-rooms, to the opposite extremity of the great suite of apartments, and there to find himself in a second Arcadian bower which seemed peaceful enough to deserve its name.

A few guests were in this room when he first entered it; but the distant sound of some first notes of dance-music drew them all away. After a careless look at the quaint decorations about him, he sat down alone on a divan near the door, and beginning already to feel the heat and discomfort of his mask, took it off. He had not removed it more than a moment, before he heard a faint cry in the direction of a long refreshment-table, behind which the five waiting-girls were standing. He started up directly, and could

hardly believe his senses, when he found himself standing face to face with Nanina.

Her cheeks had turned perfectly colourless. Her astonishment at seeing the young nobleman appeared to have some sensation of terror mingled with it. The waiting-woman, who happened to stand by her side, instinctively stretched out an arm to support her, observing that she caught at the edge of the table as Fabio hurried round to get behind it and speak to her. When he drew near, her head drooped on her breast, and she said, faintly, "I never knew you were at Pisa: I never thought you would be here. Oh, I am true to what I said in my letter, though I seem so false to it!"

"I want to speak to you about the letter—to tell you how carefully I have kept it, how often I have read it," said Fabio.

She turned away her head, and tried hard to repress the tears that would force their way into her eyes. "We should never have met," she said, "never, never have met again!"

Before Fabio could reply, the waiting-woman by Nanina's side interposed.

"For heaven's sake don't stop speaking to her here!" she exclaimed impatiently. "If the steward or one of the upper servants was to come in, you would get her into dreadful trouble. Wait till to-morrow, and find some fitter place than this."

Fabio felt the justice of the reproof immediately. He tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, and wrote on it: "I must tell you how I honour and thank you for that letter. To-morrow—ten o'clock—the wicket-gate at the back of the Ascoli gardens. Believe in my truth and honour, Nanina, for I believe implicitly in yours." Having written these lines, he took from among his bunch of watch-seals a little key, wrapped it up in the note, and pressed it into her hand. In spite of himself his fingers lingered round hers, and he was on the point of speaking to her again, when he saw the waiting-woman's hand, which was just raised to motion him away, suddenly drop. Her colour changed at the same moment, and she looked fixedly across the table.

He turned round immediately, and saw a masked woman standing alone in the room, dressed entirely in yellow, from head to foot. She had a yellow hood, a yellow half-mask with deep fringe hanging down over her mouth, and a yellow domino, cut at the sleeves and edges into long flame-shaped points, which waved backwards and forwards tremulously in the light air wafted through the doorway. The woman's black eyes seemed to gleam with an evil brightness through the sight-holes of the mask; and the tawny fringe hanging before her mouth fluttered slowly with every breath she drew. Without a word or a gesture she stood before the table, and her gleaming black eyes fixed steadily on Fabio, the instant he confronted her.

A sudden chill struck through him, as he observed that the yellow of the stranger's domino and mask was of precisely the same shade as the yellow of the hangings and furniture which his wife had chosen after their marriage, for the decoration of her favourite sitting-room.

"The Yellow Mask!" whispered the waiting-girls nervously, crowding together behind the table. "The Yellow Mask again!"

"Make her speak!"

"Ask her to have something!"

"This gentleman will ask her. Speak to her, sir. Do speak to her! She glides about in that fearful yellow dress like a ghost."

Fabio looked round mechanically at the girl who was whispering to him. He saw at the same time that Nanina still kept her head turned away, and that she had her handkerchief at her eyes. She was evidently struggling yet with the agitation produced by their unexpected meeting, and was, most probably for that reason, the only person in the room not conscious of the presence of the Yellow Mask.

"Speak to her, sir. Do speak to her!" whispered two of the waiting-girls together.

Fabio turned again towards the table. The black eyes were still gleaming at him, from behind the tawny yellow of the mask. He nodded to the girls who had just spoken, cast one farewell look at Nanina, and moved down the room to get round to the side of the table at which the Yellow Mask was standing. Step by step as he moved, the bright eyes followed him. Steadily and more steadily their evil light seemed to shine through and through him, as he turned the corner of the table, and approached the still, spectral figure.

He came close up to the woman, but she never moved; her eyes never wavered for an instant. He stopped and tried to speak; but the chill struck through him again. An overpowering dread, an unutterable loathing, seized on him; all sense of outer things—the whispering of the waiting-girls behind the table, the gentle cadence of the dance-music, the distant hum of joyous talk—suddenly left him. He turned away shuddering, and quitted the room.

Following the sound of the music, and desiring before all things now to join the crowd wherever it was largest, he was stopped in one of the smaller apartments by a gentleman who had just risen from the card-table, and who held out his hand with the cordiality of an old friend.

"Welcome back to the world, Count Fabio!" he began gaily, then suddenly checked himself. "Why you look pale, and your hand feels cold. Not ill, I hope?"

"No, no. I have been rather startled—I can't say why—by a very strangely-dressed woman, who fairly stared me out of countenance."

"You don't mean the Yellow Mask?"

"Yes, I do. Have you seen her?"

"Everybody has seen her; but nobody can make her unmask, or get her to speak. Our host has not the slightest notion who she is; and our hostess is horribly frightened at her. For my part, I think she has given us quite enough of her mystery and her grim dress; and if my name, instead of being nothing but plain Andrea d'Arbino, was Marquis Melani, I would say to her, 'Madam, we are here to laugh and amuse ourselves; suppose you open your lips, and charm us by appearing in a prettier dress!'"

During this conversation they had sat down together, with their backs towards the door, by the side of one of the card-tables. While d'Arbino was speaking, Fabio suddenly felt himself shuddering again, and became conscious of a sound of low breathing behind him. He turned round instantly, and there, standing between them and peering down at them, was the Yellow Mask!

Fabio started up, and his friend followed his example. Again the gleaming black eyes rested steadily on the young nobleman's face, and again their look chilled him to the heart.

"Yellow lady, do you know my friend?" exclaimed d'Arbino, with mock solemnity.

There was no answer. The fatal eyes never moved from Fabio's face.

"Yellow lady," continued the other, "listen to the music. Will you dance with me?"

The eyes looked away, and the figure glided slowly from the room.

"My dear count," said d'Arbino, "that woman seems to have quite an effect on you. I declare she has left you paler than ever. Come into the supper-room with me, and have some wine; you really look as if you wanted it."

They went at once to the large refreshment-room. Nearly all the guests had by this time begun to dance again. They had the whole apartment, therefore, almost entirely to themselves.

Among the decorations of the room, which were not strictly in accordance with genuine Arcadian simplicity was a large looking-glass, placed over a well-furnished sideboard. D'Arbino led Fabio in this direction, exchanging greetings, as he advanced, with a gentleman who stood near the glass looking into it, and carelessly fanning himself with his mask.

"My dear friend!" cried d'Arbino, "you are the very man to lead us straight to the best bottle of wine in the palace. Count Fabio, let me present to you my intimate and good friend the Cavaliere Finello, with whose family I know you are well acquainted. Finello, the count is a little out of spirits, and I have prescribed a good dose of wine. I see a whole row of bottles at your side, and I leave it to you to apply the remedy.—Glasses

there! three glasses, my lovely shepherdess with the black eyes—the three largest you have got."

The glasses were brought; the Cavaliere Finello chose a particular bottle, and filled them. All three gentlemen turned round to the sideboard to use it as a table, and thus necessarily faced the looking-glass.

"Now, let us drink the toast of toasts," said d'Arbino. "Finello, Count Fabio—the ladies of Pisa!"

Fabio raised the wine to his lips, and was on the point of drinking it, when he saw reflected in the glass the figure of the Yellow Mask. The glittering eyes were again fixed on him, and the yellow-hooded head bowed slowly, as if in acknowledgment of the toast he was about to drink. For the third time, the strange chill seized him, and he set down his glass of wine untasted.

"What is the matter?" asked d'Arbino.

"Have you any dislike, count, to that particular wine?" inquired the Cavaliere.

"The Yellow Mask!" whispered Fabio. "The Yellow Mask again!"

They all three turned round directly towards the door. But it was too late—the figure had disappeared.

"Does any one know who this Yellow Mask is?" asked Finello. "One may guess by the walk that the figure is a woman's. Perhaps it may be the strange colour she has chosen for her dress, or perhaps her stealthy way of moving from room to room; but there is certainly something mysterious and startling about her."

"Startling enough, as the count would tell you," said d'Arbino. "The Yellow Mask has been responsible for his loss of spirits and change of complexion, and now she has prevented him even from drinking his wine."

"I can't account for it," said Fabio, looking round him uneasily; "but this is the third room into which she has followed me—the third time she has seemed to fix her eyes on me alone. I suppose my nerves are hardly in a fit state yet for masked balls and adventures; the sight of her seems to chill me. Who can she be?"

"If she followed me a fourth time," said Finello, "I should insist on her unmasking."

"And suppose she refused?" asked his friend.

"Then I should take her mask off for her."

"It is impossible to do that with a woman," said Fabio. "I prefer trying to lose her in the crowd. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I leave you to finish the wine, and then to meet me, if you like, in the great ball-room."

He retired as he spoke, put on his mask, and joined the dancers immediately, taking care to keep always in the most crowded corner of the apartment. For some time this plan of action proved successful, and he saw no more of the mysterious yellow domino. Ere long, however, some new dances were

arranged in which the great majority of the persons in the ball-room took part; the figures resembling the old English country dances in this respect, that the ladies and gentlemen were placed in long rows opposite to each other. The sets consisted of about twenty couples each, placed sometimes across, and sometimes along the apartment; and the spectators were all required to move away on either side, and range themselves close to the walls. As Fabio among others complied with this necessity, he looked down a row of dancers waiting during the performance of the orchestral prelude; and there, watching him again, from the opposite end of the lane formed by the gentlemen on one side and the ladies on the other, he saw the Yellow Mask.

He moved abruptly back towards another row of dancers, placed at right angles to the first row; and there again, at the opposite end of the gay lane of brightly-dressed figures, was the Yellow Mask. He slipped into the middle of the room; but it was only to find her occupying his former position near the wall, and still, in spite of his disguise, watching him through row after row of dancers. The persecution began to grow intolerable; he felt a kind of angry curiosity mingling now with the vague dread that had hitherto oppressed him. Finello's advice recurred to his memory; and he determined to make the woman unmask at all hazards. With this intention he returned to the supper-room in which he had left his friends.

They were gone, probably to the ball-room to look for him. Plenty of wine was still left on the side-board; and he poured himself out a glass. Finding that his hand trembled as he did so, he drank several more glasses in quick succession, to nerve himself for the approaching encounter with the Yellow Mask. While he was drinking, he expected every moment to see her in the looking-glass again; but she never appeared—and yet he felt almost certain that he had detected her gliding out after him when he left the ball-room.

He thought it possible that she might be waiting for him in one of the smaller apartments; and taking off his mask walked through several of them, without meeting her, until he came to the door of the refreshment room in which Nanina and he had recognised each other. The waiting-woman behind the table, who had first spoken to him, caught sight of him now, and ran round to the door.

"Don't come in and speak to Nanina again," she said, mistaking the purpose which had brought him to the door. "What with frightening her first and making her cry afterwards, you have rendered her quite unfit for her work. The steward is in there at this moment; very good-natured, but not very sober. He says she is pale and red-eyed and not fit to be a shepherdess any longer, and

that, as she will not be missed now, she may go home if she likes. We have got her an old cloak, and she is going to try and slip through the rooms unobserved, to get down stairs and change her dress. Don't speak to her, pray—or you will only make her cry again, and what is worse, make the steward fancy—"

She stopped at that last word, and pointed suddenly over Fabio's shoulder.

"The Yellow Mask!" she exclaimed, "Oh, sir! draw her away into the ball-room, and give Nanina a chance of getting out!"

Fabio turned directly, and approached the Mask, who, as they looked at each other, slowly retreated before him. The waiting-woman, seeing the yellow figure retire, hastened back to Nanina in the refreshment-room.

Slowly the masked woman retreated from one apartment to another till she entered a corridor, brilliantly lit up and beautifully ornamented with flowers. On the right hand, this corridor led to the ball-room; on the left, to an ante-chamber at the head of the palace staircase. The Yellow Mask went on a few paces towards the left; then stopped. The bright eyes fixed themselves as before on Fabio's face, but only for a moment. He heard a light step behind him, and then he saw the eyes move. Following the direction they took he turned round, and discovered Nanina, wrapped up in the old cloak which was to enable her to get down stairs unobserved.

"Oh, how can I get out! how can I get out!" cried the girl shrinking back affrightedly, as she saw the Yellow Mask.

"That way," said Fabio, pointing in the direction of the ball-room. "Nobody will notice you in the cloak: it will only be thought some new disguise." He took her arm, as he spoke, to reassure her; and continued in a whisper,—"Don't forget to-morrow."

At the same moment he felt a hand laid on him. It was the hand of the masked woman, and it put him back from Nanina. In spite of himself, he trembled at her touch, but still retained presence of mind enough to sign to the girl to make her escape. With a look of eager inquiry in the direction of the Mask, and a half-suppressed exclamation of terror, she obeyed him, and hastened away towards the ball-room.

"We are alone," said Fabio, confronting the gleaming black eyes, and reaching out his hand resolutely towards the Yellow Mask. "Tell me who you are, and why you follow me, or I will uncover your face, and solve the mystery for myself."

The woman pushed his hand aside, and drew back a few paces, but never spoke a word. He followed her. There was not an instant to be lost, for just then the sound of footsteps hastily approaching the corridor became audible.

"Now or never," he whispered to himself, and snatched at the mask.

His arm was again thrust aside; but this time the woman raised her disengaged hand at the same moment, and removed the yellow mask.

The lamps shed their soft light full on her face.

It was the face of his dead wife.

Signor Andrea d'Arbino, searching vainly through the various rooms in the palace for Count Fabio d'Ascoli, and trying, as a last resource, the corridor leading to the ball-room and grand staircase, discovered his friend lying on the floor in a swoon, without any living creature near him. Determining to avoid alarming the guests, if possible, d'Arbino first sought help in the ante-chamber. He found there the marquis's valet, assisting the Cavaliere Finello (who was just taking his departure) to put on his cloak.

While Finello and his friend carried Fabio to an open window in the ante-chamber, the valet procured some iced-water. This simple remedy, and the change of atmosphere, proved enough to restore the fainting man to his senses, but hardly—as it seemed to his friends—to his former self. They noticed a change to blankness and stillness in his face, and, when he spoke, an indescribable alteration in the tone of his voice.

"I found you in a room in the corridor," said d'Arbino. "What made you faint? Don't you remember? Was it the heat?"

Fabio waited for a moment, painfully collecting his ideas. He looked at the valet; and Finello signed to the man to withdraw.

"Was it the heat?" repeated d'Arbino.

"No," answered Fabio, in strangely-hushed, steady tones. "I have seen the face that was behind the Yellow Mask."

"Well?"

"It was the face of my dead wife."

"Your dead wife!"

"When the mask was removed I saw her face. Not as I remember it in the pride of her youth and beauty—not even as I remember her on her sick-bed—but as I remember her in her coffin."

"Count! for God's sake rouse yourself! Collect your thoughts—remember where you are—and free your mind of its horrible delusion."

"Spare me all remonstrances—I am not fit to bear them. My life has only one object now—the pursuing of this mystery to the end. Will you help me? I am scarcely fit to act for myself."

He still spoke in the same unnaturally hushed, deliberate tones. D'Arbino and Finello exchanged glances behind him as he rose from the sofa on which he had hitherto been lying.

"We will help you in everything," said D'Arbino, soothingly. "Trust in us to the end. What do you wish to do first?"

"The figure must have gone through this room. Let us descend the staircase, and ask the servants if they have seen it pass."

(Both d'Arbino and Finello remarked that he did not say *her*).

They inquired down to the very courtyard. Not one of the servants had seen the Yellow Mask.

The last resource was the porter at the outer gate. They applied to him; and in answer to their questions, he asserted that he had most certainly seen a lady in a yellow domino and mask drive away, about half an hour before, in a hired coach.

"Should you remember the coachman again?" asked d'Arbino.

"Perfectly; he is an old friend of mine."

"And you know where he lives?"

"Yes, as well as I know where I do."

"Any reward you like, if you can get somebody to mind your lodge, and can take us to that house."

In a few minutes they were following the porter through the dark, silent streets. "We had better try the stables first," said the man. "My friend the coachman will hardly have had time to do more than set the lady down. We shall most likely catch him just putting up his horses."

The porter urged out to be right. On entering the stable-yard, they found that the empty coach had just driven into it.

"You have been taking home a lady in a yellow domino from the masquerade," said d'Arbino, putting some money into the coachman's hand.

"Yes, sir; I was engaged by that lady for the evening—engaged to drive her to the ball, as well as to drive her home."

"Where did you take her from?"

"From a very extraordinary place—from the gate of the Campo Santo."

"During this colloquy, Finello and d'Arbino had been standing with Fabio between them, each giving him an arm. The instant the last answer was given, he reeled back with a cry of horror.

"Where have you taken her to now?" asked d'Arbino. He looked about him nervously as he put the question and spoke, for the first time in a whisper.

"To the Campo Santo, again," said the coachman.

Fabio suddenly drew his arms out of the arms of his friends, and sank to his knees on the ground, hiding his face. From some broken ejaculations which escaped him, it seemed as if he dreaded that his senses were leaving him, and that he was praying to be preserved in his right mind.

"Why is he so violently agitated?" said Finello, eagerly, to his friend.

"Hush!" returned the other. "You heard him say that when he saw the face behind

child of his residing with them. The undivorced wife was living with an omnibus man, and had been in a lunatic asylum. Mr. Russell Gurney, in deciding the case, observed, with epigrammatic truth, that 'this was one of those unfortunate cases, in which, in the present state of the law, if a man was not possessed of wealth, he had no power to remedy his situation: ' and knowing (as we do know), that if, instead of plain Mr. Gray and obscure Mary Adams, these people had been Lord Grayton and Lady Mary, we should simply have had 'Grayton's Divorce Bill' going quietly through the House of Lords, we can scarcely wonder if murmurs arise against this wonderful system of legislation. Another case: A Mrs. Adsett claimed support from her husband, a gun-maker. The husband very coolly informed the magistrate that he could not support her; on the contrary, for some months she had supported him; but she might come back to him. The wife replied that he had a mistress, and she had three children. The magistrates remarked that they were very sorry, but the wife must go to the home provided for her, mistress or no mistress—the law of England not making that a ground of special protection."*

If anything could add to the ridicule and absurdity of this part of the law, it is the fact that, although it is law in England, it is not law in Scotland. In that country divorce is obtainable by a simple process, and is open to the appeal of either party. A wife accused of infidelity defends herself when her presumed paramour may be prosecuted; her property is protected; alimony is allotted to her; and her clothes and "paraphernalia" cannot be seized by the husband.

What golden magic is there in the silver Tweed that, dividing the Scottish from the English matron, throws over the one the shield of the law, and overlooks the other as a legal fiction? The opponents to easy and equal divorce declare, with trembling voice and prophetic solemnity, that it would be productive of the grossest immorality. Therefore, England is virtuous, and "Caledonia, stern and wild," a nursery of vice. Everybody who knows that hot-blooded nation, knows that, solely in consequence of its protection of women, it is a land dedicated to Cupid. "Statues of Venus are set up in all the principal squares of Edinburgh. The marriage-tie is a mere true lovers' knot. The ladies who present themselves at Holyrood are triumphant Messalinas. And on the decks of the emigrant vessels which crowd the harbour of Leith, groups of melancholy cast-off husbands may be seen, bidding reproachful farewell to that inhospitable country where they only exist to be repudiated!"* The Scotch ladies will deny their guilt. They will deny that the upper

classes of their nation have proved themselves more immoral than the upper classes in England. They will prove, that in five years, only twenty Scottish couples have availed themselves of the privilege of divorce. In vain. The Lord Chancellor and the House of Peers have pronounced that, to permit women in England to enjoy the privileges accorded to women in Scotland, would be productive of the grossest immorality and of multitudinous divorce.

Nevertheless, the Solicitor-General promises to acknowledge the existence of English wives, some of these fine days. He said he would bring forward a measure with that object immediately after the Easter recess. But Easter, Whitsuntide, Midsummer, have passed, and still the English matron remains a legal fiction.

If the eloquence, energy, and wrongs of one English wife could dispel it, her sisters in adversity would not have to wait until after "Parliament had expressed an opinion on the Testamentary Jurisdiction Bill" (the Greek Calends to which the Solicitor-General postponed the matter from Easter, or Whitsuntide, or any other definite time), until the eye of the law condescends to open itself to their existence. The spirited letter to the Queen which we have here quoted—written by a lady whose statements of her own case include almost every moral wrong and deprivation, suffered in her own person, that a wife can be subjected to—ought to give such a stimulus to public opinion and sense of right, as will hasten the slow operations of law-making.

COUNTY GUY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has a refrain to one of his charming ballads, in the form of an interrogation. The guests are met; the bride is ready (as far as I can recollect), but the bridegroom is missing; and the poet plaintively asks:

Where is county Guy?"

I shall be glad to inform the literary executors and assigns of the Wizard of the North of the whereabouts of the Guy so anxiously inquired after. It needs not an advertisement in the second column of the Times to move him to return to his allegiance. County Guy is to be found, in great variety of form, and in most flourishing condition in the County Militia.

Now, I do not object abstractedly to Guys in their proper place. If bigotry and intolerance never found a more dangerous outlet for their cruel passions, than the forlorn straw-stuffed old scare-crow, with steeple hat, pipe in mouth, outward turned fingers, and inward turned toes, that with dark lantern and matches, and doggerel rhymes, is paraded about London, every fifth of November, we should hear far less about Maynooth, and Peter Dens, Orange processions, and the Scarlet Woman.

* Letter to the Queen on Lord Chancellor Cranworth's Marriage and Divorce Bill. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton, p. 43.

* Mrs. Norton's Letter.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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MY GARDEN WALKS.

"GARDENS," says Sir Thomas Brown, "were before gardeners, and but some hours after the earth." A passion for gardening seizes us before we know what horticulture means, and, but some months after, we come into the world. On my first visit to London, when a tiny child, an early question which a relative put, was, "Won't you like to walk round the garden?" Of course, I liked. But fancy a country babe's astonishment to find the garden no other than Covent Garden Market, then unadorned by architectural devices. Still, a market makes an excellent garden-walk, as we shall see by-and-by. Instruction may be gained, whether you eat your breakfast of bread and grapes while strolling amidst the waggon-loads of tomatoes, the bushels of red and yellow funguses, the piles of gourds, the sweet and sticky basketfuls of figs, which encumber the surface of an Italian piazza; or whether you fortify your stomach against the cold with a "drap o' whuskey" previous to contemplating the ragged kale and the snow-white bonnets which flutter in the markets of granite-built Aberdeen.

The land o' cakes is the land of gardeners, —or rather the land which sends forth hordes of gardeners to invade the southern wilderness with fork and spade. As the pictured negro, praying for emancipation, had a label streaming from his mouth, inscribed "Am I not a man and a brother?" So I, wanting to procure a seed or scrap of something rare,—a nice healthy cutting with a little bit of root to it, to borrow the famous habitual phrase of Mrs. Bloomwell, Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society,—I would shout to make myself heard, "Am I not a Scotchman and a brother-gardener?" I have poisoned myself with boiled dahlia-roots, potato-nasturtiums, and new-invented yams. I have flayed the inner coat of my stomach in attempts to revive salads of garden-rocket, American cress, and blessed (cursed?) thistle. I have not obtained a black rose by budding a white one on a black-currant bush,—and never tried to do so; but I have grown early tuberoses by starting the bulbs, when potted, in an oven; and have raised palm-trees from date-stones by a happy combination of steam-

ing and roasting in a cooking-stove. I have worked away with the watering-pot (full of mystic soup, more invigorating in its effects than viper-broth), while the first drops of a heavy shower were descending; and I have swept the snow over a bed of alpine, while the white flakes were falling fast. In short, sketch any sort of caricature you please, put "Very fond of gardening" under it, and I'll not deny that it may apply to me.

Whither shall we first direct our steps? Let us take a turn in the Flemish garden, for the sake of its convenient proximity, after having put up our horse and carriage at the sign of the Belle Jardinière, or the Pretty Gardeness. The word has need of a modified termination in a land where, of innumerable horticultural agents, it may be sung, "And she's of the feminine gender." My opposite neighbour complains of a bad back-ache, because, his wife being without a domestic, he is obliged himself to weed and dig,—work which, otherwise, he would no more be expected to do, than to wash up the dishes or suckle the baby. Our own little maid, such a neat-handed Phyllis in the kitchen, is not less adroit in our garden of herbs; and, to complete our successions, she absolutely insists on some purslane and golden-leaved sorrel from Flanders. Also some belle dame or beautiful lady (orache) to put into the soup; also some good salad seed, with a basket of the full-grown, autumn-sown plants therefrom, called grandmeres, or grandmothers, on which she will subsist as long as a morsel remains. All flesh is grass; all French men's and women's flesh is the concentrated substance of garden-vegetables. Without billions and trillions of leeks and carrots, mountains of cabbage, Egyptian great pyramids of sorrel, and salading enough to smother a whole county beneath its weight, the grand French nation would droop, and would soon fall into an ailing state. An English village, suffering under the supposed visitation of an overwhelming avalanche of lettuce and endive, would consider the dreadful accident as hopeless, and would submit to its fate with becoming resignation. A French community, like the rat imprisoned in the cheese, would deliberately and resolutely set to to eat its way out of it. An English farm-lad ran away

from service, because—as they gave him salad every day during summer—he feared that, when the winter came, they would make him eat hay. A French garçon would consent to consume a certain portion of hay—perhaps slyly smoking it in his pipe—provided he was also allowed access to an inexhaustible salad-bowl; bread, oil, and vinegar, of course, being clauses in the bargain. “How often a day would you like to eat salad?” I inquired of a servant. — “Oh! five or six times; ça m’est égal, Monsieur. It’s all the same to me.”

And then sorrel!—with half-a-dozen notes of admiration after it, if the printer will put them. Who, that has never quitted England, knows anything of the inestimable value of that much-loved acetarious plant? Look at the little boy and girl sitting on the step of yonder door, the entrance of the wayside inn, au dernier sou, or, the last halfpenny. With a slice of bread grasped in one fist, and a bunch of fresh sorrel-leaves in the other, those children are making a contented meal by taking an alternate bite at each. Their place in natural history is a little ambiguous; for on one hand they are herbivorous, and on the other graminivorous. Enter, to call for a glass of white beer. The mistress cannot attend to you; she makes you wait a little instant. She is busy stewing down a whole rick of sorrel, salting it for winter soup. Next to the capture of Sebastopol, the French army in the Crimea would be most delighted to conquer a vast plain of broad-leaved sorrel. My landlady thinks me an open-handed Englishman, because, instead of selling to others a barrowful of sorrel-leaves out of my garden, I give them to her. With sorrel, hot water, butter, and bread, no poor French household consider themselves pinched for a repast; and wealthy peasants are often content with no better fare for dinner and supper. Now, if an English Lady Bountiful were to call on some not-too-well-off mother of a family, and say, “I am going to send you a present which will be useful during the coming winter,” and then were to appear with a cart-load of green sorrel-leaves, what would the object of benevolence say at the sight of a stock of such provision? As soon as the first surprise was over, would she not give vent to her angry disappointment (if she did not charitably pronounce Lady B. to be crazy)? And if she had sufficient strength to pitch the cart with its verdant contents into the nearest ditch, would not her neighbours think she was properly vindicating the rights and honour of insulted poor folks? But suppose the mistress of a French château were to make a similar offer to the wife of one of her labouring men, how the dame’s eyes would sparkle! how her hands would clap! and what a stamp of joy would be imprinted on the earthen floor! As soon as the welcome cargo had arrived, it would be carefully picked and shredded into a tub. The half-extinguished logs on the hearth would be set blazing afresh; the iron-

pot, or chaudron, would be hitched up into its suspensory mechanism; and the tall stone-ware jar would be filled to the brim with bottle-green paste for hybernal pottage. A French garden, without a large plot of sorrel, would be as incomplete as a Christmas dinner-table without a plum-pudding.

With the exception of the indispensable salad, and occasionally sorrel and onions, the vegetables thus admitted to the national stomach give but little trouble to the digestive organs, enormous as is their aggregate mass, in consequence of the aid which the soup-pot renders. “Give me,” exclaims a Frenchwoman, “leeks, sorrel, turnips, carrots, butter, bread, and a few fried onions, and I will make you a soupe-maigre that shall ravish you! It shall all be boiled down so divinely smooth and tender, that you will not feel the want of meat.” Soup that is not meagre contains good store of animal ingredients; but there must be practical truth and wisdom in administering to the human frame the essence of all those roots and greens. All vegetables are more or less medicinal; although, in such as we usually consume, the nutritious particles have the upper hand. Men cannot live on medicine, any more than on poison. But, medicines are most healthily efficient when taken in minute and oft-repeated doses. Witness the iodine, or salt, or whatever it is, which gives a sea-side residence its beneficial effect. Deprive a man of all access to herbage, or its extracts; shut him in a ship for a twelvemonths’ discovery-voyage, and you will soon learn that, after all, soupe-maigre is not a thing to be safely despised.

Do not, however, suppose that the Flemings care nothing about the ideal of gardening; that the limit of their admiration is a Daniel Lambert turnip, or a fat-fair-and-forty cabbage. On the contrary, they grow even ornamental grass in pots, and treat flowers as tenderly as if they were sentient beings. A notary who should get up a society for the prevention of cruelty to helpless pot-plants, might enroll a respectable number of members. Tender-hearted Flemings would be just as ready as benevolent Chinese to purchase ill-treated koo-shoo, or trees dwarfed by stunting and starving, for the pleasure of liberating them into the open ground. They pet their flowers, and introduce them, like spoiled children, into places where they really have no business. In a milliner’s shop-window, the silks, satins, and artificial flowers, at ten francs the bouquet, are pushed on one side, to make way for a real pomponne rose, which the artiste in personal adornment has bought, for ten sous, of a nurseryman. The cobbler sweeps away his seedy collection of boots and shoes, to display three or four beautiful calceolarias in bloom, at the mouth of the cellar-habitation which serves as his den. His children are dying by inches of asphyxia; himself and his wife—to judge from the

hue of their complexions—might pass for having been buried and dug up again; which happens to them daily, barring the digging up. Still, he takes the trouble to bring up and down, every morning and night, that collection of flower-pots and those two long boxes; each of which contains a row of seedling Queen Margarets or German asters. He is more anxious to provide air and sunshine for them than for his own progeny; because his progeny, he thinks, can run about and take care of themselves, which poor sedentary stationary flowers cannot do. Do you feel tempted to mount a ladder, and pluck the bright yellow tuft of wall-flowers whose roots are displacing the tiles on that roof? You had better not. They grow in full view of a score of garret-windows, and their perfume is wafted to at least a dozen garteteers. The populace would execrate you and stone you out of the town, as certainly as if you had killed a stork in Holland, or eaten a dish of robin-redbreasts in England.

We are crossing the great place at Dunquerque. It is a bright, breezy spring morning, which puts the women's caps into a flutter, as it has brought the colour into their cheeks. We carry each a spacious basket, to amuse ourselves with a little out-door shopping. Leaving the interesting group of fishwomen, who entreat us to buy with an energy of gesture that would make us fear they were going to tear us to pieces, here we are in the midst of the vegetables, all fresh, clean, and I had almost said perfumed. The Département du Nord may well be proud of her markets; for the articles exposed are more inviting to look at than ever they were when growing in the open ground, or than they ever will be again, unless they fall into the hands of a merciful and artistic cook. At Le Havre, and elsewhere, the vegetables offered for sale look as if they had been kept a week under the green-grocer's bed, to bring them to a proper state of ripeness. But here, the piles of ivory leeks, with their green tails tied up in a knot, like horses on their way to a country fair, would suffice to make Ancient Pistol's mouth water, if it had not ceased watering long ago. What tiny white turnips to economise! not bigger than pullets' eggs; an English gardener would have tossed them to his pigs. What queer little bunches of tiny celery and other pot-herbs, all to flavour the soup, soup, soup! And sorrel, everlasting sorrel (a touch of Hervey), green and tender in the first spring leaves, claiming to take its place at present on the tables of the luxurious only. By-and-by it will condescend to the multitude, and will then liberally make up for its present reserved behaviour. And what, in Heaven's name, are those? Thongs to administer a dose of knout? No, no; simply dried eel-skins, for whips wherewith to thrash out seed, gentle flails whose upper half is composed of tough and elastic fish-leather. Blanched dandelion, for salad! Could you

make up your mind to eat it? And lo! pungent horse-radish, a rarity on the continent, starts milk-white and cane-like from unsuspected beds to satisfy the cravings of English captains. The baskets shaped like broad-brimmed hats standing on their crowns, are sadly deceptive in respect to their contents; but precocity in herba ought to be paid for. Already there are little precursors of the great Spanish radishes that are to be; besides lovely bouquets of pleasing *bonne-dame* and cooling *purslane* and brilliant bunches of small short-horn carrots, that have all the ornamental effect of cornelian and coral. The nymph who sits in front of her legless wheelbarrow, which is turned edgewise, standing on one side, to serve as the garden-wall by which she, the lovely passion-flower is supported and sheltered—that full-blown nymph might string those golden carrots as a dindem, and form a green bird-of-paradise plume out of their delicate waving leaves.

Step now to the other side of the big, unmeaning statue of Jean Bart, who looks as if he were about to break his nose by tumbling over the cannon that lies between his legs, to a quite different department of the market. Not that we want to bother ourselves with butter and eggs, with fatted fowl, or rabbits trussed to represent tailors sitting at ease, with their legs a-kimbo. A truce to housekeeping cares, for a while. There, in orderly row, are Flemish wives and maidens, each with a little assortment of blooms and flower-roots; for in the early sunshiny days of the year, it is a natural and instinctive duty to be-flower one's-self. We have undertaken to arrange a young lady's pleasure-ground; here are a few materials to begin with. Forget-me-not, for one sou, after a little bargaining about the *sou-venir*. Hen-and-chicken daisy, for two sous, the price demanded. White and crimson double daisy; ditto, ditto each. Beautiful shortlegged, round-headed, double stock, "five sous, *mademoiselle*!" "You are pleasant, I will give you three." "Impossible; impossible!" "Not a liard more than three sous. I will go and look at those on the other side." "Take it, my brave man. To the pleasure; to the next time." Double violet, two sous; double scarlet anemone (perfect), two sous, also. And then, here's the great flowerist all the way from Lille, by railway. Alas, alas, that such temptations must be resisted! New-fashioned, round-leaved, Dutch tree-mignonette, covered with bloom, and I dare not remember how tall, only a franc and a few score centimes! But we should break it to smash, and pound it into spinach before we got it home. "This," I knowingly remarked to myself, "is a very, very curious double primrose; in England it would be worth—" and, before I can mentally say another syllable, a straw-hatted, elderly lady whips the whole of the sample into her capped domestic.

wicker ark. How greedily she bites at a floral bait! Were she a fine fat turbot, I should know how to catch her. But she shall not have the next lot, the shark! She entombs flowers in her maid's vast basket as fast as a milch-cow swallows blades of grass. This lovely crimson double primrose shall be mine, for the monstrously extravagant price of twenty-five centimes, without haggling. Match that in Covent Garden, for twopence-halfpenny, if you can! Our vessels are laden, we can stow no more on board with safety. For eightpence halfpenny, English money, I am possessed of a nice little basket-full of flowers, each with its roots so workmanly packed in a ball of earth, that they will travel from the Place Jean Bart to mademoiselle's parterre, without being aware of the change, unless you are so indiscreet as to tell them of it.

To discover in part whence all this horticultural abundance comes, we will quietly follow that fat old woman, who is going home from market on donkey-back with her empty butter-box behind her sheep's-fleece saddle. Immediately on leaving the gates of Dunkerque, by crossing a bridge to the left, we are in Rosendaël. It is not a dale, but a sandy flat. A few roses may be found by-and-by, but far more vulgar vegetables predominate. You enter a series of kitchen gardens, in which the art is carried to the utmost, with the least possible artificial aid. No cloches, or bell-glasses, are visible. The neighbouring sea prevents extreme severity of frost; and melons, and such like Indians on short furlough, are not taken in and done for here. In almost every garden, the indispensable fixture is a tank of brick for liquid manure. This ambrosial soup (which scatters o'er the daël anything but rosy odours) is brought from the town in long locomotive-like barrels on wheels, drawn by pairs or leashes of such handsome grey horses, that, after seeing them, no lady need feel offended at being called a Flanders mare by sneering royalty. Liquid manure is the grand secret, the powder of projection in Flemish gardening; it converts sand into gold. If personally-untidy Hervey had travelled in Flanders, he would have been caught and washed clean for the sake of the excellent fertiliser, the fluid result of his ablutions.

High culture and well-contrived shelter have converted a sandbank into a wilderness of esculents; there are forests of asparagus (as yet in its early drumstick phase), and prairies of salading. The hedges are kept beautifully clean at foot by digging, not hoeing, the earth on each side of their roots. The berceaux, or arbours composed entirely of fruit-trees, would give our country gardeners some trouble to prune them into shape. The difficulty is here got over by a double ladder, like the letter A without the cross-stroke. The sandy soil is warm and dry, and therefore early. Superabundant moisture soon filters

away, and is let off at the first ebb-tide into the Furnes canal. Long rows of short stunted pollard willows serve for boundaries, and afford protection, by acting as the columns to which are attached fragile walls of reed, straw, and even of asparagus halm. Within the inclosures, by a cunning device, the stronger things are made to shelter and nurse the weaker. Rows of low apple-trees, with a rank-and-file underwood of currant and gooseberry bushes—the latter now and then so tall and luxuriant as to acquire the character of weeping gooseberries—temper the wind to the tender seedlings. In the area of these fruit-encircled squares, not a weed is to be seen, if you would give a five-franc piece for it. Horticultural cleanliness is exhibited in Flemish perfection. Amidst a tribe consisting of gardeners only, it becomes a social, quite as much as an individual duty. The thistle, which scatters its down-winged seeds undisturbed, inflicts a greater amount of harm on the community at large, than on the sluggard who harbours it. I do believe that, in Rosendaël, the apparition of a good large tuft of groundsel run to seed in the midst of any vegetable crop—supposing such an enormity possible—would cause its proprietor to be charivari'd as a public nuisance by his disgusted neighbours. On the same principle, poultry are tabooed. Not a solitary cock and hen did I see in all Rosendaël, though I heard plenty of nightingales. As the ancients sacrificed goats to Bacchus, because they devour vines so greedily as to put an effectual stopper on wine-growing, so the Rosendaëlers feel it a matter of duty to immolate cocks and hens, even cochin-chinas, before the altar of the garden god. Some tradition of the tulip mania may be current amongst them; but they are still in incredulous ignorance of the fact that an egg, in England, will sell for as much as a pullet in France. A few snarling, yapping dogs, of only moderate size and savageness, are regarded as more profitable live stock to keep.

A striking feature of Rosendaël, common to all good kitchen gardens, is the close and hard-pressed succession of crops. Little cabbages and cauliflowers of progressive ages, pricked out for gradual transplantation; forward lettuces quincunxed amongst backward greens; radishes broadcast amongst straight rows of over-year's onions; little lettuces, loosely broadcast amongst platoons of summer cabbages; double stocks, and other popular flowers, grown on a large scale as crops; carrots intended to produce seed this summer, planted amongst autumn-sown onions that are meant to be drawn green; spinach sown amongst autumn-planted cabbages; continuous thickets of leeks, like bamboo jungles in miniature, whose standing-place, as fast as they quit it, is occupied by another generation of greens;—these are a few of the ways and means by which the Rosendaëlers pay their rent.

There is another famous Flemish garden about which I cannot walk, but am obliged to swim from bed to bed. But we have had enough garden-walking for once; should you like another stroll before the summer is gone, we will take a turn together on a future occasion; whether in mid-air, or through the water, time and the editorial nod will decide. And so, quoting Cymbeline, more or less exactly:

Here's a few flowers; but about next month, more.

MORE GRIST TO THE MILL.

A boy aged fifteen was killed the other day in a cotton-mill in this manner:—Two persons were mending a strap that turned the dressing-frames, and ran upon a horizontal shaft, four feet from the ceiling. He took hold of the strap to help them, and was instantly pulled up, and carried round the main line shaft (seven feet from the floor). When taken down, both his legs were off at the knees, and an arm was fractured. He died shortly afterwards. It was stated at the inquest that this boy was to blame—that he ought not to have touched the strap, and had frequently been cautioned by the firm, as it was observed (the reprobate!) that he was too much disposed to assist others.

A youth aged twenty-two was smashed the other day in a cotton-factory. We find the facts recorded in the Manchester Guardian of the fifth of July last past. The case preceding it was recorded in the Manchester Examiner and Times of the same day. In the instance of the second victim, the machine being in motion, it was the poor fellow's duty to throw one end of a strap over a pulley eight feet from the floor and near the ceiling. The pulley worked on a horizontal shaft, unfenced in defiance of the law; and, alighting by accident on the shaft, began to wrap round it. The youth when he threw the strap had (as people out of factories almost invariably do when they throw a rope) given one end a turn round his hand to prevent the chance of its slipping from his hold. By that end he was suddenly drawn up, and squeezed so tightly against a beam in the ceiling that it was very difficult to extricate his body. His head was scalped; his left arm was torn out by the socket—so was one leg; the other arm and leg were broken, and the body was much crushed. An enlightened jury, finding that the youth had held the strap so that he was unable to let go in an instant, determined that, "under these circumstances, the jury were of opinion that no one but the deceased himself was to blame in the matter, and that the occurrence was accidental." Blame was accordingly cast upon the mangled body of the victim; and the gentlemen who, in open defiance of the law, refuse to protect

life against such accidents by fencing their machinery, are supposed to have no more to do with the affair than the archangel Gabriel.

But, the factory inspectors will proceed for penalties? Certainly they will; and then, if these gentlemen be members of the National Association of Factory Occupiers, they will have their case defended for them and their fine immediately paid.

It is only because such an association has been formed that we revert to this distressing topic. If factory occupiers organise a strike against the law—which is an expression of the righteous will of civilised society—they have to be opposed; and, to that end, what they do shall be done openly, so far as we can cause it to be done so. They are now actively engaged among themselves in raising money. The papers which they circulate among themselves are in our hands, and contain matter to this effect: That they will labour to procure a repeal of the inspector's power of examining operatives privately, that they may speak without fear of the wrath of their employers. That they will get rid, if they can, of the chief office of factory inspectors in London. That they will put a stop, if possible, to the right vested in inspectors, of instructing wounded operatives how they may proceed for damages against employers, by whose wilful negligence they have been maimed. That the certifying surgeon shall, if they can manage it, be got into the power of the petty sessions of his district, and not remain responsible to the inspector for his conduct. That no shafts more than seven feet from the floor shall require fencing. That nothing else shall be fenced, if arbitrators overthrow the opinion of the inspector that it ought to be fenced; and that no such protection of operatives shall be held necessary in the case of adult males; but only in the case of women, young persons, and children. That the clause in the Factory Act which excludes a millowner from deciding upon points closely affecting his own money-interests, in dealings with the operatives, ought to be repealed, indicating as it does "an unwarrantable suspicion upon the honourable conduct of that portion of the magistracy who are engaged in manufactures." Human nature is purely disinterested in the north,—witness the existence of this very National Association, by which the unwarrantable suspicion is, among other measures for the taking care of Number One, cunningly spurned! Finally, the representatives of this body—who would seem to go so far as to oppose everything that might tend to save an operative's life, for they "beg to caution the trade against the adoption of any compromise, whether of hooks or otherwise,"—these gentlemen have arrived at the following conclusion: "With these views, the deputation are of opinion that a fund of not less than five thousand

cries such as "Butcher!" "Baker!" "Dust, O!" "Milk below!" "Beer!" "Water-cresses!" and "Clo!"

My cries range over a space of some twenty years (I only quote those that are within my own recollection), yet many of them are obsolete now. They have had their day, like dogs, and have died. Each year has produced its new cry simultaneously with its new bonnet. I can no more trace the exact chronological succession of cries than I can set down (without reference to the Mode and the Belle Assemblée), the rigorous scale of descent from the monster-brimmed bonnet with all its bows, feathers, and streamers of William the Fourth's time, to the incomprehensible mockery delusion and snare of gauze, ribbons and artificial flowers, that ladies are now wearing in a mid region between their back hair and their cervical vertebrae. This last thing is called and charged for in milliners' bills as a bonnet. The vulgar have other names for it, such as "kiss-me-quick!" "fly-by-night!" "fantail!" and the like. Studying it philosophically, myself, I am inclined to regard it as a species of feminine porter's knot.

When I was a very little boy indeed, whose chief knowledge of the curiosities of London was confined to the contents of the various fruit-stalls and the theatrical "characters" of that benefactor of youth, Mr. Marks—one penny plain, and twopence coloured—I remember that the fashionable, or at least popular, London cry was "Flare up!" The boys shouted it to one another; they screamed it round old ladies as a war-whoop, accompanying the same with a war-dance; they hurled it round street corners at the then very unpopular police force; hackney coachmen on their boxes bade each other "flare up." In the darkest depth and stillness of the night "flare up" came floating on the wind like the cry of a wolf with slang propensities, whose "howl's his watch." "Flare up" sparkled in the chorus of every comic song; low comedians of transpontine theatres found it invaluable in helping a dull farce along; the gallery shrieked it; it came back from the pit like a vocal boomerang. The cads, the linkboys, the ham-sandwich, pig's-trotter, and play-bill sellers, the lurchers outside the theatres and public-houses roared it among themselves for warmth and pulmonary exercise. The cry was heard, not only at public-house bars, in the streets, and courts, and low places, but in society. Comic members of parliament quoted it in the house; ministers and members of the opposition "flared up" in elliptical labels proceeding from their mouths in high-priced political caricatures; horses were entered for cups and plates and sweepstakes under the name of "Flare up!" It passed into the language. From an imperative interjection (excuse the grammatical solecism) it became a substantive.

A disturbance, a riot, an altercation, a joyous orgy—these were called "flare-ups." The substantive remains, and the term "a jolly flare-up" is yet used to express a reckless merry-making; such a combination of punch, gin, bludgeons, door-knockers, constables, ensanguined noses, lobsters, torn clothes, watch-houses, bad characters, and tobacco-pipes as were formerly the delectation of Corinthian Tom, Bob Logic, and Jerry Hawthorn. Such "flare-ups" flourished about the year thirty-eight in the "salad days"—when he was green of judgment," of the nobleman yet affectionately remembered in the police-courts and the cab-stands as "the marquis." But the cry is dead. You don't hear the boys cry "flare up!" now. It is no longer the favourite sarcastic expletive of hackney coachmen, cabmen, and omnibus conductors. Nay, there are no hackney coachmen left to "flare up"—dissipati sunt. They are gone to the Limbo of Jehus: their tombstones are their licenses, their coffin-plates their badges. To limbo are gone the purblind old watchmen whom Tom and Jerry used to beat; to limbo the old House of Lords, its shabby throne, and dingy Spanish Armada tapestry. They are gone: they have vanished with the fourpenny newspaper stamp, Gram-pound and Gattion, the mews at Charing Cross, the resurrection-men, the Spanish legion; with the yearly procession of mail-coaches, Mr. Cobbett's pepper-and-salt suit, and scores of good fellows who "flared up" merrily twenty years since; but have burnt to the socket, and are quite guttered down and extinguished now.

Now, how and with what did "flare up" originate? Who was to flare up, and when, and why? Were mankind, twenty years since, pitch, or tow, or turpentine oakum, or greasy rags, that they were to "flare up" incontinently at the mere lucifer-match bidding of rude boys? Was it possible for a bishop to "flare up?" for a dean of the Court of Arches? Yet how frequently was the ribald behest hooted in his ears, drive as fast, or pull up his carriage windows as tightly, as he would? It is my candid opinion—tracing things to their mean first cause, as I am fond of doing, and knowing how many mountains give birth to mice, and, again, how many mice are often parturient with mountains—that the slang cry "flare up" arose from the incendiary exploits of Captain Swing, and was kept alive with the great European commotions that followed the French Revolution of eighteen hundred and thirty; that it was it the Carmagnole, the yoke-off-throwing verb that had kindred gerunds and supines, potentials and subjunctives among French Philadelphi, Italian Carbonari, German Illuminati, and English Tradesunion men; and that, in other moods and tenses, it was often unavailingly, hopelessly, despairingly conjugated in the cachots of Mont St. Michel, and the dungeons of the Spielberg, and the Piombi of Venice.

The cry is a slang one. Granted. But how many great and noble names have been corrupted to mean and base uses? There is a family in existence now, lineal descendants of the Plantagenets, who have degenerated into Plant. Has not the chivalrous sign of the Landgrave Maurice tavern, in the White-chapel Road, subsided into the Grave Morris? Were not the Chequers once the bearings of the proud Earls of Arundel? Was not the Bull and Mouth, the Boulogne Mouth; the Goat and Compasses, God encompasseth us; the Salutation, in Newgate Street, that of the Blessed Virgin; the Cock, the cognizance of Saint Peter? "Great Cæsar dead and turned to clay:"—the proverb is somewhat musty.

Who does not remember the curious cry "What a shocking bad hat?" Being, as I have before confessed, rather loose in my chronology, I cannot, with any degree of certainty, decide whether it followed or preceded "Flare up!" It was a master cry. It appealed to all bosoms, or rather to all heads; for a hat might be a "shocking bad one" if it had cost five guineas instead of five pence. No man was safe from the imputation of shocking badness to his hat; and the ruffians who wore caps had every hat-wearer, good, bad, and indifferent, on the hip. Look at a bishop's shovel hat; a judge's three-cornered cock; the misshapen monstrosity like a pancake cut in half, which had been thrust up the chimney, called an opera hat, which fools were wont to carry into Fop's Alley for wags to laugh at; the beadle's gold-laced, tasselled, cocked absurdity; the miserable delusion of beaver and bullion-cord that lieutenants in the navy, under hideous coercive threats from the port admiral, were forced to wear; the preposterous, crushed, battered, maniacal fignent of a cocked hat, vacillating in shape between that of a mountebank in a farce, a French travelling dentist, and my lord on May-day, which the Lords Commissioners donned (do they don it still?) on the prorogation of parliament. Were not each and every of these hats amenable to the "Mene, mene, tekell" of shocking badness? I will quite pass over the postman's hat, the footman's hat, and the footpage's hat,—and yet they were shocking bad, every one of them.

A man may wear bad boots, but he can escape, or at least avert, the detection of their badness by an adroit shuffling of the feet along the ground, a quick flinging gait, aided by a dexterous flank movement of a swinging glove or a jaunted cane, or (and this is perhaps the best mode of all) by looking every person he meets steadily in the face. A bad coat may be carried off by darning, conscious merit, and the honest pride of unbegging poverty, ink, or impudence. A faulty shirt may be disguised and defended by masked batteries of buttons and cuffs, breastworks of clean dickies, or rifle-pits of

wristbands, false. But you cannot disguise a shocking bad hat. It is *there*. It is the head and front of your offending. It is as conspicuous as a black eye. A man who has no brim—nay, no band—to his hat might just as well have no nose to his face. The badness of a hat will make itself felt at first sight, like the badness of an eye; and the eye is the fanlight in the back door of the heart.

The "shocking bad hat" cry was very prevalent in my hot youth. I have been more to tears frequently by its application to my own personal headgear. I have an idea that I was once cruelly put upon (and this is nearly the only instance of infantile ill-treatment I can remember), in being made to wear the hat of a Master Simus (calling, appearing, and subsequent fate, as unknown to me as the lost books of Livy), which was either too large, or too small, or too good, or too bad for him. I dare say the hat was quite good enough for me; but I was made to wear it in public; and, being naturally a nervous child, and suffering besides the additional misery of gold ear-rings (my ears had been pierced for weakness of sight), I never walked abroad without feeling that I was tied to a stake with buffalo thongs, and baited by ten thousand wild Indians. And I was staked and baited, morally. The boys used to career about me exactly as the striped pike, the yellow fish, and the spotted eagle of the Pawnee persuasion used, in the story-books, to career about their prisoner of the Choctaw way of thinking. They scorched my feet with fires of sarcasm; they threw tomahawks of insult at me; they discharged poisoned arrows of invective at me; and their whoop was always and ever "Oh! what a shocking bad hat! Oh! what a shocking bad hat!"

We lived in the country before this. How long before, I can no more call to mind than can the winners of the Derby and Oaks for the last half-century. I know it was something like a Tree-House; that there was a large garden smelling very sweet, and curiously associated in my mind with domestic brewing and somebody having his ears boxed (I may have been that culprit), for drinking sweet wine without permission; and that, at the bottom of the garden, there was a ruinous outhouse, where there were several empty boxes; a dusty, never-used garden-chair, and a vast quantity of wine-bottles. There was a tradition, too, that somebody "used to cut his throat" here, a long time ago. Some of the wine-bottles were full, and the boys drew the corks of a few, one day; but the contents had turned quite sour, and throwing the bottles on the ground, we saw the lees run out like blood, and ran frightened back to the house.

What something Tree-House had to do with "a shocking bad hat" shall presently appear. We kept a carriage. I don't think

it would have been called a carriage in London; and it was nothing to be at all proud of, for it was a superannuated, rickety, unpainted old box upon wheels, something between an obsolete fly and a post-chaise that had seen better days. None of the wheels were of a size; and they might all have belonged to Ixion for any progress they made, worth mentioning. One of the shutter-blinds was irremovably fixed in its window by age, or stiffness, or obstinacy; and there it was, like a wall-eye. The thing was intended to be drawn by two horses, but we never had more than one, and he was a rough colt of all-work, without a hap'orth of breeding in him. He was troubled with a perpetual cough; was suspected of having once eaten a ginger-beer bottle, which had disagreed with him; had a strong dash of the mule in his appearance; had a face very like a cow; and would not have at all surprised us by turning out a donkey, some fine day. When he had nothing to do, he used to loaf about a paddock, resting his foolish nose on the palings; and the blue-bottles used to come and chaff him, asking him, no doubt, whether he had enough corn to eat, and how he liked the ginger-beer bottle. Before we became possessed of our carriage, it used to stand forlorn in the middle of the village street, stranded, high and dry, like a boat. The boys used to play games on its box; and there was a report that hens were accustomed to roost in its interior. But it served our turn; for we lived a long distance from a town, and there were no railway stations in those days. Our coachman, who was a man of all-work, like the horse, was half-ashamed of our vehicle. He had not the hardihood to call it the "carriage"—he spoke of it as the "conveyance." At all events, he had to convey us all to the races. A lovely day it was; and happy all we children were, and brave I thought the coachman looked, in a new coat and a new hat,—not quite a bran new hat, perhaps; for it had originally been a riding-hat of my mother's—very broad in the brim, as all ladies' hats were worn then. It had since been cut down, and had lain about and knocked about a little, and had at last been furbished up anew, with a smart silver band, for the coachman. The man wore it, and, I verily believe, was proud of it. But woe is me! we had to pass Doctor Strong'th'arm's establishment for young gentlemen (Sampson House, Birch-hampstead), and Doctor Strong'th'arm's four-and-twenty boarders were drawn up to see the company go to the races; and, from the four-and-twenty throats of those unfeeling boys, there came, as we passed, a scream—a yell—of "What a shocking bad hat!" I hear it now. It is years ago. The Reform Bill has passed since then. I am nearly the only one of that carriage party who has not gone another journey in another carriage, with plumes; but the coachman's

silver-laced hat, and Doctor Strong'th'arm's boarders' criticisms thereupon, will never be effaced from my mind.

A POET'S HOME.

A poet's home! On earth what spot
Is that where lodge the Muses?
A tropic isle, a warm south plot
Round which fresh sunlight cruises.

Walks which a sleeping ocean bounds
With hints of worlds hereafter;
Rare scents of wild flowers, and the sounds
Of Bacchant girlish laughter.

A hill that hides a drowsy town,
A great cloud sauntering by it;
A streamlet poured in sunshine down
In almost visible quiet.

Ah me! I fear Greek tales are lies;
We live a life too real
To dally 'neath Arcadian skies,
And list to sounds ideal.

A poet's home! What prospect hath
His eye—what sights Elysian?
A rough highway, a dusty path
Where brick-kilns blur the vision.

A want of light, a want of air,
A want of poet-neighbour;
A wooing of all wishes fair,
A winning but of labour.

Sing on, O poet! Time is just,
Sing, 'mid the city shadows;
A flower that beautifies the dust
Shames blooms that droop in meadows.

Better than poet-friend to thee,
And dearer, is employment;
Thy duty is an Arcady
More glorious than enjoyment.

Where common eyes nought rare can scan
Thou findest angel faces,
And in each highway trod by man
Greatest holy places.

THE YELLOW MASK.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER X.

Of all the persons who had been present, in any capacity, at the Marquis Melani's ball, the earliest riser, on the morning after it, was Nanina. The agitation produced by the strange events in which she had been concerned, destroyed the very idea of sleep. Through the hours of darkness she could not even close her eyes; and, as soon as the new day broke, she rose to breathe the early morning air at her window, and to think in perfect tranquillity over all that had passed since she entered the Melani Palace to wait on the guests at the masquerade.

On reaching home the previous night, all her other sensations had been absorbed in a vague feeling of mingled dread and curiosity,

produced by the sight of the weird figure in the yellow mask, which she had left standing alone with Fabio in the palace corridor. The morning light, however, suggested new thoughts. She now opened the note which the young nobleman had pressed into her hand, and read the hurried pencil lines scrawled on the paper, over and over again. Could there be any harm, any forgetfulness of her own duty, in using the key enclosed in the note, and keeping her appointment in the Ascoli gardens at ten o'clock? Surely not—surely the last sentence he had written—"Believe in my truth and honour, Nanina, for I believe implicitly in yours"—was enough to satisfy her, this time, that she could not be doing wrong in listening for once to the pleading of her own heart. And, besides, there, in her lap, lay the key of the wicket-gate. It was absolutely necessary to use that, if only for the purpose of giving it back safely into the hands of its owner.

As this last thought was passing through her mind, and plausibly overcoming any faint doubts and difficulties which she might still have felt, she was startled by a sudden knocking at the street-door; and, looking out of window immediately, saw a man in livery standing in the street, anxiously peering up at the house to see if his knocking had aroused anybody.

"Does Marta Angrisani, the sick-nurse, live here?" inquired the man, as soon as Nanina showed herself at the window.

"Yes," she answered. "Must I call her up? Is there some person ill?"

"Call her up directly," said the servant. "She is wanted at the Ascoli Palace. My master, Count Fabio—"

Nanina waited to hear no more. She flew to the room in which the sick-nurse slept, and awoke her, almost roughly, in an instant.

"He is ill!" she cried, breathlessly. "Oh, make haste—make haste! he is ill, and he has sent for you!"

Marta inquired who had sent for her; and, on being informed, promised to lose no time. Nanina ran downstairs to tell the servant that the sick-nurse was getting on her clothes. The man's serious expression, when she came close to him, terrified her. All her usual self-distrust vanished; and she entreated him, without attempting to conceal her anxiety, to tell her particularly what his master's illness was, and how it had affected him so suddenly after the ball.

"I know nothing about it," answered the man, noticing Nanina's manner as she put her question, with some surprise; "except that my master was brought home by two gentlemen, friends of his, about a couple of hours ago, in a very sad state; half out of his mind, as it seemed to me. I gathered from what was said, that he had got a dreadful shock from seeing some woman take off her mask and show her face to him at the ball. How that could be I don't in the least

understand; but I know that when the doctor was sent for, he looked very serious, and talked about fearing brain fever."

Here the servant stopped; for, to his astonishment, he saw Nanina suddenly turn away from him, and then heard her crying bitterly as she went back into the house.

Marta Angrisani had huddled on her clothes, and was looking at herself in the glass, to see that she was sufficiently presentable to appear at the palace, when she felt two arms flung round her neck; and before she could say a word, found Nanina sobbing on her bosom.

"He is ill—he is in danger!" cried the girl. "I must go with you to help him. You have always been kind to me, Marta—be kinder than ever now. Take me with you! Take me with you to the palace!"

"You, child!" exclaimed the nurse, gently unclasping her arms.

"Yes—yes! if it is only for an hour," pleaded Nanina—"if it is only for one fifth of an hour every day. You have only to say that I am your helper, and they would let me in. Marta! I shall break my heart if I can't see him now, and help him to get well again!"

The nurse still hesitated. Nanina clasped her round the neck once more, and laid her cheek—burning hot now, though the tears had been streaming down it but an instant before—close to the good woman's face.

"I love him, Marta—great as he is, I love him with all my heart and soul and strength," she went on, in quick, eager, whispering tones. "And he loves me. He would have married me if I had not gone away to save him from it. I could keep my love for him a secret while he was well—I could stifle it, and crush it down, and wither it up by absence. But now he is ill, it gets beyond me; I can't master it. Oh, Marta! don't break my heart by denying me! I have suffered so much for his sake that I have earned the right to nurse him!"

Marta was not proof against this last appeal. She had one great and rare merit for a middle-aged woman—she had not forgotten her own youth.

"Come child," said she, soothingly. "I won't attempt to deny you. Dry your eyes, put on your mantilla, and, when we get face to face with the doctor, try to look as old and ugly as you can, if you want to be let into the sick-room along with me."

The ordeal of medical scrutiny was passed more easily than Marta Angrisani had anticipated. It was of great importance, in the doctor's opinion, that the sick man should see familiar faces at his bedside. Nanina had only, therefore, to state that he knew her well, and that she had sat to him as a model in the days when he was learning the art of sculpture, to be immediately accepted as Marta's privileged assistant in the sick-room.

The worst apprehensions felt by the doctor for the patient, were soon realised. The fever

flew to his brain. For nearly six weeks he lay prostrate, at the mercy of death; now raging with the wild strength of delirium, and now sunk in the speechless, motionless, sleepless exhaustion which was his only repose. At last the blessed day came when he enjoyed his first sleep, and when the doctor began, for the first time, to talk of the future with hope. Even then, however, the same terrible peculiarity marked his light dreams, which had previously shown itself in his fierce delirium. From the faintly-uttered, broken phrases which dropped from him when he slept, as from the wild words which burst from him when his senses were deranged, the one sad discovery inevitably resulted—that his mind was still haunted, day and night, hour after hour, by the figure in the yellow mask.

As his bodily health improved, the doctor in attendance on him grew more and more anxious as to the state of his mind. There was no appearance of any positive derangement of intellect, but there was a mental depression—an unaltering, invincible prostration, produced by his absolute belief in the reality of the dreadful vision that he had seen at the masked ball—which suggested to the physician the gravest doubts about the case. He saw with dismay that the patient showed no anxiety, as he got stronger, except on one subject. He was eagerly desirous of seeing Nanina every day by his bedside; but, as soon as he was assured that his wish should be faithfully complied with, he seemed to care for nothing more. Even when they proposed, in the hope of rousing him to an exhibition of something like pleasure, that the girl should read to him for an hour every day out of one of his favourite books, he only showed a languid satisfaction. Weeks passed away, and still, do what they would, they could not make him so much as smile.

One day, Nanina had begun to read to him as usual; but had not proceeded far before Marta Angrisani informed her that he had fallen into a doze. She ceased, with a sigh, and sat looking at him sadly, as he lay near her, faint and pale and mournful in his sleep—miserably altered from what he was when she first knew him. It had been a hard trial to watch by his bedside in the terrible time of his delirium; but it was a harder trial still to look at him now, and to feel less and less hopeful with each succeeding day.

While her eyes and thoughts were still compassionately fixed on him, the door of the bed-room opened, and the doctor came in, followed by Andrea d'Arbino, whose share in the strange adventure with the Yellow Mask caused him to feel a special interest in the progress towards recovery.

"Asleep, I see; and sighing in his sleep," said the doctor, going to the bedside. "The grand difficulty with him," he continued,

turning to d'Arbino, "remains precisely what it was. I have hardly left a single means untried of rousing him from that fatal depression; yet, for the last fortnight, he has not advanced a single step. It is impossible to shake his conviction of the reality of that face which he saw (or rather, which he thinks he saw) when the yellow mask was removed; and, as long as he persists in his own shocking view of the case, so long he will lie there, getting better, no doubt, as to his body, but worse as to his mind."

"I suppose, poor fellow, he is not in a fit state to be reasoned with?"

"On the contrary, like all men with a fixed delusion, he has plenty of intelligence to appeal to on every point, except the one point on which he is wrong. I have argued with him vainly by the hour together. He possesses, unfortunately, an acute nervous sensibility and a vivid imagination; and besides, he has, as I suspect, been superstitiously brought up as a child. It would be probably useless to argue rationally with him, on certain spiritual subjects, even if his mind was in perfect health. He has a good deal of the mystic and the dreamer in his composition; and science and logic are but broken reeds to depend upon with men of that kind."

"Does he merely listen to you, when you reason with him, or does he attempt to answer?"

"He has only one form of answer, and that is unfortunately the most difficult of all to dispose of. Whenever I try to convince him of his delusion, he invariably retorts by asking me for a rational explanation of what happened to him at the masked ball. Now, neither you nor I, though we believe firmly that he has been the dupe of some infamous conspiracy, have been able, as yet, to penetrate thoroughly into this mystery of the Yellow Mask. Our common sense tells us that he must be wrong in taking his view of it, and that we must be right in taking ours; but if we cannot give him actual, tangible proof of that—if we can only theorise, when he asks us for an explanation—it is but too plain, in his present condition, that every time we remonstrate with him on the subject, we only fix him in his delusion more and more firmly."

"It is not for want of perseverance on my part," said d'Arbino, after a moment of silence, "that we are still left in the dark. Ever since the extraordinary statement of the coachman who drove the woman home, I have been inquiring and investigating. I have offered a reward of two hundred scudi for the discovery of her; I have myself examined the servants at the palace, the night-watchman at the Campo Santo, the police-books, the lists of keepers of hotels and lodging-houses, to hit on some trace of this woman; and I have failed in all directions. If my poor friend's perfect recovery does indeed depend on his delusion being combated by

actual proof, I fear we have but little chance of restoring him. So far as I am concerned, I confess myself at the end of my resources."

"I hope we are not quite conquered yet," returned the doctor. "The proofs we want may turn up when we least expect them. It is certainly a miserable case," he continued, mechanically laying his fingers on the sleeping man's pulse. "There he lies, wanting nothing now but to recover the natural elasticity of his mind; and here we stand at his bedside, unable to relieve him of the weight that is pressing his faculties down. I repeat it, Signor Andrea, nothing will rouse him from his delusion that he is the victim of a supernatural interposition, but the production of some startling, practical proof of his error. At present, he is in the position of a man who has been imprisoned from his birth in a dark room, and who denies the existence of daylight. If we cannot open the shutters, and show him the sky outside, we shall never convert him to a knowledge of the truth."

Saying these words, the doctor turned to lead the way out of the room, and observed Nanina, who had moved from the bedside on his entrance, standing near the door. He stopped to look at her, shook his head good-humouredly, and called to Marta, who happened to be occupied in an adjoining room.

"Signora Marta," said the doctor, "I think you told me, some time ago, that your pretty and careful little assistant lives in your house. Pray does she take much walking exercise?"

"Very little, Signor Dottore. She goes home to her sister when she leaves the palace. Very little walking exercise indeed."

"I thought so! Her pale cheeks and heavy eyes told me as much. Now, my dear," said the doctor, addressing Nanina, "you are a very good girl, and I am sure you will attend to what I tell you. Go out every morning before you come here, and take a walk in the fresh air. You are too young not to suffer by being shut up in close rooms every day, unless you get some regular exercise. Take a good long walk in the morning, or you will fall into my hands as a patient, and be quite unfit to continue your attendance here.—Now, Signor Andrea, I am ready for you.—Mind, my child, a walk every day in the open air, outside the town, or you will fall ill, take my word for it!"

Nanina promised compliance; but she spoke rather absently, and seemed scarcely conscious of the kind familiarity which marked the doctor's manner. The truth was, that all her thoughts were occupied with what he had been saying by Fabio's bedside. She had not lost one word of the conversation while the doctor was talking of his patient, and of the conditions on which his recovery depended. "Oh, if that proof which would cure him, could only be found!" she thought to herself, as she stole back anxiously to the bedside when the room was empty.

On getting home that day, she found a

letter waiting for her, and was greatly surprised to see that it was written by no less a person than the master-sculptor, Luca Lomi. It was very short; simply informing her that he had just returned to Pisa; and that he was anxious to know when she could sit to him for a new bust,—a commission from a rich foreigner at Naples.

Nanina debated with herself for a moment whether she should answer the letter in the hardest way, to her, by writing, or, in the easiest way, in person; and decided on going to the studio and telling the master-sculptor that it would be impossible for her to serve him as a model, at least for some time to come. It would have taken her a long hour to say this with due propriety on paper; it would only take her a few minutes to say it with her own lips—so she put on her mantilla again, and departed for the studio.

On arriving at the gate and ringing the bell, a thought suddenly occurred to her, which she wondered had not struck her before. Was it not possible that she might meet Father Rocco in his brother's work-room? It was too late to retreat now, but not too late to ask, before she entered, if the priest was in the studio. Accordingly, when one of the workmen opened the door to her, she enquired first, very confusedly and anxiously, for Father Rocco. Hearing that he was not with his brother then, she went tranquilly enough to make her apologies to the master-sculptor.

She did not think it necessary to tell him more than that she was now occupied every day by nursing duties in a sick-room, and that it was consequently out of her power to attend at the studio. Luca Lomi expressed, and evidently felt, great disappointment at her failing him, as a model, and tried hard to persuade her that she might find time enough, if she chose, to sit to him, as well as to nurse the sick person. The more she resisted his arguments and entreaties, the more obstinately he reiterated them. He was dusting his favourite busts and statues after his long absence, with a feather-brush when she came in; and he continued this occupation all the while he was talking—urging a fresh plea to induce Nanina to reconsider her refusal to sit, at every fresh piece of sculpture he came to; and always receiving the same resolute apology from her, as she slowly followed him down the studio towards the door.

Arriving thus at the lower end of the room, Luca stopped with a fresh argument on his lips before his statue of Minerva. He had dusted it already, but he lovingly returned to dust it again. It was his favourite work—the only good likeness (although it did assume to represent a classical subject) of his dead daughter that he possessed. He had refused to part with it for Maddalena's sake; and, as he now approached it with his brush for the second time, he absently ceased speaking, and mounted on a stool to

look at the face near and to blow some specks of dust off the forehead. Nanina thought this a good opportunity of escaping from farther importunities. She was on the point of slipping away to the door with a word of farewell when a sudden exclamation from Luca Lomi arrested her.

"Plaster!" cried the master-sculptor, looking intently at that part of the hair of the statue which lay lowest on the forehead. "Plaster here!" He took out his penknife, as he spoke, and removed a tiny morsel of some white substance from an interstice between two folds of the hair where it touched the face. "It is plaster!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Somebody has been taking a cast from the face of my statue!"

He jumped off the stool, and looked all round the studio with an expression of suspicious inquiry. "I must have this cleared up," he said. "My statues were left under Rocco's care, and he is answerable if there has been any stealing of casts from any one of them. I must question him directly."

Nanina seeing that he took no notice of her, felt that she might now easily effect her retreat. She opened the studio door, and repeated, for the twentieth time at least, that she was sorry she could not sit to him.

"I am sorry too, child," he said, irritably looking about for his hat. He found it, apparently, just as Nanina was going out; for she heard him call to one of the workmen in the inner studio, and order the man to say, if anybody wanted him, that he had gone to Father Rocco's lodgings.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next morning, when Nanina arose, a bad attack of headache, and a sense of languor and depression, reminded her of the necessity of following the doctor's advice, and preserving her health by getting a little fresh air and exercise. She had more than two hours to spare before the usual time when her daily attendance began at the Ascoli palace; and she determined to employ the interval of leisure in taking a morning walk outside the town. La Biondella would have been glad enough to go too, but she had a large order for dinner-mats on hand, and was obliged, for that day, to stop in the house and work. Thus it happened, that when Nanina set forth from home, the learned poodle, Scarammuccia, was her only companion.

She took the nearest way out of the town; the dog trotting along in his usual steady, observant way, close at her side, pushing his great rough muzzle, from time to time, affectionately into her hand, and trying hard to attract her attention, at intervals, by barking and capering in front of her. He got but little notice, however, for his pains. Nanina was thinking again, of all that the physician had said the day before, by Fabio's bedside; and these thoughts brought with

them others, equally absorbing, that were connected with the mysterious story of the young nobleman's adventure with the Yellow Mask. Thus preoccupied, she had little attention left for the gambols of the dog. Even the beauty of the morning appealed to her in vain. She felt the refreshment of the cool, fragrant air, but she hardly noticed the lovely blue of the sky, or the bright sunshine that gave a gaiety and an interest to the commonest objects around her.

After walking nearly an hour, she began to feel tired, and looked about for a shady place to rest in. Beyond and behind her there was only the high road and the flat country; but, by her side, stood a little wooden building, half inn, half coffee-house, backed by a large, shady pleasure-garden, the gates of which stood invitingly open. Some workmen in the garden were putting up a stage for fireworks, but the place was otherwise quiet and lonely enough. It was only used at night as a sort of rustic Ranelagh, to which the citizens of Pisa resorted for pure air and amusement after the fatigues of the day. Observing that there were no visitors in the grounds, Nanina ventured in, intending to take a quarter of an hour's rest in the coolest place she could find, before returning to Pisa.

She had passed the back of a wooden summer-house in a secluded part of the gardens, when she suddenly missed the dog from her side; and, looking round after him, saw that he was standing behind the summer-house with his ears erect and his nose to the ground, having evidently that instant scented something that excited his suspicion.

Thinking it possible that he might be meditating an attack on some unfortunate cat, she turned to see what he was watching. The carpenters engaged on the firework stage, were, just then, hammering at it violently. The noise prevented her from hearing that Scarammuccia was growling, but she could feel that he was, the moment she laid her hand on his back. Her curiosity was excited, and she stooped down close to him, to look through the crack in the boards, before which he stood, into the summer-house.

She was startled at seeing a lady and gentleman sitting inside. The place she was looking through was not high enough up to enable her to see their faces; but she recognised, or thought she recognised, the pattern of the lady's dress, as one which she had noticed in former days in the Demoiselle Grifoni's show-room. Rising quickly, her eye detected a hole in the boards about the level of her own height, caused by a knot having been forced out of the wood. She looked through it to ascertain, without being discovered, if the wearer of the familiar dress was the person she had taken her to be; and saw, not Brigida only, as she

had expected, but Father Rocco, as well. At the same moment, the carpenters left off hammering and began to saw. The new sound from the firework stage was regular and not loud. The voices of the occupants of the summer-house reached her through it, and she heard Brigida pronounce the name of Count Fabio.

Instantly stooping down once more by the dog's side, she caught his muzzle firmly in both her hands. It was the only way to keep Scaramuccia from growling again, at a time when there was no din of hammering to prevent him from being heard. Those two words, "Count Fabio," in the mouth of another woman, excited a jealous anxiety in her. What could Brigida have to say in connection with that name? She never came near the Ascoli Palace—what right, or reason, could she have to talk of Fabio?

"Did you hear what I said?" she heard Brigida ask, in her coolest, hardest tone.

"No," the priest answered. "At least, not all of it."

"I will repeat it then. I asked what had so suddenly determined you to give up all idea of making any future experiments on the superstitious fears of Count Fabio?"

"In the first place, the result of the experiment already tried, has been so much more serious than I had anticipated, that I believe the end I had in view in making it, has been answered already."

"Well; that is not your only reason?"

"Another shock to his mind might be fatal to him. I can use what I believe to be a justifiable fraud to prevent his marrying again; but I cannot burthen myself with a crime."

"That is your second reason; but I believe you have another yet. The suddenness with which you sent to me last night, to appoint a meeting in this lonely place; the emphatic manner in which you requested—I may almost say ordered—me to bring the wax mask here, suggest to my mind that something must have happened. What is it? I am a woman, and my curiosity must be satisfied. After the secrets you have trusted to me already, you need not hesitate, I think, to trust me with one more."

"Perhaps not. The secret this time is, moreover, of no great importance. You know that the wax mask you wore at the ball, was made in a plaster mould taken off the face of my brother's statue."

"Yes, I know that."

"My brother has just returned to his studio; has found a morsel of the plaster I used for the mould sticking in the hair of the statue; and has asked me, as the person left in charge of his work-rooms, for an explanation. Such an explanation as I could offer, has not satisfied him, and he talks of making further inquiries. Considering that it will be used no more, I think it safest to destroy the wax mask; and I asked you to bring it here that I might see it burnt or

broken up, with my own eyes. Now you know all you wanted to know; and now, therefore, it is my turn to remind you that I have not yet had a direct answer to the first question I addressed to you when we met here. Have you brought the wax mask with you, or have you not?"

"I have not."

"And why?"

Just as that question was put, Nanina felt the dog dragging himself free of her grasp on his mouth. She had been listening hitherto with such painful intensity, with such all-absorbing emotions of suspense, terror, and astonishment, that she had not noticed his efforts to get away, and had continued mechanically to hold his mouth shut. But now she was aroused by the violence of his struggles, to the knowledge that unless she hit upon some new means of quieting him, he would have his mouth free, and would betray her by a growl. In an agony of apprehension lest she should lose a word of the momentous conversation she made a desperate attempt to appeal to the dog's fondness for her, by suddenly flinging both her arms round his neck, and kissing his rough hairy cheek. The stratagem succeeded. Scaramuccia had, for many years past, never received any greater marks of his mistress's kindness for him than such as a pat on the head, or a present of a lump of sugar might convey. His dog's nature was utterly confounded by the unexpected warmth of Nanina's caress, and he struggled up vigorously in her arms to try and return it by licking her face. She could easily prevent him from doing this, and could so gain a few minutes more to listen behind the summer-house without danger of discovery.

She had lost Brigida's answer to Father Rocco's question; but she was in time to hear her next speech.

"We are alone here," said Brigida. "I am a woman, and I don't know that you may not have come armed. It is only the commonest precaution on my part, not to give you a chance of getting at the wax mask till I have made my conditions."

"You never said a word about conditions before."

"True. I remember telling you that I wanted nothing but the novelty of going to the masquerade in the character of my dead enemy, and the luxury of being able to terrify the man who had brutally ridiculed me in old days in the studio. That was the truth. But it is not the less the truth, that our experiment on Count Fabio has detained me in this city much longer than I ever intended, that I am all but penniless, and that I deserve to be paid. In plain words, will you buy the mask of me for two hundred scudi?"

"I have not twenty scudi in the world, at my own free disposal."

"You must find two hundred if you want

the wax mask. I don't wish to threaten—but money I must have. I mention the sum of two hundred scudi, because that is the exact amount offered in the public handbills by Count Fabio's friends, for the discovery of the woman who wore the yellow mask at the Marquis Melani's ball. What have I to do but to earn that money if I please, by going to the palace, taking the wax mask with me, and telling them that I am the woman. Suppose I confess in that way! they can do nothing to hurt me, and I should be two hundred scudi the richer. You might be injured, to be sure, if they insisted on knowing who made the wax model, and who suggested the ghastly disguise—"

"Wretch! do you believe that my character could be injured on the unsupported evidence of any words from your lips?"

"Father Rocco! for the first time since I have enjoyed the pleasure of your acquaintance, I find you committing a breach of good manners. I shall leave you until you become more like yourself. If you wish to apologise for calling me a wretch, and if you want to secure the wax mask, honour me with a visit before four o'clock this afternoon, and bring two hundred scudi with you. Delay till after four, and it will be too late."

An instant of silence followed; and then Nanina judged that Brigida must be departing, for she heard the rustling of a dress on the lawn in front of the summer-house. Unfortunately Scarammuccia heard it too. He twisted himself round in her arms and growled.

The noise disturbed Father Rocco. She heard him rise and leave the summer-house. There would have been time enough, perhaps, for her to conceal herself among some trees, if she could have recovered her self-possession at once; but she was incapable of making an effort to regain it. She could neither think nor move—her breath seemed to die away on her lips—as she saw the shadow of the priest stealing over the grass slowly, from the front to the back of the summer-house. In another moment they were face to face.

He stopped a few paces from her, and eyed her steadily in dead silence. She still crouched against the summer-house, and still with one hand mechanically kept her hold of the dog. It was well for the priest that she did so. Scarammuccia's formidable teeth were in full view, his shaggy coat was bristling, his eyes were starting, his growl had changed from the surly to the savage note; he was ready to tear down, not Father Rocco only, but all the clergy in Pisa, at a moment's notice.

"You have been listening," said the priest, calmly. "I see it in your face. You have heard all."

She could not answer a word: she could not take her eyes from him. There was an unnatural stillness in his face, a steady, unrepentant, unfathomable despair in his eyes, that struck her with horror. She would have

given worlds to be able to rise to her feet and fly from his presence.

"I once distrusted you and watched you in secret," he said, speaking after a short silence, thoughtfully, and with a strange tranquil sadness in his voice. "And now, what I did by you, you do by me. You put the hope of your life once in my hands. Is it because they were not worthy of the trust, that discovery and ruin overtake me, and that you are the instrument of the retribution? Can this be the decree of heaven? or is it nothing but the blind justice of chance?"

He looked upward, doubtfully, to the lustrous sky above him, and sighed. Nanina's eyes still followed his mechanically. He seemed to feel their influence, for he suddenly looked down at her again.

"What keeps you silent? Why are you afraid?" he said. "I can do you no harm, with your dog at your side, and the workmen yonder within call. I can do you no harm, and I wish to do you none. Go back to Pisa, tell what you have heard, restore the man you love to himself, and ruin me. That is your work. Do it! I was never your enemy even when I distrusted you. I am not your enemy now. It is no fault of yours that a fatality has been accomplished through you—no fault of yours that I am rejected as the instrument of securing a righteous restitution to the church. Rise, child, and go your way, while I go mine and prepare for what is to come. If we never meet again, remember that I parted from you without one hard saying or one harsh look—parted from you so, knowing that the first words you speak in Pisa will be death to my character, and destruction to the great purpose of my life."

Speaking these words, always with the same calmness which had marked his manner from the first, he looked fixedly at her for a little while—sighed again—and turned away. Just before he disappeared among the trees, he said "Farewell;" but so softly that she could barely hear it. Some strange confusion clouded her mind as she lost sight of him. Had she injured him? or had he injured her? His words bewildered and oppressed her simple heart. Vague doubts and fears, and a sudden antipathy to remaining any longer near the summer-house, overcame her. She started to her feet, and, keeping the dog still at her side, hurried from the garden to the high road. There, the wide glow of sunshine, the sight of the city lying before her, changed the current of her thoughts, and directed them all to Fabio and to the future.

A burning impatience to be back in Pisa now possessed her. She hastened towards the city at her utmost speed. The doctor was reported to be in the palace when she passed the servants, lounging in the courtyard. He saw, the moment she came into his presence, that something had happened; and led her away from the sick-room into Fabio's empty study. There she told him all.

"You have saved him," said the doctor, joyfully. "I will answer for his recovery. Only let that woman come here for the reward; and leave me to deal with her as she deserves. In the mean time, my dear, don't go away from the palace on any account until I give you permission. I am going to send a message immediately to Signor Andrea d'Arbino to come and hear the extraordinary disclosure that you have made to me. Go back to read to the count, as usual, until I want you again; but, remember you must not drop a word to him yet, of what you have said to me. He must be carefully prepared for all that we have to tell him; and must be kept quite in the dark until those preparations are made."

D'Arbino answered the doctor's summons in person; and Nanina repeated her story to him. He and the doctor remained closeted together for some time after she had concluded her narrative, and had retired. A little before four o'clock they sent for her again into the study. The doctor was sitting by the table with a bag of money before him, and d'Arbino was telling one of the servants that if a lady called at the palace on the subject of the handbill which he had circulated, she was to be admitted into the study immediately.

As the clock struck four, Nanina was requested to take possession of a window-seat, and to wait there until she was summoned. When she had obeyed, the doctor loosened one of the window-curtains, to hide her from the view of any one entering the room.

About a quarter of an hour elapsed; and then the door was thrown open, and Brigida herself was shown into the study. The doctor bowed, and d'Arbino placed a chair for her. She was perfectly collected, and thanked them for their politeness with her best grace.

"I believe I am addressing confidential friends of Count Fabio d'Ascoli?" Brigida began. "May I ask if you are authorised to act for the count, in relation to the reward which this handbill offers?"

The doctor, having examined the handbill, said that the lady was quite right, and pointed significantly to the bag of money.

"You are prepared then," pursued Brigida, smiling, "to give a reward of two hundred scudi to any one able to tell you who the woman is who wore the yellow mask at the Marquis Melani's ball, and how she contrived to personate the face and figure of the late Countess d'Ascoli?"

"Of course we are prepared," answered d'Arbino, a little irritably. "As men of honour we are not in the habit of promising anything that we are not perfectly willing, under proper conditions, to perform."

"Pardon me, my dear friend," said the doctor; "I think you speak a little too warmly to the lady. She is quite right to take every precaution. We have the two hundred scudi here, madam," he continued, patting the money-bag. "And we are pre-

pared to pay that sum for the information we want. But" (here the doctor suspiciously moved the bag of scudi from the table to his lap) "we must have proofs that the person claiming the reward is really entitled to it."

Brigida's eyes followed the money-bag greedily.

"Proofs!" she exclaimed, taking a small flat box from under her cloak, and pushing it across to the doctor. "Proofs! there you will find one proof that establishes my claim beyond the possibility of doubt."

The doctor opened the box, and looked at the wax mask inside it; then handed it to d'Arbino, and replaced the bag of scudi on the table.

"The contents of that box seem certainly to explain a great deal," he said, pushing the bag gently towards Brigida, but always keeping his hand over it. "The woman who wore the yellow domino was, I presume, of the same height as the late countess?"

"Exactly," said Brigida. "Her eyes were also of the same colour as the late countess; she wore yellow of the same shade as the hangings in the late countess's room, and she had on, under her yellow mask, the colourless wax model of the late countess's face, now in your friend's hand. So much for that part of the secret. Nothing remains now to be cleared up but the mystery of who the lady was. Have the goodness, sir, to push that bag an inch or two nearer my way, and I shall be delighted to tell you."

"Thank you, madam," said the doctor, with a very perceptible change in his manner. "We know who the lady was already."

He moved the bag of scudi while he spoke back to his own side of the table. Brigida's cheeks reddened, and she rose from her seat.

"Am I to understand, sir," she said, haughtily, "that you take advantage of my position here, as a defenceless woman, to cheat me out of the reward?"

"By no means, madam," rejoined the doctor. "We have covenanted to pay the reward to the person who could give us the information we required."

"Well, sir! have I not given you part of it? And am I not prepared to give you the whole?"

"Certainly; but the misfortune is, that another person has been beforehand with you. We ascertained who the lady in the yellow domino was, and how she contrived to personate the face of the late Countess d'Ascoli, several hours ago, from another informant. That person has, consequently, the prior claim; and, on every principle of justice, that person must also have the reward. Nanina, this bag belongs to you—come and take it."

Nanina appeared from the window-seat. Brigida, thunderstruck, looked at her in silence for a moment; gasped out, "That girl!"—then stopped again, breathless.

"That girl was at the back of the summer-

house this morning, while you and your accomplice were talking together," said the doctor.

D'Arbino had been watching Brigida's face intently from the moment of Nanina's appearance, and had quietly stolen close to her side. This was a fortunate movement; for the doctor's last words were hardly out of his mouth before Brigida seized a heavy ruler lying, with some writing materials, on the table. In another instant, if d'Arbino had not caught her arm, she would have hurled it at Nanina's head.

"You may let go your hold, sir," she said, dropping the ruler, and turning towards d'Arbino with a smile on her white lips and a wicked calmness in her steady eyes. "I can wait for a better opportunity."

With these words, she walked to the door; and, turning round there, regarded Nanina fixedly.

"I wish I had been a moment quicker with the ruler," she said, and went out.

"There!" exclaimed the doctor: "I told you I knew how to deal with her as she deserved. One thing I am certainly obliged to her for: she has saved us the trouble of going to her house, and forcing her to give up the mask. And now, my child," he continued, addressing Nanina, "you can go home, and one of the men servants shall see you safe to your own door, in case that woman should still be lurking about the palace. Stop! you are leaving the bag of scudi behind you."

"I can't take it, sir," said Nanina, very quietly and firmly.

"And why not?"

"She would have taken money!" she said, reddening, and looking towards the door.

The doctor glanced approvingly at d'Arbino. "Well, well, we won't argue about that now," he said. "I will lock up the money with the mask for to-day. Come here to-morrow morning as usual, my dear. By that time I shall have made up my mind on the right means for breaking your discovery to Count Fabio. Only let us proceed slowly and cautiously, and I answer for success."

The next morning, among the first visitors at the Ascoli Palace was the master-sculptor, Luca Lomi. He seemed, as the servants thought, agitated, and said he was especially desirous of seeing Count Fabio. On being informed that this was impossible, he reflected a little, and then inquired if the medical attendant of the Count was at the palace, and could be spoken with. Both questions were answered in the affirmative, and he was ushered into the doctor's presence.

"I know not how to preface what I want to say," Luca began, looking about him confusedly. "May I ask you, in the first place, if the work-girl, named Nanina, was here yesterday?"

"She was," said the doctor.

"Did she speak in private with any one?"

"Yes; with me."

"Then, you know everything?"

"Absolutely everything."

"I am glad at least to find that my object in wishing to see the count can be equally well answered by seeing you. My brother, I regret to say—" He stopped perplexedly, and drew from his pocket a roll of papers.

"You may speak of your brother in the plainest terms," said the doctor. "I know what share he has had in promoting the infamous conspiracy of the Yellow Mask."

"My petition to you, and through you to the count, is, that your knowledge of what my brother has done may go no further. If this scandal becomes public it will ruin me in my profession. And I make little enough by it already," said Luca, with his old sordid smile breaking out again faintly on his face.

"Pray, do you come from your brother with this petition?" inquired the doctor.

"No; I come solely on my own account. My brother seems careless what happens. He has made a full statement of his share in the matter from the first; has forwarded it to his ecclesiastical superior (who will send it to the archbishop), and is now awaiting whatever sentence they choose to pass on him. I have a copy of the document, to prove that he has at least been candid, and that he does not shrink from consequences which he might have avoided by flight. The Law cannot touch him, but the church can—and to the church he has confessed. All I ask is, that he may be spared a public exposure. Such an exposure would do no good to the count, and it would do dreadful injury to me. Look over the papers yourself, and show them, whenever you think proper, to the master of this house. I have every confidence in his honour and kindness, and in yours."

He laid the roll of papers open on the table, and then retired with great humility to the window. The doctor looked over them with some curiosity.

The statement or confession began by boldly avowing the writer's conviction that part of the property which the Count Fabio d'Ascoli had inherited from his ancestors had been obtained by fraud and misrepresentation, from the church. The various authorities on which this assertion was based were then produced in due order; along with some curious particles of evidence culled from old manuscripts, which it must have cost much trouble to collect and decypher.

The second section was devoted, at great length, to the reasons which induced the writer to think it his absolute duty, as an affectionate son and faithful servant of the church, not to rest until he had restored to the successors of the Apostles, in his day, the property which had been fraudulently taken from them in days gone by. The writer held himself justified, in the last resort, and in that only, in using any means for effecting this

restoration, except such as might involve him in mortal sin.

The third section described the priest's share in promoting the marriage of Maddalena Lomi with Fabio; and the hopes he entertained of securing the restitution of the church property through his influence over his niece, in the first place, and, when she had died, through his influence over her child, in the second. The necessary failure of all his projects, if Fabio married again, was next glanced at; and the time at which the first suspicion of the possible occurrence of this catastrophe occurred to his mind, was noted with scrupulous accuracy.

The fourth section narrated the manner in which the conspiracy of the Yellow Mask had originated. The writer described himself as being in his brother's studio, on the night of his niece's death, harassed by forebodings of the likelihood of Fabio's marrying again, and filled with the resolution to prevent any such disastrous second union at all hazards. He asserted that the idea of taking the wax mask from his brother's statue flashed upon him on a sudden, and that he knew of nothing to lead to it, except, perhaps, that he had been thinking, just before, of the superstitious nature of the young man's character, as he had himself observed it in the studio. He further declared that the idea of the wax mask terrified him at first; that he strove against it as against a temptation of the devil; that, from fear of yielding to this temptation, he abstained even from entering the studio during his brother's absence at Naples, and that he first faltered in his good resolution when Fabio returned to Pisa, and when it was rumoured, not only that the young nobleman was going to the ball, but that he would certainly marry for the second time.

The fifth section related, that the writer, upon this, yielded to temptation rather than forego the cherished purpose of his life, by allowing Fabio a chance of marrying again—that he made the wax mask in a plaster mould taken from the face of his brother's statue—and that he then had two separate interviews with a woman named Brigida (of whom he had some previous knowledge) who was ready and anxious, from motives of private malice, to personate the deceased countess at the masquerade. This woman had suggested that some anonymous letters to Fabio would pave the way in his mind for the approaching impersonation, and had written the letters herself. However, even when all the preparations were made, the writer declared that he shrank from proceeding to extremities; and that he would have abandoned the whole project, but for the woman Brigida informing him, one day, that a work-girl named Nanina was to be one of the attendants at the ball. He knew the count to have been in love with this girl, even to the point of wishing to marry her; he suspected that her engagement to wait at the

ball was preconcerted; and, in consequence he authorised his female accomplice to perform her part in the conspiracy.

The sixth section detailed the proceedings at the masquerade, and contained the writer's confession that, on the night before it, he had written to the count proposing the reconciliation of a difference that had taken place between them, solely for the purpose of guarding himself against suspicion. He next acknowledged that he had borrowed the key of the Campo Santo gate, keeping the authority to whom it was entrusted in perfect ignorance of the purpose for which he wanted it. That purpose was to carry out the ghastly delusion of the wax mask (in the very probable event of the wearer being followed and enquired after) by having the woman Brigida taken up, and set down, at the gate of the cemetery in which Fabio's wife had been buried.

The seventh section solemnly averred that the sole object of the conspiracy was to prevent the young nobleman from marrying again, by working on his superstitious fears; the writer repeating, after this avowal, that any such second marriage would necessarily destroy his project for promoting the ultimate restoration of the church possessions, by diverting Count Fabio's property, in great part, from his first wife's child, over whom the priest would always have influence, to another wife and probably other children, over whom he could hope to have none.

The eighth and last section expressed the writer's contrition for having allowed his zeal for the church to mislead him into actions liable to bring scandal on his cloth; reiterated in the strongest language, his conviction, that, whatever might be thought of the means employed, the end he had proposed to himself was a most righteous one; and concluded by asserting his resolution to suffer with humility any penalties, however severe, which his ecclesiastical superiors might think fit to inflict on him.

Having looked over this extraordinary statement, the doctor addressed himself again to Luca Lomi.

"I agree with you," he said, "that no useful end is to be gained now by mentioning your brother's conduct in public—always provided, however, that his ecclesiastical superiors do their duty. I shall show these papers to the count as soon as he is fit to peruse them, and I have no doubt that he will be ready to take my view of the matter."

This assurance relieved Luca Lomi of a great weight of anxiety. He bowed and withdrew.

The doctor placed the papers in the same cabinet in which he had secured the wax mask. Before he locked the doors again, he took out the flat box, opened it, and looked thoughtfully for a few minutes at the mask inside; then sent for Nanina.

"Now, my child," he said, when she ap-

peared, "I am going to try our first experiment with Count Fabio; and I think it of great importance that you should be present while I speak to him."

He took up the box with the mask in it, and, beckoning to Nanina to follow him, led the way to Fabio's chamber.

CHAPTER XII.

ABOUT six months after the events already related, Signor Andrea d'Arbino, and the Cavaliere Finello happened to be staying with a friend, in a seaside villa on the Castellamare shore of the Bay of Naples. Most of their time was pleasantly occupied on the sea, in fishing and sailing. A boat was placed entirely at their disposal. Sometimes they loitered whole days along the shore; sometimes made trips to the lovely islands in the Bay.

One evening they were sailing near Sorrento, with a light wind. The beauty of the coast tempted them to keep the boat close in shore. A short time before sunset, they rounded the most picturesque headland they had yet passed; and a little bay with a white sand beach opened on their view. They noticed first a villa surrounded by orange and olive trees on the rocky heights inland—then a path in the cliff-side, leading down to the sands—then, a little family party on the beach, enjoying the fragrant evening air.

The elders of the group were a lady and gentleman, sitting together on the sand. The lady had a guitar in her lap, and was playing a simple dance melody. Close at her side, a young child was rolling on the beach in high glee: in front of her a little girl was dancing to the music, with a very extraordinary partner in the shape of a dog, who was capering on his hind legs in the most grotesque manner. The merry laughter of the girl, and the lively notes of the guitar were heard distinctly across the still water.

"Edge a little nearer in shore," said d'Arbino to his friend, who was steering. "And keep as I do in the shadow of the sail. I want to see the faces of those persons on the beach, without being seen by them."

Finello obeyed. After approaching just near enough to see the countenances of the party on shore, and to be barked at lustily by the dog, they turned the boat's head again towards the offing.

"A pleasant voyage, gentlemen," cried the clear voice of the little girl. They waved their hats in return; and then saw her run to the dog and take him by the fore legs. "Play, Nanina," they heard her say. "I have not half done with my partner yet." The guitar sounded once more, and the grotesque dog was on his hind legs in a moment.

"I had heard that he was well again, that he had married her lately, and that he was away with her, and her sister, and his child by the first wife," said d'Arbino. "But I had no suspicion that their place of retirement was so near us. It is too soon to break

in upon their happiness, or I should have felt inclined to run the boat on shore."

"I never heard the end of that strange adventure of the Yellow Mask," said Finello. "There was a priest mixed up in it, was there not?"

"Yes; but nobody seems to know exactly what has become of him. He was sent for to Rome, and has never been heard of since. The report is, that he volunteered to serve on the new mission, despatched some months since to Japan. In that case, he has gone to almost certain death—for the last mission perished under torture in the hands of the natives. I asked his brother, the sculptor, about him, a little while ago, but he only shook his head, and said nothing."

"And the woman who wore the yellow mask?"

"She, too, has ended mysteriously. At Pisa, she was obliged to sell off everything she possessed to pay her debts. Some friends of hers at a milliner's shop, to whom she applied for help, would have nothing to do with her. She left the city alone and penniless."

The boat had approached the next headland on the coast, while they were talking. They looked back for a last glance at the beach. Still the notes of the guitar came gently across the quiet water; but there mingled with them now, the sound of the lady's voice. She was singing. The little girl and the dog were at her feet, and the gentleman was still in his old place, close at her side.

In a few minutes more, the boat rounded the next headland, the beach vanished from view, and the music died away softly in the distance.

WIGS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Gentleman's Magazine, in some back number—I am not antiquary enough to desire more recondite authority—says that the first wig was made of a goat's skin and was worn by Saul. In the British Museum there is an Egyptian wig with flowing ringlets, manufactured, as I think, before Saul's time. If I were myself the wearer of the last wig I would burn it, and so put an end to as unhandsome a race of cheats as ever discredited humanity.

For the head of hair is the most worshipful and noble part—the very crown—of the whole human body. Hair is also set over the eyes, which speak the language of the soul, and over the mouth, which speaks the language of the understanding. Some nations have, indeed, attempted to conceal the dominance of hair over the lips of man; but it has, persistently, continued to demand its place. The Greeks and Romans offered the first-fruits of the human temples to the temples of the gods. I say no more. When Christians were primitive, a man swore by his beard as by the most precious thing he had, and the man

who lied by his beard was of all liars the most wicked. I say no more. In those good times the act of salutation never was so graceful as when it was accompanied by plucking a hair from the head, and presenting it as the most worthy of all human offerings to the person so respectfully saluted. But I say no more. There was a time when the offering of the hair to be cut was an acknowledgment of sovereignty; now, we sell ourselves thus into the hands of any fellow who is base enough to refuse an offer by which he is honoured so enormously, unless we pay him sixpence for accepting it. Enough; I feel very strongly on such subjects. Short hair used, in the good old times, to be the mark of serfs or bondsmen, as indeed it is now partly to be taken as the mark of persons lately come from gaol. The insolvent debtor, who forfeited himself as a slave to his creditor, cut off the flowing locks that were his glory, and should not be made partakers of his shame. I say no more—positively not another word. Long hair was the mark of nobility and royalty in England till, in the time of the most contemptible of all our monarchs, Charles the Second, when there was nothing but a goat upon the throne, goat's hair usurped the place of man's hair on the throne of a man's body, and full-bottomed wigs came in.

Louis the Twelfth of France was noticeable for his flowing locks until disease compelled him to replace them with a wig. His loyal subjects instantly shaved their heads, and, abdicating nature's crown, because it had been taken from their master, warmed their brains in the tails of horses and the fleece of goats. Louis Quatorze knew how despicable he had made his own head when he staked his dignity on a peruke; and, with an instinct that betrayed his sense of the height from which he had fallen through the realms of hair, allowed no man but the barber who shaved it to behold the poll that was stewed daily within the close oven of his enormous wig. Not even his most familiar valet ever beheld Louis Quatorze bareheaded. He was undressed, and retired to bed with his wig on, and it was only when the curtains had been closely drawn around him that his royal hand protruded from beneath their folds, deposited the thatch of his sublime skull in the arms of a page, and received in exchange a nightcap. In the morning the same page attended to receive from the same protruded hand the nightcap and restore the awful wig. When, shortly afterwards, the curtains were withdrawn, his majesty was seen between the sheets with his head already baking in its oven, and, as usual, offering to the gaze of his awe-stricken valet a majestic friz.

When false crowns were made of human

hair, it was commonly of hair cut from corpses. In the time of the Plague, wigs were in fashion, and were, therefore, even a much greater source of terror to their wearers than they are just now to me. On the third of September, sixteen' sixty-four, says Mr. Pepys:—"Lord's day) Up, and put on my coloured silk suit, very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwigs, for nobody will buy any hair for fear of infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague."

In the time of Queen Anne and George the First, full-bottomed wigs, "high on the shoulders in a basket borne," inasmuch as they were worth some pounds a-piece, were thought worth stealing in the streets from the heads of their wearers. I shall not talk of Dr. Johnson's wigs: either of his workaday or of the dress wig that he kept at Mrs. Thrale's, and put on in the hall before making his appearance in the parlour. But I will dissect, tear, separate, and divide, all wigs, because I hate them. I wish I had been a critic in the day when these appeared. The Storehouse of Armoury and Blazon, containing the several variety of Created Beings, and how borne in Coats of Arms, both Foreign and Domestic; with the Instruments used in all Trades and Sciences, together with their Terms of Art, by Randle Holme of Chester, Gentleman Sewer to his late Majesty King Charles the Second. I would have massacred this book unmercifully; especially for the following passages:

"A border of hair is only locks to cover the ears and neck, and is fixed in a cap, having no head of hair.

"A short-bob—a head of hair, is a wig" (the villain dares to call a head of hair a wig) "that hath short locks and a hairy crown.

"A long perawick, with side hair and a poll lock behind.

"A campaign wig hath knots or bobs on each side, with a curled forehead. A travelling wig."

He goes on to "a grafted wig," "drakes' tails," "frizzes," "thoughts of hair," "thread wafts," "two-thread wafts," "three-thread wafts!" What! Is a man's own head thus to be cobbled for him with needles, silk thread, tape, and a "perawick thimble?" If all my hair falls off, let me go bald. As man, I am a king; and if it be my fate ever to lose the crown of silver that is now set on my brow, I will not seek unworthy consolation by replacing it with any sham that can be stitched together. If ever the day comes for me to be ashamed to show my head among my fellows, I will hide it from them.

END OF VOLUME THE ELEVENTH.











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